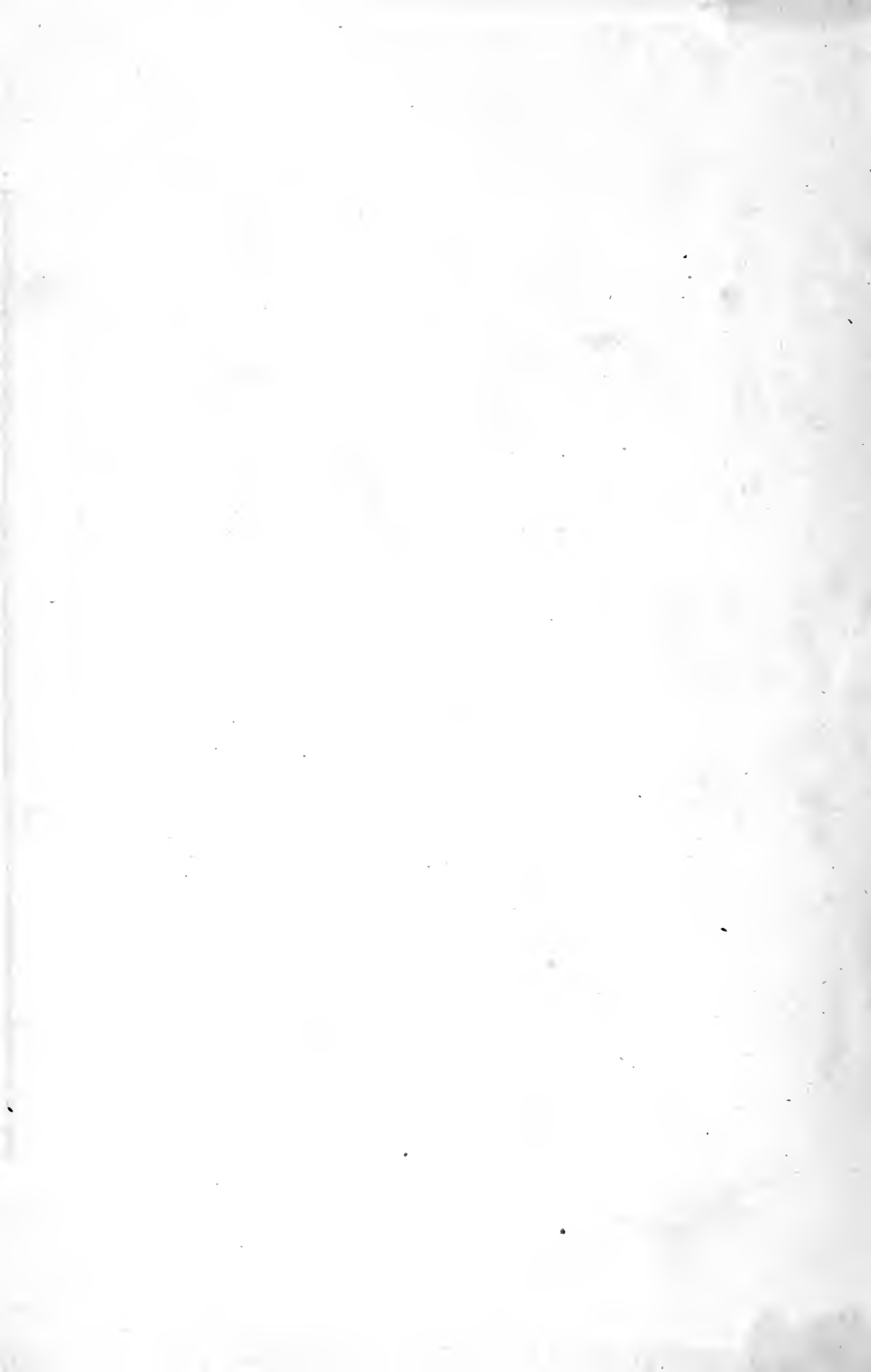


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THE MADONNA OF FOLIGNO.
(RAPHAEL.)

THE AVE MARIA

A CATHOLIC FAMILY MAGAZINE

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U. S. A.

DEDICATION.

Mary—a simple garland at thy feet
We lay ; yet trembling 'mid its blossoms sweet
Now here now there a Jewel one may see,
Worthy through Love's rich setting, even of Thee.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 2, 1898.

NO. 1.

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The Dew of the Soul.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

SOFTLY, softly falls the dew in the
dawning light,

Bathing the tremulous lily's pearly cup;
As drop by drop it fills the calyx white,
The delicate flower, unconscious, drinks
it up.

Softly, softly, at even, tears mine eyes o'er-
flow,

From secret founts by holiest music driven;
Unlike the flower, their tender source I
know—

Sweet benediction, gentle dew of heaven!

Our Lady's Painter in Ordinary.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

NO one who has been privileged
to visit the great picture-galleries
of the world can have failed to
remark that a favorite subject
of the renowned masters in every school
of painting has been Mary, Mother of
Our Lord. It would seem, indeed, that
into every genuine artist-soul has sunk,
throughout the ages, that encomium of
the canticle: "Thou art all fair, O my
love! and there is not a spot in thee";
and that the closest approximation to the
unattainable ideal beauty that haunted

the dreams of each is invariably found
in the gracious limning of some lovely
Madonna.

It matters not at all that the type
of female beauty depicted in a thousand
and one of these Madonnas ordinarily
varies with the nationality of the artist,
and more frequently suggests the maid
or matron of Castile or Florence than an
Oriental Jewess, such as St. Luke por-
trayed the Virgin-Mother. The consoling
truth remains that art has ever found its
loftiest inspirations in the cultus of Our
Lady; and that from the days of Cimabue
and Fra Angelico down to our own
epoch, the world's great painters have
helped in no small measure to realize
the prophecy of the Virgin Immaculate:
"Henceforth all generations shall call
me blessed."

While all artists have thus, occasionally
at least, adorned their canvases with
the embodiment and transcript of their
loftiest conceptions of human beauty,
have reached the acme of their genius
in tracing the form and features of the
incomparable Lily of Israel, some there
have been who returned to the Virgin
again and again, continually discovering
new forms under which to present to
an earth-blind world the transcendent
loveliness of the Heavenly Mother—the
surpassing glory of the Woman of the
Apocalypse. In the celebrated galleries
of the Vatican, the Louvre, the Pitti, and

Uffizi, one stands enraptured before the undying works of Michael Angelo and Titian, Rembrandt and Murillo, Van Dyck and Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci and Paul Veronese, Poussin and Holbein and Tintoretto, and treasures memory-copies of each glowing canvas to perpetuate some faint reflection of the moment's delight; but the one painter who lives longest and dearest in the mind and heart of a genuine child of Mary is most assuredly Our Lady's special artist, her painter in ordinary—Raphael. "No artist," writes Darras, "has painted the Blessed Virgin with more affection. It would seem that Raphael had consecrated his genius to the Mother of God; and of the manifold forms in which he has depicted her blessed image, there is not one before which we do not feel constrained to kneel."

The special predilection which this prince of painters ever manifested for devoting his magic brush to the glory of Mary is explained in part by his early training. Devotion to the Madonna he inherited from his mother, Magia, as clearly as he owed his artistic temperament to his artist-father, Giovanni Santi, of Urbino. From earliest childhood, indeed, the little Raphael was peculiarly associated with the Blessed Virgin, and had unusually vivid reasons for looking upon her as a tender mother, and loving her with all the ardor of his young heart. His father Giovanni, overflowing with gratitude to Heaven as his gaze rested fondly on his beloved Magia caressing his baby boy, conceived the idea of at once expressing his thanksgiving and preserving so charming a scene by painting in fresco on his garden wall a Madonna and Child whose features should recall his wife and infant. Thus from his birth was Our Lady's artist dedicated to his Queen. His first smiles and kisses were given to the Virgin in the person of his mother; and throughout his

adolescence and youthful manhood he never failed to lavish on Mary affection as naïve and unstinted as in his innocent childhood days he had bestowed on Magia.

Born in 1483, Raphael was only eleven years of age when the death of his father Giovanni left him doubly an orphan, Magia having preceded her husband to the grave some years previously. From Giovanni himself the boy had taken the first lessons in the art to which he was destined to add such lustre. In 1494 the tranquil delights of his home abruptly ended. With his stepmother Bernardina, and his uncle Bartolommeo, he led for some months a soul-starved, uncongenial existence, and it needed his unswerving confidence in his heavenly Patroness to preserve him from utter discouragement. Fortunately for the boy himself and for all future lovers of the great in art, this trial was not destined to be a long one. When twelve years old he was placed by Bartolommeo, who was his guardian as well as uncle, in the school of Perugino, where he remained until he was almost twenty.

That his life while under the instruction of this great Umbrian master was a well-filled and thoroughly happy one can be readily conceived. Passionately attached to his art, enjoying the advantage of Perugino's precepts as well as his judicious criticism, and noting, as he could not fail to do, the rapid progress which he was making in the matter of transferring to the enduring canvas the sweet visions that filled his lofty fancy, Raphael spent the years of his adolescence in that most blissful of conditions, continuous labor at a work one loves. As was but natural, his own first pictures were all executed in what is known as the Peruginesque manner. The charm of that manner nowhere appears more strikingly than in Perugino's Madonnas. Raphael's later style marks a fuller

development of his genius, but we do not regret that many of his portrayals of Mary show unmistakable traces of his master's influence.

"Perugino's Virgins especially," writes A. Gruyer,* "are dowered with an unrivalled charm. The physiognomy is limpid, transparent; the brow high and broad; the eyes are lost in the immensity of invisible worlds; the nose is exquisitely drawn, the mouth small and graceful; the oval of the face delicate and pure; the golden hair arranged in braids that fall upon the neck; the veil is scarcely visible, and is so adapted to the figure that it seems to form an integral portion thereof. The soul strives in vain to penetrate the secret of these delicious figures: it stands overcome with respect at the entrance of the sanctuary; and, without understanding, remains under the charm."

Given an ingenuous boy, who from infancy has been taught to look upon and love the Mother of God as his dearest friend and most gracious Queen, whose affection for her, is inseparably woven into the love he bears his earthly mother; place him in a studio where he has constantly before him such beauteous presentments of that friend and Queen as are herein described,—and there is nothing surprising in the fact that the environment should serve to intensify his devotion and give a special bent to his genius.

The years spent with Perugino not only made Raphael a more fervent servant and a better child of Mary: they dowered him with that fondness for depicting her manifold graces which made of him her painter in ordinary. "The mere collection of all the Virgins painted or even designed by Raphael," says Quatremère de Quincy, "and the detail of the variations which he introduced into his

compositions, would form an abridged history of his genius."

The years from 1504 to the middle of 1508 our artist spent in Florence. No fewer than thirty of his masterpieces were executed in that comparatively brief period, and the later of these exemplify his attainment of the Florentine manner. During his sojourn in the City of Flowers he was a co-laborer of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo in the work of decorating the Palazzo Vecchio. Traces of Da Vinci's manner are visible in a number of the paintings that belong to 1507 and 1508. Raphael, indeed, seems to have exercised the prerogative which none have ever contested to genius in art or in letters, that of appropriating to himself whatever of merit was to be found in others. The excellences of contemporary artists he made his own; Perugino and Da Vinci merely furnished him with hints in the development of what is known as his third or Roman manner—a style distinctively individual, purely and simply *Raphaëlesque*.

Looking over the catalogues of the celebrated galleries of Europe, and noting the multiplicity of canvases on which Raphael's sign-manual is unmistakably impressed, it is difficult to realize that all his contributions to the world's treasures of art were executed during a lifetime that lacked three years of rounding its fourth decade. In 1508, when he was called to Rome by Pope Julius II. to complete the frescoes in the Vatican halls, he was but twenty-five years of age. The Sovereign Pontiff's invitation, however, is convincing evidence that the fame of the youthful master had already filled all Italy. No artist of doubtful excellence was likely to be entrusted with the task of beautifying the halls of a palace where Michael Angelo was at the very time immortalizing the Sistine Chapel. In fact, the brush which had given to Italy the *Madonna del Granduca*, *La Belle*

* "Les Vierges de Raphael."

Jardinière, and the Madonna of the Goldfinch, not to mention several others of his Florentine pictures, could not but be recognized, in that fair land where even the common people are competent art critics, as a national possession in which to glory.

In Rome Raphael spent the remaining twelve years of his life, his celebrity increasing from year to year, and his fortune keeping pace with his untiring industry. The special work which he was commissioned to perform by Pope Julius is now known as the "Stanze of Raphael." It comprises the collection of frescoes on the walls and ceilings of three chambers and a salon, and, with the Sistine Chapel, forms the most attractive portion of the Vatican galleries. Besides this "Stanze" the painter did much other work in the papal palace, under the direction of Leo X.; he also executed innumerable commissions for wealthy Romans, and satisfied his own lifelong devotion to Mary by transferring to yet other canvases his sublime conceptions of her ineffable majesty and beauty.

Excessive labor brought on the fever to which in his thirty-eighth year he succumbed. At the approach of death, his love for his Blessed Mother grew more ardent and more confiding than ever. He expressed the desire of being buried in the Church of Sancta Maria ad Martyres (the former Pantheon), and added a wish that a marble statue of Our Lady should be placed above his tomb. Finally, on Good Friday, in 1520, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, and loyally reliant on the good offices of her to whom in childhood he had been dedicated, and whom he had so often glorified during his brief career, the artist-servant of Mary passed away. It may possibly be that the celebrity which was his, the circumstances of fortune and of fame, the seductions which could not but assail one in his position, had sometimes prevailed to

lead him temporarily away from the path of steadfast virtue; but there seems no reason to doubt that his death was that of the just, and that in the resplendent glory of heaven he gazes unobstructedly on the peerless loveliness of that Madonna whose beauty he depicted as never artist had done before, as perhaps no painter will ever do again.

It is gratifying to cite here a passage from a Protestant work wherein full justice is done to the personality of Our Lady's special artist. "There was a vulgar idea at one time prevalent," says Mrs. Jameson,* "that Raphael was a man of vicious and depraved habits, and even died a victim of his excesses. This slander has been silenced forever by indisputable evidence to the contrary, and we may now reflect with pleasure that nothing rests on surer evidence than the admirable qualities of Raphael; that no earthly renown was ever so unsullied by reproach, so justified by merit, so confirmed by concurrent opinion, so established by time."

A slander equally unfounded, in the light of critical investigation, was that Raphael painted several of his Madonnas from models whose private characters emphasized the incongruity of associating their features with those of the Immaculate. While it might be urged that, even granting the truth of this statement, the genius of the artist has so sublimated and etherealized the beauty of the human model that all hint of the sensuous is excluded, it is pleasant to learn that the charge can not be sustained. One likes to know that the artist's exquisite sense of the congruous kept him from manifesting, however indirectly, the slightest disrespect to his Heavenly Mother. This is, on the face of it, what any one conversant with the circumstances of his boyhood and youth would naturally

* "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters."

expect; and, it may be added, it is historical fact as well.

Not all art critics, perhaps, will admit that the culminating point of his genius was reached in any of his numerous Madonnas; but this opinion is held by many whose authority entitles their views to considerable respect. "Even after his epic work in the Vatican," Armengaud observes,* "we may say that the Virgin remains the supreme creation of Raphael. Upon her he concentrated all the effort and all the progress of his art. His Madonnas resemble those Hours which he painted more or less robust or delicate according as they go away from or draw nearer to the sun; they gain redoubled force, expression, and plenitude as they approach the noonday of his genius—that noonday which had no evening. From the Virgin of Perugia to the Madonna of St. Sixtus, Mary traverses in his work a whole firmament of beauty. At the end Mary no longer belongs to earth: she appears to him only across the incalculable distances of her Assumption. Her human family has given place to the saintly and angelic court; her countenance lightens and becomes transfigured; the feminine and motherly smiles vanish from her lips: immutable serenity, eternal peace, impassible felicity are the only sentiments that her irradiated features henceforth express."

* "Les Trésors de l'Art."

THE Scapular, which, falling like a veil over the heart of man, was made use of by the solitaries of the East from a sentiment of modesty, has become by Christian tradition a symbol of purity, and consequently the livery of Mary the Queen of Virgins.—*Lacordaire*.

TRUE friends wait to be summoned in the time of prosperity, but in trouble they come and offer their help.—*De Phalère*.

A Practical Man.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

A CONFIRMED old bachelor! Thus the friends of James Gregory were wont to describe him; and thus events, absorption in his work, and a certain good-natured egotism, had apparently shaped his life. Still on the sunny side of forty, however, he was neither crusty nor crotchety, misanthropic nor a misogynist. Several years ago, when a brilliant university student, as he now occasionally recalled with a smile, he had been inclined to a fine scorn of the gentler sex for some time after Fanny Carey, the professor's pretty daughter, married the moneyed man of the senior class. Since then, having become early engrossed in professional cares, he had given little heed to the innumerable social invitations which duly find their way into the mail of a bachelor of means and position. In fact, he rather shunned feminine society, while paying chivalrous homage to the ideal woman.

Such may be considered a character-sketch in outline of the man of good physique and pleasant, if plain, features who one afternoon at dusk left his law office upon the daily walk which he took as a constitutional before going to the club for dinner.

Snow had fallen earlier, but now the skies were clear; and Gregory hardly noted how bad it was under foot, for his mind was upon a certain contest over a will that, appealed after the first trial, was to come up shortly in the superior court. Occupied in mentally marshalling the evidence by which he hoped to win the day for his client, he strode up Broadway, oblivious of his fellow-workers of all classes who thronged the pavement on their way home from their daily toil; of belated shoppers hurrying to catch the

crowded cable cars; heedless even of the music of sleigh-bells as, now and again, a handsome equipage dashed by, returning from the Park.

Presently he turned eastward. The quiet of the side street was more in keeping with his mood than the life of the great thoroughfare. With his eyes fixed upon the ground, he tramped on until he emerged upon the old-fashioned seclusion of Stuyvesant Square. Here the snow was almost untrodden, but it suggested to him nothing more poetic than the foolscap upon which he would betimes begin to write his brief.

"Ha! what is that? A blot on the margin?" He chuckled at the prosiness of his fancy, and the sound of his own voice aroused him from his tense train of thought. "Well, what an old dry-as-dust I have become!" he exclaimed. "This vision of beauty reminds me but of the implements of my trade; that elm yonder, robed in snowy foliage, of my old quill pen, for instance; and this fair expanse, beautiful as the scroll the angel unrolled before Abou Ben Adhem, of a sheet of blank paper. But what is that *dark* object just beyond the edge of the walk? Some luckless cur or outcast grimalkin, no doubt; or has some lady's lapdog, lost in the snow and perishing from cold, crawled here to die?"

Gregory arrested his steps; contented as he was with his bachelor estate, his solitary condition inclined him to a certain sympathy with all homeless beings. He gently poked the furry object with the end of his umbrella; still it did not move. He bent over it curiously, then broke into a laugh. His sympathy had been wasted this time: here was no miserable canine or feline wight—only a costly sealskin muff; and lying on the snow near it, a dainty glove. He picked up both, absently thrust the glove into the pocket of his overcoat, and stood looking helplessly at the muff in his hand.

"Some woman is more inconsolable over the loss of this handsome adjunct to a winter's toilet than if even her pet spaniel or kitten had strayed away, I'll be bound!" he muttered, stroking the soft fur. "But what in thunder am I to do with it?"

There was no one near but a man who went from door to door offering, for a few cents, to shovel the snow from the walks.

"Hie, John! Did you see any one drop this?" called Mr. Gregory, holding up the muff.

"No, sir; I have just come around from the other street," was the reply. "It would not be the fortune of a poor man, now, to pick up that bit of finery."

"Why, of what service would it be to you, my friend? You could not use it."

The fellow glanced at his large, coarse hands and laughed heartily, as much in amusement at his interrogator's want of comprehension as at the incongruity of the notion.

"No," he answered. "But it will be advertised, and a reward promised; and when a man has a wife and five children to support, he looks upon such a chance as a piece of luck."

Gregory's impulse was to deliver the coveted prize to the laborer on the spot, and thus do the man a kind turn and rid himself of a troublesome perplexity. But, upon second thought, he refrained from doing so. Perhaps the man might pawn or sell it; or, even granted he was as honest as he looked, if the loss was not advertised, he could hardly be expected to seek out the loser. So, slipping his chance acquaintance a dollar by way of compensation for any disappointment his decision might occasion, he said:

"For your sake, John, I wish you had found the thing; but since that was not the case, the obligation rests with me to restore it to the owner."

"Thank you kindly, sir!" returned the man, touching his cap and pocketing

the money with alacrity. "My name is Michael, if you please; yet that makes no difference. But, sir, I fear you will have a long wait at that door; there is nobody at home."

Gregory had sprung up the steps of the house opposite to which he had found the muff, and touched the bell; but no one came in answer to his summons. Yes, the house was evidently deserted.

Some distance down the street a feminine figure emerged from the shadow into the circle formed by the rays of the tower light at the corner. He hurried onward, and in a few moments overtook an old woman, who hobbled slowly and painfully along. Shabbily clad and evidently poor, she could hardly be the owner of the muff. Still, with the same deference with which he would have addressed a duchess, the young lawyer said:

"Pardon me, Madam! Does this belong to you?"

The woman turned, and her wrinkled countenance relaxed into a smile at the courteous words. He repeated his query, extending the muff toward her.

"Vas it of mine? *Nein, wirklich, guter Herr,*" and her eyes travelled down a little piteously to her thin shawl and well-worn gown. Verily the price of the elegant trifle would have paid many months' rent of the wretched room she called her home. That involuntary glance made Gregory realize this. Unknown to her, he dropped a coin into the basket she carried, said something about his regret at having detained her, and pushed on. How sharply had the contrast between luxurious ease and struggling poverty been brought before him within the last few minutes! He held the muff at arm's-length, and regarded it with quizzical disapproval.

"Humph! not even the tips of my lady's jewelled fingers must be chilled by the keen air!" Gregory soliloquised. "But decrepit age totters shivering by

unheeded; and the children of the poor too often suffer from cold and hunger, with no one to bring them succor. Well, there is nothing to be done but to take this bagatelle home with me and watch the newspapers for the advertisement."

Tucking it under his arm forthwith, he wheeled about. He had had a long walk, and an adventure besides, yet it was still too early to repair to the club. He would go first to his bachelor quarters, then; and—perhaps, after all, instead of going out again he would have his dinner sent up from the restaurant in the building.

"I am not in a social mood," he said to himself; "and maybe it would be as well to spend two or three hours more to-night in the preparation of that case."

Nevertheless, as it happened, although Gregory did not go to the club that evening, he made no headway with his legal work. Possibly it was because, fatigued after the mental toil of the day, he was disinclined to apply himself further, and thus fell into a reverie over his after-dinner cigar. Yet what could have suggested the train of thought he found himself following, half drowsily? What vivid pictures of old times and old friends seemed to evolve themselves from the curling smoke of his fragrant "perfecto,"—reminiscences of his college days and chums; of jolly larks and gay festivities; of a ball or two, and pretty Fanny Carey, whom he had almost forgotten! What ghost of old associations had summoned to hobnob with him over his fire the spirit of a youth he could hardly believe to have been his own!

He rose and began to pace the room to shake off the retrospective humor. Why, actually the conjurer must be the muff, which, upon coming in, he had laid upon his writing-table.

"It looks oddly out of place among my masculine household gods," he said, with a laugh; "and yet it rests there beside my dusty books and papers with

a confiding, albeit a coquettish air." He drew it nearer. "It seems to have borrowed a charm from the unknown personality of its owner. And why—there was something else, by Jove,—what did I do with that? Ah, I remember!"

His overcoat lay across the back of a chair; searching the pockets, he drew forth the glove he had also found on the snow, and lightly cast it down beside him. It fell with a ringing sound upon the table. What was that? There was something inside the glove. He caught it up again and weighed it in his palm as one would weigh a purse, conjecturing idly: "Gold?" It did not feel like coin, at least. Taking the glove by the ends of the fingers, he poured out—a string of shimmering pearls strung upon a thread of silver.

"Hello! a necklace!" he said, with whimsical interest. "This proves beyond a doubt that the owner of the muff is young and fair; yet, sad to say, it is, moreover, conclusive evidence that she is uncommonly careless."

But the pearly chain was not a trinket, as he perceived the next moment. It was *a little white rosary!*

Gregory started, and stood lost in thought, looking down at it in his hand. For years he had not seen a rosary, much less held one thus; and, still, once—when he was a boy—the beads had dropped through his fingers as readily as the marbles of his boyish sport; the *Paters* and *Aves* were as familiar to his lips as the name of his mother. Something would have been wanting to the happiness of each day had he suffered it to draw to a close without offering to the Madonna Immaculata this chaplet of prayer, with the homage of a knight-errant laying a crown of flowers at his lady's feet.

Ah, but that was long ago! The beads he had cherished in that far-off time were a small brown pair, he remembered, given to him by his mother,—the dear mother

dead now, God rest her soul! And, with a sigh for the days that were gone and the love that had passed from his life forever, Gregory again put the rosary and the glove into his pocket—but it was into the breast-pocket of the coat he wore.

He sat down again in his lounging chair and lit another cigar; when a man is in an indolently meditative mood, nothing helps out his cogitations like a cigar. He would fain have tossed the muff into a corner—anywhere out of sight; but his innate refinement restrained him: he could no more use it roughly than he could have been rude to the woman who owned it. He recognized, moreover, with a half-humorous sense of impatience, that it was now become his mentor, silently demanding what he had done with the years since that far-off time of his boyhood. What, indeed, save to strive for and finally to achieve a comfortable fortune? But was the success commensurate with the expenditure of the best energies of his life to attain it?

This was the question with which he found himself unpleasantly confronted. Rather than face it, Gregory preferred to return to his speculations. After all, the owner of the muff was not responsible for the fact that, in a great city which counted many millionaires, old women were cold and children hungry. This was a social problem quite beyond her. No doubt she was a pious little creature, with a girlish, innocent heart,—a heart that would pity the misery that crossed her path, and pray for all the world—even for so hardened a recreant as himself.

"Heigh-ho!" he aroused with a start—he had well-nigh fallen asleep by the fire.

In the breakfast room of the Lawyers' Club, Mr. James Gregory sat at his favorite table, awaiting the appearance of Sam, the prince of negro waiters. Ere he had finished reading his letters, the attentive darky was beside him with a well-laden

tray and the morning newspaper, saying:

"Here's youah *Herald*, sah. Mr. John-sing got it by mistake. Beg pardon, sah!"

Gregory took the sheet without comment; and, unfolding it, began to run his eyes over the headlines. He had nearly finished his breakfast before he remembered that he ought to spare a glance for the advertisement column. Yes, there was the notice he expected to see, "Lost: A muff—sealskin. Return to D. S." Then followed the address.

"Humph! brevity is the soul of wit," he commented. "But you will have to restrain your impatience, my clever little lady. Having forgotten all about your muff, sealskin, I have left it at my rooms, and can not send it to you until this evening. You have thrifty moments, after all; having manifestly counted the words of this advertisement, to keep it within the limit of the lowest rate of charge. I must remember to return the glove too—where is it now? Pshaw! in the pocket of my other coat. But perhaps 'tis as well. If any of the fellows should come in and find 'old Greg' in a brown-study over a lady's glove, there would be no end of jests at my expense; a man's friends are only too alert in scenting a romance that does not exist if he gives them the smallest chance, which, fortunately, I have never done."

Notwithstanding his self-congratulation upon his own practical common-sense, that evening saw Mr. James Gregory, in faultless evening dress, driving in a *coupé* across town. Carefully bestowed upon the cushion beside him were the muff and a bunch of exquisite roses; for, despite his affectation of prosiness, Gregory was a gallant old bachelor.

"Clearly D. S. is a young girl fresh from a convent boarding-school," he said to himself; "and I suppose such a venerable fellow as I may venture the flowers to atone for having let the whole

day elapse before restoring her property."

After an interval, the *coupé* stopped at a time-honored residence, not far from the locality where he had found the muff.

The mansion, despite its sombreness, wore an air of prosperity and comfort. His ring at the door was answered by a white-haired man-servant. The gentleman briefly explained his errand.

"Oh, yes! Miss Dorothy will be greatly obliged to you; and for taking the trouble to come, sir," declared the aged retainer with many bows. "Won't you wait, sir? She will want to thank you herself."

Gregory hesitated. He had intended merely to leave the muff and the flowers with his visiting card. But now, handing them to the servant, he said:

"Well—yes—I will wait."

Then he was ceremoniously ushered into the drawing-room.

Left alone, Gregory, who began to find this little adventure thoroughly amusing, glanced about him. The apartment was handsomely appointed, but in a style of thirty or forty years before. The light from a massive crystal chandelier was reflected in the mantel mirrors and pier-glasses, and fell softly upon the crimson window draperies, faded slightly, but only to the harmonious tint that artists love; upon the furniture of rich brocatel that matched the curtains.

"How the presence of a sunny-hearted girl must brighten these old rooms!" he murmured, interested in spite of himself. "Is she, perchance, a demure little saint, longing to go back to her beloved convent? Or a gay butterfly, glad to escape from the cloister garden to flit about in the great world? Her name is Dorothy, it seems,—a name that somehow suggests the breeziness of English downs and the sweetness of dewy wild flowers,"—and then, alas for romance! the thoughts of the visitor reverted to matters relating to his profession.

The Wiclifite English Bible.—A Popular Fallacy.

YEARLY a number of small books are launched in the market, in which, with a pretence at historic accuracy, vexed polemical questions are answered with a flippancy and an unripeness that pass for reliable knowledge. The embellishing of cherished traditions is more congenial to the writers of these booklets than the labor of inquiring into the reasons for their belief. Of this sort is the little volume entitled "Historic Bubbles," by Frederic Leake (Albany, 1896). The book receives a flattering reception from *The Outlook* (September 11, 1897). Two paragraphs from the essay on John Wiclif (p. 211) are quoted by the reviewer as typical of the author's impressive judgments and of the biographical and historical worth of the essays. They run thus:

Wiclif's greatest work was his translation of the Scriptures into English, but his version was not one that we would accept to-day for our guidance. It was the translation of the translation of a translation. Let us look a little into its pedigree. Some years before the birth of Christ, the Old Testament was translated into Greek. This version is called the Septuagint, because, according to the legend, seventy-two learned doctors were shut up in seventy-two separate cells, and set to making seventy-two separate translations of the Hebrew Scriptures. They accomplished the task in seventy-two days; and when they came to compare notes, their seventy-two versions all agreed, word for word, letter for letter. There could be no doubt of the inspiration of a work so miraculous; and such was the authority of the Septuagint that the citations of the Old Testament in the New are taken from it. The Church of Rome at an early day translated the Septuagint and the Apocrypha into its adopted tongue, the Latin; and this version is known as the old Vulgate.

In the course of ages—and they were dark ages—by careless transcription and by the foisting in of strange theological ideas, the Vulgate had become corrupt, and such was its condition when Wiclif translated it. Two hundred years later the Council of Trent revised it and brought it into its present form. It is now the ultimate Bible of the Church Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, from which there is no appeal; the original Hebrew and Greek go for nothing when they differ from it. Do you ask

why? I answer that the Church is inspired as well as the Bible; and, inspiration for inspiration, the later must supersede the earlier. You Protestants have merely gone back and picked up the exhausted material of the Church and made out of it a sort of Bible of your own, instead of accepting the better provision she offers you; and it distresses me to add that the Council of Trent has consigned you all to perdition for rejecting the Apocrypha!

These passages fairly sparkle with the "trenchant frankness of the author's style." They give us full assurance that there are many things in his essays which have never cost Mr. Leake a thought, and are ample evidence to the fact that he is one of those whose strength rests rather in rehabilitating old traditions than in any one particular inquiry into the causes of their existence.

THE WICLIF TRADITION.

"Wiclif's greatest work was his translation of the Scriptures into English."

This is one of those venerable traditions whose truth is, to many, beyond cavil. And why should it not be so? It is put down as historical in our school-books. And our manuals of English literature* tell us that Wiclif was the "Father of English Prose," because, in the fourteenth century, he conceived (or inspired) the idea of rendering Holy Writ in the vernacular, and succeeded in accomplishing the task.

What are the actual facts in the case? Did Wiclif actually prepare an English translation of the Bible? Was there no orthodox Catholic vernacular version in or before his time?

F. G. Kenyon† sums up the evidence in favor of Wiclif as follows: "That they [Wiclif and his followers] were responsible for a translation is proved by the contemporary evidence of Archbishop Arundel, of Knighton, and of a decree

* Taine, "History of English Literature," b. i, ch. ii, § ix.—Ten Brink, "English Literature," vol. ii, Part i, b. iv, ch. iv.—Chambers' "Encyclopædia of English Literature," vol. i, p. 35.

† "Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts."

of the Council of Oxford held in the year 1408,—all witnesses hostile to the Wiclifites." There is also, it must be borne in mind, the evidence of John Huss and that of the manuscripts.

Archbishop Arundel's testimony is taken from a letter sent, in 1412, to Pope John XXIII., with a list of some 267 propositions containing errors detected in the works of Wiclif. Neither the list nor the letter mentions the supposed translation. The words are: "He even tried, by every means in his power, to undermine the very faith and teaching of Holy Church, filling up the measure of his malice by devising the expedient of a *new* translation of the Scripture in the mother-tongue."* This letter is the conjoint work of Arundel and the bishops of his province.† There is no trace of hostility to vernacular renderings in it. The mention of a "new translation" is a decided indication that there was then an existing, recognized translation. What has become of it? None of the so-called Wiclifite versions show the least trace of this malicious intention of which Arundel and the bishops complain. The patent meaning of the passage is that Wiclif, to support his "gross and manifest heresy," was tampering with the text of an already existing translation.

That the Archbishop was consistent with himself, we may readily suppose. To be so, he could show no hostility to any translation, as such, of the Scriptures. Strype‡ says: "The judgment of Arch-

bishop Arundel, who lived in the reign of King Richard II., was for the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue, and for the laity's use thereof." And this he deduces from the fact that Arundel, in his funeral sermon (1392) over Anne of Bohemia, consort of Richard IV., observed: "It was more joy of her than of any woman that he knew. For, notwithstanding that she was an alien born, she had in English all the four Gospels, with the doctors upon them. And he said that she sent them unto him. And he said they were good and true, and commended her in that she was so great a lady, and also an alien, and would study such holy, such virtuous books." This can not be the translation of Wiclif; for the bishop who complained that Wiclif was maliciously devising the expedient of a *new* translation would not thus have publicly and formally commended its use.

The Council of Oxford (1408) is the next witness. In Article VII. of the Constitutions of this Provincial Synod, we read: "We therefore command and ordain that henceforth no one of his own authority translate any passage (*aliquem textum*) of Holy Scripture into English in a *book, booklet or tract*; and that no one read wholly or in part, publicly or secretly, any such book, booklet or tract, lately written in the time of the said John Wiclif or since, or that may hereafter be made, under pain of excommunication until such translation has been approved and allowed by the diocesan of the place or by the provincial council."*

That no mention is here made of any Wiclifite translation of the entire Bible

* Quinimo et ipsam ecclesiæ sacrosanctæ fidem et doctrinam sanctissimam totis conatibus impugnare studuit, *novæ* ad suæ malitiæ complementum scripturarum in linguam maternam translationis practica adinventâ. — Wilkins, "Concilia Magnæ Britanniæ et Hiberniæ." Vol. iii, p. 350. London, 1737.

† Thomas, Dei et Apostolicæ Sedis gratia, cantuarien. ecclesiæ minister, cæterique cantuarien., provinciæ suffraganei, etc.—Ibid.

‡ "Memorials of the Most Reverend Father in God, Thomas Cranmer, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury." John Strype. Oxford, 1812. Vol. i, p. 3.

* Statuimus igitur et ordinamus, ut nemo deinceps *aliquem textum* sacræ scripturæ auctoritate sua in linguam Anglicanam, vel aliam transferat, nec legatur aliquis hujusmodi *liber, libellus* aut *tractatus*, jam *noviter* tempore dicti Joannis Wiclif, sive citra compositus, aut in posterum componendus in parte vel in toto, publice vel occulto sub majoris excommunicationis pœna, etc. — Wilkins, l. c. iii, p. 317.

is no less significant than in the letter of Arundel. The words "*aliquem textum*" can not refer to a translation of the entire Bible. So, too, "*per viam libri, libelli aut tractatus*" means naturally partial, unauthorized, translations, inserted in (polemical) books or treatises. And thus also the very heading of Constitution VII. in the Lambeth Manuscript: * *Ne textus aliquis sacræ Scripturæ in linguam Anglicanam de cetero transferatur per viam libri aut tractatus*,—"That no text of the Holy Scripture be for the future translated into English." These partial, unauthorized translations, and these only, are forbidden in the text of the synod. The earnest desire of the Fathers of the Council was to safeguard the bible-text against any modifications which the Lollards might essay in support of their views; "for texts were ready at hand, and were eagerly caught up, which told in favor of simplicity and unworldliness, and rebuked the pomp and pride of endowments." †

Wiclif flooded the land with addresses, popular treatises, and short, pithy tracts, in which he translated scripture texts to suit his purpose. ‡ These *texts* translated by Wiclif, and the booklets which contained them, together with the conclusions drawn from his ponderous and formal Latin treatises, were struck at by the Council, § and not an *entire* translation of the Bible.

That this was the sense in which those whom it most concerned accepted the ruling, we see from the Canonist Lynde-

wood, Bishop of Hereford. This author tells us why the prohibition of translations was aimed only at new or recent attempts, and not at old and received translations. "Although it be the plain text of Sacred Scripture that is so translated, the translator may yet err in his translation; or if he compose a book, booklet or tract, he may, as, in fact, frequently happens, intermingle false and erroneous teaching with the truth."

Not a whit less clear is Sir Thomas More's* view: "For as much as it is dangerous to translate the text of Scripture out of one tongue into another, as holy Jerome testifieth, for as much as in translation it is hard always to keep the same sentence [*i. e.*, sense] whole. It is, I say, for these causes at a council holden at Oxenford provided under great pain, that no man should from thenceforth translate into the English tongue, or any other language, of his own authority, by way of *book, libellus or treatise*; nor no man, openly or secretly, read any such book ... newly made in the time of the said John Wiclif or since ... until such should be ... approved." "It was not," as Dean Hook † tells us, "till the designs of the Lollards were discovered that Wiclif's version was proscribed." And, as Canon Dixon ‡ remarks, "the famous Constitution neither forbade the ancient versions to be used nor denied that an authorized version might be made."

Such evidence certainly warrants us in concluding that the Council of Oxford wished to safeguard the text against those who would undermine the faith and teaching of our holy mother the Church, by a new translation of any particular text of Scripture.

* Wilkins, op. cit. iii, p. 317.

† H. D. Thraill, "Social England." Vol. ii, pp. 169, 170. London, 1896.

‡ H. D. Thraill, l. c., vol. ii, pp. 169, 170.—Ten Brink, l. c., ch. iv, "English Literature."—James S. Stone, "Readings in Church History," p. 407. Philadelphia, 1889.—William Cave, "Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Historia Literaria," Appendix, p. 63. Oxford, 1743.

§ Wilkins, op. cit. iii, p. 351, "Conclusiones ipsas, una cum libris, tractatibus, et opusculis, ex quibus eliciuntur."

* "Works of Sir Thomas More," b. iii, ch. xiv, p. 234. London, 1557.

† Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," vol. iii, p. 83.

‡ Dixon's "History of the Church of England," vol. i, p. 451.

The genuineness of the testimony of the third and quasi-contemporary witness, Knighton, Canon of Leicester,* is denied by Mr. Lumby,† the latest editor of his works, as well as by Mr. R. H. Legge‡ and Dr. W. W. Shirley.§ Let us consider it as it stands: "This master John Wiclif translated from Latin into English the Gospel which Christ gave to clerks and teachers of the Church.... In this way the pearl of the Gospel is scattered broadcast... so that it is now the *commune æternum* for the laity. || ... These things are most appropriate to the new Lollard folk, who have changed the Gospel of Christ into the *evangelium æternum*,—that is, the vulgar tongue; and *communem maternam*, and so *æternam*, since it is looked on by the laity as better and more worthy than the Latin language."

All that can be deduced from this is that Wiclif was responsible for an English version of the Gospels. Dom Gasquet¶ says, however, that any one who will go through the whole of this section of the Chronicle will understand the language as referring not to the Scripture in general or to the Gospels in particular; but to the Christian teaching and ministry, so often then as now spoken of as "the Gospel." Wiclif's work is mentioned as the "*evangelium æternum*."

To a contemporary, these last words would mean nothing more or less than the reign of the Holy Ghost in that

third and most perfect reign of the Divinity, to which men were then looking forward with ardor and anxiety since the days of Joachim of Floris* (1145–1202). And the quotations made in this connection† by the author of the Fifth Book, from William of Saint Amour, arouse a strong suspicion that something very different from a translation, full or partial, of the Bible is meant.

There is one other evidence to be heard, that of John Huss.‡ "It is reported," says Huss, "among the English that he [Wiclif] translated the whole Bible from Latin into English." In the face of recent investigation into the literary labors of Wiclif, no one now questions the improbability of this act. Moreover, Huss merely says "it is *reported*," not that it is a *fact*.

It seems morally certain, therefore, that Wiclif never produced an English translation of the Bible. Did he "inspire" others in the great idea, and thus become morally its author?

* "L'Italie Mystique," chapters ii and v. Émile Gebhart. Paris, 1893. "Encyclopædia Britannica," ninth edition, vol. xiii, p. 694.

† "Some would labor to turn the Gospel of Christ into another gospel, which they say is more perfect and better and more worthy, which they call the Eternal Gospel, or the Gospel of the Holy Spirit."—Knighton, l. c., b. v.

‡ John Huss, "Historia et Monumenta," ed. 1558, p. 107.

(To be continued.)

* Author of "Compilatio de Eventibus Angliæ," in four books; the passage quoted occurs in the Fourth Book. (Twysden, "Historiæ Anglicanæ Decem Scriptores," col. 2644, seqq.) Londini, 1651.

† Rolls Series, II., p. 96.

‡ "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. xxxi, New York and London, 1892.

§ "Fasciculi Zizaniorum," p. 524, note. London, 1858.

|| ... gemma clericorum
Vertitur in ludum laicorum,
Ut laicis sit commune æternum
Quod ante fuit clericis et ecclesiæ
Doctoribus talentum supernum.

—Knighton, B. v.

¶ Gasquet, "Old English Bibles and Other Essays," p. 173. London, 1897.

A GOOD subject of meditation, if we were wise, would be to consider by how many little and great obstacles, and little and great lights, God has taken the trouble to restrain our rebel wills and mad search for happiness outside of Him. Let us rejoice for everything that is a restraint and a burden to us; this is our provision for a life that will never end; on this we shall live forever.—*Louis Veuillot*.

The Visitation.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

THE Word made flesh—inviolately shrined,
O House of Gold, in thee—
He straightway moves thy ever-duteous mind
To sweetest charity.

In haste thou settest forth, to hail with joy
Thy cousin Elizabeth.
The angel told thee of her unborn boy;
And thy rewarded faith

Would clasp with hers. But little dost thou
know,
As yet, the full design
Of that mysterious impulse bids thee go—
A purpose all divine.

II.

Comes the New Covenant to meet the Old :
To bring the larger grace,
The nearer Presence, by the seers foretold
Of Juda's chosen race.

And chosen bearer of that Gift art thou !
Thy voice of greeting sounds :
The prophet-babe, regenerate even now,
Within his prison-bounds

Leaps, eager witness to the God in thee ;
The God whose Spirit fills
Thy cousin too, and gives her words to free
The awe her bosom thrills.

III.

And we, O Virgin-Mother—we have caught
Elizabeth's raptur'd strain :
Link'd with the salutation angel-taught,
Faith's evermore refrain.

We hail thee channel of all grace that flows
From Jesus' Precious Blood ;
And pray thee meet us in the joys and woes
Which shape our final good :

Until, at death, thou glad us with a smile
Shall bid our spirit sing
Thine own Magnificat—in peace the while
Awaiting Christ the King.

THE joy of a good death is well worth
all the pain of a mortified life.

The Trains Ran on Time.

BY WILLIAM RYAN DUKE.

"JONAS, can't you stay at home and rest?"

"No, Martha dear. If I do, I shall certainly lose my place."

"Well, but can't you get somebody to relieve you?"

"There are fifty men waiting to take the place. But they will not take it for a day. Of course, we'll not be able to stand the strain if it lasts much longer. But things may change soon; and when they do, the man that is fortunate enough to have the job will keep it. So I'd better hold on."

"But it is three days now that you have been having only four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. What if something should happen?" And the woman turned pale and shuddered.

"Keep up heart, Martha. It's only a war of the railroads. They're cutting rates, and they have to make it up some way; and the easiest is to let out half the force and make the other half do double work. But, you see, it can't last. So give me a kiss, and take care of Bernard and Mattie; and may the Lord be with us all!"

And Jonas Barkley strode off with his basket, through the piercing cold, along the path to the main switch at Hope Station, an eighth of a mile away.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The mercury had been going down since four o'clock in the morning, and the weather-reports stated that it would stand below zero after sunset. There was to be a fall of more than forty degrees from the comparatively mild temperature of the night before. It was a time when wakeful sentinels were needed at the switches.

The sun sank red, and the darkness

came on. Train No. 21, the outbound night express from the city, stood upon the side track at Hope Station, at 7.49, waiting for the inbound No. 19 to pass at 7.52. The switchman for 21 was at his post; and the engineer thought he saw a man at the main switch, too. At least there was a lantern on the ground. But the switch was two hundred feet away, and the night was dark, and things could not be seen distinctly. The headlight of No. 19 rounded the curve a mile above Hope Station, and the train came dashing down the straight line with the rumble of growing thunder. At 7.52 the engine reached the switch. There was a sound upon the frozen air as of something sharply snapping. At once the engine jumped the track, ploughed its way for a dozen yards through the brittle soil, and then rolled itself up into a shapeless mass. The tender was flung out over the lantern at the switch. The baggage car drove ahead and went to splinters against the ruins of the engine. There was a horrid orchestra of sounds—grating, grinding, crushing, breaking,—making a dismal *obligato* with the hissing steam to the shrieks of a hundred voices.

The great man of the *Morning Lyre* was in his sanctum. He touched a button. In half a minute a young man opened the door and entered.

"Ferrett, there has been an accident on the N. S. E. & W., at Hope Station. Take the nine o'clock train and find out all about it."

Ferrett retired. It was known to those who were interested in knowing such things, that the N. S. E. & W. was working its men over time, and was making money in the rate war.

The nine o'clock train made a circuit about Hope Station, and was then run back to the platform, so that Ferrett alighted near the scene of the accident. The outbound train had also made its

circuit. The coaches of No. 19 had been pulled back and were moving toward the city with a new engine.

The night was bitter cold and dark. Fifteen or twenty men, muffled to the eyes, were heaving away in silence. The baggage car (that had been) lay like a pile of kindling wood about the wreck of the engine. The tender had been lifted, and at the switch-rod there was a great pool of frozen blood. The general gloom was just visible in the light of the heavily smoking torches.

"Anybody hurt?"—it was Ferrett who spoke.

"Switchman, engineer, and fireman killed."

"Any one else?"

"No. Postal clerks and baggage men seriously injured."

"What was the switchman's name?"

"Jonas Barkley—the best man on the road."

"Did he live here?"

"Yes: just down the road. See that light? That's Jonas' house."

"Did any of the other victims live hereabouts?"

"No."

"Who were they?"

As the officer answered, Ferrett wrote the names.

"How did it happen?"

"That's all a mystery. The switchman was right here at his post, and there was no obstruction. So I think we'll never know anything about it."

Ferrett started down the pathway which showed in the starlight and the glare of the torches. As he neared the switchman's house, the door was flung wide open and a woman rushed out, bareheaded, into the cold. A man with a lantern followed her; then another man with a lantern. The second overtook the first; and catching up with the woman after she had passed Ferrett, stopped her to cover her head and shoulders with a

heavy shawl which he had brought from the house.

As the other man was passing, Ferrett joined him.

"Is that Mrs. Barkley?"

"Yes. We brought her the news a few minutes ago, and there was no keeping her in the house."

"What was the cause of the accident?" Ferrett went on.

"No one knows anything about it. Jonas is the only man that could tell us, and he is gone. She says she knew something was going to happen. She says he was working overtime, and must have fallen asleep at the switch." And the man suddenly pushed ahead to be rid of his questioner.

Ferrett saw that there was no further information to be obtained. But he had enough for a purpose; so he made his way back to the station to inquire about the possibilities of getting into the city. He found that the next train was due after midnight. But an engine was to pass Hope Station about eleven o'clock, and it wanted but a few minutes of that hour. His credentials as a member of the press secured him a place on the engine; and at 11.50 he was standing beside the great chief of the *Morning Lyre*, telling his simple, carefully worded story.

"Ferrett, sit down for a few minutes."

The chief took his pen. Then he knitted his brows, and kept them knitted whilst his pen went cautiously over the paper. It was five minutes after twelve when, having closed and addressed an envelope, he said:

"Ferrett, take this out to Bonds, in Pluto Place. See that it is given to him. Accept no excuses. There must be an immediate answer."

"Yes, sir."

Without another word the young man left the room. On his way downstairs he telephoned for a cab to be sent immediately to a neighboring drug-store. The

cab reached the spot almost as soon as he did. Stepping in, he said:

"Drive as fast as you can to Doctor Smith's, near Twenty-fourth and Gage. Let me out at the corner."

At Twenty-fourth and Gage, Ferrett left the cab; and, telling the driver to wait for half an hour, made his way around the block to Pluto Place.

Pluto Place was one of those double city-blocks set apart for the elect of mammon. No house of Pluto Place faced upon the vulgar street. The houses all faced inward upon the street which ran through the middle, and which had been condemned as a thoroughfare, in favor of the elect. The thoroughfare had been converted into a greensward adorned with trees and shrubs and elegant flower-beds. On each side of this stretch of park there was a drive. Beyond each drive was a milk-white sidewalk. Beyond each sidewalk came more greensward and flower-beds, where other white walks led up to the portals of exclusive mansions. Back against the streets that bounded Pluto Place, east and west, were located the stables,—a meet daily vision for the humble eyes of the plebeians who had been so rash, so presumptuous, as to build over the way.

Ferrett stood in the outer vestibule of No. 4 Pluto Place, with his finger on the electric button. He had been pressing the button for two or three minutes, when, suddenly, light flashed through the jewelled glass of the door. Yet there was no sound within. The light was only a signal turned on from some distant part of the house, and was meant to indicate that the bell had been heard and would soon be answered. Presently there was a shadow on the glass; the next instant the door was opened abruptly by a large man, who gave a quick, piercing look into the eyes of the little Ferrett.

"I want to see Mr. Bonds."

"Please to step inside, sir." (The door closed.) "I do not think Mr. Bonds will wish to see you at this hour—I am sure he will not."

"Then you must take this message to him."

"If I wake him, I shall be discharged at the end of the month."

"If you do not wake him, you will be discharged to-morrow."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Business of the greatest importance, and which he must know without a moment's delay."

The man accepted the message, bade Ferrett be seated, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and then disappeared back into the gloom. He was thus careful, in the presence of the visitor, to conceal the approach to his master's room, which was directly at the head of the grand stairway. Arriving at the sleeping apartment of Bonds, he opened and closed the door softly, and, turning the switch, lit up the room as he was accustomed to do at seven o'clock on those dark winter mornings.

"Mr. Bonds!"

"Well, Jerry! All right! I'm awake. But is it seven o'clock already? I do not feel as if I had slept half an hour."

"Sir, there is a messenger downstairs."

"What does he want?"

"Here is a letter." And Jerry, dreading the consequences that might follow his action, handed the envelope to Mr. Bonds.

Bonds, feeling that there must be some sufficient motive for Jerry's rashness, received the plain envelope, opened it immediately and unfolded the letter. He looked at the heading, "Office of the *Morning Lyre*"; then at the signature, "I. Blackmail." Between there was a brief history of the accident, with special stress laid upon the cause—the sleeping switchman. Then came the essential paragraph:

"Nothing but hard persuasion will

keep it out of the papers. I have been over to the office of the *Prevaricator*, and have seen Shilling and Quarter. I have also sounded Lyebell of the *Evening Holocaust*. They are all bent on having a sensation. A strong argument will be needed to bring them to their senses."

There was also a postscript which ran as follows:

"P. S.—The bearer of this note, Mr. Argus Ferrett, is at the head of the case and holds the key. The presses must be going at half-past two."

"Half-past two!" And the eyes of the owner of No. 4 Pluto Place quickly sought the clock which swung its pendulum right opposite the bed, its figures always in full view to the mighty Bonds when he waked each morning to the schemes and plots and counter-plots of the day. He was thinking to find it six or even seven o'clock, and the whole matter beyond repair, when the clock gave a single, soft-toned murmur like the brushing of the bow upon some mellow violin,—a sound destined to prolong sleep rather than to disturb it. It was one o'clock.

"Jerry!"

"Yes, sir."

"Entertain the gentleman downstairs, and return in four or five minutes for the answer."

The door closed noiselessly. Jerry was gone, and his misgivings, too.

Bonds, in purple robe, sat at an inlaid ebony secretary:

Pay to the Order of I. Blackmail
One thousand dollars.
(acc. advertising)
N. S. E. & W. R. R. (per Bonds.)
Pay to the Order of Argus Ferrett
One hundred dollars.
(acc. freight commission)
N. S. E. & W. R. R. (per Bonds.)

"That ought to be enough for that Blackmail to quiet those other fellows with."

Dowstairs, Jerry informed Ferrett that

the answer would be ready in a few minutes.

"It is a cold night, sir. Might I offer you a little brandy?" As Jerry said this he touched a spring in a large, square coat-rack. A panel rolled away and revealed a recess garnished with a tiny decanter and tiny glasses.

"If you please."

Jerry placed a glass apart, and beside it the decanter. Ferrett rose. The performance over, another mysterious touch to the invisible spring brought the panel silently to its place.

"I will go for the answer, sir."

Bonds was again in bed. He handed Jerry the two envelopes. Half a minute later Jerry gave them to Ferrett.

"Will you light a cigar, sir?"

Back went another panel, and there were the black cigars in a crystal box.

"Take another with you, sir, if you have far to go."

"Good-morning!"

"Good-morning!"

Ferrett retraced the route he had taken upon leaving the cab.

"Back to where we started. Drive fast."

And away they went over the granite.

The driver received his fare and a *pour-boire*; and in a few minutes Ferrett stood at the desk of the chief. Blackmail received his letter without a word of comment. Ferrett retired to a desk at the end of the room, there to take a glance at the contents of his own envelope and to await further orders. He had already discerned the import of his enclosure when Jerry handed it to him at No. 4 Pluto Place; but he had restrained his curiosity during the cold ride through the city. Blackmail, anticipating the successful issue of Ferrett's embassy, had, within the hour, prepared identical letters for Shilling and Lyebell. In the letters he had written:

"Most reliable information has been obtained. The accident was occasioned

by the sudden fall in the temperature—a thing that can not be guarded against. Owing to the molecular modification induced by contraction, a rail broke under the enormous weight of the engine. The incomparable vestibule system introduced by the energetic President Bonds saved all the passengers from accident. The N. S. E. & W. will provide, with its usual promptness and generosity, for the families. The trains will run on time..."

Ferrett had hardly seen what was in his envelope when he was summoned by Blackmail.

"Take these to Shilling and Lyebell. See them personally and at once,—Shilling first. Give them the names and other details. I shall not want you until four o'clock in the afternoon."

The letters were delivered. Presses were going at half-past two. The "correct" account of the terrible accident appeared very early that morning in the *Lyre* and the *Prevaricator*, and its correctness was vouched for by the *Evening Holocaust*. The evening *Truth*, zealous for the "real" truth, tried hard with black headlines to arouse a sentiment of indignation. But nobody minded the piping of the poor little *Truth*.

The checks were cashed. Blackmail and Ferrett were busy on other cases. In twenty-four hours the wreck on the N. S. E. & W. was forgotten: the public wanted something new. The trains ran on time.

MARY was the choice of God Himself, and He chose her to be His Mother. She was the gate by which the Creator entered into His own creation. She ministered to Him in a way and for an end unlike those of any other creature whatsoever. What, then, must have been her beauty, what her holiness, what her privileges, what her exaltation! To depreciate them is to depreciate the wisdom and the goodness of God.—*Faber*.

Mr. Campbell's Unsplittable Church.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

THE interesting notice of "The Disciples of Christ," by the Rev. S. T. Willis, A. M., being the seventh of the series upon "The Religious Denominations of America," in the June number of *Leslie's Popular Monthly*, recalls to my mind a brief experience with a "non-splittable church," now divided into two parts.

Early in 1850 I was a student in the office of Captain R. P. Andrews, a lawyer in a town closely contiguous to the national capital. He was a devoted adherent of Alexander Campbell, a Scotch preacher of considerable ability, who seceded from one of the many seceding Baptist churches, and about 1830 created another Baptist church, warranted against secession. Mr. Campbell tried to make his new church a Bible-church—more than that, a New Testament church pure and simple. The astute church-maker, apparently with a view of minimizing any possibility of division, seems to have founded his sect upon one phrase in one verse of the New Testament. One incident—that of the conversion and baptism of the eunuch of Queen Candace, Acts, viii,—was selected; and his words, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," were picked out as covering all the essential teachings of the Christian faith. Whoever could make this declaration, whatever else he might believe or deny, was a disciple of Christ and entitled to church fellowship. The confession of the eunuch, and the rendering of the Greek word, *βαπτίζω*, and its derivatives in Scripture by English words signifying dipping, or immersion, made the essentials of what the Campbellites called the Church of the Disciples.

Mr. Campbell became necessarily the

pope of the church he had created. He went out with, if not an encyclopediac learning, at least a learning fresh from the encyclopedia; and, in turn, beat down Presbyterians, Baptists, and infidels in controversy; but was halted when he met the late Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, in an oral discussion of many days. It is singular that Mr. Willis in the *Leslie's* article, when naming the controversies in which Mr. Campbell engaged, omits mention of the discussion between Mr. Campbell and Archbishop Purcell; although the stenographic report of it had gone through several editions, and is to be found in most large libraries. Archbishop Purcell showed the audience, if he did not convince Mr. Campbell, that an old encyclopedia is not the Bible; and that erudition gained after the method of the critic in *Pickwick*, who in preparing a learned review of Chinese metaphysics for the *Eatonswill Gazette*, "read up for Chinese under the letter C, and for metaphysics under the letter M, and *combined his information*," was the merest travesty—"a sort of study," as the Archbishop said,

"Whose midnight oil turns no student pale,
And holds the eel of science by the tail."

In Campbell's vaunting words in another controversy, he 'dug his own theological grave,' and left the Archbishop 'only the task of burying him.'

The new church was a quick-growing weed in the wilderness of error; and it has, as Mr. Willis narrates, attained a growth of over a million communicants and six thousand ministers;—also a split and secession. When President Garfield, who was a lay preacher of the Disciples, sat in his pew at what the Rev. Mr. Willis calls the "Court Church" at Washington, and the assassin Guiteau looked in the window with his hand on his pistol, and spared the chief magistrate then because his wife sat beside him, there was not only a regular but also a seceded

Campbellite church in Washington,—the unsplitable church had split.

How vividly my memory recalls my old friend and instructor, Captain Andrews, insisting on the absolutely unbreakable unity of the Disciples' church! With the book containing the controversy of Mr. Campbell and Archbishop Purcell open on a chair before him, the *Millennial Harbinger* in one hand and an open Bible in the other, he would say:

"See! the eunuch was seeking the truth of Philip the Apostle; and look how he got it!"

35. Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.

36. And as they went on *their* way, they came unto a certain water. And the eunuch said: See, *here is water*: what doth hinder me to be baptized?

37. And Philip said: If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayst. And he answered and said: I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

"Now," he cried with vehemence, "all we ask is what Philip asked; and when a man can say in his heart, 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God,' he goes down into the water, is regenerated in baptism; and as he is united in one faith with other men who have made the same confession and ask no other belief, no other dogma, how can that church possibly be divided?"

In the course of a year I parted with the venerable gentleman; but just before I did so I perceived in the *Millennial Harbinger*, which was Mr. Campbell's monthly encyclical, some notices of a Dr. Thomas who had, it seems, done all that the eunuch of Queen Candace had done, and made the confession of the eunuch, but who yet promulgated a belief that man is not naturally immortal, but that the immortal soul is a gift of grace. I think in the last *Harbinger* which Captain Andrews read to me, Mr. Campbell anathematized the disciple Thomas as "No Soul Thomas"; for Campbell had the vocabulary of Daniel O'Connell.

Years passed, with the war and all

its changes. Captain Andrews had been gathered to his fathers, one of whom was a soldier of the Revolution who escaped the massacre of Paoli. His only son, the Rev. Robert H. Andrews, had gone to Princeton College, been affrighted by Calvin, sought Christ in His Church, and had become a hardworking Virginia priest; and all his daughters and his grandchildren had become Catholics.

Then it happened that in the Eighties, at Washington, I again met with the unsplitable church of Alexander Campbell—now in two pieces: one called the Christian church, west of the Capitol; the other the Christadelphian church, east of the Capitol. At that time the most distinguished member of the former was the President of the United States; and the most noted adherent of the latter was the acting chief of police, a most thoughtful officer, who many times declared to me, when in the course of business I met him, that the Bible said "the wicked shall be punished with an everlasting destruction"; and by several quotations from the Bible he supported his doctrine that death annihilates the wicked. This, he said, was the Bible truth; and he "believed the Bible." How many more pieces of Mr. Campbell's unsplitable church the future will find, it is for the future to say.

But falsehood has no innate force. The mind of man, made for truth, will not respond to falsehood, which in its essence is negation. A modicum of truth is necessary to float error. It will be of interest to see what modicum of truth in Mr. Campbell's doctrines led to him thousands of thoughtful Evangelicals.

He noted that Sunday was not the Sabbath of the Old Law. While refusing to follow the seceding Seventh Day Baptists in their Saturday observance—seeing a reason for this in the few occasions in which, as related in the New Testament, Christians met on the first day

of the week,—he recognized the Catholic truth that the celebration of the Eucharist is the special office of the Lord's Day. Hence Campbell's Disciples made the Communion the central object of their Sunday meeting, relegating the sermon to a subordinate place; and every Sunday they celebrated the Communion, even when they had no sermon.

Then he saw that the Bible teaches that baptism is regeneration; and while he insisted on dipping as the only mode of baptism, he held, as the Catholic Church does, that "new birth" is of "water and the Holy Ghost." He denied the right of any but a divine power to change the form of baptism; and, as all other Protestants deny the divine authority of the Church, he easily overthrew their contention that sprinkling is baptism.

This much truth floated a great deal of error; but Mr. Campbell built better than he knew. Some, at least, have found that even the minimizing of dogma to one truth, and the epitomizing of the Bible to one text, so that all may agree, at least, on this modicum of Christianity, will not make a non-splitable church. More than one "Disciple of Christ" has sought salvation in that Church to which the Holy Ghost teaches "all truth even to the consummation of the world"—the only non-splitable Church.

The Time has Come for It.

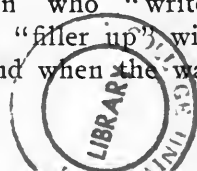
WE do not share the doubts that have been expressed by some of our contemporaries in regard to the feasibility of founding a daily Catholic newspaper. If this work is postponed until its success is assured and all risks are removed, it will never be taken up. The most promising business enterprises sometimes fail, and the best-laid plans often miscarry. It argues much—very much, in our opinion,—for the success of such a venture that the need of a daily journal to uphold Catholic principles, to defend truth and combat error, is now generally recognized by the most intelligent and influential class of our people. It is by no means necessary that we should have, all at once, a newspaper that will be able to compete with the "great dailies," as they are called, which have grown and prospered for decades. Some of these papers had small beginnings, and not a few were better—more influential and more readable—when they were smaller than they are at present.

The ambition to be many-paged has lessened considerably the value and interest of one daily newspaper that we have in mind. There was a time when it was so reliable that every reader "swore by it"; but now, when extra pages have to be filled—though, as often happens, there is nothing of any consequence to put in them,—it has sunk to the level of its esteemed contemporaries. It is not half so objectionable, of course, as the worst of them, but it is not much better than the best.

There will be a reaction sooner or later from the large newspaper filled with everything—and nothing. The people are beginning to tire of padding, it has been so overdone. The man who "writes against space" and the "filler up," will not be in so great demand when the war

TAKE the crucifix in your hand and ask yourselves whether this is the religion of the soft, easy, worldly, luxurious days in which we live; whether the crucifix does not teach you a lesson of mortification, of self-denial, of crucifixion of the flesh.—*Cardinal Manning.*

THE religion of Christ plainly forbids solicitude for the morrow. A minister of the Gospel with a heavy bank account who preaches detachment from the world saws the air.—*Chaignon.*



is over. The need is beginning to be felt of an old-time, four-page newspaper, well edited and "jam full" of what the people want to know about, and that busy folk can spare time for,—a paper that will not manufacture news, nor allow itself to be bought up; that will not run to advertisements, nor do many other things that render the average daily newspaper a delusion and a snare. The reaction is sure to come, and the Catholic daily might as well anticipate it.

Many persons now see the need of a Catholic daily newspaper to counteract the evil wrought by yellow journalism, at least among Catholics; to combat the half-truths and whole-lies of the "superior" secular press; to correct false impressions as soon as they are given; to expose errors before they have had time to spread, and to keep Catholic principles ever before the minds of the public. The evil is everywhere recognized, and the need of a remedy is everywhere felt—even at the antipodes. The Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania, in a recent pastoral letter remarks: "The veiled sneer, the muffled scoff, the half-truth, are more dangerous than the open attack. The small drip, drip of half calumny is not to be neutralized by sermons, refutations or lectures. It must be opposed with a corrective as constant as itself." The only corrective to be found for the constant evil of the demoralizing daily newspaper is a newspaper upholding moral principles, and doing this every day in the week.

It seems to us that the time has come to start an English Catholic daily newspaper in the United States. It is almost a necessity. The least observant now see the need of it. That there is a wide field for such an undertaking can not be questioned. The Catholic population of this country is estimated at twelve millions. If we are not numerous enough or zealous enough to support one daily newspaper, it will be an advantage in

many ways to have the fact demonstrated. But let not the enterprise be jeopardized at the start. A wrong start and bad management will ruin anything. The only place in which to found a Catholic daily is the metropolis or one of our largest cities. It will require considerable capital to establish it, an experienced manager to conduct it, a capable editor to edit it, and a corps of competent assistants for every department. Approbations will be helpful, but practical support will be necessary all the time. A Catholic daily newspaper is sure to succeed in the end, if it gets even half a chance at the outset.

Notes and Remarks.

An Episcopal clergyman, who bears the suggestive name of Riley, delivered a remarkable commencement address before a Protestant young ladies' academy in Waterbury, Conn. "There was one sublime womanhood," he said, "that of Mary. Her modesty and majesty ought to appeal to women; for she was the true woman—gentle, retiring, modest; but not weak nor ungifted nor unintelligent. Her example has made womanhood what it is—that true womanhood which devotes itself to the silence and sweetness of the home. Young ladies, I commend to you Mary, that most blessed among women, whom all generations call good, as the model to keep before you, the Woman to love."

It is not long since they used to denounce "Mariolatry and other popish superstitions" at commencement exercises in Connecticut, but that time is happily past. If Catholics were disposed to twit their Protestant friends about the vagaries of heresy, there would not be wanting abundant opportunity; but sensible Catholics never look on such changes as *personal* triumphs, nor exult over them as small boys "crow" over a baseball victory. In so sacred a matter as religion, the proper attitude in these "Romanizing" days is one of devout thankfulness that

religious prejudice and crass ignorance—the two great enemies to the spread of truth—are disappearing like belated ghosts before the dawn.

It is to be hoped that those who claim Savonarola as a Protestant before Protestantism will be edified by the liberal spirit manifested by the Italian ecclesiastics during the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the killing of the holy Dominican. At that celebration there were present no fewer than seven cardinals and twenty-seven archbishops and bishops—a circumstance which may surprise certain defamers of the Church, but will not surprise those who know that some of the Catholic saints and Romish popes were among the most ardent admirers of Savonarola. For years after his death, the people of Florence were accustomed to strew with flowers the place where the monk was put to death; and this year the beautiful practice was renewed.

In one of the issues of *The Daily Scholastic*—a paper published by the students of the University of Notre Dame during commencement week—reference was made to a course of journalism to be established next year. This is a decidedly important step, one that we have long wished to see taken by some Catholic institution. There is urgent need of at least one high-class daily newspaper for Catholics in this country. Later on there will be a demand for others—numerous others. Their success will depend upon having trained men to edit them, and the training should be thoroughly Catholic as well as practical and complete.

The Presbyterian Board of Missions, located in New York, are feeling responsible, and they exhort the Christians of America to equip a regiment of missionaries to convert the benighted Catholics of Manila, thereby entering a door which God, in His providence, has opened. "We can not ignore the fact," they unctuously assert, "that God has given into the hands of American Christians the Philippine Islands, opened a wide door to their populations,

and has by the very guns of our battleships summoned us to go up and possess the land." We are of opinion that what the preachers took for a divine summons was some other kind of noise. When Hawaii was opened up to the Protestant missionaries, they also went up and possessed the land, thereby robbing a poor "widow woman" of her ancestral lands and throne. Since that time any chance reference to "missionaries' sons" provokes a sneer from the ungodly and calls a blush to the cheek of every decent Protestant. The unfortunate people of Manila will remember Dewey's bombardment as a restful holiday compared with the times that will come if the preachers ever invade the Philippines, bringing divorce and sundry other things with them.

In his new biography of his illustrious father, Major Henry F. Brownson gives an interesting bit of private history which we first heard from the lips of the biographer. In 1843 Dr. Brownson, returning home from a lecture tour, related that while in Washington he was one day discussing with Calhoun and President Buchanan the necessity of the Catholic Church for salvation. Daniel Webster happened to drop in during the discussion, and Buchanan said: "We were talking about the Catholic Church, and I, for one, am pretty well convinced that it is necessary to become a Catholic to get to heaven." Webster's answer, as reported by Major Brownson, is pathetic as well as interesting. "Have you just found that out?" said the great statesman. "Why, I have known that for years." Yet this is the same Webster who is reported to have said, when asked what was the most important thought that had ever occurred to him during life, "It is the thought of my individual responsibility to God." The last great Day will be a day of revelations—when the secrets of hearts shall be laid bare.

Prof. Austin O'Malley has compiled statistics which show that 1,452 Catholic students are being educated in thirty-seven non-Catholic collegiate institutions, while in the eighty Catholic colleges set down in

Hoffmann's "Directory" there is a total of only 4,764 students. This is a revelation of the shame and folly of parents who largely permit their sons to choose their college for themselves. The boys will prefer the school with the loosest discipline and the "fastest" athletics—a very natural thing in the boy, but a piece of criminal carelessness in the parent to connive at. One of the old penal laws in Ireland toward the close of Elizabeth's reign required that the sons of the Catholic gentry be educated, if at all, in Protestant colleges, the evident purpose being to wean them from their faith. The Irish people—God bless them!—sacrificed property, social status, and education rather than permit the faith of their children to suffer. The Catholics of Germany, England and Poland have opposed like persecution with like spirit. Yet the descendants of these noble men, in a country where there is full freedom and excellent Catholic colleges, send their children to non-Catholic schools, and deem themselves blessed because they are admitted; though the weakening, perhaps the loss, of faith and morals may be the price of tuition in the end. And this at a time when Protestant editors and educators are beginning to decry the absence of religion in education, and to declare, as the venerable Mr. Angell did recently, that until their own colleges are improved, Protestants ought to send their sons to Catholic institutions.

For the first time in the United States, so far as we can learn, a Catholic academy for young ladies has conferred a regular academic degree in course. The exceptional instance occurred this year at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana; and we can only wish that all the B. L.'s conferred by American colleges, religious and secular, were as well deserved as this one. We are glad to learn that the conferring of well-earned degrees is to become a regular feature of the commencement at St. Mary's Academy; and the prospectus of the new college for Catholic women at Washington leads us to hope that the practice may be taken up by all our best academies. There is no reason why a young lady should not receive an

academic degree from a Catholic institution for the same course of studies which procures a degree from non-Catholic schools. Honesty and honor both require that the convent degree be at least as well deserved as others; and we have some academies which would need but a slight enlargement of their curriculums to meet the amplest requirements. It is only by these institutions that we should wish degrees to be conferred.

The question of summer reading is again timely. Heavy books are naturally out of fashion for awhile; but it does not follow that the jaded mind must seek stimulation in erotic novels, "as the jaded palate finds stimulation in the sting of fiery sauces." The Christian law of mortification applies to dangerous books as well as other occasions of sin, and it is no palliation of one's offence that "everybody talks about" the prophets of putrescence. As Mr. Arlo Bates has said:

A blackguard declaiming profanely and obscenely in a drawing-room can produce in five minutes more sensation than a sage discoursing learnedly, delightfully and profoundly could cause in years. In literature, any writer of ordinary cleverness may gain notoriety if he is willing to be eccentric enough, extravagant enough or indecent enough. An ass braying attracts more attention than an oriole singing. The street musician, scraping a foundling fiddle, vilely out of tune, compels notice; but the master, freeing the ecstasy enchanted in the bosom of a violin of royal lineage, touches and transports. All standards are confounded if notoriety means excellence.

Yet for most people notoriety is a token of merit, and only the chosen few understand that not to have read the latest literary sensation is really a mark of culture as well as a certificate of good character.

If the general public hears so little about Catholic missionary work among the heathen it is because our missionaries do not hold noisy conventions in large cities periodically—not because there is little to tell. The Church that has Christianized the whole world in so far as it has been Christianized has no need to blazon her work abroad; for it is an acknowledged fact among all who have observed foreign mis-

sions for themselves that Catholic missionaries, though least generously supported with money, are incomparably the most successful. As a new testimony to this fact, we quote the words of a German colonial officer, Captain Hutter, who writes from Africa:

As Lagos is the principal trading centre, so it seems to be the African headquarters of the different missions; at least to judge by the number of churches, chapels, etc., missionary activity must here be particularly successful. My manner of expression will suggest a certain want of appreciation for missionary work; and, as a matter of fact, I can not help in general acknowledging to this, knowing that in this I agree with all African travellers. Of course I say "in general"; for, as a most important exception—and here again I am in agreement with the most eminent names among African explorers, Wissmann, Emin, and others—I must point in the first place to the efforts of all the Catholic missions, as well as to the Protestant Basel mission.

The Captain is not a Catholic, nor is he disposed to deal too kindly with the comfortable sort of exile among the heathen which the sects seem to think sufficient for missionary work; for he says: "Whoever has seen the other missions—American, Anglican and the rest—at their so-called work, is disgusted."

It will be remembered that Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and twenty-four other members of the shrieking sisterhood have been engaged on an edition of the Bible in which all Scriptural references to women and womanhood are to be rigorously excised, amended or denounced. Our readers will pardon us, but the first impression one gets from it is of twenty-five pullets engaged in the undignified and rather fruitless effort to crow. From another point of view, however, the book is pathetic and disheartening in the extreme. Not only do they want to change the account of Creation (which, they say, makes woman seem a mere after-thought of the Creator), and of the fall of man through the temptation of Eve, but there are other passages so shockingly blasphemous as to make one wonder how any woman but the most abandoned could have written them. One good result we may hope from this book: it can not fail to

disgust every decent man with the shrieking sisterhood and the kind of womanhood which it represents. When will non-Catholics cease from diverting to ignoble ends that pure Word of God about which they used to prate so much?

Nearly all the journals of Wales have remarked upon the rapid growth and the progressive spirit of the Church in that ancient stronghold of prejudice. The latest sign of progress is the erection of the hierarchy, and the appointment of Bishop Mostyn, formerly vicar-apostolic, as the first Welsh bishop, strictly speaking, since the Reformation. Far from resenting the appointment as a piece of "papal aggression," the Welsh people as a whole appear to like it.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Joseph Brammer, V. G. of the Diocese of Fort Wayne; the Rev. Nicholas A. Thill, Archdiocese of Milwaukee; and the Rev. Patrick O'Connell, Archdiocese of Chicago, who departed this life last month.

Mother Angela, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. of St. Patrick, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Antonia, Order of the Visitation, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. George Van Dyke, whose death took place on the 24th ult., in Detroit, Mich.

Mr. John J. Hart, of Madison, N. J., who died happily on the 11th ult.

Mr. Albert J. Hintze, who yielded his soul to God on the 23d ult., in Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Mamie A. Sinclair, of Washington, D. C., who breathed her last on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Agnes Fitz Gerald, who passed away on the 3d ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Edward G. Sharratt, of Portland, Oregon, whose life closed peacefully on the 2d ult.

Mr. Edward Lee, of New Haven, Ind.; Mr. H. H. Schildmeyer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Eliza Cline, Ridgely, Md.; Mrs. Sarah O'Connell, Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. — Logan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Mary E. Blake, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. William Cunningham, Miss M. Casey, and Miss M. Murnane, Co. Cork, Ireland; also Mr. John Kilpatrick, Bernard, Jeremiah, Hugh, and Loughlin Diver, Philadelphia, Pa.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Come to Me!

THY Visitation, Mother dear!
Ah, wilt thou come to me?
I long like Saint Elizabeth
Thy loving face to see.

Across the mountains must thou come
To reach my sinful heart;
And yet at thy dear Son's one word
Those mountains would depart.

The heights of sin and waywardness
Keep thee from me away;
O Mother, ask thy Son's sweet help,
And come to me this day!

How Leo Joined the Gypsies.

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

LEO has not yet decided what work he will do when he grows up. As he is only twelve, there is no hurry for him to fix his career. His present duty is to go to school and learn his lessons; but, instead of giving it all his thought, he will busy himself with plans for the future when 'he's a man.' Already, at different times, he has made up his mind to be the motor-man of an electric car, the driver of a hook and ladder wagon in the fire department, the pitcher for a baseball club, the captain of the Chesapeake Bay steamer, the manager of a stock farm, a missionary to Africa, a scout in a Wild West show, a North Pole explorer, a Klondike miner, the commodore of a

squadron of battleships, and the commander of a brigade of cow-boy cavalry. These are only a few of the things that he has resolved to be.

Not content with dreaming about them, he has on several occasions tried to carry his resolutions into reality. Once, for instance, two years ago, he went down to the Basin, as the harbor of Baltimore is called—and it is in that city that Leo lives,—and he offered himself as a cabin-boy on an oyster-boat; in his simplicity not knowing the terrible life of exposure and hardship lived by the men on those vessels, and that there is no room for children on them. The master of the craft replied:

"Get out, you vagabond! Clear home or I'll break your neck."

This rough answer scattered all Leo's ambition to be a cabin-boy, and shook his confidence in the veracity of two authors of sea-tales whose stories he had read.

On another occasion, five months later, Leo sought an engagement as "Mascot" for a League team; but the catcher asked him if his mother knew that he was out, and a "rooter" for the other "nine" said that that club already had a yellow dog to bring them luck.

In the autumn of last year he called at St. Joseph's Seminary to inquire the way to Uganda, being bent on devoting his life to the salvation of the negroes of that part of the Dark Continent, and on becoming a martyr there.

His latest exploit was to join the gypsies. This is how it happened.

On the last Monday in May, Stephen, who is Leo's chum at school, rode out on his bicycle as far as Relay. On his way back he noticed a gypsy camp in a thicket of oaks on the Washington pike, opposite Morrill Park, which is just beyond the bridge at Gwynn's Falls. There were five wagons, two small tents, and a large tent for the shelter of the horses in which the gypsies dealt.

Stephen, whose imagination is almost as lively as Leo's, bore home in his mind an idyllic picture of the Romany lodge, in the shady grove, half hidden by the trees, with the descending sun flecking with glory the animated woodland scene.

When Stephen tarried at Leo's that evening long enough to tell of his trip, he described the camp enthusiastically; and he ended by delaring that he envied the gypsies their wandering life, their freedom from care, their rides on their horses, and their pleasant camp in the wayside woods. "It's just like one long picnic," he said.

"Yes," assented Leo; "it must be fine, going about from place to place, seeing the sights of the whole country, never working, sleeping in the tents or the covered wagons, selling horses, lying on the grass, listening to the birds, drinking cool water from bubbling springs, living under the trees like Robin Hood and his merry men. O Steve!" he exclaimed, in a transport of enthusiasm, "what a gay life theirs is!" And then, after a moment, he added: "Oh, wouldn't I like to be a gypsy!"

The more Leo thought of the delightful lot of these people, the more enchanted with it did he become. It was all charming, as he fancied it, and there were no disadvantages to it. Its attractions lured him on. It made home seem a dull sort of a place, and study irksome. Who would want to be poring over tiresome tasks when he could be cantering along a country road or swinging in a hammock

under a greenwood tree? So Leo said earnestly:

"Steve, let's join 'em."

"What!" cried Stephen. "Join 'em and be gypsies?"

"Why, yes, of course! Why not?"

"Well, but what would our folks say to that?"

"They wouldn't mind so long's they knew we was all right. Besides, we could come round this way every year and see 'em."

"But what about school?"

"Oh, hang school! I'm tired of it."

"Ain't you afraid of the gypsies?"

"Afraid! What for? I'm not going to do nothing to 'em, and they ain't going to hurt me if they let me join 'em. Why should I be afraid?"

This question remained unanswered. Leo's stronger will and more buoyant disposition prevailed. Stephen was persuaded. After some further discussion of the project, Leo said:

"Let's meet here Wednesday morning at five o'clock. As your brother has to go to his work early, you get him to call you at half-past four. Then hurry around here to the corner of the alley and whistle for me. I'll make a 'tick-tack' and fix it at my window and let the cord hang down for you to pull. That'll be sure to wake me, even if I'm asleep, which is not likely."

"All right, Leo," responded Stephen. "I'll be there. But now I must go, as it's near supper-time. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, and don't forget!"

This conversation took place in the parlor of Leo's home. It so happened that Leo's mother was upstairs at the time, making her evening toilet; and as the boys were seated near the register, which chanced to be open, all that they said was easily audible to her. She was not paying any attention to the hum of their voices until Stephen exclaimed: "What! join 'em and be gypsies?" Then a momentary

curiosity at the odd question made her listen for the answer; and after that her maternal anxiety moved her to hearken to the whole plot. She was amused at the lads' ignorance of the realities of life, and grieved at Leo's lack of obedience in his readiness to quit school and to run away from home.

"I do hope," she said to herself, "that he will become steadier and more docile after he is confirmed."

Leo was out on the front steps waving his hand to Stephen in a last farewell when she came downstairs; and when he returned to the parlor for his book and then entered the dining-room where she was, she gave him no intimation that she had overheard him.

That night, after the young people had all retired, Leo's mother told his father of his purpose.

"Well, well, well!" said the father, "what will that boy be up to next? His imagination is ahead of his judgment. He's a visionary. He shirks the plain duty near him to chase rainbows far away. He wants to be everything heroic he sees or hears about, at the expense of the heroism of aiming at perfection in his present place. He reads too many story-books. The Pratt Free Library is doing him more harm than good; for he seems to get nothing from it but tales of adventure and other trash. We'll have to control his reading more, or forbid him to take out any books at all until he's a couple of years older. He's becoming a day-dreamer, living in the world of romance. He needs some hard experience, some stern realities, to take the nonsense out of him."

Leo's mother had not one word of objection to make to this statement, for it was all true; but, mother-like, she would put in a word in his defence.

"Well, dear," she said, "you know he hasn't received Confirmation yet."

"Then the sooner he receives it, the

better," was the reply; "for while he has will enough, he wants fixity of purpose in doing what he ought to do, and 'grit' to endure the trivial trials of everyday life. So the Gift of Fortitude would be a great boon to him."

The mother was silenced. A moment later the father laughed aloud, with a pleasant chuckle that was good to hear.

"I have it!" he said. "That'll cure him,—that'll cure him for sure." Then he said something to his wife that first made her smile and then made her look grave.

"But they wouldn't hurt him, would they?" she inquired.

"Not harm a hair of his head," was the reply.

"Nor run away with him?" she persisted. "I have read of children being kidnapped by them."

"Oh, never fear!" he said. Then he chuckled again. "That'll cure him,—that'll cure him for sure." And, picking up from his lap the newspaper that he had laid down when his wife began to disclose to him Leo's project, he was soon absorbed in news of the day.

The next morning, long before Leo set out for school, his father went to a livery-stable in the next street, hired a horse and buggy and drove across town, then out Columbia Avenue to the end, and over the bridge. There he hitched his horse for a few minutes, while he went first into the blacksmith shop and then into one of the stores. Apparently satisfied, he got into the carriage again and drove out the Washington Road as far as Morrill Park. Arrived at the gypsy camp, he inquired for the chief; and when that swarthy individual emerged from one of the tents, a pretty long conversation ensued, during which the two men smiled more than once. At the end of the talk, Leo's father bade the gypsy a civil "Good-day!" and drove straight back to town.

That evening Leo was unusually quiet. He was almost glum. His secret wore on him. His contemplated disobedience in abandoning his studies to become a gypsy without the knowledge and consent of his parents disturbed his interior peace. But he tried to quiet his conscience with the thoughts: "Oh, they don't care!—Well, if I don't like it, I won't stay." And "Don't bother me! I'm going to do it anyhow." He grew quite restless. He couldn't fix his mind on the United States History that he made a pretence of studying. He could see only a vision of the gypsy camp, and think of nothing but "To-morrow morning at five." Twice he glanced up quickly at his parents, as if he suspected that they must hear the thumpings of his heart and see the agitation in his countenance; but, to all appearances, they were taking no notice of him.

He went upstairs to his room early. He did not undress himself at once. Instead of that, he got a sheet of paper from his atlas and wrote on it with a pencil; then he folded it twice and laid it on a chair. Next he ransacked his bureau and his wardrobe, collecting from them a lot of his belongings, which he threw together on the floor. Of these he made a roll with a towel, a newspaper, and a string. He pushed the bundle under his bed. Then, out of habit, he knelt down to say his prayers; but he did not seem to like to pray to-night. His next action was to tie a string to a nail, affixing the "tick-tack" to his window by means of a tack, and throwing the long cord out so that it reached within four feet of the ground.

Finally, he disrobed and lay down on the bed. But he did not get to sleep for a long time. His brain was too busy for rest, thinking of the morrow's project and of the gay life of the gypsies. When he did lose consciousness he had a number of frightful dreams: he was fighting a wild horse; he was falling down a preci-

pice; he was chased by a band of blood-thirsty Indians; he was in a burning house and could not escape; he was surrounded by fierce gypsies, incensed against him for entering their camp, and about to capture and kill him, etc. So his last night at home was not a pleasant memory.

(To be continued.)

The Mudir's Son.

The Turks are famous story-tellers, and one tale which has been handed down from father to son never loses its freshness or its interest. It bears a slight resemblance to the Scriptural story of the Prodigal Son, and briefly runs thus:

There was once a mudir, or governor, who was well stricken in years; and his old age was rendered bitter by the knowledge that his only son was a wild, reckless fellow, whose greatest pleasure consisted in consorting with dissipated companions, and who would not hearken to either advice or remonstrance.

One day the mudir lay dying, and he called his son and thus addressed him: "My child, I have loved thee well, but I must leave thee. If thou hast hurt my heart, I forgive thee freely; and I have left thee all that I possess. I leave thee no advice, for thou hast shown that thou wouldst not heed it. I ask of thee only this promise: when all thy riches are spent, when thy friends have forsaken thee, when pleasures have turned to ashes and thou hast resolved to die, go to the stable and hang thyself with a halter which thou wilt find there." Then the mudir quietly passed away.

For awhile the son mourned him sincerely. "I will obey his precepts," he said; and so for a short time he led a worthy life. Then the old habits got the mastery of him again, and he returned to his companions and tried to outdo

them all in mad behavior. In time all that the mudir had feared came to pass. The palace was sold for debt, his health was gone, his friends were going, and he had nothing in the world but meat enough for one meal and a little rice. These he made into what the Turks call pilau, and went into the woods for one last outing with his companions; but a stray dog ran away with the pilau, and he was not welcomed by his friends.

"Go and eat with the dog!" they shouted to him.

He realized then that his father had seen the future with a clear eye. There was nothing left but death, and he went to the stable where the halter still hung. There was a heavy water jar under it, which he mounted, and, adjusting the noose about his neck, jumped off into the air. But his weight caused a little trap-door in the ceiling to open, and out came a shower of gold. Thus had his wise father saved for him a refuge in his extreme need. He fell upon the ground, overcome with shame and love; and, after weeping long and bitterly, went forth another man.

Some time afterward, having reclaimed the palace, he invited all his friends to a banquet; and, when they had eaten, rose and addressed them.

"My friends," he said, "all that my father foresaw came to pass: I wasted my substance, I disgraced his memory, and you forsook me. But I will not forsake you. Those of you who are willing to help me to atone for all the evil I have done will be welcome at this board. The others I do not wish to see again. I am certain now that the secret of happiness lies in a good and earnest life. Help me to find it."

The mudir's son kept his word; and not only won for himself the happiness of which he spoke, but was the means of rescuing many a weak youth from the net of sinful pleasures.

A Discomfited General.

When Sully was made grand-master of the artillery by his King Henry IV., some of his friends, among them the brave Crillon, were inclined to be jealous. Indeed, this otherwise very good man concocted a plan whereby he could prove to the King and to the world that the new grand-master was nothing more nor less than a coward.

The siege of Charbonnière was in progress; and Crillon, observing that Sully showed some hesitation about surveying a certain position, thought this a favorable opportunity to try to carry out his contemplated plan.

"Why do you not reconnoitre that position?" he asked. "Are you disturbed by the cannonading?"

"I see no sense in being foolhardy," responded Sully.

"Ah! I have heard such caution called by a different name," said Crillon. "Now, grand-master, I will go with you. You surely will not fear either muskets or cannon in *my* company."

"Very well; if you desire to play at being a fool, I am willing to help you," answered the grand-master, leading the way to the favorable position pointed out by the other.

This was more than Crillon had bargained for; and as soon as he heard the enemy's bullets whizzing about his ears, he recalled a very important engagement that required his presence back in a place of safety.

"Let us return," he said. "You are a brave fellow, Sully,—braver than I am; I confess it honestly. And I have no greater wish than to be your friend and assistant all my life."

So they returned; and Sully from that time had no more faithful adherent than the Major-General who had tried to entrap him.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Döllinger once reproached Gladstone for neglecting the study of German science. The statesman drew a little volume from his pocket, and, caressing it affectionately, said: "Here is an old book which contains more wisdom than all your German science." It was a well-thumbed copy of Dante's "*Divina Commedia*."

—"Cuba's Dream" is the title of a spirited and descriptive concerto for mandolin or piano composed by the Rev. Joseph Tonello, of Galesburg, Ill. The piano accompaniment is appropriate without being intrusive, and the whole composition reflects credit upon the author. It is dedicated to Signora Salvatore Tomaso. Padre Tonello is his own publisher.

—Writing of Vasco da Gama's great discovery, the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* remarks: "Had our modern travellers, Burton and Speke, Grant and Baker, etc., read the works of Catholic missionaries, they would have found the great equatorial lakes, Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika on a map printed more than three hundred years ago."

—The *Critic*, though seldom pleased with anything Catholic, is pleased with Mr. Wilfrid Ward's monumental life of Cardinal Wiseman. We quote one paragraph from its appreciative review:

It seems a pity that this book should not have been published three years earlier, partly because Cardinal Manning's biographer might have learnt a good deal from it if he would, but chiefly that the student of English ecclesiastical history might have had the advantage of reading in their order the lives of the two great prelates whose combined years of labor carry us back from the present day to that far-off, shadowy period when the English Roman Catholics were but just emerging from the shadow of the penal laws. It is very hard to realize the old state of things, when the "Papists" of England, though no longer for fear of losing life or property, yet were still from long habit, like the early Christians, a *gens lucifuga*, incomprehensible to their fellow-countrymen, and seeming to them more like an alien race. And when we think that the transition from that condition to the present is due, more than to any other one man, to the statesman-like leadership, to the wide sympathies, and to the commanding intellect of Nicholas Wiseman, we can

see the importance of a good biography which shall tell us not only what the inner man was like, but also what he did and accomplished in his relation to the outer world.

We hope that when our people are tempted to pay six dollars for one of those gilded monstrosities, published by Catholic firms and sold by alleged itinerant apostles, they will bethink themselves of this Life of Wiseman and invest in it instead.

—That the old Gaelic is really experiencing a renaissance is shown by the fact that the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language sold 3,233 Gaelic books during 1897, almost twice as many as were disposed of during the previous year.

—"The Flower of Kaufbursen" was the name affectionately and poetically given to the Venerable Mother M. Krescentia Höss, of the Third Order of St. Francis; and her biography in brief has lately been published under this title by J. Schaefer, New York. Like all God's chosen ones, suffering was her portion, and through it she won those privileges which mark the elect even in this world.

—It appears that Zola's wretched book about Lourdes has killed not Lourdes but Zola. A friend recently asked him: "To what do you attribute this deluge of unpopularity and ill-luck that seems to follow you wherever you go?" The French realist answered: "I attribute it to my book on Lourdes, and have no doubt whatever on the subject. Before writing that book I could publish what I liked; nothing detracted from my reputation. But what I wrote about Our Lady of Lourdes turned the tide of fortune against me, and now my popularity is so damaged that I doubt whether anything will remain of it." If this be true the publication of "Lourdes" is matter for public rejoicing.

—The publishers have sent us a number of new story-books, all well printed and attractively bound. From B. Herder comes a volume of short sketches of French and American life by Maurice Francis Egan. It

is a collection of varied interest, and each sketch has the charm of style for which the author is distinguished. "What the Fight was About, and Other Stories," from the same publisher, is by Mr. L. W. Reilly. The best of what this pretty book contains first appeared in our own pages. Young folk will be grateful to the author for giving them stories with a familiar setting. All are good, though some are much brighter than others. Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly's "Storm Bound," published by H. L. Kilner & Co., has already been sufficiently praised and blamed. We like the story entitled "Pretty Polly Mulhall," which is reprinted from *THE AVE MARIA*. "Angela's Theatre Party" we do not like. "The Treasure of Nugget Mountain," and its companion volume, "Winnetou, the Apache Knight," by Marion Ames Taggart, are capital stories for boys, brimful of frolic and adventure. We can not have too many books like these. Jack Hildreth is an important creation, and his stories ought to become a factor in juvenile literature. The Benzigers are Miss Taggart's publishers, and they have done their best to give her deserving books a good start; and a start ought to be enough for them.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 85 cts.
 What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly*. 50 cts.
 From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan*. 50 cts.
 Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 85 cts.
 Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward*. 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley*. 50 cts.
 Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.
 Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.
 Light and Peace. *Quadrupani*. 50 cts., net.
 The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, net.
 History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay*. \$2.50.
 Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey*. 85 cts.
 Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.
 For a King. *T. S. Sharwood*. 95 cts., net.
 Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.
 The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, net.
 The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.
 The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.
 Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., net.
 Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.
 Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.
 The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.
 Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.
 Père Monnier's Ward. *Waller Lecky*. \$1.25.
 How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebbs, C. S. R.* \$1, net.
 Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, net.
 The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, net.
 Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., net.
 The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pullen*. 50 cts.
 Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts., net.
 Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, net.
 The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.
 The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.
 Responses for Divine Service. *Sisters of Notre Dame*. \$2.
 Visits to the Tabernacle. *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. \$1.25.
 Solid Virtue. *Bellécius*. \$2.
 Some Scenes from the Iliad. *William Dillon*. 30 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Not Worthy.

BY FRANK EARLE HERING.

I SIT here 'neath the maple's shade and
 sigh
 That it was not my happy lot to be
 With Christ beside the Sea of Galilee,
 And give my breast where His dear head
 might lie.
 They did not love the Christ that loitered by
 To hang upon His words; and strained to
 see
 His cures,—they were not worthy such as
 He,
 They did not love the Christ as much as I.
 Yet here I rest while others heed the call
 And bear His message through the gloomy
 night,
 And haunt the by-ways where sad sin is
 met
 To solace and to rescue those who fall.
 I am not worthy, Lord, to grace Thy sight;
 Print this deep in my heart lest I forget.

IN proportion as our obedience—having
 been made perfect in obvious things—
 becomes minute and delicate, it becomes
 more meritorious and greatly rewarded.
 The difference between a commonly well-
 behaved woman and a high-bred lady
 consists in very small things—but what
 a difference it is!—*Coventry Patmore.*

The Wiclifite English Bible.—A Popular Fallacy.

(CONTINUED.)

DID WICLIF "INSPIRE" OTHERS?

LINGARD, the historian,* tells
 us: "There was another weapon
 which the Rector of Lutter-
 worth wielded with efficacy and
 address. In proof of his doctrines he
 appealed to the Scriptures.... Several
 versions were even then extant; but they
 were confined to libraries, or only in the
 hands of persons who aspired to superior
 sanctity. Wiclif made a new translation."†
 That is, using existing translations, he
 made complete copies of the Scriptures.

As early as 680 A. D. we find Cædmon,
 a monk of Whitby, making poetical
 paraphrases of the Bible in Anglo-Saxon.
 About the year 706 Aldhelm, first Bishop
 of Sherborne, produced the Psalter in
 Saxon. Soon after Eadfrith, Bishop of

* "History of England," vol. iii, ch. iv, p. 310. Boston, 1883.

† "In its Latin translation—the Vulgate,—the Bible had always been in the hands of the scholar; parts of it, such as the Gospels and Epistles, had been frequently translated into English since the days of Bede and Alfred. Every person who could read was able in the Middle Ages to procure without difficulty the parts of the Bible which were used in the Church services."—"An Introduction to the History of the Church of England," H. O. Wakeman, pp. 151, 152. Third ed. London, 1897.

Lindesfarne, prepared a Saxon version of the Four Gospels. Venerable Bede (d. 735) spent the last hours of his life translating St. John. In his time the Scriptures were read "in the languages of five people; that is, of the English, the Britons, the Scots, the Picts, and the Latins." * A vernacular version of the Psalter and Exodus was undertaken by King Alfred (d. 901). Elfric, Archbishop of Canterbury (A.D. 995), made at least paraphrases of Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Kings, Chronicles, Esther, Job, Judith, and Machabees. Several Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman versions of the Gospels and Psalter are assigned to this period.

The next conspicuous monument is Omulums' poetical version of the Gospels and the Acts in alliterative English, ascribed to the latter half of the twelfth century. A metrical paraphrase of the Old and New Testaments appeared a little later; while a Norman French prose translation of the Bible came out in 1260, giving signs of a demand for it among the upper and educated circles, who were the reading classes of the time. It is of interest to remark that French was actually the court tongue, and that of the aristocracy in general, as late as 1363. At or toward the close of the thirteenth century an English version of the Psalms was produced; a second came from the hand of Schorham about 1320, with the Canticles from both Testaments; and finally, in 1349, a third one by Richard Rolle, of Hampole. These paraphrases and metrical and prose renderings of various parts of the Bible in the vernacular, are indicative of an earnest desire to place the facts of the Bible within reach of others than the clergy. They show beyond all doubt that this idea of translating the Bible was old before Wiclif was born.

AN ORTHODOX CATHOLIC BIBLE.

Not only did these translations antedate Wiclif, but we have every reason to suppose that there was an orthodox, complete Catholic Bible before his day. We may even assert that the very Bibles which have come down to us as Wiclifite are, in reality, orthodox Catholic versions. While examining this question it is well to remember the warnings of Professor Shirley, * who tells us that "half the English *religious* tracts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have been assigned to him [Wiclif] in absence of all external, and in defiance of all internal evidence." And of Blunt, † who remarks that "the name of John Wiclif has been used as a peg to hang many a work upon, with which the owner of the name had nothing whatever to do." Sir E. M. Thompson, the principal librarian of the British Museum, bears similar testimony. Nor is it unimportant to notice that this tendency is particularly strong in regard to Biblical literature. An example will illustrate. The Commentary on the Apocalypse, probably of the fourteenth century, and the commentaries on SS. Matthew, Luke and John, were ascribed to Wiclif, "although recent criticism has rejected his claim to the authorship." ‡

"Wiclif himself," says Gasquet, § "in none of his undoubted writings, so far as I am aware, lays any stress on, or indeed in any way advocates, having the Scriptures in the vernacular, except so far as is implied in the claim that the Bible is the sole guide in faith and practice for all." And no writer, as far as I can discover, has gainsaid the statement of Gasquet. Wiclif's contemporaries, with the sole exception of John Huss, are also silent regarding this translation. Walden, Wood-

* "Fasciculi Zizaniorum," Introduction, p. 13.

† "Plain Account of the English Bible," p. 17; also Ten Brink, l. c., p. 18.

‡ E. M. Thompson, Wiclif Exhibition (British Museum), p. 17.

§ "Old English Bible," p. 113.

* Whitaker's "Disputations on Scripture" (Parker Society), p. 223.

ford, Whethamstede, voluminous writers, make no reference whatever to Wiclif's translation. In the Harleian Manuscripts of the British Museum there is a copy of the form used in interrogating the Lollards, and the subject of vernacular Scriptures does not appear among the questions. Evidence would surely have been forthcoming had the Lollards attempted to make stock of this special point. State records preserve a silence fully as ominous, though they make not a few references to the works of Wiclif and the Wiclifites.

Two translations pass as Wiclifite. The earlier, up to Baruch, iii, 20, is attributed to Nicholas Hereford. The proof for this as given by Sir E. M. Thompson is as follows: "Two MSS. of the Old Testament, which are preserved in the Bodleian Library, are of the greatest value for the history of the Wiclifite version. One of these is the original MS. of the translator; and the other, which is transcribed from it, has a note at the end assigning the work to Hereford. It is remarkable that both MSS. break off abruptly in Baruch, iii, 20." The above evidence is unquestionably strong if the note be contemporary. However, it is strange that it should be on the transcribed and not on the original manuscript.

The only direct proof substantiating Purvey's claim to the honor of the second one is "the fact that his name appears in a single copy as a former owner"; while a very strong argument against his right is the passage in the prologue,* showing lack of all acquaintance with any previous translation.† Want of such knowledge would not tally with Purvey's connection with Wiclif and Hereford.

* Modern criticism has established the fact that the prologue and the translation are by the same hand.

† "For these reasons and others . . . a simple creature has translated the Bible out of Latin into English. First the simple creature had much travail with divers fellows and helpers to gather many old

DIRECT TESTIMONY.

Thus far the argument has had pretty much of a negative cast; nevertheless, it best prepares the way for the positive testimony which follows.

Sir Thomas More writes: "As for old translations, before Wiclif's time they remain lawful, and be in some folks' hands. Myself have seen and can show you Bibles, fair and old, in English, which have been known and seen by the bishop of the diocese and left in laymen's hands and women's."* And again: "The whole Bible was long before his [Wiclif's] days by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue; and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness, and well and reverently read."† This is followed up by the word of Archbishop Cranmer: "It was not above an hundred years since the reading it in English was laid aside within this realm; and that many hundred years before it had been translated and read in the Saxon tongue, being then the mother-tongue; and that there remained divers copies of it in old abbeyes. And when that language became old and out of common usage, it was translated into the newer tongue, and of this many copies then still remained and were daily found."‡

John Foxe, the martyrologist, in dedi-

* "Dialogues," chapters xiii, xiv.

† "Works of Sir Thomas More," b. iii, ch. xiv, p. 283.

‡ Strype, 1. c., vol. ii, b. iii, ch. xxxiii, p. 639. "Miscellaneous Writings and Letters of Thomas Cranmer" (Parker Society).

Bibles, and other doctors and common glosses, and to make one Latin Bible some deal true; and then to study it off the new text with the gloss and other doctors as he might get, and specially Lyra on the Old Testament that helped him full much in this work; the third time to counsel with old grammarians and old divines of hard words and hard senses how they might best be understood and translated; the fourth time to translate as clearly as he could to the sense, and to have many good fellows and cunning at the correcting of the translation."

cating his Saxon Gospels to Archbishop Parker, writes: "If histories be well examined, we shall find both before the Conquest and after, as well as before John Wiclif was born as since, the *whole body* of the Scriptures was by sundry men translated into our country tongue."*

To this distinct, clear evidence we will add the following: "The first English translation of the Bible known to be extant was executed by an unknown individual; and is placed by Archbishop Usher to the year 1290. Of this there are three manuscript copies preserved at Oxford."†

Dr. James‡ conjectures that a version of the Scripture existed long before the time of Wiclif. Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, in the General Preface to his Commentary, gives a number of extracts from an old glossed Bible, the manuscript of which he possessed; and contributes this bit of valuable testimony respecting it: "I have reason to believe it to be earlier than the time of Wiclif. I reason thus from the language,...likewise the orthography and construction of the sentences. The writing and orthography are old enough for at least fourscore years before Wiclif, who began his translation in 1378; but that mine couldn't be written twenty years later than that is absolutely evident from this circumstance: that it most evidently appears to have been illuminated for Thomas of Woodstock, brother of John of Gaunt, and Edward the Black Prince, and youngest son of Edward III. It bears his arms in a shield at the beginning of Proverbs,...the singular bordure of which was never, so far as I can find, worn by any after his time."

From Sir William Thoresby, Archbishop of York in the fourteenth century, we learn that "a man of London, whose

name was Myringe, had a Byble in Englyshe of Northern speche whiche was sene of many men, and it seemed to be C [100] yeres old."*

On the subject of John of Trevisa's translation, toward the close of the fourteenth century, there is a division of opinion. Dr. Horne,† without any solid argument, discredits the opinion. The fact of its never having been printed seems to him ample proof that it never was made. Surely this evidence is very weak. Wharton seems to imagine that it was the earliest in the language; Usher mentions it as certain; Anthony Wood declares: "*Biblia Sacra in linguam vernaculam injussus transfudit*";‡ while the Rev. John Hughes, a resident in the Earl of Berkeley's family, at Berkeley Castle, wrote, in the fall of 1805, in reply to an inquiry from the Rev. T. F. Dibdin concerning Trevisa's translation, in part: "I have made every inquiry and search respecting the information you want, and am sorry to say it is not in my power to remove the uncertainty under which you labor respecting Trevisa's translation of the Bible; notwithstanding, I have the strongest reason to suppose, from circumstances I have met with, that such a translation was made, and was even made in the English language, and that it existed in this family so late as the time of James II."§

* T. F. Dibdin's "Typographical Antiquities," vol. iii, pp. 257, 258.

† l. c., p. 63.

‡ *Dublin Review*, vol. i, p. 383, July, 1836.

§ J. Townley, "Biblical Literature," vol. i, p. 439. New York, 1847.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THE qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous as those we pretend to have.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

THERE are thousands willing to do great things for one willing to do a small thing.—*MacDonald*.

* Gasquet, l. c., p. 136.

† T. H. Horne, "Introduction to the Study of the Scripture," vol. ii, p. 63. London, 1834.

‡ "Of the Corruption of Scripture." London, 1843.

A Practical Man.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

THE musings of the busy lawyer were interrupted by a light footfall upon the stairs and in the hall; the next moment he rose and bowed to the lady who entered the room. But as he did so he was conscious of a curious sense of disappointment. The woman who greeted him with somewhat formal grace was not young, although she made an attractive picture; for her luxuriant dark hair showed no thread of grey, and her fine black eyes were almost as bright as in the days of her beautiful youth.

"Fudge! probably this is 'mamma,' come down to express, with annoying feminine iteration, the everlasting obligation of her daughter and herself for a trifling courtesy," Gregory inferred. "What a dolt the old butler was to suppose they would let the girl receive a visit from a stranger! And how idiotic of me not to remember these wise conventionalities! I wish I had not waited. That cabman, too, is stamping about out there. Confound the fellow! I'll rate him roundly for making his impatience so audible."

The first words of his hostess showed, however, that he was apparently at fault in his study of character from circumstantial evidence.

"O sir," she said, begging him by a wave of her hand to be again seated, and at the same time sinking into an arm-chair with the air of one who is mistress of the situation, "you were very kind to bring my muff yourself! How fortunate 'twas you who picked it up!"

"I must apologize for not having sent it to you this morning," began Gregory.

"Not at all,—not at all! Although,

indeed, the roses are so exquisite, I can not deprecate your scruples on the score of a fancied remissness," answered Miss Dorothy, with a gracious smile,—for this was Miss Dorothy beyond a doubt.

Gregory winced, remembering that he had intended the roses for a girl in her teens; he would certainly not have presumed to offer them to this stately lady had he known. After a few minutes, however, he was disposed to accept the disillusion with equanimity, especially since he found himself *vis à vis* with a cultured and travelled woman, who well knew how to draw forth the latent conversational abilities of a recluse who, on the rare occasions when he appeared in society, was only too wont to intrench himself behind a proud and silent shyness.

On this occasion, therefore, he talked well. Miss Dorothy's delicate flattery as a listener was perfect. They discovered several mutual friends; his name as a brilliant young lawyer was not unknown to her, she was pleased to say; her brother had been a student at Columbia in his own time; brother and sister lived here in this old home, the sole survivors of the family; he must come and dine with them some evening, urged Miss Dorothy.

The call, meant to be of five minutes' duration, was lengthening to half an hour. He must not prolong it further. Never had he met so charming a woman, Gregory told himself. He rose to go; then suddenly a thought recurred to him.

"Ah! how awkward that it should have escaped my memory!" he exclaimed, annoyed at his oversight. "The muff was not all: I also picked up these." And taking from his pocket the glove and the rosary, he held them toward her.

But at sight of the little chaplet all the grace and charm died out of Miss Dorothy's manner: it grew frigid, while her countenance assumed a haughty expression as she drew back, saying:

"You are mistaken, sir: they do not belong to me. As for the string of beads, I would not for the world even take into my hand such an amulet of Romish superstition."

Gregory laughed in spite of himself; but, to his surprise, he discovered that he was very angry. Careless and indifferent truly must a son have grown to hear slighting words of anything appertaining to his mother without resenting them at once.

"You would not take it in your hand!" he repeated, sternly. "Madam, the most beautiful hands in the world are more graced by the rosary than by the costliest jewels of Golconda; the most helpful hands have found in it their strength and kindness. In the hands of queens it has proved more potent than the sceptre; possessing it, the beggar has found comfort in his poverty; innocent youth, grief-laden age, the saint and the sinner, the quick and the dying, clasp it lovingly; empty indeed are the hands to which it is a stranger."

"Oh—eh—" faltered Miss Dorothy, embarrassed, and for the moment almost startled out of her rigid Presbyterian prejudices by his words, spoken with even more feeling than he was aware of. "I had no idea—" she continued.

"No, evidently not," replied Gregory, more coolly, returning the rosary and the glove to his pocket. "But perhaps there has been a mistake all round. These were lying on the snow close to the muff; since you disclaim them, how do you know the latter is yours?"

She took up the fur, ripped apart a few stitches of the lining and showed him beneath it the name, Dorothy Smith, adding at the same time:

"There is the proof, sir. As for the rest, I have only to repeat, they do not belong to me."

Gregory bowed and abruptly made his adieu.

"A fine man!" sighed the lady as she heard his cab roll away. "Who would have expected him to flare up thus over a remark into which I was betrayed by my extreme surprise? Yet, I must admit, it was an extraordinary breach of tact on my part; I can't understand how I happened to be guilty of it, except that the subject always excites me." And she smiled a bit grimly at the reflection of her handsome face and figure in one of the long mirrors.

Ah, Miss Dorothy! whatever favorable impression your attractions may have made, whatever possibility there may have been of the realization of any romantic fancy that peradventure flitted through your brain at this chance interview with a noble-hearted and cultivated gentleman, all was irretrievably spoiled by that unlucky speech of yours.

"Thunderation! To unravel this bit of mystery is more puzzling than the will case, by Jove!" ejaculated Gregory, as he threw himself back in the *coupé*. "I wish that poor laborer had picked up Miss Dorothy's bit of frippery. I'm glad, anyhow, I told her about him, and she asked for the address, saying that, as she had offered a reward, she would not feel happy unless permitted to send it to the man as my *protégé*. Well, if she does, I hope the recording angel will set down the act in her favor against her benighted bigotry. I am well rid of the muff, anyhow. Queer that these things should have been dropped so near together by different individuals. What shall I do with the rosary? I should like to keep it. It is like the touch of a gentle hand laid in mine—my mother's, or the trusting hand of the not impossible 'nearer and dearer one' whose ideal sometimes disconcerts the even tenor of my bachelor content. At all events, I return to my first supposition: the rosary belongs to a woman who is young, and—yes, I prefer to think so—charming, and she still

deplores its loss. Since no advertisement for it has appeared, I must advertise it, of course; and in this way I shall be able to satisfy myself as to the personality of the owner."

But, although his advertisement was duly inserted in the newspapers, the pearl chaplet remained unclaimed. Gregory locked it up in his desk, where it occasionally caught his attention, like a little white flower struggling to make beautiful an arid soil,—a *sursum corda* amid the sordid cares of life. Then it was buried beneath an avalanche of legal documents and lay for months forgotten.

"Hang it! I believe I shall have to give up and take a vacation," exclaimed Mr. James Gregory one torrid afternoon in August, when, despite the tireless whir of the electric fan, his office thermometer stood at 98° in the shade. "Yes, it is folly to spur on a jaded horse; I am almost used up mentally and physically by the hot weather. Luckily, business hours are over for to-day; but I shall have to leave affairs in the hands of the clerks for a week or two. Yet where shall I go?"

The door leading into the outer office had been left open to admit any possible breeze. As he sat debating the merits of Saratoga *versus* the St. Lawrence, he heard a step in the other room, and presently started up, crying, "Hello, Faulkner! How are you?" as a sunburnt man, clad in grey linen and fanning himself with his hat, appeared in the doorway.

"Ha, old boy! Pegging away as usual, I see," rejoined the visitor, with the familiarity of old friendship. "When are you going to permit yourself a rest?"

"As a matter of fact, I was planning a holiday when you came in. I have a mind to go up to the Springs for the Convention of the Bar Association."

"Nonsense! A hurried trip by rail and

putting up at a big hotel will not give you relaxation. What you need is to get off by the sea and do absolutely nothing for awhile," reasoned his friend. "Ever been to Quogue, down on Long Island? There one can see as much of social life or be as quiet as one pleases. My wife is there, and I go down on Saturdays. Sister-in-law Mary Powell is with us. Pretty girl of twenty-three—hem! I forgot: she reproaches me for telling her age. We are at one of the smaller hotels; a trifle out of the swim, perhaps, but pleasantly situated. Good sailing and fishing; later on, the best shooting you ever knew. The place will just suit you, and you will be near enough to town to come up if any important matter requires your attention. As it happens, I can not go down at the end of this week; but if you will come with me on Monday, I'll take a few days of vacation, too."

Thus it transpired that James Gregory went to Quogue. The sailing, boating, and fishing were all that Ned Faulkner had guaranteed; and, thanks to these diversions and the sea-air, Gregory soon found his energies renewed and his spirits growing as light as a boy's.

He had been there nearly a week, and yet, it must be admitted, had paid no more attention to the ladies—Ned's wife and the pretty sister—than was absolutely required by politeness. An uneasy consciousness of his negligence, however, led him to embrace an opportunity to set himself right with them by begging Miss Powell to accept his escort to the Saturday evening assembly at the Casino. Faulkner and his wife went, too. Gregory did not dance, but the vivacious Western girl did not lack partners; and during the intermission James claimed her for a promenade upon the veranda with a temerity that astonished himself.

"I presume you frequently come East Miss Powell?" he said at random, casting about for a subject for conversation.

"No, not often; and even when I do come, I do not see much of New York; for the Faulkners live out of town, you know," she said, toying with a ribbon of her filmy gown. "I did make a short visit in the city last winter though, staying with a friend of my sister, a maiden lady, who was very kind to me, notwithstanding that, being a narrow-minded Protestant, she did not approve of my Popish practices, as she called them. I hardly think she will invite me again, because, moreover, the day before I went home I lost a costly belonging of hers while out sleighing. She wrote me not to worry, as she had recovered it; I do not know how, but"—the little Chicagoan laughed lightly at the recollection—"I think she was exceedingly fortunate; for on the same occasion I lost a keepsake of my own, too; and, although I prayed to St. Anthony many times, I have never found it."

"And what was it, may I ask?" said Gregory absently, with the amiable intention of humoring the youthful chatter of his companion. Her answer quickly recalled his wandering attention.

"The little pearl rosary I had at the convent. Of course I bought a new one the next day, but I still lament the loss of the beads I used for years."

"Was there anything distinguishable about them?"

"No, nothing except a tiny Lourdes medal tied on with a bit of blue ribbon."

Gregory nodded; attached by a blue ribbon to a rosary he knew was just such a medal.

"And with it you lost your friend's rich sealskin muff," he said, confidently.

"Why, how *you* know, Mr. Gregory? I did not say so!" exclaimed the girl, while a pair of frank blue eyes flashed at him a look of puzzled incredulity.

"Because I chanced to have the pleasure of restoring it to her."

For fully ten seconds Mary Powell

stared at the speaker in blank amazement.

"And how did it come into your possession—how did you learn—" she gasped at length.

"To whom it belonged? Not by any special power of divination or second-sight, I assure you," replied the staid lawyer, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "I simply stumbled upon it in the street; your friend promptly advertised her loss in the newspaper, and there is the whole story."

"To be sure! How stupid of me not to have thought before of that method of recovering it! I should have attended to the matter myself, since I was the culprit; only, you see, I was ready to start for Chicago, and Miss Smith said it would be all right, that I must not concern myself in the least," explained the girl. "But, then," she went on with artless delight, "you must have found my rosary, too. Oh, thank you so much! Do please give it to me."

"But, my dear Miss Powell, I haven't it with me," said Gregory, taken aback. "I do not know exactly where it is. Yet do not be concerned: I have it safely put away somewhere. It was in my desk for a long time. As soon as I get back to town I will hunt it up and—well, I'll *bring* it to you, if I may?"

Why he added these last words he could not have told. He had decided that his vacation must end with the morrow. He would return to his business on Monday. Surely, then, it, was hardly necessary to promise another trip across Long Island in order to deliver a small package which might be as well entrusted to Uncle Sam's mail-bag or the express company. But all at once it had come to him that this naïve girl was very sweet and charming, that he would like to know her better; that the next week in town would not be so wearisome if he could look forward to a visit to Quogue again on Saturday. So he repeated, with

a shade more of earnestness than the occasion warranted, perhaps:

"You won't mind my bringing it, will you, Miss Powell?"

"Oh, no! You are very good," she stammered. But even in the subdued light of the Japanese lanterns hanging in the arches of the veranda, Gregory saw that her face flushed with pleased surprise. And then a young fellow (whom he roundly anathematized) stepped out of the shadow and said:

"Beg pardon! Miss Mary, this is our dance," and forthwith led her away.

The next day, Sunday, seemed to Gregory the happiest he had known for years. In the first place, the ladies took it for granted that he would accompany their party to church.

"You had better, old man," advised Faulkner. "I always go, now that I am married; it comes easy when once one gets into the way of it again, and a fellow feels a good bit more satisfied for having done his duty."

So there was the pleasant drive of two or three miles along the green-bordered roads. The Mass was offered in the rural chapel at the edge of the woods. On the way home the quartette, sending the carriage ahead, strolled along at their leisure,—the ladies seeking ferns, and Gregory playing cavalier to Miss Powell with encouraging success.

In the afternoon he again improved his opportunity and escorted her on a walk upon the beautiful beach that stretches for miles along the Sound; and they had become very good friends when, that evening, he bade her good-bye, as he was to take an early train to the city the following morning.

The interest manifested by Gregory in the shooting down on Long Island during September was a marvel to his acquaintances at the club. Not a week passed without his managing to spend two or three days in the vicinity of its

wind-swept dunes. But, although he sent up a string of birds now and again to some masculine friend, the greater part of his time was passed, not upon the briny moors, but in charming promenades, bicycle rides, and readings in a sunny corner of the hotel veranda, now well-nigh deserted by its summer guests, who had flitted cityward all too early, losing the most beautiful month of the year by the sea-side. So said Ned, whose enthusiasm as a sportsman made up for Gregory's indifference in that quarter. And so said the ladies, especially Miss Powell; but perhaps the bicycle rides and the readings had something to do with her lively appreciation of the beauties of Quogue at this season. At all events, the bright autumnal days saw a very pretty romance enacted under their fair skies and within the sound of the sea.

In the pleasant companionship of those vacation hours, the lawyer soon discerned beneath the happy-hearted vivacity of Mary Powell the sweetness and truth of the ideal of his chivalric devotion; and decided ere long that the "lady of the rosary," as he early began to call her to himself, was also the lady of his dreams.

And as for her dear beads, somehow it came about that he was permitted to retain his bit of treasure-trove unchallenged. For not until their marriage day did Gregory put into Mary's hands the little white chaplet that had linked their hearts together.

To serve God is true happiness—to-day, yesterday and forever; but a man must know it, and he must begin as soon as he knows it. Many never know it; many who know it never begin; many who begin do not continue, or continue so badly or so feebly that their search for true happiness becomes an addition to the sense of weariness and aversion which accompanies false happiness—that is to say, true misery.—*Louis Veuillot.*

King David in America.

BY WILLIAM GILES DIX.

FROM lofty crag to lowly plain,
 From rill to river, main to main,
 Of wide America so bright,
 King David's minstrelsy of light,
 Springing from his entrancing lyre,
 Sets all true, living souls on fire.
 Through great cathedrals, cottage-homes,
 That minstrelsy uplifting roams,
 The workman and the scholar thrills
 And with devout rejoicing fills.
 The patient ploughman, as he ploughs,
 Pledges his soul with David's vows
 To be to his Creator true:
 His will to bear, His will to do;
 The patient sower, as he sows,
 With David's song triumphant glows;
 The patient reaper, as he reaps,
 With David's deep contrition weeps.

Humble log-cabins of the West
 King David enters as a guest,
 And sings in penitence and praise,
 As when in Judah's royal days
 He chanted with adoring soul;
 And his harp-strings did so control,
 Their music so did tune and tone,
 Seated upon his golden throne,
 That all the royal courts were ringing
 While David and his harp were singing.
 Yet that log-cabin of the West
 That holds King David as a guest,
 When soars the morning, evening song,
 And thankful lips God's praise prolong,
 In sight of God and angels seems
 More glorious than the glorious gleams
 That from the golden dome did shine
 Of Solomon's transcendent shrine.
 Gold of the soul is higher proof
 Than golden mine or golden roof.

OBJECTIVE truth claims to be sought,
 and a revealed doctrine requires to be
 ascertained.—*Newman*.

THE truth of nature is a part of the
 truth of God.—*Ruskin*.

The Legend of Desmond Castle.*

BY R. O. K.

I.

To redeem captives is the highest form of almsgiving; to take them out of the hands of their enemies; to rescue men from death and women from dishonor; to restore parents to children, children to parents, and citizens to their country. . . . But especially is it charitable to do so in the case of barbarians; for they know no trait of humanity but the avarice begotten of the hope of purchase. . . . And even we ourselves have incurred blame because we have broken the sacred vessels to redeem captives.—*St. Ambrose*.

LONG ago there lived two beautiful sisters in Clare. They were the handsomest of their own or of any day; the theme of every minstrel and bard, and the dream of prince and chief. For reasons which will be unfolded immediately, it were better not to tell their names.

Now, among the chiefs and knights that came, there was none so welcome as the Desmond of Askeaton. Both sisters had set their hearts upon him, and each desired to become mistress of Askeaton Castle. In fine, they grew jealous of each other's beauty; the elder scorned the pretensions of the younger, and the younger flouted the "assumption" and the "assurance" of the elder. It went so far that they began to hate each other. When the younger married the Lord of Askeaton, the elder raged, and wandered over the hills around her home like a wounded tigress. Soon, however, she married Purcell, the Lord of Kenry, at Ballyculhane Castle.

A year after the marriage of the elder sister, a son was born in Ballyculhane, by the Maigue; and no child had as yet appeared in the halls of Askeaton. Then the elder sister gloated over the younger, and by wandering minstrel and *shanachee* she sent her many a barbed and taunting message.† She got O'Mulrian, her min-

* All rights reserved.

† Among the ordinances of that faithful Englishman, Sir John Perrot, when in the County Limerick, was the following: "All bards, rhymers, and idle

strel, who was famous on the harp and in improvising ballads and lampoons, to write stinging verses; and these, accompanied with kindred music, she had had occasionally conveyed to her sister.

Time passed on; and after some years another son was born at Ballyculhane. Shortly after this the Desmond met a severe reverse in battle with some of the Duhalls clans. He returned to Askeaton, not beaten or routed, but

Who shall say what heroes feel
When all but life and honor's lost?

Now the chief of Ballyculhane was feoff, or subject to Desmond, and honorably desired to maintain what was due from him in loyalty and chivalry to his liege lord. Not so, however, his lady: she and the harper so excited the clan that he felt dragged against his better judgment and his honor to wage war on his lord. "Poltroon! stay in your castle," said his wife, "and I will lead the clans of Kenry to their rights." Pushed on by her taunts, he led out his army,—the harper in the van cheering them on, his wife in armor by his side and urging him to bloodshed and devastation.

When the news came to Askeaton that his subordinate was in arms, and that his wife also was taking part, the Desmond bestirred himself. He rallied his broken forces and encouraged them; and his wife, taking him apart, swore him by their mutual love not to return unless he brought on his sword the blood of the woman who had taunted and stung her all her days; and who now, Amazon that she was, had girded her for war.

He went; the Lord of Kenry and his wife were slain in the engagement that followed; their two children were brought prisoners to Askeaton and lodged in the

darkest hold; a captain and a garrison were put in the subjugated castle; the clansmen were bitterly oppressed; and the harper O'Mulrian, escaping to the tide, was seized by the crew of a pirate vessel and carried into captivity. The lady of Desmond Castle thus had ample revenge, which she enjoyed to the full; and, to crown her joy, in less than a year after she gave birth to a son.

II.

It was a woful time in Kenry. The Desmond had been reared from infancy amid the rudest society, because of the circumstances of the times at the date of his birth. Manners were unpolished, and the strong had no regard for the weak or the unfortunate. By nature he was not cruel and neither was he pliable; but he was a strong, open-hearted man who could be practised on; and his wife tried her arts, and with success. She hated Kenry. The name was an abomination in her ears. She had suffered long and bitterly, but the day of vengeance was come and she would profit of it. The clan and territory of the dead chief were scourged with scorpions, and the retainers paid back the attention with stifled curses and threats. In desperation, they made one or two fruitless attempts to rescue the sons of their former lord; but it resulted only in the young chieftains' fetters being doubly locked and their fate made twice more bitter.

There was at the time a monastery of Trinitarian monks at Askeaton.* The prior of this place, a man of great strength of mind, and one who was determined that, so far as lay in his power, what was right should be done, insisted on the captive children receiving a liberal education. One of the monks was therefore allowed daily access to their place

men and women, gossiping, bringing messages, etc., shall be spoiled of their goods and chattels, and put into the common stocks, there to remain until they find sufficient surety to leave that wicked thrade."—Carew MSS.

* The ruins of this once splendid pile of buildings stand at present a little to the east of the town, on the Limerick road. The Protestant church occupies a portion of the old monastery.

of confinement, and devoted himself to instructing them in letters and religion. It soon turned out, to the delight of the monks and not to the dissatisfaction of the Desmond, that the elder showed an aptitude for books and a leaning to the religious life. After a time he was allowed to enter the Order as a novice; but the Askeaton chief insisted that his noviceship should be spent nowhere but in their own monastery; for, as he said, if sent anywhere else, he may withdraw from the convent, and, putting himself on a sudden at the head of his clan, cause grave disorder and bloodshed. So he was left in the monastery, but under strict guard till he would take his vows as a member of the Order and a priest.

In time the appointed day came when he was to be ordained priest. It was in that sober, golden time of the year, when the glory of summer is passed and its heat and its pomp; it was the time when the fruit of the season, ripe and savory and mellow, is being gathered into the barn for the scarcity of the winter—the beautiful Feast of All Saints—beautiful throughout the Christian land. The vigil of his ordination, as commanded by the austerity of his Order, he spent watching in the church.

All had retired to rest. The lights in cloister and corridor were out. Not a footfall was to be heard: the wind even did not sigh among the trees; the moon alone was his companion and the lamp that burned before the altar. His head was bent in reverence and meditation; yet from time to time he could not help casting a sidelong glance at the wondrous and romantic beauty, as it fell on pillar and floor, lighting up the foreground with mellow glory, and casting the recesses into deeper shade. On the altar were laid the vestments he was to wear next day, with the chalice and paten and host. He knelt within the sanctuary

rails; and the vestments were an emblem of the purity of soul he was required to bring, while the chalice and paten spoke of the dread power he was to receive.

As the midnight hour approached, he thought of those who had "gone before in the sign of faith, and rest in the sleep of peace"; and forthwith he began to pray for the souls of his deceased parents. Thinking over the pains

... of that second region...

In which the human spirit from sinful blot
Is purged, and for ascent to heaven prepares,*

his piety, as his pity, urged him to pray earnestly, and yet more earnestly. He offered up his young life to God, and all he asked was that his parents' souls might be at rest.

At the moment he heard a cry; it was a cry of pain—of utter, intense, unbearable pain. The air was filled with a lurid light, as if the essence of thunderbolts had burst in the chancel; and then a voice exclaimed:

"Oh, how I suffer!"

"My father!" the young man cried, recognizing the voice. "My father, I offer to God my life, and a hundred lives if I had them, for my mother and you."

"Your mother and I were mercifully saved in our last hour. But we are doomed to suffer; and I, the more guilty since I did not restrain her, am punished more severely."

"O my father! Oh, that God would accept of my sacrifice!"

"Your life is reserved for something else, my child; and we shall be released only when you have broken the bonds of your greatest enemies."

Once again the chancel filled with the flare and scent of heaven's thunderbolts, and the vision disappeared.

The lay-brother in his little cell lay near the cock's roosting perch. When St. Peter's bird clapped his wings and woke

* Cary's Dante, *Purg.*, canto i.

his shrill trumpet, then the poor lay-Brother, who had been questing* the day previous in all the district several miles of radius from the convent, stirred his weary limbs, and, half awake, half asleep, hastened to the belfry. The monks at the summons arose to their two o'clock Matins; and when they entered the choir they found the candidate for ordination lying prostrate on the pavement, while a strange scent, of which they could not divine the cause, filled the air.

Scarce were Matins said when the prior was summoned away in haste from the chapel. Message was brought—O direful message!—that last night the Desmond and his son were spending the evening in festivity and joy with the governor and garrison of the captured stronghold of Kenry. No sentinel was set at door or gate, for no enemy was dreaded; but, on the contrary, everyone that wished might enter and partake of the good cheer provided. In the midst of the entertainment an armed band, led evidently by a domestic traitor (for no stranger could know so well every inch of ground within and without), entered the hall.

"*Alla! Il alla!*" The ill-omened cry was heard. In a moment they entered, in a moment vanished, carrying with them the Desmond and his son—and no one else. The alarm was given; a sortie was made; swords were drawn, thrusts and blows were aimed. But it was only friend (as in the old Teucrican war) striking at friend. A few were wounded. Lights gleamed in the river, and by dawn the crescent had rounded Ringmoylan and was bearing to the west. The lady of Desmond Castle fell like a dead woman in the halls of Askeaton when she heard it.

Oh, those silent monks! At dawn the

* "Questing" means begging for charity. Many orders have to depend entirely on it, and are therefore called "mendicant." Some depended at the beginning of their foundation, but later on their revenues became sufficient.

ordination of the young man went on, as if nothing stranger had occurred than the ebb and flow of the tide. Oh, those imperturbable monks! they recited the Psalter, chaunted the hymn, swung the incense, ascended the altar, blessed the people; and it was all like the immovable grey rocks that for centuries have stood on the face of an eminence, unheeding all that pass them by. Oh, these wonderful monks! like the unanswering bells of electric currents, they stand forever unlocked. A wave of heavenly symphony at stated times in the day passes over them; and then they answer, then they are in sympathy; but for the rest every passer-by may touch and press the electric head, but they are down in catacombs or aloft near heaven: too deep below or too high above this zone of ours to respond.

III.

The young priest was ordained. Who will say what are the thoughts of a priest on his ordination day? This pen, at any rate, confesses they are too holy and sublime for it. In these holy and sublime thoughts passed away that ordination day for him.

Toward evening the wounded began to arrive at the hospital. The young priest went to the prior's room and asked as a favor that he might be allowed to attend on them. The prior gave permission. The priest walked down the long aisle of the lazar-house, or hospital. He was the only priest in the ward. Suddenly a patient, calling him by name, sprang from his bed. He cast himself at the priest's feet, locked his arms round them and imprinted burning kisses on them. The lay-Brother in charge rushed to the spot.

"This poor patient is suffering from internal hemorrhage, Reverend Father," he said; "and any excitement may cause his death."

"Brother Boland!" cried the patient. "I knew you when you were the widow Boland's son, of Bolaune. You used to

be making ploughs and harrows, and a cursed bad *warrant* you wor."

"What is it all?" inquired the priest, looking toward the Brother.

"He received a wound last night, Father; and the doctor says—"

"I wouldn't give a laif of cabbage for your leech and all his plasters," interposed the patient. "*Ma chree hu!*" he went on, tightening his embrace on the Father's feet. "My own darling you are! I am Harrigan, your father's foster-brother; and I have revenged—"

"Hush! hush!" cried the young priest; and, removing some distance, he ordered the lay-Brother to put the wounded man to bed, saying to the latter, to pacify him: "As soon as you lie down, I will come and speak to you."

The priest looked through the gable window that gave out on a lovely belt of woodland, at the edge of which the river, sparkling in the last glimpse of sunlight, flowed with full and throbbing pulse. When he had surveyed the scene for a few brief seconds, he returned to the patient.

"I am Harrigan!" he again cried, as soon as the priest had taken his seat beside him,— "I am Harrigan, your father's own foster-brother; and I had my revenge—"

"Oh, don't speak so!" said the priest, in his gentle accents. "Brother, if you have taken revenge of my deceased father, you have done a deadly thing. But you will repent of it, will you not? Now I will hear your confession." And the priest, assuming the stole, began: "May the Lord be in your heart and on your lips, that truly and humbly you may confess all your sins—"

"I am Harrigan, your father's own foster-brother; and I had my revenge!" cried the man once more. And the priest, thinking that perhaps it were better to allow him to speak out his mind, suffered him to continue: "They killed your

father, but last night I had my revenge— my full revenge. I waited for it long, and it came at last. I was fishing at the mouth of the Maigne. The lights were lighting in Ballyculhane—Desmond's lights. A smack came up. They invited me and I went on board. They gave me wine and I took it. They inquired whose were the lights; I told them my enemy's. They asked would I like revenge. And I asked had they ever a foster-brother, and was he murdered, and would they look for revenge on his murderer. Revenge! I told them 'twas sweeter than my blood. They wished to know what I would endure for its sake. I told them to light up and add another hell, and I would endure both. I led them. Ah, how the old castle welcomed me as a friend! I pointed out the Desmond and his son. They seized them, rushed to the river with them, and are now on their way to slavery forever."

"Monster!" cried the priest, forgetting himself for an instant; but, quickly looking around, he was rejoiced to find that there was no one within hearing.

At the same time the patient made a strange, gulping noise, as if he were suffocating; caught at a basin that was near, and, with a cough, half filled it with blood; then he fell back exhausted on the pillow. The priest took a napkin and wiped the man's lips and cheeks, which were bespattered with the awful-looking gore. Then, kneeling by the bedside, he rested his face in his hands and prayed for him; and while he prayed it flashed on his mind that the enemies his father alluded to were the Desmond and his son. After a time he saw that the wounded man was easier; and, taking a chair, he sat once more beside him.

"Pardon me!" he began. "I should not have spoken as I did; it was indeed involuntary. Let me ask you: do you not desire to die in peace with God?"

The patient assented.

"If so, you must do two things: you must repent of the crime—it was a terrible crime,—and you must leave me free to make use of this knowledge."

"And what use, Father, would you make of it? I don't care if you tell them. I will hang from their highest gibbet, and glory that I had my revenge."

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried the Father, pained. "I will make use of it for a far different end. God forgive my father's foster-brother for thinking I wanted it for so base a purpose."

"That goes to my heart," said the unfortunate retainer. "You are your dear father's son, every inch." And he looked proudly at the priest.

"No, no!" rejoined the latter. "I shall use it to undo your work."

The patient seemed puzzled.

"I go," continued the Father, "and I shall devote the rest of my days to find out the Desmond and his son. I will purchase them, I will redeem them; and, failing that, will myself take up and wear their chains."

"And let the Desmonds go scot-free, *gou dhouthai*" (without a doubt), said the loyal henchman.

"Oh, hear me!" groaned the priest. "As you loved my father, hear me; as you love your own soul and its everlasting salvation, hear me; as you love the Saviour hanging on the cross on Good Friday, hear me. Will you not lift up your hands and heart to Heaven and acknowledge that you did wrong?"

The man was unmoved.

"As you fear hell into which the soul goes for eternity—"

"I fear no hell, for I have not deserved it. *He* murdered your father; is there no hell for him?"

"Oh, listen to me! Your hours—I am sorry to have to say it—are numbered. You are going to my father—"

"And a right good message I carry him," said the retainer.

"I implore you!" began the priest—but another attack of blood seized the man on the bed. He gulped once more; and when the priest took away the large delf basin, it had red streams falling over the rim and trickling down the sides.

It was a long time before the patient awoke from the swoon. Meanwhile the priest had gone to the church to pray. It was midnight when he returned. As soon as he entered the ward, he knelt by the patient's bed. He lifted his hands on high, an ecstatic beam stole over his upturned eyes and face, and in a burst of inspiration he cried:

"O my father! look down, I pray you, on this bed, on which lies your foster-brother and by which your son is praying. O my father, if your prayers can obtain it from God, if your sufferings can obtain it, pray—ask for mercy for this dying man and for me! Death is before him, slavery before me. Remember the day it is—it is my ordination day and his death day. Oh, help us, I beseech you! Help us if you can."

Immediately the room became filled with vapor, and a dim figure was seen coming from the large window at the end of the corridor. It came straight on, bent for a second over the dying man, as if to whisper something into his ear; and then laid on the framework of the bed its open hand, crying in tones whose very accent seemed to their ears acute and piercing as the points of needles: "As I live, saith the Lord, I desire not the death of the sinner." It disappeared, but left a mark on the bed; for where the hand had rested, the wood was smoking and burned, and the print of the fingers was distinctly visible.

Astonished, the priest looked at the upturned face in the bed. It was calm and peaceful as the countenance of a saint, although a supernatural tremor seemed to shake even the very pallet on which he lay.

"I am ready, Father,—I am ready," he said, and tears stole down his face.

It was easy to shrive and "prepare" him now. The Father did so.

The Matin bell was about to ring when the young priest was seen approaching the prior's room. His soul was doubly straitened: on one side was his father's release; on the other, the Desmond's redemption. As soon as day dawned, prior and priest hastened to the castle. The lady gave her blessing, her gratitude, and a full purse to the priest; and he set forward on his mission, the beginning of which he knew, but naught of its duration, its circumstances, or its end.

He bade a mute good-bye to monastery and castle; and as the old familiar landmarks began to disappear from his sight, he consoled himself with one thought: "Thank God, no one knows it was poor Harrigan did it!"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Paolo's Madonna.

THE bright rays of the morning sun were illumining the windows of a famous Roman studio, one morning in May, four hundred years ago. Outside all was joy and the glory of spring. At an easel in the north corner sat a pale-faced youth, diligently working on a picture which had occupied his every thought for many days. It was a representation of the Madonna crowned with the inexpressible sorrow of the Mother, as she held in her lap the dead body of her crucified Son.

A step was heard in the corridor. What visitor could be coming so early? Paolo always occupied the studio undisturbed during these first morning hours. The door opened and the master stood upon the threshold. Paolo jumped to his feet, vainly endeavoring to place the picture out of sight.

"Lad, what is this?" exclaimed Master Bernardo, advancing with a couple of strides to where the youth stood, blushing and terrified. "Ah!" he went on angrily, drawing the canvas to the light. "You employ your time well, Paolo! Was it for such silly work as this that I accepted you as a pupil in place of dozens of others who would have been glad to come to me, and who would have at least endeavored to repay my efforts in their behalf? Was it for this that, because of my friendship for your uncle and your own undoubted talent, I allowed you to sit beside me here in my studio, where I thought you would do me credit? Away with such paltry pretence of art! Away with it, I say!"

With these words he threw the half-completed picture violently against the wall, and stood for a moment, with folded arms, glaring at the pure, spiritual face of the youth, as though he would have annihilated him had he been able.

Paolo still remained silent.

"Did I not order you yesterday, for the last time, as I told you, to go to work on the picture of the nymphs, for which all the younger painters of Rome are to contest? You know the subject: I have suggested the form of the sketch. When will you begin?"

"Never!" replied Paolo, firmly.

"Never!" echoed his master. "What do you mean? Do you dare to defy me in my own studio?"

"I do not wish to defy you," said the youth. "I have always endeavored to do my duty; but this command transcends your authority, Master Bernardo. I refuse to enter the contest."

"And why?" shouted the artist. "I will tell you, Paolo. Because you have given up your soul and prostituted your art to such sickly sentimentality as that yonder. Bah! I have no patience with you. I command you to begin the picture at once. There goes Graziella now. Shall I

call her? There is no one in Rome who will make so fine a model; nor is there another student in Rome who can accomplish better results than yourself. Ha, Graziella!" he called from the window; but the girl passed on,—she did not hear him. "There! she is gone. But you can easily find her again when you want her," he said.

"I shall not look for her," was the reply. "Never shall I lend myself to the painting of such pictures as you suggest. If I ever become distinguished in art, it will be in other lines than those."

The master's eyes flashed fire. Once more he seized the picture which he had handled so roughly a few moments before.

"I will finish your picture for you, Paolo!" he said. "I will paint such a veil over the modest features of your Madonna as will hide them from the curious gaze of men."

Paolo shuddered, there was such a look of malice in Bernardo's eyes. Quickly taking up a brush, the master seated himself at the easel, placing the Madonna upon it. Alas! the beautiful, placid, sorrowful face did not touch his cruel, irreligious heart. Paolo watched his every movement, too much in awe of him to speak; for his was a gentle soul. Rubbing the brush across a patch of green color which lay on the palette, he began his ruinous work. After a few vigorous dashes, the face of the Madonna had entirely disappeared.

As Bernardo, with a mocking laugh, threw down the brush, a suppressed groan burst from the lips of the youth, who at the first devastating stroke had gone to the farthest corner of the room.

"Ah, Blessed Mother, forgive him!" he murmured; "and help me to forgive him also. He has destroyed my picture, painted with the best inspiration of my soul—with my heart's blood. It was such joy to work for thee!"

The master said nothing; but, crossing

the studio, he placed himself in front of a magnificent picture—"The Judgment of Paris"—at which he had been at work for many months.

Just a week had passed since that memorable day. It was Sunday morning, the sun shining brilliantly. The green branches of the newly budding trees, waving gently in the fresh breeze, cast their delicate shadows on the marble floor of the studio. But in the place where Paolo's easel had stood—the very spot where the beautiful features of the Madonna had been effaced—the master lay in his coffin, awaiting the bearers who in a few short moments were to convey him to the tomb. At the foot of the bier knelt Paolo, his face hidden in his hands. His heart was sore, and he grieved especially for the fate of his unfortunate master. Friends and fellow-painters walked softly to and fro about the room.

"How was it?" asked one of another. "He was so strong. But a week ago I saw him on the street, looking the picture of health. What could have taken place in so short a time?"

"An unfortunate accident, a deplorable thing," answered one artist. "It appears that he had cut his hand a fortnight since, and the wound did not heal readily. You know how impetuous he was. Being in a hurry one day when he had removed the bandage, he did not renew it before using some green paint with which he completed a picture. It seems that some of the paint penetrated the wound, and blood-poisoning ensued."

"A most remarkable accident," said the other. "I have never heard of anything of the kind before. One should be very careful when using those vivid colorings. What was the subject of the picture, do you know?"

The other shook his head, and the youth kneeling at the foot of the coffin buried his face more deeply in his hands.

Paolo became one of the most famous painters of Scripture subjects. His religious pictures are full of expression and spiritual loveliness. Many are the sorrowing hearts they have comforted and preserved from despair. But he never attempted to repaint the picture of the loved Madouna, the destruction of which had caused him so much pain and regret. His sensitive soul never entirely recovered from that sad and terrible remembrance.

A Stray Leaf from History.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

MANY of those who read this will be surprised to learn that something over a hundred years ago a band of Spanish soldiers came from St. Louis and took possession of the region which is the home of THE AVE MARIA, in the name of the King of Spain. Histories make scant mention of this fact; but those who have rummaged among brown and tattered records of the old troublous times of the early occupation of the vicinity where Notre Dame sleeps in the sun like a crowned queen, know that it is authenticated beyond all doubt.

In the closing years of the seventeenth century—about 1690—a stockade was built on the banks of the St. Joseph River, a few miles below the present site of St. Mary's Academy; and was dedicated, like the river, to the good St. Joseph, of whom the French pioneers were so fond. In time the place became both populous and important, and was the only fort in this region, with the exception of that at Michilimackinac, which was taken into account in the strategical plans of armies and governments. It had a somewhat troubled existence, but survived many misfortunes, and finally fell into the hands of the British. The old picturesque life of the earlier days became but a

reminiscence; the devoted black-robés, who had left a high civilization and gone to the wilderness for the good of savage souls, were dead or scattered. But the fort was there, the memories were there; and the river flowed calmly by, murmuring in unison with the chatter of traffic as it had before with the softly spoken prayers of the mission Fathers and the guttural accents of the untamed forest children. There were Indians still at the fort, but of a different temper. They had never taken kindly to the English, and ceased to be their allies in an emergency, as we shall see.

January 2, 1781, St. Louis witnessed a strange sight. A peremptory order had come from Madrid—"Send a sufficient number of troops to capture and destroy Fort St. Joseph, on the St. Joseph River." And sixty-five sworn subjects of Spain, drawn up before the Government House, pledged themselves to carry out the command. Don Eugenio Pourré, whose name indicates both Spanish and French blood, was in charge of the expedition. The route of the soldiers was the reverse of that ordinarily travelled. Instead of descending the streams which led from the ancient portage upon the St. Joseph, they ascended them; arriving at the banks of the river in sad plight, after many hardships and privations. With them were sixty Indians, hardy, trained and intrepid; and with the combined force it was an easy thing to capture the surprised garrison and destroy it.

The Indian allies of the English deserted to the enemy, not fighting, but maintaining a stolid indifference. The British flag was hauled down, the store-houses plundered, and everything not portable was committed to the flames. We fear that the Indians at the Fort had what may be called an eye to the main chance; at least they lost their placid demeanor when it came to a division of the spoils, of which they received a due

share as a reward for their neutrality.

The Spanish soldiers stayed but a few days, there being nothing to stay for; but, first taking formal possession of the region, doubled on their tracks and set out for St. Louis, reaching there in the month of March. Again they were drawn up in front of the Government House, and Don Eugenio said: "We have obeyed orders. We have destroyed Fort St. Joseph." And then he delivered to his superior officer the captured flag, which bore the Red Cross of St. George of England.

John Jay was the American minister at Madrid, and Benjamin Franklin filled a similar position at the court of France. These gentlemen lost no time in consulting each other and communicating with their home government; the result of their negotiation becoming apparent when, in the treaty of peace made in 1783 with Great Britain, the claim founded by the Spaniards upon the capture of Fort St. Joseph was totally ignored. It was the opinion of these statesmen that the Spanish intended to offer to the English all the territory which they had acquired west of the Alleghany Mountains in exchange for Gibraltar. Says Edward G. Mason, president of the Chicago Historical Society: "It was due to the foresight of Jay and Franklin that at the close of the Revolution the western boundary line of the United States was not confined to the Ohio River and the Alleghany Mountains."

It seems fitting that just at this time, when there is, unhappily, war waging between the people of the land which sent Columbus to find a new world and the people of the world which he found, mention should be made of the fateful expedition of conquest so long ago.

One who did not know where to look could never find the site of Fort St. Joseph; but a few who know its history can lead you to a tract of land by the

river side and locate for you the buildings which sheltered and the earthworks which defended a large population in its palmy days. There were many ripples in its life; there were forays and skirmishes and revolts and massacres. And there were visitors of note,—Charlevoix wrote from there in 1721; and always there were the gentle priests, good and learned, who moved about, soothing, admonishing, and performing the offices of religion.

The earliest record that I have been able to find says: "The Rev. Father Areneau was at Fort St. Joseph in 1690, and was joined later by the Rev. Father Mermet." Father Chardon, whose name is more familiar to us, was a conspicuous figure in connection with the old Fort. Father Peter Potier, a French Jesuit, was another who was active in the mission work which went on without interruption until the final catastrophe. These forms, long since dust, arise before us once more as we turn over the earth for relics of the existence which went on for a century. The soil is rich in these treasures. A little crucifix lies by me as I write, which was exhumed, much corroded and battered, from the spot where it had lain for at least a hundred years; and beside it is a broken pipe of peace. There is peace now at the old Fort, but far away war rages. History is repeating itself.

Do we think sufficiently of this—that devotion to our Blessed Lady is not a thing which, like the possession of a book or a rosary, we have once for all, final and complete? It would be no less untrue to say that when we had received from God the grace of humility, we have simply to hold fast what we have got, and never dream of getting more, than to say that devotion to Mary was an ungrowing thing. I repeat, it must grow like a virtue, and strengthen like a habit.

—Faber.

The Curfew Bell.

ONE of the strangest developments of the end of the century is the revival of the curfew bell. A few years ago the custom of ringing a bell to notify the people that the time to retire had come existed in very few places; but, like an epidemic, the craze for scaring the youngsters off the streets by means of the curfew has spread from one end of the country to the other. Few persons, however, have informed themselves as to the origin of this habit, which existed in England as long back as the Anglo-Saxon days. Of course it had another name then, curfew being a corruption of the old Norman French which went with William the Conqueror to England; but the custom itself dates back of the Conquest.

There are many errors in vogue concerning this most useful medieval practice, and it is not true that the only purpose of the curfew was to warn people to cover the fire and go to bed. It was used also to notify people as to the exact time. There were no clocks or watches in those ancient days. Any implement for measuring time was rare or unknown, and belonged only to monasteries or public institutions, or the castles of the aristocracy. In the monastic establishments, where, as now, the inmates were notified of the hours for the different offices, a bell was rung, which was heard outside by the people and taken as a guide.

There were other reasons which made it necessary to have a bell give its message to listening ears. We must remember that there were no policemen in the Middle Ages, and no street lights; so crime was easy, and the protection of orderly folk almost impossible. Thus it came about that a law was passed making it a criminal offence to be abroad at night. As many would plead ignorance

of the hour, a great bell in the town-hall was rung as a warning to go home, cover the embers, and seek repose. Hence *couvre-feu*, or cover-fire. To cover the fire was important: the houses were mostly of wood, and fire departments unheard of in the days of Norman England.

The hour of curfew differed at various periods and localities. People sought their beds very early, and seven was the hour of which we have the first record. After that we begin to hear of the bell ringing at eight o'clock, which continued to be the signal for seeking one's rest until within a very recent date. There are some places in England where the curfew bell has been rung at eight ever since the days of William of Normandy. About 1790, as people postponed their dinner hour and sat up later, nine o'clock was often the time of curfew; and we know of one town in Yorkshire where it was a horn—blown first at the market-cross and then at the mayor's door,—and not a bell, which gave the friendly intimation to loiterers upon the street. A still later hour, ten o'clock, was the usual time of the Scottish curfew.

It is a mistake to suppose that the curfew is peculiarly a British institution: there is no part of Continental Europe where something answering to it has not been common.

We hear nothing of the morning curfew, if we can call it that; but it is true that in many places in England, notably in Shropshire, there is a bell which rings to inform sleepy persons that it is time to begin the day.

The ringing of the curfew in the United States, as now practised, is but an experiment, of which time alone can tell the value.

WOMEN fear mice, mice fear men, men fear women.—*Hindoo Paradox.*

HEAVEN is for those who try to get there.

Notes and Remarks.

There are many indications that the present war, like that of the Rebellion, will have the effect of lessening prejudice against the Church and her children. Catholics have not been lacking in patriotism; and there are many men like Private Pat Henehan, of Toledo, whose example is sure to win general admiration. Though a man of liberal education and social standing, with bright prospects of success in the profession of law, he enlisted as a private on the first call for troops, declining the offers of friends to use their influence to secure a commission for him, and refusing to side with the members of his company who threatened to disband unless the captain of their choice was mustered in with them. Mr. Henehan made them a speech in which he said that he had enlisted to fight for his country, and intended to do so under any officer that might be appointed. These manly words won over the malcontents.

The leading editorial in a recent issue of one of the Toledo daily papers states all these facts in detail, and declares that "Private Pat Henehan is made of the right kind of stuff." Remembering that Toledo used to be a hotbed of A. P. A.-ism, there is much significance in these words of our contemporary:

We almost forgot to say that a few years ago Pat Henehan wouldn't have stood a ghost of a show of being elected sewer inspector in Toledo, because he and his co-religionists were the especial object of the hatred of a secret society which pretended to be the only real thing in the way of Americanism. Private Pat Henehan is only one of many who are showing some people how to be real Americans.

We do not like to call Mr. Henry C. Lea a bigot, but he displays bigotry so often that we don't know what else to call him. He asserts, in the July *Atlantic Monthly*, that the decadence of Spain is due to three causes—pride, conservatism, and clericalism. Spain is indeed moribund beside the young giant of nations with whom she is waging an unequal contest; but every truth-loving American ought to be willing to give her justice. The fact is that Spain exhausted

herself by a century of ceaseless conquest in the New World,—“a conquest so enormous that no nation even now could give the men or the money to keep the enterprise abreast with the world's progress.” The record of the Spanish pioneers is unparalleled. If little is generally known concerning their achievements, it is because the writing of American history has fallen to the lot of men like Mr. Henry C. Lea. It would surprise him, no doubt, to learn that “at the beginning of the seventeenth century Spain had in the New World hundreds of towns, whose extremes were over five thousand miles apart, with all the then advantages of civilization; and two towns in what is now the United States, a score of whose States her sons had penetrated.”

It would be the height of folly for a scribbler like Mr. Lea to question these statements. Bandelier, “that great disciple of the great Humboldt,” vouched for their accuracy, and declared that he was ready to defend them from the standpoint of historical science.

The *Christian Register* publishes an address by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, of New York, which lets in a flood of light upon the present condition of the sects. The utter indifference of the Protestant clergy, as he pictures them, prepares the reader for this view of the state of the laity:

One of the prominent educators of this country has made public the fact that he regards religious belief, in the creed sense, as of no importance whatever. He has joined a church the creed of which he does not believe, and has said so; and when asked to explain his position, has done it after this fashion: “If I should refuse to unite with a church because I did not accept its creed, I should be confessing that the creed was of some importance, which I deny.”

This ingenious saying may open up a road to the unification of the sects: they may agree to disagree, like the coroner's jury.

An unscrupulous minister in Philadelphia rashly appended to the usual calumnious tirade against Catholics the statement that at Elroy, Wis., two out of the three school commissioners elected were Catholics, and immediately “three out of four Protestant

teachers were dismissed"; furthermore, that "the priest visited the school, ordered the teachers to instruct in catechism, and had the whole school marched to the church and baptized." It was a mistake to mention names and places. The *Times-Standard* investigated the case, and received a statement, signed by the mayor of Elroy and two Protestant clergymen, denying each of these charges. What really happened was this: A long time ago, when Father Campbell was appointed to Elroy, he found the public school virtually converted into a Protestant place of worship. Sectarian prayers were said and the reading of the Protestant Bible was enforced on Catholic children. Father Campbell fought these measures and had them abolished. In reprisal, the teachers refused Catholic children permission to assist at Mass on holydays or days of devotion without a written order from the parents in each case. For many parents this rule constituted a hardship; so Father Campbell secured the signatures of the parents to a legal document, authorizing him to call the children out of school when necessary; and, armed with this, the priest *did* march the Catholic children to church the next holyday,—more power to him! The teachers brought suit, but were soon well satisfied to pay the costs and let the matter drop. The Philadelphia preacher has done two things well: he has proved himself a falsifier, and has recalled to memory the deed of a brave priest who ought to have many imitators.

It is a remarkable fact that one of the religious communities of men which has increased most rapidly in membership during this "hustling," pleasure-seeking century is the austere Cistercian Order, whose best-known branch is the Trappists. The Order was almost exterminated at the outbreak of the French Revolution, just a hundred years ago. The twenty-one Trappists who passed alive through the Reign of Terror have since grown into 4,200; and several monasteries of the Order are now to be found in almost every country over the face of the earth, the only exceptions, we believe, being India and the South

American republics. Such growth in so rigorous a community is nothing short of marvellous; and, happening at a time when the idea of penance seems lost to the world, it may be taken as a new sign of the providential fertility of Mother Church, which has always combated the prevalent vice by the appropriate heroic virtue.

There are rebuttals now from all sides of the statement so industriously circulated by the yellow journals—and some others that think themselves white—to the effect that the people of the Philippine Islands are "steeped in ignorance." A writer in the current *Scribner's* says that "the Church has been the civilizing factor there, and has built schools and churches all over the Islands, where the poor as well as the rich are always welcome." The *Ceylon Messenger*, just to hand, in a leading article on the Philippine Islands, remarks that "priests and religious have left nothing undone to spread education among the natives. Every village has its school." Our readers will recall the high tribute paid to the priests and people of the Philippines—excepting those in rebellion—by the exceedingly popular and successful minister of the United States at Bangkok, Siam.

The epithet "priest-ridden," as applied to Catholics, is not in such favor among our Protestant brethren as it used to be. Perhaps, in their devotion to statistics, they have discovered that there are only ten thousand priests ministering to ten million Catholics in the United States, while there is one preacher to every forty-five Protestants. Within a few months, however, the events through which our country is passing have tended to revive the expression; and one sometimes meets people in life or literature who still regard the laity as beasts of burden and the clergy as beasts of prey. Some time ago a Catholic layman, Dr. Mivart, discussed this matter in the *Nineteenth Century*, and we may quote here in part the words of the distinguished English scientist:

Catholics are considered by outsiders a sadly priest-ridden set of people. This opinion is unjust.

There are, of course, individuals who run after men of celebrity in every profession. But this is most likely to occur, as regards clerics, amongst Low Church Protestants, in whose eyes their pastor is rather a prophet than a priest, and is revered for his personal rather than for his official position. Among Catholics it should be, and generally is, the office rather than the man that is revered; and how truly august and justly worthy of reverence in the eyes of Catholics is that office! It is the priest who offers the greatest of all sacrifices for the living and the dead; it is the priest to whom the penitent unburdens his laden conscience with inexpressible relief, gaining from the sacramental words fresh energy to struggle against evil. From the priest priceless words of comfort, of exhortation, of remonstrance, or of charitable censure and rebuke, have wondrous power to restrain the erring, to redeem the seeming lost, and to guide in the path of judicious moderation young minds which religious enthusiasm would otherwise tempt to pious extravagance. An experience of more than forty years enables me to bear testimony, not lightly to be set aside, to the wondrous power for good the priest can exert, and to the general zeal and fidelity with which that influence is, in fact, exerted.

Notable New Books.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON'S EARLY LIFE:
From 1803 to 1844. By Henry F. Brownson.
Published by the Author, Detroit.

It is not to the credit of us American Catholics that our interest in the life of Dr. Brownson has not long since necessitated a biography of that distinguished philosopher and publicist. It will be still less to our credit if the *Life* now offered by Dr. Brownson's son is suffered to lie neglected and unread.

Beginning with the childhood of his subject—for even the childhood of Dr. Brownson was uncommonplace and eventful,—the biographer leads us step by step through the process of self-education and the lights and shades of his early religious life, and through the philosophic vagaries which made Dr. Brownson first a Presbyterian, then in quick succession a Universalist, "Nothingarian," reformer, and philanthropist; until, feeling the need of a Christian basis for his cherished systems of popular reform, he began with maturer mind to re-examine the claims of true Christianity, and found the rest and strength which his

soul longed for in the heart of the Catholic Church.

It will be seen from this outline that the publication of Brownson's biography is a labor which calls for practical gratitude and encouragement from the Catholic public. It is the history of Brownson's religious opinions; and, as such, is the religious history in large part of the first half of the present century in America. It is more than that: it is a microscopic view of all the influences and movements which have led the intelligent Protestants of America away from their old-fashioned "orthodoxy"—lacking true religious guidance as they did—into the chaos of negation and naturalism in which they live. It is not the least merit of this work, in our eyes, that it furnishes intelligent Catholics, both clergy and laity, a better means of understanding contemporary Protestantism than any other book published in America. Much else might be said of its value and importance did space permit, but surely this is enough to commend it to the favor of all our readers.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. In Two Volumes.
By Kate Mason Rowland. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton is commonly known only as the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, or as the chief Catholic patriot of revolutionary times. These, however, were not his only titles to distinction. Lord Brougham once said of Carroll that "he was a scholar of extraordinary accomplishments, and few if any of the speakers of the New World came nearer the model of the more refined oratory practised in the parent state." Of all the revolutionary patriots he was by far the wealthiest, and hence he risked most; he was a lawyer, a statesman, a man of affairs, a writer possessed of a literary style in which the old-time grace and force were prettily blended, and he was a party leader. But, above all, he was uncompromisingly Catholic, studiously faithful to the minutest precepts of our holy faith,—a model of public and private virtue. His plain, rugged life endowed him with great vitality, and accounts for the remarkable

preservation of his mental power. We are still wondering at the late Mr. Gladstone, who at the age of eighty-nine read books and wrote short notes; but Carroll was reading the Latin and French classics, and writing long, vigorous letters, and criticising policies, and advising statesmen, at the age of ninety-six!

The biographer of Charles Carroll had, therefore, abundant matter for a most interesting and valuable book, and such a book she has produced. She has rendered a service to the memory of the Catholic patriot and to the public at large. We regret that so much space is allotted to matters of interest chiefly to the Carroll family; but the judicious general reader will be greatly rewarded by this book. It is good to look upon such an heroic figure; to come in contact with his fresh, strong faith and manly piety; to see his great contemporaries through Carroll's spectacles, and to read his penetrating and pungent criticism upon contemporaries like Jefferson and Adams. These are some of the valuable qualities of this work, and our best thanks are due to the biographer who offers it.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. A Treatise on the Human Soul. By the Rev. J. T. Driscoll. Albany: James B. Lyon, printer.

The purpose of the author of this volume was to explain the nature and activities of the human soul in the light of scholastic philosophy, and to correct for the general reader the false notions so sedulously propagated by unchristian writers. The popular interest in psychology is one of the most curious developments of our scientific and inquisitorial time. This difficult study has come to figure even in the curriculum of elementary schools, and certain questions of psychology are rightly forced upon the attention of pupils in all colleges. A correct knowledge of the fundamental principles of philosophy is, of course, involved in all psychological studies; hence the appearance of Catholic workers in a field which they have too long neglected is a matter for rejoicing. Real psychology is not easily popularized, but false principles are; and so long as poison is distributed to the people, it

is necessary that antidotes be placed within easy reach.

Father Driscoll's book is no pastime for a drowsy summer's day, but it sets forth the problems of mind-study in comprehensible form, side by side with the solutions essayed by the leading writers on this subject, and the commentaries and corrections furnished by true philosophy. The method of reasoning followed is necessarily from effect to cause, and a wide course of reading in philosophical and general literature is invoked for emphasis and illustration. We cordially commend this volume to those who desire a review of modern psychology from a Catholic and competent pen.

BIOGRAPHICAL CYCLOPÆDIA OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY OF THE UNITED STATES. 1784-1898. By Francis X. Reuss. M. H. Wiltzius & Co.

This welcome volume may be described further as "a book of reference in the matter of dates, places, and persons, in the records of our bishops, abbots, and monsignori." It is not a history, but a manual of *data* for the use of historians. Any one who has attempted work of this kind will understand the amount of research it must have demanded. Young as our country is, there are details of its ecclesiastical history that are little known, while certain events are veiled in doubt not easy to be removed. Mr. Reuss has done his best and his utmost to furnish reliable information to future historians regarding the persons, places, and dates named in his book. More than this, he has recovered from oblivion *data* well worthy of being preserved, and that will be valuable material for an adequate record of the origin and growth of the Church in this country. Careful as Mr. Reuss has been, we have noticed some mistakes in his volume which ought to be corrected in a second edition.

SISTER ANNE KATHARINE EMMERICH. Translated from the French by the Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A. Benziger Brothers.

The marvellous interior and exterior life of this servant of God was written in German by the Rev. T. Wegener, O. S. A., postulator of the cause of her beatification; from which it was translated into French,

and it was from this latter that the present translation was made. Exactness of work, systematic clearness of arrangement, and simplicity of diction, are among the qualities attributed to the original by literary critics; and that these characteristics mark the English version is evident after even a cursory reading. The fact that Katharine Emmerich's descriptions of the Holy Land, as given in her supernatural communications, have been proved accurate, has lent new interest to her revelations.

SERMONS FOR THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

By the Rev. Ferdinand Callerio. Benzigers.

These sermons are translated from the Italian, but the work has been revised by the Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J., who also contributes a preface to the volume. The discourses are both edifying and instructive; and, as they are also concise and practical, bearing in some way on the duties and privileges that appertain to the Children of Mary, they may be read aloud at monthly or weekly meetings of the Sodality. In this respect, as Father Clarke observes, they supply a distinct need. We think the book is likely to be used almost exclusively in this way—or for private perusal,—and therefore we wish that the sermon form had been discarded, and that it were called Readings for the Children of Mary. However, we share the hope that, as it is, this excellent work may obtain a wide circulation among the clients of Our Lady in all English-speaking countries.

FABIOLA'S SISTERS. By A. C. Clarke. Benziger Brothers.

This tale of the Christian heroines martyred at Carthage at the beginning of the third century is an adaptation of the life and acts of St. Perpetua and St. Felicitas. Their story, with St. Perpetua given the prominence, can not but kindle anew our admiration and veneration for those elect souls who braved torments and death for the faith.

The customs of the early centuries, the persecutions, to which Christians were subjected, the strength of the first bands of Christ's followers,—all appeal to those who find in the past not only history but

inspiration. "Fabiola's Sisters" and its great model, "Fabiola" (not too well copied), should be read by those who found pleasure and interest in "The Sign of the Cross," "Quo Vadis," and Baring-Gould's "Perpetua."

THE PRODIGAL'S DAUGHTER, AND OTHER TALES. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. Benzigers.

The title story of this handsome volume, of some 250 pages, owes its prominence merely to the fact that it is the longest of the four tales that make up the book. As a story, it is perhaps the least satisfactory of the collection. "Westgate's Past" and "The Major" are distinctly better tales in motive and construction; and even "At the Pension Roget," whose plot is of the thinnest, might more justly give its name to the book. There is some clever writing in "The Prodigal's Daughter," but Miss Bugg will need to devote more pains to her next collection of tales than has been given to the present one, if she purposes retaining the popularity secured by her other excellent works.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. P. Eberhardus, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Ind.; and the Rev. James O'Brien, of the Diocese of Vincennes who lately departed this life.

Mr. James P. Manser, of Newark, N. J., who died a happy death some weeks ago.

Mrs. Mary Comber, whose good life closed peacefully on the 21st of May, in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. John Baker, of Buckingham, Canada; Mrs. Jane Anderson, E. Freedom, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret E. Rawlinson, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Croake and Mr. B. C. Heavy, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John F. McBarron and Miss Mary A. McBarron, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Anna Cullen, Co. Roscommon, Ireland; Mrs. Ellen Brown, Derry Station, Pa.; Mrs. Mary McGlafferty, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Thomas B. Doran, Woonsocket, R. I.; Miss Elizabeth Dee, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Patrick Lahey, Harrisville, Ind.; Mr. James Keleher, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Reville, New York city; Mr. Thomas O'Hanlon, Chinook, Mont.; Miss Annie Daly, Mrs. Catherine Duffy, Miss Julia Gleason, Mr. John J. Sullivan, and Mr. James Fitzgerald,—all of New Britain, Conn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Dorothy's Vacation Letter.

THE BIG ELM FARM,
June 26, 1898.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:—

I'M having such a fine time,
A-playing all day long,
Where fields are bright with flowers,
And woods are gay with song.

But, oh! there is a big dog
That *how-els* after dark;
He is a black and white dog,
With such a great, loud bark.

Adown the lane are white geese,
That squawk and screech and hiss,
And flap their wings, and tell me,
"You silly city miss!"

The lambkins in the meadow
Are dear as they can be;
I pity the poor creatures,
'Cause they are 'fraid of me.

The bossy cows are beaut'ful;
They only stare at me;
Their very, very long horns
I try hard not to see.

The horses in the pasture
Eat grass the livelong day,
To make them strong to take me
To ride a mile away,

To where I mail my letter
To boys and girls so dear,
Who stay at home in summer,—
I wish you all were here!

Your loving friend,

DOROTHY.

How Leo Joined the Gypsies.

BY L. W. REILLY.

II.



LITTLE after five o'clock on Wednesday morning there was a peculiar call, similar to the flute-like note of the oriole, whistled up at Leo's room from the alley at the back of his residence. It was sounded three times. Leo did not hear it the first or the second time; but the "tick-tack" was jerked from below and the nail tapped at the window as the third whistle gave its shrillest summons. Then he awoke, jumped out of bed, rushed over to the window, raised the sash gently, poked out his head and waved his hand to Stephen; pulled in the cord, took down the "tick-tack," dressed himself rapidly; put a pin in the note that he had written the night before, and stuck it near the mirror of his bureau; grabbed his parcel, glided on tiptoe downstairs, unlocked the rear door, went out into the yard and through it into the alley where Stephen was.

The two boys greeted each other quietly; and then, hurrying out of the alley, they walked briskly down toward Baltimore Street. Few persons were astir on the streets at that hour in the slow old town; but as the day advanced more wayfarers appeared in the long vista of the city's main thoroughfare, and the noisy wagons of milkmen and grocers rattled over its blocks of stone. The

lads hurried along. When they reached Fremont Street they turned down it and proceeded into Columbia Avenue, and so on past Carroll Park, past Gwynn's Falls, to the first bosky hill on the Washington road, near the Mt. Clare cut of the B. & O. Railroad.

The hour was now ten minutes past six. The sun was bright, the morning air was cool, and the fields across the bridge looked invitingly green. On the way the chums had discussed the charms of a Bohemian life until they had exhausted the topic; then school, the "fellows," baseball, the war, and the latest story-books added to the Pratt Library. Their spirits were high as they walked along. They were somewhat tired as they neared their destination; their minds grew heavy in sympathy with the weariness of their bodies. When they came within sight of the camp, Stephen's courage failed him. He became silent, then he got pale, next he stood stock-still and blurted out:

"I don't think I'd like to be a gypsy, after all; would you, Leo?"

"Why of course!" quickly retorted that sanguine youngster. "You ain't going to back out now, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, *I'm* not, and I can't see why you should."

"I don't like to leave the folks at home."

"Bosh! The folks at home can get on without you."

"I'm afraid of the gypsies."

"Oh, well, if you're afraid, 'sissy-boy,' go home and play with your sister's dolly! Run—run, you coward, or I'll get the gypsies to catch you!"

So Stephen turned back and ran down the hill to the bridge.

For a time Leo watched the retreating figure with mingled regret and contempt; then he hurried onward to the camp. He found the gypsies eating their breakfast at a little folding table, around which some sat on boxes and camp-

chairs, some stood leaning against the neighboring trees, and a few squatted on the ground. In all there were four grown men, two young men of about twenty; one old crone, wrinkled and gray; three middle-aged women, a young woman of eighteen or nineteen, a little girl of three, and a baby in arms. The meal consisted of bacon, bread without butter, fried potatoes and coffee.

Leo, disheartened more than he cared to admit by the "flunk" of his friend, and made pretty timid by the strangeness of the scene, approached the group at the table and said bluntly:

"I want to be a gypsy."

"Do you?" inquired the man to whom Leo's father had talked the day before, and who now as if by right made himself the spokesman of the party.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"All right," answered the man. "Put your bundle down under that wagon there, and then sit on this box and have some breakfast."

Leo had feared a refusal. He had expected a very searching examination as to his parents, his place of abode, his reasons for leaving home, his fitness for the gypsy life, etc.; and he had prepared in his mind ready answers for all sorts of questions on this line. Now he was dumfounded at the lack of formality with which he was received. The gypsy made no further inquiry; and the others present, men and women, went on with their eating as unconcernedly as if receiving new members into the tribe were a common everyday occurrence. Some of them spoke occasionally to the others in a language that was strange to Leo. One of them—the young woman of eighteen, who had a gaily-colored silk handkerchief tied about her head—looked toward him and said something that made some of the others laugh. But the chief scowled, and there was no more fun at the expense of the newcomer.

Leo did not notice the young woman's pleasantry. He was busily eating his breakfast, which had been set before him on an iron plate and in a tin cup. His appetite had been sharpened by his long, brisk walk in the morning air. Even so, he had little relish for the fat bacon, the greasy potatoes, the rye bread, and the bitter coffee. But he was getting along fairly well, when suddenly the chief called to him:

"You there kid, get through and go help Manuel!"

Leo started as if he had been struck; he had not expected that kind of a tone for directions among the gypsies. His last mouthful of food stuck in his throat so that he could hardly swallow it. He could eat no more after that; and, rising up, he went with one of the younger men who beckoned to him.

"Are you Manuel?" Leo asked.

"Yes. What's your name?"

"Leo."

"Leo? That's a good name—short and easy. Well, Leo, come help me hobble the three horses that you are to take care of to-day."

Man and boy proceeded to the large tent. Manuel hobbled a horse. Then he gave a hobble to Leo and showed him how to put it on. Next he made Leo hobble the third horse.

"You will not go farther than that old clay bank," Manuel said, as he drove the horses out to the road.

Presently five of the men, including Manuel, rode out with several horses and set off in different directions.

All day long Leo tended the hobbled horses, driving them up one side of the road and down the other, wherever there was grass for them to nibble; lying down under bush or brake while they cropped the scanty herbage; going back to camp at noon for dinner, and again late in the afternoon, when he had to cut wood, carry water and mind the baby while its

mother and the young woman with the silk handkerchief went hunting in the woods for herbs. He was enjoying the life, although the first day had been rather tame; but the novelty of his new existence still elated him, and the women of the camp were very friendly to him, so that he felt pretty much at home with them.

The men who had gone out with the horses in the morning returned during the course of the afternoon, and were all in their accustomed places at supper, toward six o'clock. After that meal they sat together around a little fire, smoked their pipes, and related the happenings of the day.

After eight o'clock a number of persons came to the camp from the city. They were mostly young men and young girls, but once in a while there was an elderly woman among them. They drew nigh singly, by twos, and in parties of three and four. They sought to have their fortunes told. The old crone sat for the purpose in the centre of one of the little tents, and the applicants for forbidden knowledge would go in for an audience with her, one by one.

Whenever there would be a dearth of clients, Leo noticed that the old sooth-sayer would slip out of the tent and hasten to a fire in the background, where the other women were collected; and every time she and they would chatter in that strange tongue, and would laugh with a cynical sort of humor. And once Manuel, seeing a young girl shyly approaching, went stealthily over to the group of women who were so engrossed with their gossip that they had not perceived her, and he called out in a stage-whisper:

"Get into your den, mother! Here comes another fool to listen to the yarn of the six lovers and the two husbands."

At this sally they all snickered, and the crone hurried smiling into the tent.

Leo did not understand it all then; but when, later, he asked Manuel why those people were coming to interview the old woman, and heard that they wanted to have their fortunes told, he remembered the answer of the catechism to the question, "What does the First Commandment forbid?" and he repeated it to himself: "It forbids all dealings with the devil; all inquiry after future or secret things by means of omens, dreams, fortune-tellers or such-like fooleries." And he was somewhat troubled in mind at being associated with a fortune-teller.

It was easy enough for Leo to be a light-hearted gypsy during the day, when the sun shone; but when the night came down dark and lonesome, his spirits fell and thoughts of home would intrude upon him. Did they miss him? Were they thinking of him? Did they care for his departure? Were they worried about him? If he closed his eyes, he could see in his mind the bright sitting-room, with the family gathered around the long table. There especially were his mother—his dear, dear mother—and Bessie, his favorite sister. Then he wondered about Stephen. Had he reached home before his absence was observed? Next he thought of school, of the boys that he liked, of his teacher, and of his pastor who had begun to prepare him for Confirmation at the end of June. He grew homesick. He half resolved to give up being a gypsy and go back. If there had only been in camp a boy or two of about his own age he might not have felt so miserable. Yet he had pluck to fight against his feelings.

"Gypsies," he said to himself, "must not be sad."

Besides, there were the stars to look at, the noises of the woods to listen to, the lights of the distant city to admire, and the stories of the horse-traders to hear. The "fellows" would laugh him to scorn if he forsook his chosen career before he had well begun it. He resolved

to stick it out, feeling sure that when he was more used to the life he would be better content. So when, shortly after nine o'clock, he was shown to a "shake-down" of straw, covered with a quilt, in one of the tents, he partly undressed, crept into the bed, and speedily fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

Hobson the Carrier.

Recently a young man by the name of Hobson has distinguished himself by sinking a large vessel in the mouth of a Cuban harbor. This has given rise to a series of jests concerning "Hobson's choice"; very few persons, however, being aware who the original Hobson was, or what his choice was, or why it was.

Thomas Hobson, who, because of this familiar saying, seems so near to us to-day, was born in England in the sixteenth century. His father was a carrier of letters, goods, and persons, and bequeathed to him his business. The son was the first person in the kingdom to let horses for hire, and his method of doing so was peculiar. If a customer asked for a horse, Hobson would proffer him the one which stood nearest the stable door; and if he objected, would say: "This or none." This pertinacity with which he refused to let the animals leave the stable except in their turn gave rise to the expression, "Hobson's choice," which, you will readily see, was no choice at all.

His strange business methods did not prevent him from thriving, and he grew rich. Better than that, he was generous, and gave, among other gifts, a fine work-house to his native town. His trips took him between Cambridge and London; and it was during a cessation of them, caused by the plague in the latter place, that the old man died. Milton wrote two epitaphs on him, in one of which he quaintly said that Death would never

have hit the carrier if he had continued dodging backward and forward between Cambridge and Bishopsgate Street. It is very strange to think of the stately author of "Paradise Lost" laying aside his dignity and indulging in humorous verse relating to this plain old fellow. Hobson was also made the subject of a paper in the *Spectator*—even a greater honor, according to my way of thinking.

He was eighty-five years old when he died. Many memorials of him exist in Cambridge, notably a Hobson Street and a public-house called Old Hobson; while well-authenticated portraits of him are numerous. One of them has these lines underneath:

He was a thriving man through lawful gain,
And wealthy grew by warrantable fame.
Men laugh at them that spend, not them that gather,
Like thriving sonnes of such a thrifty father.

The Clog Almanac.

The derivation of the word almanac is much disputed, almost all lexicographers declaring that the first syllable is Arabic, signifying *the*, but differing as to the others. One learned man, however, asserts that the word is purely Anglo-Saxon and derived from *al-mon-aght*, which means, literally, the observation of the moons.

In the seventeenth century there was in common use a strange device for showing the Sundays and other fixed holydays of the year. This was called a clog almanac, and was merely a square stick of hard wood, which hung in the parlor or was used as part of a walking-cane. The days were indicated by various sorts of notches, the Sundays by broad ones. Different symbols, resembling hieroglyphics, indicated the coming of special festivals; the Feast of St. Hilary being shown by an episcopal cross, the martyrdom of St. Paul by an ax, St. Valentine's Day by a true-lover's-knot, and St. David's Day by a harp. The notch for St. Ceadda's

Day ended in a bough, indicating the hermit's life he led. The 1st of May was shown by a bit of hawthorn, or "May"; St. Barnaby's Day by a rake, denoting the hay harvest. St. John the Baptist had his feast pointed out by a sword, the weapon with which he was beheaded. The gridiron of St. Lawrence, the wheel of St. Catherine, the peculiar cross of St. Andrew, were emblems used in connection with those saints. Whenever it was desired to denote a feast of the Blessed Virgin a heart was used.

Some Instances of Heroism.

War is a terrible thing, but we are all fond of reading of bravery upon the battlefield; and history has recorded many instances where devotion to a cause seemed almost superhuman. When the famous General Fabert was getting ready to besiege a town, and indicating to his subordinates the best place for beginning an attack, a musket ball took off the finger with which he pointed. He did not move a muscle of his face, but, indicating the same place with another finger, calmly said: "Gentlemen, as I was saying, I think it will be wisest to direct your batteries toward that point."

Henry de la Rochejacquelein was only eighteen when he headed the troops of La Vendée, and said to them: "My friends, you would listen to my father if he were with you. Listen to me. If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me."

At the siege of Nicopolis a brave little drummer boy fell into the hands of the cruel Mamelukes, and a Turkish sword shone above his head. "*Vive la France!*" he cried, and the sword fell.

Indeed children have often shown all the heroism which is commonly thought to belong to big folk, and the drummer of Nicopolis has many brothers.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Homer himself must have nodded oftener than usual when the weather was warm, so there is some excuse for a learned contemporary that speaks of St. Philip Neri's remembrances of Savonarola's preaching. The famous Dominican was martyred—if that is the way to call it—seventeen years before St. Philip was born.

—It is surprising to learn that Lincoln's famous Gettysburg Speech, now universally regarded as a classic, as it well deserves to be, was looked upon as a distinct failure at the time of its delivery. Lamon, Lincoln's biographer, and Edward Everett openly expressed their disappointment; and among the audience there were only the most perfunctory expressions of approval at its conclusion. Lincoln's own judgment was: "It distresses me to think of it. That speech of mine *won't scour*,"—which was his favorite expression for lack of merit.

—The late Charles Kent, the valued friend of so many distinguished men in England and distinguished himself for wide scholarship and important literary productions, translated for THE AVE MARIA the four antiphons of the Blessed Virgin: the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, *Ave Regina Cælorum*, *Regina Cæli*, and *Salve Regina*. These beautiful antiphons, with the proper versicles and prayers, have just been added to our list of leaflets. We may state openly the double object we had in view: viz., to promote solid piety and to furnish a liturgical substitute for the twaddle so widely circulated in prayer-leaflets addressed to the Blessed Virgin.

—Prof. St. George Mivart desires to hear from any one who possesses a copy of an old book entitled "The Motherhood of God," which he read while making a spiritual retreat in 1869 and wishes to consult again. An interesting proposition advanced by this old volume is that since God is no more male than female, and since all the perfections of woman exist preeminently in God, He should not be represented by images and symbols exclusively masculine. The proposition is rather fanciful than real, but it may be sug-

gested that one reason for this universal practice is that whenever the Diety refers to Itself in the inspired writings it always uses the masculine pronoun.

—That interesting and deservedly prosperous juvenile publication, *Our Young People*, has adopted the magazine form, which greatly improves its appearance.

—Katharine Tynan Hinkson has published a new volume of verse, "The Wind in the Trees." Mrs. Hinkson wields a facile pen, but she is one of the few authors who do not write too much.

—One can never cease to wonder at the inconsistency of parents who, though perhaps careful enough about the company their children keep, are utterly careless as to what their children read. Can it be possible that there is any one in this age of print so inexperienced as not to know that vile and degrading experiences must infallibly contaminate the mind and sully the heart? We have already referred to a most thoughtful and admirably written article on the subject of pernicious reading by Ellen Burns Sherman, published in the *Critic*, and had hoped to see it widely copied by the Catholic press; but as it seems to have escaped notice, we make room for some extracts which deserve the widest circulation:

Is there any good reason why one should not be as fastidious about the company he keeps in books as in real life? Why, then, should one associate with an ink-begotten hero beyond the page, where his communications are such as would not be tolerated in select circles in real life? But, with the strange inconsistency of mortals, characters who, in flesh and blood, would be ejected from a respectable house, by primitive methods, when typographically incarnated, are coddled in ladies' boudoirs in thousands of homes and allowed to associate with the younger members of the household.

We should indignantly resent the audacity of one who came into our house and hung on our walls pictures that filled us with loathing. But the offence of the morbid realist who hangs repulsive pictures in the mind is far greater; for these can not be taken down and scarcely may be veiled by the merciful years. In spite of all quibbling and fencing in the name of art, we are facing a grave problem in the present tendency on the part of authors to write and translate books which are known among pub-

lishers as "off color." . . . Now that it is widely understood that nothing swells the circulation of a book so much as qualities which challenge its suppression, even the righteous author—especially if there is some poverty mingled with his righteousness—is sorely tempted to slacken the reins of propriety; while the second, third and fourth-rate author dispenses with reins altogether.

One of the most hopeless features of the case is the victim's unconsciousness of his own demoralization. There is, in nearly every instance, a literary nausea, like that accompanying the first experiment with tobacco, which follows the first reading of a rank book. But with the tenth or twelfth volume of the kind, some readers have passed the shockable stage. They have seen "The Thing Too Much," and find life stale before they are out of their twenties.

"You won't mind it at all after you have been in here half an hour," was the grimly consoling assurance of the officer who accompanied Kennan to a Siberian prison, in which the air was so vile that the explorer knew no adjective that could adequately describe it. Such, in brief, is the experience of those who breathe for any length of time the air wafted from the guano Parnassus of modern literature.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland*. \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss*. \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio*. \$1.50, net.

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson*. \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke*. \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, net.

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg*. \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly*. 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan*. 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward*. 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley*. 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani*. 50 cts., net.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, net.

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay*. \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey*. 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.

For a King. *T. S. Sharwood*. 95 cts., net.

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, net.

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., net.

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.

Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.

The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.

Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.

Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky*. \$1.25.

How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebs, C. SS. R.* \$1, net.

Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, net.

The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, net.

Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., net.

The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 50 cts.

Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts., net.

Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.

Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.

Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.

The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Ayné, M. D.* \$1, net.

The Reaction from Science. *Rev. W. J. Madden*. \$1.25.

The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.

The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul. *Francis Goldie, S. J.* \$1.35, net.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Mist and Storm.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

"I am the Bright and Morning Star."

I.

THICK lies the dew, the mists are grey,
Wearier the weight upon my soul;
There are no lights from yonder coasts,—
Flaps the old flag against its pole.
I can not trace the sea-marge now,
I do not hear the curlew's cry;
The clouds are low, about, around;
No single star is out on high.

II.

The waves, with deep and awful voice,
Break rudely on the rocky shore;
So comes a storm from out the west,
Sounds hollow grow to deepening roar.
Winds! scatter mists to north and south;
Flag! toy with breezes as they play,—
Gleams o'er the golden eastern bar
The Morning Star at break of day.

About Christian Reid.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



IT will take us Catholics some time to discover that destructive criticism is quite out of fashion. Matthew Arnold ought to have taught us that. He saw that the vice of the Philistine was intolerance of the beautiful; and the intolerance of narrowness is always destructive. The provincial

critic and the amateur critic are always destructive; and, among Catholics, they are constantly demanding things which have been long ago supplied. The business of the critic is to build. If a writer's defects can not be made stepping-stones to higher things, he might pass them by. William Winter, the prince of American dramatic critics, has accepted this thesis, and helped to support high talent.

The demands that were made fifteen years ago—and *The Freeman's Journal* and *The Catholic Review* and the other Catholic papers then were never tired of making demands—have been answered. Our young people, for instance, are supplied with many good books. "The Little Savoyard" and the over-pious French child have been driven out of their literature; so let us congratulate ourselves a little, and point out the good things. Let us drop the "eternal grumble." We have summer schools and reading circles and historical societies, and a lot of very good books which are not so much read as they ought to be. In nearly all the lists made out for young girls, I find that Louise Alcott's stories are at the head, and, with the exception of "Aunt Jo's Shawl Strap," are included in every well-regulated library. And, in collating the opinion of Catholic American critics, I find that Christian Reid is graciously compared to Miss Alcott, with a certain reserve in favor of the latter. It seems to

me that Christian Reid is, by all odds, the very best novelist we have, in the line.

No author should be judged without taking into consideration his intention, nor without an appeal to some fixed canons. Brunetière, long-winded as he is at times, has disgusted even the French with mere impressionist criticism.

A convert who is a writer suffers, too, by judgment—from the ethical point of view—made on books written before his conversion. It would be absurd to test Mr. Lathrop by "An Echo of Passion," or Christian Reid by "Valerie Aylmer," or Lady Georgiana Fullerton by some of the sentimentalities she uttered before she came into the Church. But Christian Reid needs very little concession on this point. From the beginning her novels were true and pure. There is "Morton House"—how stimulating to all that is good, how interesting it is! But it ought to be read when one is young. Then only can one feel the real thrill of the Christmas anthem and the deep anxiety about the mystery of the heroine. It appeared in Appleton's *Journal* long ago, and probably floated that publication while it ran. The story is admirably told; each point made with exactness until the logical climax is reached.

To complain, however, that there are few good novels for young girls, with an elevated tone and an elegant style, while fifteen or twenty of Christian Reid's are at hand, seems unreasonable. There is the objection that some of these novels are controversial. All the better, provided the "controversy" is part of the soul and the flesh of the novel,—all the better! A novel for Catholics has no reason to exist unless it has a basis of good teaching. We Catholics, at present, ought to have no time to write novels merely for "art's sake." If we do that—and do it well,—we can appeal to the whole world, but with no more effect for the good of the world than the tales of

Théophile Gautier had, or those of Alphonse Daudet. There is hardly a phase of practical theology which might not, for the glory of God, be developed by artists in fiction;—a novel based on "philosophic sin" might *not* succeed, but there are other subjects.

Christian Reid writes for two markets—the market of the American world and the Catholic market. This is a hard thing to do. It develops a *pose*, in most cases; it brings about the cultivation of two manners. For the worldly market, your lovers must exchange burning kisses; for the Catholic market, they exchange pearl rosaries. Christian Reid, whether she writes for *Lippincott's* or *THE AVE MARIA*, has only one aim and only one manner. "Bonnie Kate" (written for *Frank Leslie's*)—which was beloved by the late John Gilmary Shea, who had a weakness for a good novel,—is as pure as the most Catholic of Christian Reid's novels, "Heart of Steel." No mother need be ashamed to let a book by Christian Reid lie beside her baby's cradle; and no young girl need feel obliged to skip any passage when reading aloud to her father. (I am informed that, of late, young women have been obliged to "cut" great paragraphs in Mrs. Burnett's books, in order that blushes might not be brought to the cheeks of their listening sires!)

One is sure of being in good company when with Christian Reid. And her people are real persons; the tone of their life and talk is a tone that exists in their class. It takes two or three generations of good-breeding to produce Christian Reid's dowagers and maidens, but they are none the less real. I used to think that these dowagers and maidens did not exist, because I did not happen to know them. Some experience in the South soon proves to one the existence of elegance and refinement, carefulness of speech, serene dignity of assured

position independent of mere external circumstances, and indomitable feeling of class. Christian Reid's people are of life. She may idealize at times—all artists do.

From "A Child of Mary," which put into French and signed by Octave Feuillet would have made Christian Reid internationally famous, to the latest little book, "Fairy Gold,"* there is the stamp, in every line, of a noble nature. She is the novelist of "good society" in the best sense. If a girl of fine type read "Morton House" or "Heart of Steel," she must yearn to be more noble; and if a man learn to expect reticence, high motives, and good manners in his future wife from the reading of these novels, he will be, in the long run, the better for it. If we had that full *esprit de corps* which we are gradually gaining, the coming out of a new novel by Christian Reid would be an event; and an edition of a million copies, divided among 9,000,000 Catholics, would be a thing to be counted on.

When I acclaim Christian Reid for always introducing us to young women who get the crowns of honor, I leave myself open to the charge of not having imitated her example;—but, then, I have always been fond of the girls who did not get the crowns. My heart has gone out to Mgr. Martinelli since I heard a story yesterday. He was the principal guest at a great Commencement—splendid in purple, and suave and benevolent; and after all the crowns had been given out, the Great Ones, in white muslin, gave him a huge bouquet of jasmine and orchids, which he received with the proper joy. Near him was a little girl. "My dear," he asked, "why have you not a crown?" "Because, Monseigneur, I have not been a good little girl." "O my dear," he said, "you have! You have sat here for two hours and a half,—you have been a good little girl." And he gave her the splendid bouquet of white and purple and gold—which shows

how gracefully some Italian prelates can give things away.

Christian Reid's men are fine and chivalrous, when they are not required by the exigencies of the story to be villains. The author of "A Child of Mary" does not love the villain; she does not like to paint him at all. In the South, villains for whom one has a sneaking regard must be scarce in good society. In the North, if we are to take the realists literally, they are as thick as huckleberries or ice-cream soda-water fountains in July. As a rule, the men of Christian Reid are gentlemen who can not help being gentlemen; and she never lets them forget, even if they would, that they are in the society of gentlewomen.

Christian Reid has the highest of motives. She has only to go a little beyond the line of propriety to be "popular" and to draw a big cheque every month of her life. She can tell a story; she has the technique—an experiment in the line of "A Lady of Quality" would set everybody talking, and the stream of shekels would run her way. As it is, she is the most deservedly popular of all our novelists that write for Catholics.

She knows the life around her,—a life which can be appreciated only by those who lived it before the war and who see the results of it since the war. She gives us what we ask for—the American novel of American life, pure, elegant, ethically true, and artistically written. There are defects, no doubt, and all her books are not equal in matter or manner,—whose are? Not Thackeray's or George Eliot's or Hawthorne's, or anybody's.

Come, ladies and gentlemen, let us be thankful for Christian Reid, and fill the book shelves of our daughters, cousins, nieces (and even of all the bad little girls who deserve them because they do not get crowns of honor!) with "Fairy Gold" and "Morton House" and "Bonnie Kate," and the rest.

* THE AVE MARIA Press.

Genevieve's Romance.

I.

IF it had been through any fault of my own that all these misfortunes came upon me, I would not be so rebellious," said Edward Bigelow, as he paced back and forward in front of his friend, Father Anderson, in whose hospitable dwelling he was at present a guest. For a number of years the priest had been the efficient and well-beloved pastor of Templeton, a small town on the Eastern Atlantic coast, where Bigelow had made up his mind to establish his permanent residence.

"Do not speak thus, Edward," replied the priest, gently.

"I can not help it, Father. When misery strikes us, it is as well to go under first as last, I believe."

"That is not the best way of looking at things," rejoined the priest.

"Nevertheless, it is true," persisted the other. "I have often observed it, and commented upon it to myself—even in days when it did not apply in the least to my own circumstances. Five years ago I was wealthy, a happy husband and father; I had never known anything but prosperity, had seen life only on its bright side. And to-day what am I? A helpless, hopeless creature, my money all gone, my wife killed by sorrow and misfortune, my only child as delicate as a flower that dies under the breath of adversity."

"Again I repeat, do not despond, Edward," said his friend; "at least try to make the best of things as they are, and show that you are a man. The loss of wealth is not always an unmitigated misfortune: it puts all one's best faculties to the test, and often becomes a stimulus to powers undreamt of during the time of prosperity."

"Not for me," said the other, gloomily. "I have always been impractical. I am

also aware of the fact that if I had not been so trustful and less of a dreamer, I would not be sitting here to-day, the victim of another's dishonesty. Probably Lang and his family are basking this moment in the sun of Algiers, where my poor Fanny would have had at least a fighting chance for her life, and where Genevieve should be at this moment."

"One need not travel so far as that for a balmy climate," said the priest. "If things should go badly with the child, there is your sister in New Mexico."

"A cranky old maid!" said Bigelow, with a shrug of the shoulders. "She would worry the child to death."

"What is coming over you, Edward?" asked the priest. "Take courage; you have friends, the wheel of fortune will turn. A man who has given up everything to pay the debts of a dishonest partner can not fail to command the respect of the public. Besides, you are not penniless: you have the income from Genevieve's property while you live."

"A paltry three thousand."

"And the house and grounds?"

"A mere shell, the house is."

"A most comfortable residence," said the priest.

"Yes, for the summer. But fancy living here day after day, and month after month, the whole year through!"

"Don't you intend to do something in the city?"

"What can I do? I have no capital."

"You ought to be able to live on half your income," said the priest. "With the other half you might make an investment in some little business."

"Some little business!" said Bigelow.

"What shall it be? A grocery shop, or perhaps a bakery?"

"Come, come!" said Father Anderson. "I am getting out of patience with you. In the beginning you faced the inevitable with the front of a hero; but now—"

"Well, Father, I can't help it," rejoined

Bigelow, sadly. "I am sick of life. I have no ambition, no desires. If it were not for the child, I really believe I should lie down and die of sheer heart-weariness."

At this moment the garden gate opened, and a ridiculous-looking boy, leading by the hand a little girl, came slowly up the walk. Great indeed was the contrast between the two. The boy was about thirteen, tall and awkward. He had outgrown his jacket and trousers, which made him look still more ungainly; a broad-brimmed, flapping straw-hat made his small, dark, sharp-featured face appear even smaller and darker. Through a rent in the middle of the crown a tuft of jet-black, curly hair protruded like a feather, presenting a very comical aspect. His eyes, large, clear and expressive, were of that beautiful gray that shades to violet; the kind which under emotion or excitement seem to change to deep brown or black. His mouth was well formed; and when the firm red lips parted in a smile, which they often did, the flash which illumined every feature would have beautified the plainest face.

The little girl, his companion, could not have been more than seven years old. She was dressed in white, a dainty creature from head to foot; soft, light brown curls peeped from the little white sunbonnet which shaded her small face; her eyes were also soft and brown, with long, curling lashes; her complexion of that transparent delicacy which often betokens consumption. With one tiny hand close folded in that of her companion, the little creature trudged bravely up the walk; though one could see that she was both warm and tired. The boy carried a basket in his disengaged hand.

"Dominic, you should have carried the child," said the priest, as the boy approached. "She looks fatigued."

"I wanted to, uncle, but she would not let me," he replied, seating himself on the lower step of the piazza, and

drawing the little one down beside him.

"Such a big girl!" laughed the child. "I'd be ashamed to have Dominic carry me—so ashamed! Wouldn't I, papa?"

"I don't know, Genevieve," answered her father, looking at her affectionately. "Dominic is a great, strong fellow, and you are such a tiny little girl."

"I'm not a bit tired," said the child,— "not now, but I was in the sun. See what we've brought. Open the basket, Dom."

She held up her finger with a pretty gesture of command, and the boy lifted the cover of the basket. A fishy odor greeted the nostrils of the onlookers.

"Clams!" said Father Anderson. "That means soup, I suppose?"

"No: chowder," replied the little girl, without hesitation. "Once Tom's wife at the boat-house gave me a taste, and I thought it was good. And Dom says he knows how to make it. Will Mrs. Bailey let him?"

"Oh, yes! She is a kind soul," said the priest. "But when is the party to come off?"

"To-night," said Dominic. "I'm going to the kitchen this very minute to fix things. Will you come, minnow?"

"I'm not rested," replied the child, climbing into her father's lap. "I think I must go to sleep now, but I'll eat some after my nap."

"All right," returned the boy, taking up the basket. "Pretty soon you'll smell the chowder cooking, and you'll wake up *just* a little before supper time. I guess I'd better send Aunt Phebe out; don't you think so, Mr. Bigelow?" he went on, glancing at the little girl. Already her head was sinking on her father's shoulder.

Mr. Bigelow nodded. The tiny white sunbonnet had slipped back from the tossed curls; the soft breath came and went regularly through the half-parted lips, and when her nurse arrived a few moments later Genevieve was fast asleep. Lifting her gently from her father's arms,

Aunt Phebe carried her into the house.

"What a fairy little thing she is!" said the priest, after they had disappeared.

"Yes," sighed the father. "She inherits all her mother's delicacy of constitution, with, I fear, something of my languid temperament."

"There you go again!" said the priest, impatiently. "Don't, for pity's sake, bring her up with that belief. It might go hard with her should you do so. Don't coddle her too much either; she needs plenty of fresh air and exercise."

"Aunt Phebe knows how to take care of her," remarked his friend. "She is a very judicious old woman."

"You are fortunate in having her," was the reply. "Indeed, a man is a very helpless creature usually, where a child is concerned."

"You seem to have done pretty well by Dominic."

"With a boy it is different," returned the priest. "And he is a fine, sturdy fellow,—'not very much for the pooty,' as the German said, 'but very much for the sthrong.'"

"I predict he will be a handsome man some day," replied Mr. Bigelow.

The priest shook his head, with a smile, as he said:

"I do not think so. But I hope he will be a good man—and clever."

"What do you intend to make of him?" asked the other. "A priest?"

"You speak like a Protestant, Edward," answered Father Anderson. "I should be glad to see him a good priest, but I do not believe his vocation lies that way."

"There's no harm in leading a boy's thoughts in a certain direction," said Bigelow. "Your example, too, ought to count for something. He is very much attached to you."

"I know it," replied the priest. "The lad is young yet, but I fancy he has a leaning to the medical profession."

"Indeed? It is in the blood, probably."

"Yes: his father and grandfather were both physicians."

"Ah! the grandfather also?"

"Yes. He goes to Fordham next term, you know. No one can tell what the ensuing four years may do for him."

"Well, he is sure to make a success of whatever he undertakes," said Bigelow. "And I'll stick to it, that he will turn out to be very good-looking."

The clock struck four.

"I shall just have time for my Office before supper," observed the priest.

"And I for a plunge in the surf," returned Bigelow.

Both rose simultaneously and went their different ways.

As Dominic had predicted, a pleasant fragrance of clam chowder in process of cooking soon pervaded the air; and half an hour later Genevieve, freshly arrayed in her accustomed white, ran down to the kitchen to assist in its preparation. Much to her disappointment, she found that the delicious concoction was almost ready; but she was consoled with a couple of doughnuts which Mrs. Bailey, the cook, produced from the pantry. When the small household reassembled at the supper table, the chowder was pronounced by all a complete success.

Mr. Bigelow was temporarily residing in the house of the priest, while his own was being put in readiness for occupation. Formerly it had been the pleasant summer-home of the happy little family, used between trips to Newport and Saratoga, or some of the many favorite watering-places on the Atlantic coast. But since the loss of his fortune and the death of his wife, he had resolved to occupy it permanently; at least until his daughter was some years older, when he had a vague idea, if his means would permit, of taking her to France and completing her education in the same convent where her mother had spent some of the happiest years of her life.

Father Anderson's mission was not an arduous one, although it comprised the spiritual care of three small towns, all lying on the coast. Despite his fine physique, he had a serious affection of the heart, because of which his superiors had placed him in this quiet and most congenial locality. A student of Nature, he dwelt happily and peacefully in her contemplation; spending much of his time in writing for various home and foreign magazines. He was a theologian as well as a scientist of no small repute. He and Bigelow had been schoolmates, though he was the elder of the two. Their friendship had continued during a period of many years; and to Bigelow, on whom his misfortunes had had a most depressing effect, there was much solace in the thought that in the good and gentle priest he had one friend, at least, with whom he could commune as with his own soul, and whose salutary influence was the only thing which prevented him from falling into the depths of despair.

When the changes in his house were completed, the furniture rearranged—with the addition of some that had been saved from the wreck, as having been the property of his wife,—a capable servant engaged, who, with Genevieve's nurse, constituted all his servants, Mr. Bigelow took possession of his new home. But she who had once been its guardian spirit had departed, and he seemed to feel her loss with even more intensity than when she first left him.

Months passed. Mr. Bigelow made no effort to rouse himself from the fatal lethargy into which he had fallen mind and soul; and it was with sorrow that Father Anderson at last concluded that henceforward his friend's life must be only a shadow of that which it had formerly been. Gloom finally gave way to indifference: he would spend day after day fishing or boating; no inducement

could be brought to bear which would persuade him to shake off the languor that had seized upon him. Books were still a solace to him, however; and intercourse with them, and with two or three friends beside the priest, was all that saved him from entire stagnation.

Meanwhile he did not spend all his income, the surplus of which he was content to invest in bonds for the future of Genevieve, to whom he was a most kind and indulgent father. The priest taught her to read and also directed her reading; her father gave her lessons in arithmetic; and an old lady in the village, who had formerly been a music-teacher of national reputation, taught her to play the piano, for which she had a decided talent. Several times Father Anderson had suggested that the child be sent to school for a few years; but on these occasions Bigelow would always declare that he could not part with her. To the priest she was hardly less dear than his nephew, who had not yet fulfilled the prediction of Genevieve's father, but had grown rapidly into a long-limbed, awkward youth, clever at his books, determined to be a doctor, and still the comfort and pride of his uncle's heart.

To Dominic only was little Genevieve tyrannical; she seemed to look upon him as her slave—as he was, but a most willing one. To him she was the incarnation of all beauty and loveliness, and she evidently thought the chief purpose of his existence was to wait upon her every wish and command. He had never crossed her little imperious will in any particular; therefore they had never had even the slightest approach to a quarrel. He never ran down from college for a visit without bringing a pretty gift for Genevieve; and to the child the long vacation, which meant unlimited boating, fishing, and excursions, was the most beautiful period of the year.

(To be continued.)

The Wiclifite English Bible.—A Popular Fallacy.

(CONCLUSION.)

EXTANT EDITIONS.

THUS far there seems to be no positive testimony for Wiclif, and very much and very strong evidence against him. But what of the extant editions of the Scriptures? Are they not Wiclif's? Have they not been attributed to him for centuries past? Yes; and so has the honor of having first inspired and first executed the idea of a translation into the vernacular been his portion for centuries past.

The versions which we have, and which are looked upon as Wiclifite, have been executed with the utmost care. Elegance of illumination, exactness of writing, minuteness of detail, characterize them. "The volumes were in many instances executed in a costly manner, and were usually written upon vellum by experienced scribes."* Is it possible, then, that they should have been produced by men who, as Taine tells us, read in secret "at night in their shops by candle-light, and for which they got themselves burned"?—by these Lollards who, in accordance with the Act "De heretico comburendo" (1400), were forbidden, under pain of fine and imprisonment, to keep schools, to have or publish heretical books, or to hold assemblies?

Wiclif's aim in translating was the spread of his teaching. "In which translation," as Sir Thomas More observes, "he purposely corrupted the holy text; maliciously planting therein such words as might, in the readers' ears, serve to prove of such heresies as he went about to sow."† And speaking of the burning of a Bible belonging to Richard Hun, a

Lollard, the same authority says: "This Bible was destroyed, not because it was in English, but because it contained gross and manifest heresy." Arundel's letter to John XXIII. states plainly that he tried "to undermine the very faith and teaching of Holy Church by devising a new translation of Scripture."

Again, it would be the most natural thing in the world for him to quote from his own translation in his sermons and works. Yet upon examination we find that in the extant so-called Wiclifite versions there is nothing against good Catholic teaching. Neither in his works do we find quotations corresponding to these versions. Yet the Apocalypse, above referred to, quotes from the version ordinarily attributed to him. And Bishop Pecock in his "Represser of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy,"* written against the Lollards, cites this version.

Furthermore, the decree of the Council of Oxford required that no translation be made or read "unless approved and allowed by the diocesan of the place or by the provincial council." Any version, then, bearing the ordinary's *imprimatur* must be orthodox and not Wiclifite. Now, one of Lord Ashburnham's manuscript copies of the New Testament, dating from the fifteenth century, has the following approbation: "A lytel boke of £8, 6s. 8d., and it [was written by] a holy man [and] was overseyne and read by Dr. Thomas Ebb...all and Dr. Ryve...my modir bought it." In a devotional book written for the nuns of Syon in the early half of the fifteenth century we read: "As it is forbidden to have or translate any text of Holy Scripture into English without license of the bishop diocesan, therefore have I asked and have license of our Bishop to translate such things into English."†

* "Holy Bible containing Old and New Testaments, with Apocryphal Books." Introduction, p. xxxii. Forshall & Madden.

† "Works of Sir Thomas More," l. c., p. 233. London, 1557.

* Ed. by Churchill Babington. London, 1860.

† "The Myrroure of Our Lady, very necessary for religious persons."

Strype informs us that Arundel was "for the translation of the Scripture into the vulgar tongue and for the laity's use thereof." And Bishop Pecock, in his "Represser," says he would not deem it unlawful for laymen to read the Bible with the aid and counsel of wise and learned men. While Bishop Bonner, that *malleus hereticorum*, had copies of the Bible put in St. Paul's Church to be read by the people.* All these things indicate that while Bibles were rather uncommon in the early part of the fifteenth century, there must have been many licensed and approved.

ENGLISH BIBLE IN PUBLIC WILLS.

Again, in face of the ruling of Oxford, no good Catholic, much less a church or religious community, would keep in his possession or bestow, by will or otherwise, upon another a Bible that had not the official approval of the ordinary, or that was not thoroughly orthodox and Catholic.

The manuscript of Dr. Adam Clarke, mentioned above, is to-day displayed in the British Museum as Wiclif's translation. This was formerly the property of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, a staunch friend and supporter of Archbishop Arundel. Henry VI., "enthusiastic in the cause of religion," gave to the monks of the Charterhouse a finely executed vellum folio copy of the Scriptures. Henry VII. had the same version in his library, also of exquisite workmanship. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, friend of St. Albans and opponent of the Lollards, had a version of the New Testament in English. Bonner† possessed the copy of the English Bible now at Lambeth. The prior of St. John's, Clerkenwell, William Weston, owned the one now at Cambridge. In 1394 a copy of Gospels in English was bequeathed to the chantry of St. Nicholas by John Hopton,

chaplain. William Revetour, a priest of York, in 1446 left an English Bible by will; and Lady Danvers gave to the convent of Syon an English New Testament in 1517.

Such evidence is contrary to all that we would expect from the possession of a Bible which was the secret production of the Lollard scribes who were hunted from pillar to post, and who never would have received the approval of such men as Arundel, Bonner, and Pecock. These historical proofs, each strong in itself, though merely mentioned, make an irrefragable argument when taken together.

THE OLD VULGATE AND THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

Mr. Leake next invites us to look into the pedigree of the so-called Wiclifite translation. As he traces it, the pedigree begins with the translation of the Old Testament by the seventy-two scribes into the Greek Septuagint. At an early date the Septuagint was reproduced in Latin, and went under the name of Old Vulgate. This Old Vulgate was then translated by Wiclif. Hence Wiclif's Bible is the translation of the translation of a translation.

This is another sample of Mr. Leake's historical acumen. He has committed the grave mistake of confounding the Old Vulgate (of the early Church, the *Vetus Latina*), which was really translated from the Septuagint, with the Vulgate of Jerome, translated from the Hebrew original in the Old Testament, and the Greek original in the New. Jerome revised the Old Latin version of the New Testament from the Greek original, and performed a like work on the Old Testament. He then undertook to translate the Old Testament from the Hebrew original. His intention and sole object was to place the *Hebraica Veritas* before his readers in the vernacular tongue. This very substitution of the original Hebrew text for the Septuagint as the

* Strype, l. c., b. i, ch. xxi, p. 120.

† Bishop of London (b. 1495, d. 1569).

basis of his translation was a cause of much opposition to his work. Centuries after his death his work won its way, and became the one recognized version of the Bible throughout the Latin churches. It is this Vulgate, this translation from the Hebrew original, which is the basis of the so-called Wiclifite version; for, as Scrivener says: "Jerome's translation from the Hebrew was the only shape in which Holy Scripture was accessible in Western Europe (except to a few scattered scholars) during the... Middle Ages."*

"The Anglo-Saxon, or old English, version was derived from the Latin Vulgate."† As Bishop Lightfoot neatly has it: "The Latin version which his [Jerome's] labors were destined to supersede had been made from the Septuagint. To him we owe it that in the Western churches the Hebrew original, and not the Septuagint version, is the basis of the people's Bible."‡ Cave also expresses the same opinion.§

"Two hundred years later the Council of Trent revised it." The Council ordered not the Old Vulgate, but Jerome's Vulgate to be revised. The result was the Sixtine (1585-90) and the Clementine (1592-1605) editions long after the Council.

"It is now the ultimate Bible of the Church,... from which there is *no appeal*; the original Hebrew and Greek go for nothing." This sentence is a case in point of where errors and false ideas have been based on a series of mistranslations and misquotations of documents. It exposes the writer to the alternative of being considered dishonest or ignorant.

The need of an authorized edition was

* Scrivener, "Introduction to Criticism of the New Testament." Third Edition. Ch. iii, p. 350. Cambridge, 1883.

† Scrivener, l. c., p. 309.

‡ Lightfoot, "The Revision of the New Testament," pp. 25-33. New York, 1873.

§ Cave, l. c., p. 64. "Anglica totius Sacrae Scripturae versio, quam ex Vulgata Hieronymi versione concinnavit anno 1383."

felt in the Church, and the manifest duty of the Council of Trent was to supply the need. The fourth session, held April 8, 1546, gave the subject consideration. A decision consisting of two parts was arrived at. The first part contains the list of canonical books, and is followed by the "*anathema sit*." It may be found in the beginning of Fillion's edition of the Vulgate. The second has no "*anathema*" attached. And, as Bellarmin* very justly remarks, it sets aside all reference to original texts and all consideration of them. Its object is to decide on the relative merits of the current Latin† versions for use in public exercises.‡ This ruling had the advantage§ of the Church in view. Its intent was to remedy the tremendous confusion arising from the great number of discrepant current versions. The final enactment of this session provided that the Holy Scripture, but especially the old and common edition|| (no allusion being made to originals), should be printed as correctly as possible.¶

"Do you ask why the Church has done so?" says Mr. Leake. "The Church is *inspired* as well as the Bible," is his ready answer; and another link is thereby added to an already long chain of errors. As is quite common among those who will not see, he has confounded inspiration with infallibility. No Catholic ever claimed inspiration for the Church. There is a world of difference between inspiration and infallibility. We have a right

* "Nec enim Patres (Tridentini) *fontium* ullam mentionem fecerunt."—"De Verbo Dei," lib. ii, cap. x.

† "Si ex omnibus latinis editionibus, quæ circumferuntur, Sacrorum librorum quænam pro authentica habenda sit, innotescat." 4 session.

‡ "Ut hæc ipsa vetus et vulgata editio... in publicis lectionibus, disputationibus, prædicationibus et expositionibus pro authentica habeatur."—Ib.

§ "... Synodus, considerans non parum utilitatis accedere posse Ecclesiæ Dei."—Ib.

|| "Potissimum vero hæc ipsa vetus et vulgata editio."—Ib.

¶ "Emendatissime Imprimatur."—Ib.

to expect more exactness than this from any one who undertakes to write historical essays. It is useless to continue with Mr. Leake. He knows neither his weapons nor their use. Only the veriest tyro would be guilty of the egregious error of confounding infallibility with inspiration. And he who pleads guilty has no standing as a historian.

St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary.*

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

ST. JOSEPH of Jesus and Mary, I dare
To give thee that name and to pray this
bold prayer:

May I, too, be theirs; and, oh, may I be
Forever, forever, with them and with thee!

The Virgin of Avila, praying one day
In her convent, saw suddenly near her, they
say,

Our Saviour Himself in the guise of a child,
Who eagerly ran to the maiden and smiled,
Looking up at her fondly: "Pray, tell Me
your name."

"Teresa of Jesus I venture to claim."

"And Jesus am I of Teresa," He said.

Oh, how her heart glowed as the sweet vision
fled!

"Teresa of Jesus." Her love urged this claim
To be His, and His only, in heart and in
name.

But he whom Teresa has praised best of all,
The Saint whom the patron of death-beds
we call,

The Saint whom Teresa has taught us to love
And to trust, all the rest of God's servants
above,—

He, humble and lowly, can yet not disclaim
A still more endearing magnificent name.

St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary, I dare
To give thee that name and to pray this bold
prayer:

May I, too, be theirs; and, oh, may I be
Forever, forever, with them and with thee!

* This is the title of a book about St. Joseph just published in Dublin as a prose companion to my "St. Joseph's Anthology."

The Legend of Desmond Castle.

BY R. O. K.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.

NEXT day a white figure, with a red and blue cross at the breast, was in Galway city. People shuddered when they saw it. "Alas! some poor captive," they cried,— "some poor captive taken from family and home, and the Father goes to travel the world over to find him. *Bannath lath ahaar!*"* they added, as they turned round to look after him.

Strong men in their shops and offices saw him pass, and thought of their own firesides. Mothers, leaning out in upper windows, saw him go by, and they hastily withdrew and went to the statue of the Madonna to pray for the lost one. Happy children saw him move solitary on; and they stopped in their play, and, going to the doorposts of their own or their neighbors' houses, eyed him in mingled curiosity and fear.

The white figure was bound by rule to take no rest, to change no clothes, to lie in no bed; standing to snatch bit or sup when offered by the wayside,—staff in hand, loins girt, and as one on a journey. He was not his own: he belonged to the man in chains. He had no covering on his head, no shoes on his weary feet. The leper of old had rest, but he had none. The strange figure in the romance of history, the Wandering Jew, was his only counterpart.

On went the white figure through the streets of Galway, for Galway had at the time the closest connection with Spain. It went to the docks, inquired among the shipping, but discovered nothing; found out the first vessel leaving for Spain, and was taken on board joyfully by captain and crew. The vessel's deck

* God's blessing be with you, Father!

and the vessel's portion were always free to the Redemption Father; and a tradition was current among the sailors that a vessel was never lost while it bore a white habit and a cross of red and blue.

Away, away over the waters of the Atlantic the ship sailed, bearing varied and valuable freight, but nothing like that white habit and that cross of red and blue. By day the priest paced the deck, speaking to no one, heeding no one; his "Itinerary" in his hands, God in the expanded sky above him, in the waste of waters around him. At night his limbs kept moving still, as if perpetual motion were the law of his being. A few moments he rested his shoulder against the sailors' mast; then, condemning himself for his selfishness, he went on as before. "The sea rests not," he repeated to himself; "the stars rest not, the sun rests not, even this wooden vessel rests not; there is no sleep in heaven, for it is too happy; there is no sleep in purgatory, for it is too repentant; there is no sleep in hell, it is too full of remorse." He rubbed those feeble eyes and rebuked those sluggish limbs; and, thinking of his father in pain, of the Desmond in chains, of the lady of Askeaton in woe, he spurred himself to action.

The shore of Spain at length was reached, and he directed his steps to the court of the Christian king. Albeit that Mahomedans and Christians were at enmity, and not infrequently at war, an intercourse existed between them in the way of merchandise; and the Christians were thus at times apprised of the capture, and sometimes even of the destination, of captives; especially when those captives were of notable dignity, for whom large ransoms might be expected.

There were then in Spain, swaying the royal sceptres of Castile and Aragon, two of the ablest as well as the most upright men that ever reigned in that

fair land. Ferdinand III. held the Moors in check within their own territory, till, gaining victory after victory, he wrested from them their principal strongholds. James of Aragon was the pupil in science and morals of the saintly Peter Nolasco; and while Ferdinand pressed the Moors by land, he built a fleet and encountered and routed them on what they had looked upon as their own especial element. Besides taking from them many of their maritime positions in the peninsula, he drove them out of Majorca and Minorca, in the Mediterranean.

It was about this time the young priest arrived. He had before him many encouraging examples, if he had also some startling ones; for if they told him of St. Peter of Carmagnola who had given himself in pledge that the ransom of some captives might be forthcoming by a certain day, which failing, was himself hanged; they told also of two followers of St. John of Matha—one an Englishman, the other an Irishman; how they had gone into Morocco and had returned with one hundred and eighty-six ransomed prisoners. They told also how St. John was returning to the sea-coast with one hundred captives whom he had redeemed, when suddenly the Moors tore the sails and shrouds of his vessel. But the Saint taking off his mantle, hung it up, and the vessel was brought safely to port.*

The priest entered Andalusia, "the golden purse of Spain." Here he was told that a captive answering to the description was at Granada, the city of the Alhambra. The white figure kept moving ever. In the Saracens' country it was as well known as in the Christians'. It was sacred in both. What hospitals and hospital staffs are in these days on the field of battle—things reserved and

* In the seventeenth century the Trinitarians reckoned that, up to that time, their Fathers had redeemed thirty thousand seven hundred and twenty prisoners.

consecrated, on which no gunner will level his cannon, and which almost the bullets themselves will respect,—that the Redemption Father was in the days of the Moor.

He was approaching the town in the night time. A gale of wind breathed in the intense stillness; a cloud rushed by, and out of the cloud a voice fell upon his ear: "As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee."

The sentry challenged at the gate.

"I am a Christian. I have business with your master. Lead me to him at once."

The sovereign insisted upon learning his business.

"I am sent by the Most High to show the way to heaven to you and your people."

The Saracens are, in their own way, intensely religious. The emir was pleased with his boldness, and invited him to come and take up his abode with them.

"Willingly, if you and your people be converted; but if you have any doubt about the true religion, kindle a large fire and I will enter it with your professors."

"I doubt very much if they will accept the challenge."

"Then I will enter alone; but you and your people will promise to become Christians if I come out unhurt?"

The emir smiled, but said nothing. He offered him riches and dignity, but the priest refused them; and the refusal only increased the emir's esteem. He then warmly bade the Father adieu, enjoining all to help him on his way, and saying privately to him: "Pray for me, my Father, that I may do what is pleasing to God."

The task of finding out the prisoner was rendered easy by the patronage of the emir. The priest heard he was in the possession of one of the Mahomedan priests. As the white figure passed through the streets, how many a captive eye lighted up with hope! But the Father's

heart felt wounded as he remembered, alas! how many would be disappointed. He thought of the many hearts far away that were breaking for sight of these captives here; but he dare not pursue the thought.

Slowly moving along, heavy irons on the ankles, naked but for the merest decency, last in a long train of slaves laden with water, two boys with whips driving the team, walked a figure the Father knew. The erect form was there—erect even beneath the great burden that weighed the others down,—the hair slightly turned grey, the lofty head, the proud glance, the smooth but powerful hands. It was midday and the heat was broiling.

One of the little lads who was driving gave the captive out of wantonness a touch of the whip on the shoulder. The proud figure resented. A heavy stroke on the bare head followed. Then the burden was flung down, and the figure made a rush. It miscalculated—it had forgotten the heavy irons clinging to the ankles; it had forgotten the chain that ran from foot to foot through the whole gang; and, being tripped, it fell heavily on the hard pavement. Then the two boys rained blows on it with their whips. Blood flowed—blood from the head, blood from the shoulders and back, blood from the mouth and lips and face. Blow upon blow, curse upon curse, weal upon weal, blood upon blood!

The white figure with the cross of red and blue on the breast stood beside them. A pause was made. These two boys were the sons of the Mahomedan priest. Boys are not really cruel, but their mischief leads to cruelty. These boys knew that the proud figure was an object of special hatred with their father; for that figure had refused every proposal to join their creed, and had encouraged others in their refusal. In their temper and bravado the boys might have assaulted the white

habit for daring thus to look on, had not one of the bystanders informed them that the emir had constituted himself the Father's patron. Upon hearing this they stood still.

"I come from Askeaton," whispered the priest to the prostrate figure.

With his humiliated hand the strong man wiped the blood from his eyes and mouth; and the sight of the white habit, which up to this he had not taken notice of, was as if one of his country's altars extended its consecrated table over him. His present dejection was all forgotten; for a second he seemed to see only the castle and the Trinitarian Monastery of Askeaton.

"O Father!" he cried, overcome with emotion; and then, after a pause: "O my poor wife—my child!"

When it was known that the emir was a friend of the white habit, there was little trouble in effecting the Desmond's redemption. Ah, how the other captives looked on! The Father took the names and addresses, that he might give them to the religious orders—the Trinitarians, Franciscans, Dominicans, etc.,—to be dispatched to the missions in their respective countries, and thus give news of the poor captives to their friends at home.

It was only after a long struggle that the Father persuaded the chieftain to forgo looking for his son and return home, at least for a season; adding that, if in the meantime the boy was not found, he could come back and look for him. On these conditions, the Desmond agreed to return to Askeaton. The joy consequent on his arrival need not be described.

The priest remained in Granada. He had concealed from the Desmond that his stock of money was exhausted, always declaring that he had sufficient means to ransom the boy,—by which he meant that he had resolved to give his own liberty for the lad's release. He therefore

kept moving hither and thither through the country, doing, as was ordered by his rule, everything for everybody that asked or ordered: making himself all in all to all. He thus wandered from one town to another, doing as he was bid, going where he was directed, staying where he was desired; having no volition of his own any more than one of those light thistledowns blown about by the autumn wind.

One day in the lovely orange season he suddenly heard a harp. To his utter astonishment, the airs played on it were Irish—the exquisite old melodies that for thousands of years have haunted the hills and glens of Ireland. He paused to listen. Oh, how familiar were the notes! Some of them were the very airs that O'Mulrian, the harper at Ballyculhane, had taught himself years ago. He advanced toward the sound, and found O'Mulrian teaching the captive Desmond boy on the harp.

It was joy beyond expectation; but there was disappointment also. The man had abandoned his religion and become a Mahomedan; he was in the possession of wealth and pleasure. Religion, country, chivalry, had no power over him. He was a worldly man; had his ease, and meant to keep it. He took care, however, to keep the boy a Christian; but that was for fear he should not wish to be bought out. Knowing that a higher sum would be given because of his culture, he had every care bestowed on him.

The priest longed now to save, not one soul, but two. All his efforts at persuasion with O'Mulrian were, however, fruitless. The man would not change: he would return neither to country nor religion. Far into the night the discussion went on. At last, when all failed, the priest laid his head on his hands and prayed to his father and mother, whose release was hanging in the balance. The harper sat by his harp.

A wail was heard, as if from a far distance; then a woman's form appeared. With one dash of her hand she snapped the chords of the harp, exclaiming, in tones of terrible anger and menace: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Both recognized the voice—it was the voice of the lady of Ballyculhane Castle; and there before their eyes lay the brazen strings all shattered and the framework burned to a cinder.

The astounded man declared his readiness to leave at once, but it had to be done cautiously. It was death to desert the Mahomedan religion, death to induce any one to do so, and death to abandon the country. They took, therefore, every precaution; and, when all was ready, set out at midnight. A spy was, however, on their track; his reward would be half the possessions of the doomed man. The alarm was raised, pursuit was given, and the three were overtaken some miles from Cordova, and cast into prison, to be detained there until brought into town next morning.

Oh, how the white habit groaned—not that their attempt had failed, not that they would be all doomed to death; but, because disgrace and dishonor had been brought on the *white habit and the cross of red and blue!* He was kneeling in the prison cell; it was his Gethsemane. "O Father! if it be possible let this chalice pass from me; yet not my will, but Thine be done."

A light filled his cell, and in that light appeared the faces of his parents, radiant with joy. Angels accompanied them, and he heard beautiful singing: "Enter into the joy of thy Lord!" It was all so sudden that he could not tell whether it was real or whether he had been dreaming. He wondered whether it foreshadowed his own death. He was not long in suspense. Next moment the Knights of Ferdinand III. hastily entered the prison. They had

taken the place by storm; and, for fear anything should happen the Christian prisoners, they rushed first to the place of confinement.

In a moment the priest, O'Mulrian and the boy were free under the flag of Castile. Next day the King laid siege to Cordova, and would have them stay with him; but when the Father represented the anxiety of the boy's parents, the Spanish monarch sent a guard with them to the coast, and one of his galleys bore them in joy to Askeaton.

A few words tell the conclusion. Before many years the Desmond succumbed to his wounds and the cruel hardship he had undergone, and his son took his place. His cousin had already returned to Ballyculhane, and during their days the two castles were friendly and united. The lady lived long, and devoted the latter years of her life to founding Trinitarian convents for nuns, whose business it was to pray for captives, to bestow a third of their revenues and all their alms for their release, also to nurse the sick and educate females.

The Redemption Father, after what he had seen, thought he could never establish his own Order widely enough. So he spent all his days preaching that most tender of charities, the release of captives, and founding houses of the society; and shortly before his death he had the great happiness to count, either in full working order or beginning to take up the good work, forty-three houses in England, nine in Scotland, and fifty-two in Ireland.

IF you believe in and love God, you will effectually believe that He loves all who are capable of His love far better than you do; and you will be heartily sure that you will give, when you know all, a joyful consent to decrees which may seem to you now most hard and terrible.

—Coventry Patmore.

Jacob Masterson's Vow.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

DOWN to the Tesche country in Louisiana, the most beautiful agricultural district in all America, came from the cold Northwest two brothers, named Ezra and Jacob Masterson. Men of considerable wealth, they had moved to Louisiana more for the sake of its genial climate than for the purpose of increasing their store by means of the rice plantation they bought.

The brothers were twins, in the prime of life, devoted to each other, though possessed of contrary tastes; for while Ezra was a profound student of books and men, Jacob's inclinations led him to centre all his thoughts in the newly acquired plantation, and the park of game attached to it. Reared, as had been his brother, in the cold, hard creed of Calvin, Ezra had long since parted from his early moorings, weathered the storms of doubt, and anchored in the safe haven of the Church whose harbor-light is Truth. The upright, noble lives of the Catholics of the Tesche had done more to convince him than all his reading, though he had read deeply and well.

Ezra would now have been perfectly happy had it not been for Jacob. Always a hater of the Church, when he came to dwell in Louisiana, Jacob developed an animosity toward Catholics that would have been satanic had it not been for his perfect good faith. Devoted to his brother, dreading a rupture, how was Ezra to tell Jacob that on his last visit to New Orleans he had been received into the hated Church?

An unexpected way was opened for him to tell his news. It was a Saturday morning; the brothers were seated at the breakfast table, Jacob in an unusually bad humor. The evening before, while

he gave directions to his hands, the parish priest happened to pass by and offered a polite remark, which Jacob promptly resented.

"I tell you what, Ezra," he observed, referring to this, "if that priest ever puts foot on my land again, I'll set the dogs on him."

"He meant no harm; he is a good man, Jacob," said Ezra, quietly.

"A good man! Spawn of Beelzebub! Hearken, Ezra! I'll never touch, handle, or have aught to do with anything a Catholic has had a hand in, so help me Heaven!" cried Jacob; and then, with an abrupt transition, as if to dismiss the disagreeable subject, he ordered Ezra to pass the sugar.

His study made possible the inspiration that now seized fast hold of Ezra. Jacob had given him the means to cure him of his folly.

"Am I to understand that you mean to hold by your vow, brother?" he asked—"you'll neither touch, handle, nor have aught to do with anything a Catholic has had a hand in?"

"Do you think I can not respect an oath?" demanded Jacob. "Why don't you pass the sugar?"

"Listen!" returned Ezra, holding tight to the sugar-bowl. "Through the failure of their indigo crops, the planters of Louisiana were in danger of losing their all, when the Jesuits restored prosperity by the introduction of the cultivation of sugar. Consequently, this is Jesuit sugar; do you still wish me to pass it to you, brother?"

Jacob's face reddened; but, quelling his anger, he was about to drink his coffee unsweetened, when Ezra raised his hand and said:

"Pause, brother! That is Rio coffee you are about to drink, and the cultivation of coffee was also introduced into America by Jesuits. And you have a china cup, I see; the manufacture of porcelain was

introduced into Europe by Benedictine monks."

With an exclamation that included a not polite condemnation of the Jesuits and Benedictines, Jacob dashed his cup on the polished floor, where it broke into a thousand pieces. Recovering himself, he made a sorry attempt to laugh, and said:

"Well, it's too hot to indulge in meats. I'll take an orange and some bread."

"Nay, brother!" protested Ezra, with affected mournfulness; "the cultivation of wheat was introduced into the Americas by the Jesuits and Franciscans, and that of oranges by the Jesuits and Dominicans."

Jacob glared at Ezra.

"You're bluffing," he said.

"I'm telling you the solemn truth," Ezra responded.

Jacob had not yet begun to regret his vow. He was feeling himself a martyr.

"I'll drink some milk," he said, with sad blitheness. "God made the cows."

"God made all things," replied Ezra; "but the first cows brought to America were brought by Catholics; and the Jesuits brought from Normandy the very breed we have on the plantation."

This was too much. The cattle he prided himself on he owed to the Church he hated and despised!

"Hang the Jesuits!" he shouted, and flung himself out of the room.

Ezra laughed heartily when alone; and presently, hearing a horse's hoofs on the drive, he went out on the porch. A handsome black mustang stood ready for Jacob to mount.

"You're going to sell Jerry, Jacob?" he asked.

"Sell Jerry! You must be mad!" blazed back Jacob.

"But you have read enough of Prescott to know that the Catholic discoverers brought the horse to this country. Jerry is a Mexican mustang; so, without doubt, is of Catholic lineage."

Jacob turned away his face to hide his

dismay. To give up Jerry, he who so dearly loved a good racer!

"You might have kept that to yourself till I'd had one more ride," he said sadly; and strode down the drive, away from the house; leaving Jerry in the hands of the stable-boy, who stared blankly after "the boss."

Ezra did not feel sad. He felt that the greatest happiness was coming to Jacob.

Jacob spent the day in a neighboring town,—a day without event, only that he bought tickets for a magic-lantern exhibition to be given the following week. He arrived home very hungry, and was allowed to take his dinner in peace,—which he ate off wooden platters procured from the kitchen; the only article Ezra had the heart to remind him not to use being a fork. That, he remarked, was invented in Italy by a man who afterward became a cardinal.

"The devil's pitchfork, a fit emblem for the Papacy!" jeered Jacob, and tossed his fork aside.

After dinner he showed Ezra the tickets he had bought.

"But, brother," expostulated Ezra, "you can not attend the show. The magic-lantern was invented by a German Jesuit, and has since been improved upon by other Catholics, notably by Dubois."

Jacob tore up the tickets, threw the pieces into the waste-paper basket, and sat down to write a letter.

"What is the date of to-day?" he asked.

The brother threw up his eyes and began to count.

"What ails you?" demanded Jacob, testily.

"I'm computing time," returned Ezra, cheerfully. "Of course you want to go back to the old style of reckoning, and that's days and days behind our time. You know the Gregorian calendar now in use was made by order of Pope Gregory XIII.: he employed Jesuits to do the work. And, by the way, Jacob, you

should not use paper: you know that's an introduction of the Benedictine monks. And as for books, Gutenberg invented printing. He was a devout Catholic, and lived about a century before the rise of Protestantism."

"I can not give up my Bible," Jacob declared, stoutly.

"Of all books that is the one you *must* renounce, if you would keep your vow," said Ezra, speaking with great earnestness. "Not only is its entire mechanical 'get up' of Catholic origin, but for fifteen centuries and more its writings were in the sole possession of the Catholic Church; we only know that the book we call the Bible is God's unerring word because she in her solemn councils has so declared it."

"Pshaw! soon you'll tell me I'll have to give up keeping Sunday, the grand old Puritan Sabbath!" exclaimed Jacob.

"You *will* have to give up Sunday. The Bible commands us to keep holy the seventh day, Saturday—in Hebrew, Sabbath. The Catholic Church has transferred the obligation from the seventh to the first day of the week, Sunday, in honor of the resurrection of Our Lord. If she is, as she claims to be, the voice of God, the Catholic Church had a right to make the change. At any rate, Protestants concede her the right; for they keep the first, not the seventh, day."

For a second time within a few hours Jacob, who really loved his brother, glared at Ezra and brusquely left the room. The next day, Sunday, how he would have shocked his good old mother could she have seen him get down his gun to go a-hunting on the "Sabbath"!

"If you're going to hunt, you may as well leave your gun at home," said Ezra. "You know gunpowder was invented by the monk, Roger Bacon."

The gun was returned to its place on the wall. Ezra went off quietly to Mass; and Jacob, debarred by his fatal vow

from all occupation or amusement, spent an interminable day.

That night he had a touch of fever, and asked Ezra for the quinine.

"Quinine! quinine!" repeated Ezra. "Why, it was discovered in Peru by a Jesuit; its very name in pharmacy is Jesuits'-bark."

Monday was to be an eventful day on the plantation. Everyone knows that rice grows in water, and that morning the rice lands were to be flooded. Jacob was up betimes, and, after a hasty breakfast of corn-dodgers and water—to this his vow had brought him,—he went out to superintend the hands. On the way he met Ezra coming from the fields.

"Jacob," began Ezra, "I've countermanded the order for the irrigation of the land. The method of irrigation in use is the invention of Franciscan monks; and our method of draining swamp lands is the invention of Benedictine monks. I'll have the rice fields flooded as soon as you sign over your share of the property to me."

Jacob stared at Ezra.

"Brother," he said, his enunciation slow and difficult, "I never thought you of a grasping disposition. Why should I give you my share of the property?"

"Because of your vow. The land was discovered by Catholics, and owned by them till we paid a price for it."

Jacob would have spoken, but something like a sob escaped him; and he walked away and hid himself. All day he wandered about, returning at night broken down and dispirited.

"Ezra," he said to his brother, "it appears that I have nothing left me save the shoes in which I stand."

"And not those, if you keep your vow. Their fashion is an invention—"

"Tell me no more!" broke in Jacob. "I have at least my miserable life."

"And that the Catholic Church forbids you to take," said Ezra.

"Would you have me commit suicide!" cried poor Jacob.

"I'd have you put aside your foolishness, brother," said Ezra; and he went on hurriedly to relate the story of his conversion, to remind Jacob that the vow he had made was a sinful one, and that such vows have no power to bind.

When Ezra reached these his finishing words, Jacob drew a long sigh of relief.

"I'm fagged out," he said. "I'm going to bed to sleep. I could do that and keep that confounded vow. I hardly think any Catholic invented sleep: they're too consarnedly wide-awake for that!"

Within a year Jacob followed Ezra into the safe and happy haven.

A Peculiarly Christian Virtue.

FEW Christian precepts are so distinctly antagonistic to the trend of human nature as that brief command of Christianity's Founder: "Love your enemies." Human reason, it is true, recognized thousands of years ago the beauty of clemency; but it was reserved for the God-Man to introduce upon earth a practice and institute a precept so sublime that reason could never have soared to its conception; though, once prescribed, men could readily perceive its wisdom and recognize its utility.

There is one point in this law of love that merits particular attention—the forgiveness of injuries. It is a decidedly practical subject, not only because all have frequent opportunities of exercising this virtue, but because not a few good-living Christians seem to entertain most erroneous opinions as to the nature and extent of the obligation to exercise it.

To pardon our enemies, no matter how grievously they have offended, no matter how considerably they have injured us, is for us Christians a sacrifice that is absolutely necessary. The proof lies in a

multitude of passages scattered through the Gospels. "Therefore," says Our Lord Himself, "if thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there shalt remember that thy brother hath anything against thee,... first go to be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." What does this mean, if not that God has the accomplishment of this precept so much at heart that He rejects every sacrifice that is not accompanied by mercy? It means that we may pray and fast and give alms and render worship and frequent the Sacraments,—aye, may suffer martyrdom; but if we are not reconciled to our enemy, it is all in vain. Why? Because we are wanting in an essential point of the law; because we have not the virtue of charity; and without charity we, like St. Paul, are nothing.

He, says St. John, who flatters himself that he loves God while he holds his neighbor in hatred or aversion is a liar and a hypocrite unworthy the name of Christian. It follows that the forgiveness of injuries is an indispensable duty on the part of a practical Catholic. Men and women who lead otherwise a regular life, who frequent the Sacraments, do good works, give good example, and nevertheless preserve in their inmost hearts a feeling of resentment, a germ of hatred, a desire for revenge, a disposition secretly to rejoice over the humiliation or downfall of their enemies,—such persons are sterile of merit before God.

To contend that it is impossible to forgive even one's most inveterate enemy is exaggerated nonsense. God never commands impossibilities, and He does most expressly and emphatically command this forgiveness. It is difficult, of course; and this is just why our conduct becomes more noble, more magnanimous, more worthy of Christians. It is difficult, but it is well to remember that heaven is not promised to cowards; and he whom innate malice or human respect prevents

from struggling with, conquering and utterly routing the demon of hatred that lodges in his heart, is nothing else than an abject coward, who should blush to call himself a soldier of Jesus Christ.

Are we, then, really obliged actually to love those who detest us and who lose no opportunity of injuring us in our fortune or our good name? Most assuredly we are, for Christ expressly ordains it. "I say to you, love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." We are not bound to love them with the confidential love, the affectionate regard, which we entertain for our best friends; but we owe them at least a patient love, devoid of all rancor; we should suffer their defects, excuse them, and refrain from making them public. We owe them a benevolent love, praying for them, and rendering them good service when the occasion presents itself.

Is it thus that we act in our normal everyday life? Alas! how many delusions about this matter do we not cherish! "I forgive him; but I have a good memory, and I shall never forget what he has done."—"I do not bear him any ill-will, but let him go his road and I'll go mine. I don't want to have anything more to do with him. I can't bear the sight of him." But it is not enough to bear him no ill-will: we must wish him well, love him as ourselves; be afflicted when injury is done to him, prevent it when we can. If, instead of feeling and acting thus, we keep spite in our hearts, nourish projects of revenge, are pleased when evil is spoken of or done to our enemy, cherish a purpose of retaliating upon him, we lack the charity which God exacts from us, and deliberately lock ourselves outside the portals of divine forgiveness.

Deplorable, in very truth, is the lot of the vindictive man, since he renders himself absolutely incapable of receiving

God's pardon for his own transgressions. "Forgive and you will be forgiven," says the Gospel. Refuse your pardon and God will refuse His. Of what avail is prayer to him who preserves enmity and rancor in his heart? "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," runs the most excellent of all prayers. "As we forgive,"—does not the vindictive Christian who uses this formula call down God's anathema upon himself?

It may be that the individual who injures us is one whom we have many times befriended—one who imposes upon our virtue and generosity, desiring only to bring us down to a level with himself; and, failing in this, leaves no measure untried to blacken our character, disturb our peace of soul, and make our existence as miserable as his own. Nevertheless, we must be patient and forgiving, humbly committing our cause to God, the best of fathers, who will take a tender care of us and dispose of all things for our greater good.

"By this shall men know that ye are My followers, in that ye love one another." There is no avoiding the issue: love is the law. Starting from the bosom of God, love's electric current makes the circuit of heaven, earth and purgatory, back to its source. All within that circuit we are bound to view with affection. Only hell's inmates are excluded from this sweet privilege; and only their abode, too, is reserved for the law's transgressors. Let us, then, forgive our enemies and save ourselves. Let us forgive, so that at the dread moment of judgment we may be able to say: "Lord, I hold Thee to Thy promise. I have always pardoned my enemies, do Thou therefore pardon me."

WHEN one is displeased with a friend, it is better to untie rather than break the knot of friendship.—*Cato, the Censor.*

Notes and Remarks.

An organization which we believe has a bright future is the Society of the Holy Spirit, now established at various points in Louisiana. Its first object is the extension of spiritual aid to people living in country places, where spiritual advantages are rare; but its program really embraces any work which tends to advance religion. It was this Society that established the Winter School in New Orleans, and during the past year twelve thousand Catholic books and tracts were distributed gratuitously, and over sixteen hundred dollars disbursed to needy schools. Since its foundation the Society has distributed over two million pamphlets or books, and the amount of money contributed to religious works exceeds ninety-five thousand dollars. Devotion to the Holy Ghost is the logical devotion of a time of transition like ours, when the old non-Catholic creeds are breaking up, and their members are faced by the alternative of Catholic truth or frank agnosticism. A feature of this Society which we admire is that it prays as if all depended on prayer, and works as if all depended on work. This is the part of wisdom.

The New York *Sun* let the cat out of the bag on the 2d inst., when it stated editorially that—

The press, the rank and file of the daily newspapers of the whole United States, is stifled with lies. Never in the history of civilization was there such a debauchery of the press, such an inundation of falsehood and fraud. The press is for the most part trying honestly, and to the best of its ability, to print the news of the war with Spain. It is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for that news. It does not get the news of the war. It gets falsehoods by the ream. It gets forged cable dispatches purporting to come from the seat of war, but manufactured here in New York by professional counterfeiters. It gets stolen news, foisted upon it in the place of the honest news it pays so dear for. It gets the *Sun's* war dispatches, stolen from the wires and from the *Sun's* columns, revamped, distorted, and disguised to conceal the theft. And the whole quality of the news it gets is debased, perverted, and infected, as necessarily it should be, having passed through the hands of swindlers. The only sane and truthful news of this war that has been printed has been that appearing daily in the *Sun's* columns and in the columns of the sterling,

self-respecting and cleanly papers associated with the *Sun*. There has been, besides, the independent news gathered by a few conspicuous and resourceful newspapers like the *Herald*, who are not content to be passive victims of fraud, and protect themselves accordingly.

This is a very sad state of things, and there is apparently no remedy for it. It is well, however, for the people to know "where they are at," in regard to the press of the country. They may judge now, if they will, of the worth of what has been printed about the present war—of what is printed about almost everything. The *Sun* should have given the names of its truly good partners; a list of the deceivers and deceived not associated with it would be too long. The press of the United States as a whole is no credit to us, and every good citizen must rejoice to notice indications that its power is likely to decline. The people have been fooled long enough, and to a greater extent than they will probably ever care to ascertain. Newspaper men have been acting on Carlyle's conviction that the people are "mostly fools." Perhaps they are.

No well-informed writer could ever commit the folly of likening Giordano Bruno to Savonarola. They were as different as Martin Luther and St. Charles Borromeo—almost. The Reverend M. Luther is called a reformer, but the more one learns about his inner life the better he realizes that Luther should have begun with himself. The "converted priest" of our time is the exact counterpart of the famous ex-monk. St. Charles was a reformer in reality, and his private life was so austere pure and so heroically self-sacrificing that Mrs. Jameson refers to him as "a saint that Jews might bless and Protestants revere." Giordano Bruno was more like Erasmus than Savonarola. As a writer in the *Athenæum* remarks, "With all his ability and enlightenment, Bruno was too much lacking in character to be one of those figures on whose memory posterity can muse with affection or respect."

The ritualistic bishop of Michigan, Dr. Grafton, has published an address in which he sets forth "the desirableness of the

observance of the Feast of Corpus Christi by the American Church, and the necessity of restoring the Blessed Sacrament to its rightful position as the chief act of worship on Sunday." The appeal was made to the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," an organization which now counts 1,800 members among the advanced Episcopalian sect. The Catholic heart goes out in pity to these thousands who stand in the portico of the temple, without—we must charitably suppose it—the strength to enter in. True, they are familiarizing the Protestant mind with doctrines and devotions which were anathema not long ago; but the pathos of the situation is not diminished by this consideration. We prefer to doubt that "Catholic-minded" people remain outside the Church for the purpose of propagating Catholic doctrines. If Dr. Grafton and his clerical and lay associates believe in the Real Presence, their first duty is to enter the Church where that Presence certainly resides. The "High Church movement" has now reached such a stage that one fervent and humble prayer for light, after an honest effort to throw off the old Protestant prejudice, is worth more than a lifetime spent in academic disputation. Revealed truth, as Newman used to say, must be sought in an humble, sincere spirit.

From Mr. Reuss' new biographical cyclopædia of the Catholic hierarchy of America, the *Citizen* has compiled this interesting bit of information: Out of the two hundred and ninety-seven names listed, ninety-two American prelates were born in Ireland, seventy-one in the United States, forty-three in France, twenty-nine in Germany, fifteen in Belgium, ten in Canada, eight in Italy, eight in Austria, seven in Switzerland, four in Spain, three in England, two in Scotland, two in Holland; and one each in Cuba, Mexico, and the West Indies.

The skill and prowess of our navy, and the marvellous successes it has achieved at Manila and Santiago de Cuba, have been useful as revealing the sturdy and aggressive qualities of the American character. From the *Sun's* account of our remarkable victory

at Santiago we quote a dramatic passage which, we like to believe, reflects another phase of our national character:

After the battle, the veterans of the *Texas* lined up and gave three hearty cheers and a tiger for their old commander-in-chief. Capt. Philip called all hands to the quarter-deck, and, with bared head, thanked God for the almost bloodless victory. "I want to make public acknowledgment here," he said, "that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty." All hats were off. There was a moment or two of absolute silence, then the overwrought feeling of the ship's company relieved itself in three hearty cheers for their beloved commander.

It is pleasing, too, that the President of the United States has requested a public service of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the decisive victories achieved by our sailors, and prays that the miseries of war may be speedily ended.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, who lately returned from abroad, says that all the nations of the Old World are against us except England. We have lost attached friends in the family of nations, but there is the inexpressible consolation of knowing that John Bull loves us still—with the deep, disinterested affection he has always entertained for us. How perfectly lovely this is! Dear old John Bull! Let bygones be bygones. You can not doubt our love for you. We didn't mean anything when we threatened you a year and a half ago. We were only foolin'. It is really too generous of you to offer to share your commerce with us. But you were always so good,—dear old unselfish, devoted John Bull!

One of a special series of United States postage-stamps bears a portrait of Father Marquette in full clerical garb, with his crucifix in plain sight. The circumstance would not be so notable, perhaps, were it not for the alarm caused in certain quarters when an inoffensive statue of the illustrious Jesuit was set up in the Capitol at Washington. The adoption of this stamp is a sorry comment on the boasted influence of the A. P. A., whose members are just now enjoying a vacation in foreign lands. The spectacle of these stalwart patriots obliged to

gaze upon the portrait of Father Marquette whenever they want to post a letter which somebody else wrote for them, is enough to draw tears from a bronze statue of their patron saint, Benedict Arnold.

The little meeting-house, with its white sides, green blinds, and unadorned steeple, used to be a sacred place in the eyes of Protestants. In our day—it doesn't seem so long ago—a boy who dared to play ball in its grass-grown enclosure would be regarded by the old folk as an "early wretch, ripe for perdition." One who accidentally cracked a pane of glass just over the hallowed spot where the minister sat while the hymn was being sung, will carry with him to the grave the remorse with which he was stricken on that day of dread. Now when Protestants put crosses on their meeting-houses and call them churches they seem to be losing all respect for them. We have newspaper clippings before us describing "a baby show at the Grace M. E. Church last evening" (not "a howling success," the paper states); and "the rainbow wedding which took place at the Christian Church Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Y. P. C. E.," boys and girls taking the place of bride and groom, etc. "The mock ceremony," we are informed, "was produced with great success"—so great that it ~~was~~ decided to reproduce the performance "at a very low price of admission." We are shocked at these scandalous doings. *O tempora! O mores!*

At last the House of Representatives has passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of War to permit "any religious denomination to erect a house of worship on the West Point Reservation." Though not so worded, the bill is really recognized as a measure for the relief of the Catholic cadets, and was frankly discussed as such in Congress. President McKinley once made the edifying remark in private conversation that "the Catholic cadets ought not to be ashamed to worship in a chapel which was quite as comfortable as the one frequented for years by their commander-in-chief,"—referring to the days when he himself attended Sunday

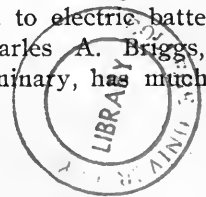
service in a little meeting-house in Canton. But there is no reason for denying Catholics the right to erect a more respectable church building at their own expense, especially as their Protestant companions have a large and handsome meeting-house erected by government funds. Besides, the proposed concession to the Catholic cadets became a question of bigotry *versus* justice when certain anti-Catholic societies and country preachers petitioned and memorialized the President against the "popish aggression" when it was first mooted.

A doctor of divinity, writing in *The Living Church*, the leading organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, says: "We are in no small degree a church of alarmed apprehensions, and are hence on the constant lookout for something that may 'disturb our peace' or create a popish stampede in our ranks." This is a humiliating confession, and a Catholic can only wonder how any Protestant Episcopalian can make that statement and retain his self-respect. The unsettled condition of our P. E. brethren renders it hard to believe they are founded on a Rock, but it helps to explain the famous answer made by Manning. When asked, after his conversion, what he had found in the Catholic Church, he replied: "Certainty and security." No denomination which does not believe in itself will ever win converts.

What a shock it must be to old-time Protestants—"hard-shell Baptists," for instance—to read statements like this from "a minister of the Gospel"!

There is an unreasonable prejudice among most Protestants against prayers for the dead. This prejudice practically destroys communion with the saints in the other world. But the practice of prayers for the dead goes back to the most primitive times among the Christians, and still earlier among the Jews and all antiquity is in its favor.

And statements like this are becoming more and more common. Orthodox non-Catholics with high, nervous organizations have no need to resort to electric batteries for shocks. Prof. Charles A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, has much to answer for.





UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Legend of Laon.

LAON, in France, was the birthplace of three noble brothers who set out for the Holy Land about the beginning of the twelfth century, to take part in the crusade against the Mussulmans. Two of the brothers were the Lords of Eppes and Maichais; the title of the third is at this date unknown. All three were young, valiant, confident, and perhaps a little rash. Having taken part in a desperate enterprise against the enemy, they failed, were captured, and forthwith sent to the Sultan of Cairo.

This Egyptian prince was a zealous advocate of his own religion, and he endeavored to persuade the young Christians to abjure their faith and embrace Mohammedanism. With this end in view he employed all the arguments he could think of, but without success. The Christianity of the young lords remained proof against his most cogent appeals.

Recognizing the futility of his own eloquence, the Sultan concluded to make over the task of converting the prisoners to one more persuasive than himself—his daughter Ismeria. This youthful princess was celebrated throughout Egypt for her surpassing beauty, her talents, and her scholarship.

Ismeria readily accepted the mission confided to her, and entertained no doubt whatever that she would accomplish it successfully. The three Christians were not a little surprised when she entered

their prison, and their astonishment was increased when she began to preach to them the religion of Mohammed. They listened to her, however, with the attention and respect that befitted her station. When she had concluded her discourse, Lord Eppes asked her to permit him, on his side, to expound the principal truths of the Christian religion, so that she could judge for herself whether Mohammed should be preferred to Christ. Ismeria made no objection; and the knight, who could handle speech as effectively as the sword, began.

Aware that women love what strikes the imagination, Lord Eppes dilated in a particular manner upon the Immaculate Mother of God. He went over the different circumstances of her life—her marvellous conception and birth; her education in the Temple of Jerusalem; the apparition of the Angel Gabriel announcing to her that she would become the Mother of God while still remaining a virgin; the birth of the Divine Infant; the flight into Egypt, etc.

Ismeria listened with delight to the narrative, and at its conclusion asked:

"Can you not show me an image of this incomparable Virgin?"

"Bring me a piece of wood and some carving tools," said Lord Eppes, "and I will endeavor to do so."

The princess hastened at once to seek the desired material, and that evening brought it herself to the prison.

Before setting about his task, Lord Eppes did not fail to ask the Blessed Virgin to assist him, so that her image

should not be too unworthy of her matchless beauty. His brothers joined their prayers to his, and it was decided that he should begin work early the next morning. If he did not carry out this design, it was because, before morning, its execution had become quite unnecessary.

A little after midnight the brothers were suddenly awakened from a deep sleep, and were astounded to find the prison brilliantly illuminated. Looking about them, they beheld an exquisitely carved little statue of our Blessed Lady, from which waves of light radiated on all sides. They threw themselves on their knees to thank the Holy Mother of God, and it was in this posture that Princess Ismeria found them when she paid them her promised visit the next morning.

"Princess," cried Lord Eppes, "here is the image that you requested! It is not the work of our hands, but a veritable gift from Heaven. The Virgin Mary herself brought it to us last night."

Ismeria looked at the statue for a few moments; then, throwing herself upon her knees, invoked the Mother of God, and declared that she desired to become a Christian.

The three young knights, shedding happy tears, exclaimed: "Behold Our Lady of Joy! That shall henceforth be her name."

On leaving the prison, the princess asked permission to take the miraculous statue home with her, in order to contemplate it at leisure. Her request was, of course, granted; and she joyfully returned to the palace.

During the following night Ismeria had a marvellous dream. The Blessed Virgin appeared to her and said:

"My daughter, your destiny is great. You will deliver the three prisoners and will accompany them to their own country. Through you my name will be glorified in France, and you will be placed near my throne in Paradise."

The princess awoke, arose, and began at once preparing for the journey. When she had concluded her arrangements, she proceeded to the prison, communicated her dream to the brothers, and then told them that she purposed to set them at liberty immediately. She forthwith threw open the prison door, and they all wended their way through the streets of Cairo.

Reaching the bank of the Nile, they were looking about for some means of crossing the river when a graceful young ferryman presented himself and soon carried them to the other side.

They travelled all day long through an unknown country. Toward evening they seated themselves under a palm-tree, took a frugal supper, and, as they were very tired, soon fell asleep. When they awoke it was broad daylight. Looking around them, they were astounded to see that the country did not resemble Egypt at all. They had gone to sleep under a palm-tree; but there were no palms to be seen now, although oaks, elms, poplars, and maples abounded. Besides, the sky did not look the same. Ismeria especially was lost in wonder at the changed conditions of nature.

Espying a shepherd who was guarding a flock in a pasture near by, Lord Eppes called him. "In what country are we?" he asked.

"You are in France," replied the shepherd, "and pretty close to the Castle of Marchais,"—their own home. During their sleep God's angels had transported them to France, and to the very spot on which was to be built the chapel of Our Lady of Joy.

For, in token of gratitude to the Mother of God, the brothers made a vow (which was speedily executed) to build a shrine in the very place where Ismeria awoke with the miraculous statue in her arms. The princess was baptized by the Bishop of Laon, and lived afterward most piously

with the mother of the young lords. At her death she was buried in the chapel of Our Lady of Joy.

The new shrine quickly attained celebrity in France. Pilgrims began to throng to it from all quarters, and they still throng to it in our own day, more than seven hundred years after its first establishment. About thirty years ago the illustrious Pontiff Pius IX. accorded to Our Lady of Joy the honors of a coronation. The ceremony was worthy of the Ages of Faith; it was witnessed by nine prelates, eight hundred priests, and fifty thousand of the laity.

How Leo Joined the Gypsies.

BY L. W. REILLY.

III.

The next morning Leo was routed out before five o'clock and set to feeding and currying the horses, carrying water from a pump an eighth of a mile away, and doing other chores. He thought that the women were slow in getting breakfast ready; and when at length that coarse and meagre meal was served he had a fierce hunger.

"Well, how are you this morning?" asked Manuel.

"I'm all right, thank you."

One of the motherly women of the camp, who was the chief cook, had an extra plate of cakes and syrup for the boy; and he thought that he had not eaten anything so appetizing in a long time, and that she was kind to make a special dish for him.

After breakfast the men began operations to break camp. They folded up the tents, buckled all the gear on the horses, and deftly packed away all their other belongings. The women got together the clothing, the household goods, and

the cooking utensils. The camp was going to move. Where to? When Leo put this question to Manuel, the latter answered: "Ask the chief." And then he laughed—whether to show that only the chief knew or that he dared Leo to seek the information from that glittering-eyed man, the boy could not determine. But he could determine that he would not gratify his curiosity if he had to do so by approaching the irritable leader; although he could not help wondering much and fretting a little over the chance of their going a way to him unknown, so that if he should desire to go back home he would have trouble to retrace his course.

By the time that Leo was ready to gulp down the last mouthful of sharp-tasting coffee—and only his plate and cup were then unpacked,—two of the wagons were being driven into the road and were turned in a westerly direction.

"Here you!" shouted the chief, calling to Leo, and holding for him a horse with an old bridle, a rope for a rein, and no saddle; "get up here."

The boy handed his plate and cup to the young woman with the gay handkerchief, who was seated in another wagon that was pulling out, and he hurried over to the chief. He put his left foot into the right hand of the man, grasped the horse's mane, and, giving a spring with the foot on the ground, partly vaulted, partly was lifted on top of the animal's back.

By this time all the wagons were on their way up the road, proceeding singly and at irregular distances. Three of them were driven by women, one by Manuel, and one by the oldest of the men. Four of the gypsies were on horseback, every one of them leading a couple of other horses. Only the chief was provided with a saddle.

On they trooped along the highway. The sun was getting hot, the dust arose in clouds. All who passed them stared at

them; and the negro youths, who drive the carts filled with clay from the banks to the brick-kilns in the outskirts of the city, mimicked the motley procession.

Leo's mount was an aged dapple-gray plow-horse named "Ugly Charley." It had never been broken to saddle, and it walked with a jerky motion that jarred him from head to foot. Its back, too, had a ridge in it. The lad soon got warm and tired and sore. But still the gypsies pressed on, and still he clung to his seat.

"There's not much fun in this," he said to himself.

"What's that?" asked the chief, who had come up with Leo unperceived, and had overheard him mumbling to himself.

"I said that there's not much fun in this," answered the boy.

"Oh, there will be after you get used to it!" replied the gypsy.

"Do you move often?" inquired Leo, who was a fearless little fellow, and who was glad to talk, especially as the chief seemed friendly.

"Sometimes every day, sometimes once a week, sometimes not for a month or two at a time. It all depends on the size of the place where we are and on the amount of business we do."

"Do you go far from Baltimore?" the boy went on.

"In the winter time we go as far as Florida or Texas, and in summer weather we go as far north as Maine. Again we go west to Ohio and Illinois. Wherever we want to go, we go; and wherever we want to stay, we stay."

"How nice!" said Leo to himself, his dreams of an unfettered life returning to him, and mention of so many distant States stirring within him a restless longing to see those unknown regions.

On the band proceeded, straight out the Washington road, past Lansdowne, past Halethorpe, past St. Denis, past Elkridge, past St. Augustine's Church—which Leo recognized because once he had been out

there at a school entertainment,—past Hanover cross-road, past Harwood, and on to the camp-meeting grounds at Dorsey's, where a halt was called for dinner.

Driving into the grove, the gypsies made quick work to get rested. While the men unhitched the horses, led them to water over at the pump near the post-office, tied them to trees or hobbled them and fed them, the women started a fire under a kettle that they slung on a pole stuck into crutches made in two stakes.

"Here you!" bawled the chief, as soon as poor Leo had slipped down off his horse, stiff and sore; "bring a pail of water from the pump."

The boy could hardly move after his twelve-mile ride on a bony nag, being soft and unused to equestrian exercise. Full of spunk as he was, the tears welled into his eyes, not so much at his own suffering as at the heartless lack of sympathy that there was for him, and at the gruffness with which he was ordered to work when he was scarcely able to stand. But there was nothing to do but obey; all the other gypsies did as they were directed. Possibly, so he thought, after a time he would not be so tender nor wince at the strident orders of the chief. So he took up the pail, moved painfully over to the pump, got the water and bore it back, smarting at every step.

The dinner consisted of pork, cabbage, and potatoes, all boiled together in the pot. It was different from Leo's dreams of game dinners, nicely cooked and cleanly served. At home he would have turned away from such greasy fare; now he was eager for his turn to come for a portion of the mess.

After resting for an hour, three of the men rode off in different directions, all leading several horses and all bent on trade. Three hours later they returned to the camp with four horses less than when they had started. It was then after four o'clock. Quickly everything in use was

packed away again, horses were hitched to the wagons, and the party set out once more. They proceeded about ten miles farther along the pike, to the outskirts of Laurel, and there they encamped for the night. The hour of seven was reached before they were settled in their resting-place and the women were getting supper. The meal was simple. It consisted only of cold ham sausage, bread and tea.

Leo was so numb that he had to be lifted off his horse. Still he had to help put the horses away and feed them, and then assist with the arrangements for supper. At home he would have had little appetite for such fare; and even with the need for nourishment that resulted from his exhausting experience, he was almost too tired to eat.

After the repast the boy went and sat upon the whiffletree of the wagon that was farthest from the camp-fire and the most in the shade of the trees. He was utterly down-hearted. If his first night away from home had been depressing, the second was still more wretched. He was so fagged out that the weariness of his body pulled down the courage of his spirit. Besides, being a gypsy was not in reality what it had been pictured in his fancy when it was unknown and was seen at a distance. And then thoughts of those he loved—especially of his mother and Bessie—came surging over his childish heart and filled it with an uncontrollable longing. Oh, if he were only back in his own room which he had left so lightly! He could not resist the desire to see it again and to take up his proper life once more. Yes, he would go back; he would give up being a gypsy; he would return to his studies; he would follow his father's advice; he would pursue the way marked out for him by Providence, and wait for time and opportunity to decide his life-work for him. He was not suited to be a gypsy: the life was too coarse and rough and hard. He missed his daily

bath, his clean and cosy bed, his dainty meals served on pretty china-ware laid on snowy linen; the company of refined persons like his parents and teachers, and the society of his playmates. He must return: he could endure the presence of the dirty gypsy band no longer.

When Leo reached this conclusion, he got up, walked over to the group where the chief was and said:

"Sir, I'd like to go home to-morrow morning."

"Home!" shouted the chief, in affected astonishment. "Why, this is home for us. Wherever our camp is, that is our home."

"But I want to go back to my own home," persisted the boy.

"To your own home?" repeated the chief. "That is here. You are one of us. You asked the great favor of being admitted to our band, and your petition was granted. We did not seek you: you sought us. You wanted to be a gypsy; you were received; you have become a gypsy, and now you must follow the customs of your tribe."

There was mockery in the tones of the chief; and the other gypsies, attracted by his loud talk, pressed around him and the boy, smiling at his false show of earnestness and at the lad's discomfiture.

Leo burst into tears.

"Don't be a baby or a woman," sneered the chief. "Gypsy men don't cry."

Leo tried to press back the tears, but they would come.

"You'd better go to bed," said the chief, "and sleep off this foolishness. You'll feel better in the morning."

So Leo slunk off to his tent, amid a derisive murmur from the gypsies. He did not take off his clothes nor kneel down to say his prayers; but, flinging himself upon his wisp of straw, he murmured: "O dear Lord, save me! O sweet Mother Mary, take me back to my own loved mother! Oh, if I had only stayed at home, I'd have been preparing for

Confirmation and been so happy!" And then he sobbed himself to sleep.

The next morning, with the return of the light, Leo felt more resigned, and set about his chores briskly, now that he knew pretty well what he had to do.

After a breakfast of bacon, "slap-jacks," bread and coffee—Leo could not touch the meat because it was Friday,—four of the men set out as usual on horse-selling expeditions, going in different directions. They did not have much luck; for but one of them made a trade, and he only swapped one horse for another and got \$10 to boot.

After dinner the camp was moved some fifteen miles to Hyattsville, and for the few hours of light that still remained the gypsies scoured the adjacent country in search of opportunities to "dicker." They sold one horse to a truck farmer, and bought two others for a song from a man who had obtained a position as a machinist at the Government Navy Yard in Washington, and who was about to retire from the poultry business, at which he had expected to make a fortune.

That night Leo's homesickness came back upon him with irresistible intensity. He *must* get home; he must see his folks, especially his mother and Bessie. He could bear the separation no longer. Gypsy life was abhorrent to him. The night was dark and dismal. A misty rain was falling. The scattered lights of Hyattsville made the ambient blackness even more gloomy. Frogs were croaking in a neighboring slough that was nearly dry with the drought. They were calling for more water.

Leo determined to escape. If he could only get down to the railroad station, he might be able to beg or steal a ride on a train to Baltimore. If not, he might possibly hide in a barn until the gypsies had gone on. Anyhow he would try. And if he were caught, would the chief beat him? Perhaps the man would—no

doubt but he would. However, he must take that risk.

Leo remained with the oldest gypsy, who had the special charge of the horses, in their big tent, until shortly after nine o'clock; then nearly all in the camp were ready for bed. He went to his tent, and, taking off only his hat, jacket and shoes, lay down. To keep himself from going to sleep, he took a pin out of his clothes and held it in one hand so that it gently pricked the other.

In half an hour all was quiet. The two men who occupied the tent with Leo soon snored in their deep repose, lying on their backs, with their arms extended above their heads. Cautiously rising, Leo put on his hat and jacket, grabbed his shoes in his left hand, listened intently, then peered out from one side of the flap of the tent; and, hearing and seeing nothing, he slipped out and walked quickly toward the road. One of the camp dogs growled slightly and gave a low, short bark; but, seeing its mistake in taking a friend for a foe, it put down its head again between its paws in its place under a wagon and went back to sleep. The patter of the now heavy rain deadened lesser noises, and Leo walked with bare feet. He was hopeful that he had escaped undetected.

The boy soon reached the highway, and, after walking along rapidly for an eighth of a mile, he was about to start on a run when he heard a noise behind him. His flight had been discovered! He trembled with terror; then he attempted to flee. But, with all his speed, before he had gone far he was overtaken; a firm hand grasped his collar, and Manuel, breathless, said between gasps:

"Come back! come back! The chief will surely find you, and then he will whip you. Come back at once quietly, and he will not know."

"O Manuel, I don't want to go back! I want to go home. Do help me to escape."

"Not now. This is too small a place. The chief will surely catch you here, and then he'll whip you cruelly. You don't know him. Wait till we get to Washington. You'll have more chance there. Hurry! hurry! He has eyes in the back of his head, remember; and his ears are open night. He may be coming for you now."

Reluctantly, the boy allowed himself to be led back to camp. There was no commotion there. With a sad heart he crept to his bed. He did not get to sleep for some time; and then his rest was much disturbed, for he renewed his flight in his dreams, only to be captured by the chief and to be savagely beaten by him.

On Saturday morning the gypsies, after an early breakfast, moved to Washington, six miles away. They expected to remain there a fortnight or more; for, besides their chances to sell their stock, they expected visits from legions of simpletons seeking to find out their future from the ignorant old beldam of the camp. They purposed doing little more for the remainder of that day than to get the tents put up securely, to hunt provender for their animals, to do some marketing for themselves, to let the public know that their fortune-teller was ready for work, and to rest from their hard trip through Maryland.

Leo was let do as he pleased; but he was told that toward noon he must peel potatoes for dinner, shell peas, chop wood, and do other chores.

"If only Stephen had come," thought the lonely lad, "it wouldn't have been so hard. But," he added, considerably, "I'm glad he didn't; for then he'd be in the same bad fix as I am."

(To be continued.)

MAMMA, here's a caterpillar
That I caught right on a tree;
Guess this little one's its baby,—
'Tis a kittenpillar, see!

Brave on All Occasions.

After the Seven Years' War, General Ziethen became one of the most frequent guests of Frederick the Great. He even occupied the place of honor, unless there were princes at the table. One day when he had received an invitation to dine, he prayed Frederick to excuse him.

"Tell his Majesty that this is a day on which I am accustomed to receive Communion, and I do not wish to put myself in the way of any distraction."

Some days after the King said to his favorite general:

"Well, Ziethen, how did your Communion go off the other day?" at which all the courtiers laughed. But Ziethen rose, approached Frederick and said gravely:

"Your Majesty ought to know that I have dreaded no danger, and that I have fought courageously for you and the country. What I have done. I am ready to do again, when your Majesty commands me. But there is One above us mightier than you, than I—than all mankind. I will never allow any man to insult Him in my presence, even in jest; for in Him is my faith, my hope, my consolation."

The King, much moved, held out his hand to the noble old general and said:

"Happy Ziethen! I respect your religion. Preserve it carefully, and rest assured that what has now taken place shall never again be repeated in my presence."

The Fisherman's Ring.

The "fisherman's ring" of the Pope is a signet of steel used for the marking of official documents issued from the Holy See. A new one is made for every Pope; though all are based on a very ancient original, representing St. Peter in his boat drawing his net to the surface.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Les Saints et Les Animaux," by M. Henri Bourgeois, has been crowned by the French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and the author has received a medal from the ministry of public instruction.

—The executive committee of the National Union, composed of delegates from the different dioceses of the United States, to convene in Washington next October, has engaged Dr. A. J. Faust, of St. John's College, to read a paper on Dr. Brownson. The selection is a judicious one, and all who know Dr. Faust are assured that he will do justice to his subject.

—It will be sufficient reply to a reverend critic who quotes Prescott against us to say that no author of the class of which Prescott and Irving were the leaders is now cited as an authority in history, at least by any one who has followed the recent march of scientific investigation. The day of Prescott has passed. Those who have any real grasp of the truths of American history know that he was a fascinating writer of romance and nothing more.

—The Rev. James Bellord has published, through the English Catholic Truth Society, a little book which should find favor with all—clergy and laics. It is "The Eucharistic Month of Holy Scripture," an arrangement of texts from the Sacred Writings as preparation and thanksgiving for Mass and Holy Communion. Instead of long prayers, the experienced compiler gives texts which have a bearing on the Blessed Sacrament, and which are suggestive of thoughts; hence the value of this booklet.

—The hero of Mr. Le Gallienne's new novel is a thinly disguised portrait of a Manchester minister who must have been vastly more interesting in real life than he is in fiction. "A story which we know to be true," says the *Bookman*, "is told of a friend who went to see him and to console him in his extremity. This friend read to the dying minister a chapter from the Epistles. All he remarked was: 'What a terrible style St. Paul had! Almost as verbose and involved

as Mr. Gladstone's.'" Soon afterward he died, as many others do, without having realized the relative importance of form and matter.

—Probably no translator of fiction has ever earned so much money by his work as Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who gives us the novels of Sienkiewicz in English. Mr. Curtin's share in the phenomenal success of "Quo Vadis" now amounts to \$25,000. It may be observed that if the general public had not neglected more important books, this famous novel would not be in so great demand.

—One of the most delightful serials in all the current magazines appears in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* under the title of "My New Curate," being stray leaves from the diary of an Irish parish priest. Father Heuser has such a nice art of balancing the contents of his magazine that we should not be surprised to learn that the *Review* is almost as popular with the laity into whose hands it comes as it is with the clergy.

—The editor of the *Land of Sunshine*, who confesses that he has grown up "fond of an honest fight," would like to see a campaign begun against the traitors who corrupt our politics, the seducers of our government, and the venal yellow freaks who hawk our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honors upon the streets at two cents a copy. Perhaps this would be a good chance for our muscle later on when, as Mr. Lummis remarks, we are done with the contract to mismanage the rest of the world.

—The London *Monitor*, in a generous review of THE AVE MARIA, notes that "among the European contributors to this admirable magazine we have three nationalities well represented, England, Ireland and Scotland." The May monthly issue, to which our contemporary refers, is not so remarkable for the cosmopolitanism of its contributors as many other numbers which one might instance, but the catholicity of our May issue does not receive full justice from the *Monitor*. Four of the May contributors live in Canada, four in England, two in Scotland, six in the

United States, three in Ireland, one in Rome and one in South Africa. These include clerics and laymen, Protestants and Catholics, people of various tribes and tongues, their sole and sufficient claim to favor being their ability to produce the best literature. And since our contemporary has betrayed us into talking about ourselves—a thing we dislike—we may say that perhaps no Catholic magazine is so cosmopolitan in its contributors and none half so cosmopolitan in its readers.

—We are glad to note that the promising beginning of the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has been nobly sustained by its later work. It has established a church-tent in the military camp at San Francisco, and is now providing good reading matter for the soldiers. Not the least of its services is the publication of a new prayer-book, the "Soldiers' Manual," which costs only ten cents, and contains handy explanations of religious questions as well as sensible prayers. Chaplains in the Eastern and Southern states would do well to take note of the work of the C. T. S.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland*. \$6.
 Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss*. \$1.50.
 Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio*. \$1.50, net.
 Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson*. \$3.
 Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke*. \$1.25.
 Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, net.
 The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg*. \$1.

- The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 85 cts.
 What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly*. 50 cts.
 From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan*. 50 cts.
 Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart*. 85 cts.
 Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward*. 75 cts.
 Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley*. 50 cts.
 Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.
 Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.
 Light and Peace. *Quadrupani*. 50 cts., net.
 The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, net.
 History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay*. \$2.50.
 Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey*. 85 cts.
 Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.
 For a King. *T. S. Sharwood*. 95 cts., net.
 Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan*. \$1.
 The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies*. Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, net.
 The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson*. 75 cts.
 The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon*. \$1.
 Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts., net.
 Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.
 Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.
 The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.
 Spanish John. *William McLennan*. \$1.25.
 Père Monnier's Ward. *Waller Lecky*. \$1.25.
 How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebs, C. SS. R.* \$1, net.
 Fidelity. *Mary Maher*. \$1.10, net.
 The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges*. \$1.10, net.
 Rachel's Fate. *William Seton*. 90 cts., net.
 The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen*. 50 cts.
 Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts., net.
 Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea*. \$1.
 Carmel in Ireland. *Father Patrick, O. D. C.* \$1.35, net.
 Science of the Bible. *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M.* \$1.25, net.
 The Life of St. Catharine of Siena. *Edward L. Aymé, M. D.* \$1, net.
 The Life of Jesus Christ. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Magdalen.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHERE'ER is heard by land or main
The wondrous tale of Passiontide,
In cloister old or stately fane,
Or on the lonely mountain side;
Whatever lips that tale repeat,
By them is still the story told
Of her who washed the Saviour's feet,
And dried them with her hair of gold.

Wherever Mary's name is heard,
'Neath tropic sun or frosty skies,
Where hearts by Mary's woes are stirred
Or hymns in Mary's praise arise,
There, too, is heard of her who stood—
When shook the earth and moaned the sea,
And Jesus gave for man His Blood—
By Mary's side on Calvary.

When old and young, no matter where,
Rejoicing greet the Easter sun,
Where Alleluias fill the air,
The name of Magdalen is known.
Great was her guilt, greater the love
That won her crown of purest rays,
Where in the courts of heaven above
The sinners' Saint for sinners prays.

I EXPECT to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—*Anon.*

Our Lady, Tower of David.



AMONG the millions of her clients who daily invoke the Blessed Virgin under the multiplied titles of Loreto's Litany, not all perhaps have any more than a vague idea of the fitness and aptitude of these titles to the Holy Mother of God. Some, it may be, take it for granted that in the wealth of eulogistic epithets applied to her, only comparatively few have any special congruity or suggest more than the faintest resemblance between the attributes of Our Lady and the characteristics of the secondary object to which she is compared. Yet a studious examination of each separate epithet will make it manifest that none have been applied in an arbitrary or haphazard fashion; that, on the contrary, all embody a special symbolism which is as interesting to the intellect as it is consolatory to the heart of a true servant of Mary.

Beyond the general notion that, as a tower implies strength and incidental protection, she whom we invoke as Tower of David is appealed to that her clients may be protected from the attacks of the world, the flesh, and the devil, it is quite possible that the great mass of Catholics are cognizant of no specific reason why this title may claim especial appropriateness. A brief account of the historic

structure whose name is thus introduced into the Litany may therefore possess interest for many of our readers.

Between the hill of Acra and Mt. Moriah, the most vulnerable point of the olden city of Jerusalem, King David caused a very strong tower to be built, with redoubts and entrenchments capable of resisting the most violent attacks of an enemy. All around it were suspended bucklers and shields, the defensive armor of the most valiant warriors. It is not strange that this tower should be looked upon as a figure of Mary, who is the fortress, rampart, and redoubt of the Church, and a fortress built by the true David—the Christ.

Mary is the Tower of David, because in her the divine Warrior born at Bethlehem took the arms necessary for the combat which He desired to sustain; that is to say, His body and blood. Ancient kings were accustomed to hang from certain lofty towers bucklers, quivers, bolts and divers other instruments of war, for the purpose of inspiring their foes with terror. God has followed this custom with respect to the Blessed Virgin. He has adorned her with the examples of the most heroic virtues, under which aspect she will be "terrible as an army set in array";* her very appearance will disperse the besiegers.

St. Thomas says, in connection with this subject: "The thousand bucklers are the thousand remedies against every species of danger from which Mary can preserve us." Mary is a veritable armory. In her are to be found the faith of the patriarchs, the hope of the prophets, the fervor of the apostles, the fortitude of the martyrs, the wisdom of the doctors, the justice of the confessors, the chastity of the virgins, the combined virtues of all the saints.†

It is significant that, from the historic tower erected by David, there were sus-

pending no swords, lances, arrows, or other offensive arms, but merely shields or bucklers. Truly typical of Our Lady, who knows no offensive arms, who attacks and wounds none; but who consoles, aids, protects and defends, and who is thus fittingly supplied with defensive armor alone. For a similar reason, Mary is compared to the plane-tree. "As a plane-tree by the water in the streets was I exalted."* The leaves of this species of tree are shaped like the ancient shield; the tree is thus surrounded by as many miniature bucklers as it has leaves. He who, in the shade of the Heart of Mary, seeks a refuge from adversity, is safe from every danger, from every stroke and dart and arrow. A thousand bucklers protect him.

Entering Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate, the tourist observes to his right the citadel El-Kal'ah, the ancient castle of the Pisans in the Middle Ages. Four towers meet his gaze, that forming the western portion of the citadel being our Tower of David. Its lower part is composed of great, time-worn stones, arranged in bossage work, and measuring from three to twelve feet in length by four and a half feet in width. This lower part is thought to be of Jebusite construction.† There is no break or opening in its whole surface. It rises some forty feet from the base of the fosse, or moat; is more than sixty-five feet long, and some fifty-two or fifty-three in width.

In the upper portion of the tower is a window of what is known as David's Oratory. This word awakens reflections both sorrowful and consoling. On the terrace surmounting the tower which was his royal residence, David, while walking about one day, allowed his glance to rest upon a spectacle that seduced his heart; and to this day the guides point out to the

* Ecclus., xxiv, 19.

† Jebus was the name long borne by Jerusalem. The Jebusites were descendants of the third son of Chanaan.

* Cant., vi, 9.

† L'Abbé Durand.

interested traveller the site of the house of Urias. That valiant soldier was given up to certain death in order that his royal master's passion might have free scope.

To the King thus miserably fallen, however, the Lord sent His prophet Nathan; and these walls of the tower were the first to hear that touching allegory of the poor man's lamb, which so many centuries have delighted to repeat, and over which so many stricken sinners have shed tears of repentance:*

"There were two men in one city,—the one rich and the other poor.

"The rich man had exceeding many sheep and oxen.

"But the poor man had nothing at all but one little ewe-lamb, which he had bought and nourished up; and which had grown up in his house together with his children, eating of his bread, and drinking of his cup, and sleeping in his bosom: and it was unto him as a daughter.

"And when a certain stranger was come to the rich man, he spared to take of his own sheep and oxen, to make a feast for that stranger who was come to him; but took the poor man's ewe and dressed it for the man that was come to him.

"And David's anger being exceedingly kindled against that man, he said to Nathan: As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this is a child of death.

"He shall restore the ewe fourfold; because he did this thing and had no pity.

"And Nathan said to David: Thou art the man."

This memory of a grievous fault is not incongruous to this Tower sung by the Church in her Litany. Mary sits enthroned on the theatre of one of the most deplorable falls recorded in history; giving us to understand that if her Heart is like a tower wherein the Christian may in the hour of combat find defence and shelter, it is also a compassionate refuge for him whose weakness has caused him

to fall. "Tower of David! Refuge of Sinners! pray for us!"

Antiochus Epiphanes forever sullied these monuments by his ignoble cruelties. To punish mothers who were faithful to the divine law, he had them precipitated from the height of these walls, with their children hanging about their necks. Simon Machabeus in his day purified the citadel, and entered within the walls to the sound of harp and cymbals.

Never did any of the conquerors whom successful war led as far as Jerusalem attempt to take the city by assault on the side of the Tower of David. Strategy recognized the futility of all efforts against such means of resistance. When Titus became master of the deicide city, it was the upper town—the quarter in which was situated the tower—that fell last into his hands twenty days after the burning of the temple. "About eleven hundred years after its foundation," writes Mgr. Mislin, "Jerusalem was to perish on the summit of this same rock of Sion [David Tower], upon the tomb of its founder."*

Herod the Great, desirous of the celebrity accruing to the builder of sumptuous edifices, dowered Jerusalem with several towers which were built near that of David. The first bore the name of Phasaël, in memory of his father, who died in an expedition against the Parthians; the second he called Marianine, after a woman whom he loved frantically, and whom through jealousy he put to death; while the third, in honor of one of his friends, was styled Hippicos.

It is true that, having become master of Jerusalem, Titus, according to the vigorous expression of that day, ran the ploughshare through its ruins, but he suffered the towers to remain standing. The vanquisher desired to make of them a trophy to future generations of the valor of the Romans, capable of capturing

* II. Kings, xii, 1-7.

* "Les Lieux Saints," vol. ii, ch. 26.

cities thus strongly fortified. At the same time they would serve for the defence of his conquest. In 1129 El-Moadham, prince of Damas, demolished all the towers save that of David alone. In the sixteenth century Selim and Soliman raised the three Herodian towers on their original foundations, and probably with the same materials.

The servant of Mary feels a peculiar gratification in greeting her by this apposite title when, a fascinated traveller in the Holy Land, he views the Tower of David standing in the midst of ruins—an impregnable fortress which neither the hand of man nor the power of time itself has been competent to destroy.

Genevieve's Romance.

II.

DESPITE the monotony of her life—after all, she had known no other,—the years sped swiftly for Genevieve. She was now sixteen, tall, slender, and fair as a lily; for she had retained her pure, delicate complexion and light brown hair which we first saw peeping from beneath the little white sunbounnet. Her father and his friends still looked upon her as a child, but she was not a child. Many and romantic were the day-dreams that passed through the mind of this young girl, isolated as she was from all companionship save that of two or three middle-aged men—her father, the doctor and the priest, who were his sole but daily intimates.

Left very much to her own devices, and fond of reading as she was, she had imbibed most ideal notions about life and love, and the great world in whose doings she seemed to have no share. Happily, her father's library contained no pernicious literature. In her youthful, inexperienced mind, romance and purity

went hand in hand. In all her life she had had but one sorrow—the departure of her friend Dominic for Paris, where he had gone to study medicine when she was twelve years old. At first she had missed him very much; but time gradually softened the pain of separation, though she was now eagerly looking forward to his return.

When he came she found him greatly changed; and it was with a feeling of disappointment that she regarded the tall, well-built, bearded young man of twenty-two, who seemed to her almost like a stranger. His gravity of manner was another source of disappointment. He was no longer the jolly "Dom" of old, ready to accompany her on every expedition: he had become a man, with a man's cares and responsibilities; and, what was most unpleasant of all, he treated her as though she were a young lady. After a while they came to be more on their old, friendly footing; but the girl privately expressed to her father the opinion that if Dom were forty years old he could not have grown more serious.

"O papa, he is dreadfully changed!" she said.

"My dear, I find him greatly improved," said Mr. Bigelow,—*"improved in every way. He has acquired a polish of manner that I never thought he could assume. Yes, indeed, Genevieve, the change is for the better in every way."*

"Papa dear!" she exclaimed. "What I liked best in our Dom was his grand independence and outspoken frankness. That is all gone."

"Not at all," was the reply. "You seldom see a young man nowadays who is more independent and original. To be sure, he does not go about in nondescript attire, followed by half a dozen dogs, and bellowing like a Comanche whenever he approaches the house. But what could you expect? He is a man now; his studies have given him a becoming

gravity which is certainly most desirable in a physician."

"His ambition can not be great," said Genevieve. "Otherwise he would not remain here in Templeton."

"He is wise in doing so," returned her father. "Dr. Moore is about to retire; his practice will fall right into Dominic's hands. Father Anderson thinks that a couple of years' residence here will benefit him in every way. I suppose you know that he is spoken of in connection with the new sanitarium?"

"Yes; but what is that? In his place, I should go to New York or some other large city."

"And starve, perhaps?"

"No, not if he had courage—and I think Dom has courage."

"My child, you know nothing about it," replied Mr. Bigelow. "You are only an inexperienced girl. Perhaps you are not aware," he continued, "that he did at first intend locating in New York; but that, in deference to his uncle's wishes, he decided to remain here. He owes everything to Father Anderson."

"Yes; that was nice," admitted the girl, in a softened tone. "He" certainly is lovely to Father Anderson. But what I find fault with most is that he is so stiff."

"Stiff! Why, I consider him remarkably graceful and well set-up,—a young athlete indeed."

"Oh, I don't mean that way, papa!" laughed Genevieve. "He has become so pompous and cold in manner,—a sort of putting on airs, I call it. And that seems so comical in Dom."

"You are a silly little girl, Genevieve," rejoined Mr. Bigelow. "There isn't the slightest thing of the kind about him. Why, he is almost charming."

"Well, we shan't quarrel about him, papa dear. Dom is not *quite* as ugly as he used to be. I'll admit that."

"Dom never was ugly, as you call it," said her father. "And, as I predicted to

his uncle years ago, he has grown to be a very handsome man."

Genevieve laughed aloud.

"Dom handsome!" she exclaimed. "O papa! Dom handsome—our old Dom! How can you think it?"

"What is your ideal of a handsome man, my dear?" asked her father, amused at her *naïveté*.

"Just the opposite of Dom," she said. "He is too tall, too broad, too swarthy; his eyes are too deeply set, his hair too crisply-curling—cut too closely."

"You surely didn't admire it more when he wore it long and falling over his eyes?"

"I never admired Dom's hair in any shape or fashion, papa. I think reddish or chestnut-brown hair the prettiest."

"Oh, you do! And a pink and white complexion, probably," said Mr. Bigelow.

"Yes, papa," replied Genevieve. "And deep blue eyes, with long curling lashes; and small hands and feet. Dom's are simply immense."

"Dom himself is a young giant. He must be six feet two."

"Well, I shouldn't care for his looks if he were not such a piece of gravity," said Genevieve. "But perhaps he may come round and be himself again after awhile. Let us hope so—"

"Let us hope so, if he wishes to win your ladyship's good-will," rejoined her father. "But you should not forget, my dear, that you owe Dom a deep debt of friendship and gratitude. Once you thought there was no one like him."

"I would think so still, if he had not changed so frightfully," answered Genevieve. "That is just what I am complaining of."

With these words she went singing down the steps, while Mr. Bigelow turned and entered the library at the left side of the hall. When the door closed upon him, Dom came out of the parlor where he had been an involuntary listener; and,

passing through the long hall, returned home by the back way.

As time passed something of the old intimacy gradually began to re-establish itself between Genevieve and her whilom inseparable companion. She even went so far as to confide to him certain little romantic ideas she had concerning love and lovers, not hesitating to describe her ideal,—which description caused Dom to frown involuntarily.

"Why do you frown?" she inquired. "Don't you like the portrait?"

"Oh, was I frowning?" he remarked, hastily. "I was not aware of it."

"Yes, you were. Perhaps you don't like that type of manhood. For my part, I can not endure any other."

"A-ha!" he said. "Your father and I will have to look for some other abiding-place, then. Or perhaps it will be yourself who will fly from the obnoxious with the man of your choice."

"Dom, how you talk!" she exclaimed, pettishly. "One's father does not count, nor does one's friend. I wish you would take me seriously."

"I do," answered Dom. And at that moment he looked very serious.

A few days after this conversation Mr. Bigelow caught a severe cold. At first he thought lightly of it, but it did not improve; and one morning, after a fit of coughing, he had a slight hemorrhage. Alarmed, he at once requested Dr. Moore to make an examination. The physician told him frankly that he was in a serious condition, and advised a warmer climate.

"You really think there is danger?"

"I do," replied the physician. "And I am surprised; for I had not suspected any tendency to disease of the lungs."

"My father died of quick consumption, at the age of forty-five," said Bigelow. With these words he leaned his head on his hands, and remained silent for some moments. Then he added: "Doctor, tell me as man to man. Is there hope?"

"While there is life there is hope," answered the Doctor. "With proper care you may live many years."

"Are you sincere?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The physician spoke with some hesitation,—a fact which did not escape the notice of Mr. Bigelow. A flush passed over his face.

"Come, come, my dear fellow!" said the Doctor. "Nature can work wonders, especially when she is assisted. Do not doubt me. In my opinion, you are not past hope. You are reasonable enough to admit that when there is anything serious the matter with the lungs, this is no winter climate to live in."

"You are right," observed Bigelow. "And in a warmer climate—how long?"

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the Doctor, impatiently. "To be sure, you can kill yourself in three months, if you are determined not to make an effort. Think of Genevieve, if you do not care to live yourself."

"But for her I should not even make the effort," remarked Bigelow. "What would she do without me?"

"What indeed?" said the physician, pathetically. "Let that thought be your constant incentive."

"She must not know of my condition. I shall put the journey on the plea of wishing a change for her."

"In your place, I should not do that," said the Doctor. "Genevieve is not a child. Do not alarm her, but tell her honestly that your health demands a change. And I shall charge her to take good care of you."

"Perhaps you are right," returned Bigelow. "She knows nothing as yet, except that I have had a severe cold. It would not be advisable to tell her of the hemorrhage, Doctor?"

"I don't know but that it might," was the reply. "She is too inexperienced to augur much from that circumstance."

At the same time it would not be amiss to prepare her for a possible recurrence."

"I agree with you," said Bigelow, as the Doctor prepared to depart. "I suppose there can be no better locality than New Mexico. My sister is there."

"The very place," rejoined the Doctor; "with the further advantage of being among your own kin."

Bigelow shrugged his shoulders.

"God forgive me! but I have little affection, I fear, for my sister, who, save Genevieve, is the only relative I have in the world. She is fifteen years older than I am, and has always been a crank."

"Nevertheless, blood is thicker than water," said the Doctor; "as you will find, I'll be bound, before you are many months older."

"If anything should happen to me, and the child be left alone—yes," replied Bigelow, gloomily.

That evening he again met the Doctor at Father Anderson's, whither he had gone to discuss the situation.

"We were speaking of you, Bigelow," said the priest, as he entered. "This is bad news. But it might be worse."

"I hope so," answered Bigelow, taking a cigar. "This morning I felt despondent, but to-night I am not so hopeless."

"Hopeless!" exclaimed the priest. "Far from it, I trust. The Doctor says you lack courage—principally."

Bigelow looked at the Doctor.

"Sometimes I think he is telling the truth when he talks thus," he said; "and sometimes I believe he is merely trying to buoy me up with false hopes. In the meantime let us put our heads together and see what there is to do."

"When shall you start?" asked the priest.

"As soon as I have heard from my sister," was the reply. "Genevieve goes with me, of course."

"What disposition will you make of your house?" inquired Father Anderson.

"I shall leave it just as it is."

"Not try to let it?"

"Not at all. If I am much better in the spring, I shall return. I can't bear to think of strangers occupying it, using my belongings. Darly and his wife will take care of it."

"That will be a good arrangement," said the priest. "A few months more or less will make no difference. Have you told anything to Genevieve?"

"Not much, but enough to prepare her for a shock—if one should come. The Doctor thought it best that she should know my health was precarious."

"And how did she take it?"

"Bravely," said Bigelow. "Of course she does not realize that there is any danger; but as soon as I informed her that we were to go, she was eager to start at once."

"No doubt that was partly because she has a young girl's natural desire to travel," said the Doctor.

"Perhaps," replied Bigelow; "but her eagerness did not seem to be of that kind. Few travelling companions would be as congenial to me as she will be."

For some moments the three men smoked in silence. Bigelow was the first to speak.

"I made my will to-day," he said,— "that is, I had Potter draw it up. It only remains to be signed. I want you two to witness it. Can you go up to the office to-morrow morning?"

They both expressed acquiescence. Presently came a summons for the Doctor. After he had gone, Bigelow walked about the room in his usual restless fashion. Suddenly he faced the priest.

"Father," he said, "I do not feel that I shall come out of this scrape at all. That would matter little were it not for my poor Genevieve. I can't bear to think of leaving my child."

The priest was about to reply, but Bigelow interrupted him.

"It would ease my mind, if I could think that she and Dom might fancy each other. But, brought up together as they have been, nothing seems more unlikely."

"Yes," said Father Anderson. "It is usually so."

But he spoke with reserve, as though holding something back—a circumstance at once observed by Bigelow.

"Shouldn't you have liked it?" he inquired, abruptly.

"Can you ask it?" answered the priest. "Genevieve is very young," he went on; "her mind is unformed, and she thinks little of such things."

"True," said Bigelow. "And Dom is entirely wrapped up in his work and in his studies. He is a fine fellow."

After some further conversation, during which Father Anderson took care to keep his own cheerful views before the eyes of his friend, they separated. When he was left alone, Father Anderson leaned back in his chair and gave himself up to serious reflection.

(To be continued.)

From the Tents of Kedar.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

WHEN in the night awakes the breeze,
 I turn, in feverish sleep,
 And seem to hear in rustling trees
 The murmur of the deep;
 Thick falls the heat, the transient cheat
 But feeds my misery;
 Mine ears are fain to hear again
 The language of the sea.

Unnumbered smilings of the calm
 The billows give their God,
 To Him goes up the awful psalm
 When tempests are abroad;
 The ocean's Lord my soul adored
 On childhood's bended knee;
 O I am fain to share again
 The worship of the sea!

A Whitsuntide Holiday.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

NO greater contrast can be imagined than that existing between the noisy thoroughfares, close atmosphere, dusty streets, and hurried, busy life of a great city, and the solemn calm of a glorious forest, where contrasts of light and shade, sweet summer scents, silence and sunshine, make up a picture restful yet varied, full of repose and devoid of monotony.

This contrast was keenly felt by four tourists who, on a May day last Whitsuntide, rode on their bicycles through the forest of Fontainebleau, from Paris to Montargis. On either side spread the glades of the forest, one of the finest in France; deep hollows were filled with ferns, in their delicate freshness; here and there were masses of red rocks, with golden patches of gorse in full bloom. Through the overhanging foliage the sunshine sent shafts of gold on the soft mosses beneath; the air was fresh and sweet, and no sound save the twittering of the birds broke the welcome silence.

Our tourists realize the charm of the place and hour as they swiftly ride through the shady solitude. They feel as if a new world is opening before them; the dust and noise, the labors and cares of everyday life seem left far, far behind. Yet even in this sylvan solitude they are soon reminded of the vicissitudes of existence; and around the great forest-trees, as around the city buildings, hang grave and solemn memories. Toward the southern extremity of the forest is a large open space, where four roads meet. It is called Carrefour de St. Herem. An old stone cross stands in the centre, and one of the roads leads from Fontainebleau to the plains of central France. Here our tourists halt, and while they sit and rest

under the shadow of the stone cross two distinct historic scenes rise up before their mental vision,—scenes as picturesque as they are instructive.

The first shows them the fading glory of the woods under a grey sky late in November, 1804. The modern Cæsar, Napoleon I., stands ready to receive Pope Pius VII., who, at his word and in consideration of his services as the restorer of religion in France, has consented to crown with his own hands the mighty Emperor. Great had been the venerable traveller's joy at the filial welcome that was lavished upon him by the people. "Blessed be God!" he exclaimed on reaching his journey's end. "I found the whole French nation on its knees."

At Carrefour de St. Herem, Napoleon, in his turn, welcomed his guest. Under the yellow forest-trees the two great powers of the world stood in each other's presence: the gentle Benedictine, on whose shoulders rested the weight of the universal Church; and the Corsican soldier, whom his extraordinary fortune had made the master of Europe. After a greeting more ceremonious—but less hearty, it must be added—than that lavished on him by the peasants and citizens of the French provinces, the Pope entered the Emperor's carriage, and the two returned to Fontainebleau.

Even then, generous and indulgent though he was, Pius VII. seems to have realized that a day might come when the monarch's iron will and imperious claims would clash with his own duty as Supreme Pontiff. Alas! that day came all too soon. In 1812 the Pope returned to Fontainebleau, not as a guest but as a prisoner; and, strange chances of life, four years later Napoleon himself was a captive: his throne was in the dust, his empire dismembered; and his mother and brothers, in their distress, had found a safe asylum under the protection of the Papal See.

The second vision is of a later date. The month is June, the year 1816. The Bourbon lilies have replaced the imperial eagle on the flag of France. The forest is at its best—much as our tourists saw it in the last days of May, with the rich foliage as yet untouched by the breath of summer heat; the ferns in their freshness, the gorse in its golden splendor. Two processions of royal carriages are advancing, in opposite directions, toward Carrefour de St. Herem,—one is from Fontainebleau, the other from the plains. They stop at the large open space, and from the first state carriage descend a group of royal personages: Louis XVIII., the newly restored King of France; his brother, the Comte d'Artois; the two sons of the latter, the dukes of Angoulême and Berry; and, most interesting of all, the Duchess of Angoulême, around whose brow tragic and pathetic memories form a halo.

From the travelling carriage that has driven up from the opposite direction alights the slim figure of a girl of seventeen. With rapid steps she crosses the green enclosure and bows so low as almost to kneel before the King. He raises the young traveller, embraces her, and presents to his nephew, Duke de Berry, the Princess Caroline of Naples, his promised bride, and, according to human calculations, future Queen of the fair land of France.

Then the royal personages, and with them the newly arrived Princess, take their places; the procession forms again, and the stately pageant vanishes into the blue distance, leaving the forest in its solitude and silence. Fortunately for her happiness and peace, no prophetic vision rose in that hour before the girl who had left her Southern home to share the apparently splendid prospects of the heir to the French throne. Could she have foreseen what life held in store for her, her step would have bounded less lightly

across the green carpet as she went to meet her destiny. Providence was kind to her, as it is to us all, in withholding the secrets of the future; and no visions of projects set at naught and cherished hopes unfulfilled, of a murdered husband and an exiled son, paled the glowing cheek of Caroline of Naples on that bright June day.

Bidding adieu to the forest whose old trees have seen so much of the vicissitudes of human destinies, our tourists enter the plain that extends to the little town of Nemours. Nemours formerly belonged to the princes of the house of Orleans; and from it one of the noblest members of that family—the late Duke de Nemours, a worthy descendant of St. Louis,—drew his title. Here our cyclists stop and lunch, and then stroll about the little town whose fine old church is worth a visit. It presents a curious blending of Norman and early Gothic architecture; and was originally founded, as an inscription informs us, by monks from Palestine, who after the second Crusade established a priory at Nemours. A medieval fortress, now used as a storehouse for hay, is another of the sights of the little town; but the whole is quickly visited, and soon our travellers start again.

The road, straight and flat, winds like a broad white ribbon through a charming landscape. To the left are masses of red rocks, bright here and there with patches of yellow broom; or overshadowed by firs, whose dark foliage stands out against the blue sky. To the left the river Loing flows lazily among the meadows; big bunches of yellow iris and tiny clusters of forget-me-nots grow at the edge of the still waters. There is nothing wild or grand about the picture, but it is bright and pleasing; and there is a restful charm about the quiet river and its fresh surroundings.

Toward evening our tourists reach the town of Montargis, rather ambitiously

called by its local historian "La Venise du Gatinais"; Gatinais being the ancient name of the district, while Montargis is situated on a number of small streams and canals that flow into the Loing. The city looks its best in the setting sun as our cyclists stop at the Hotel de la Poste, large, airy, clean and inexpensive; a good specimen of a French provincial hotel, where the hostess, half deferential, half friendly, attends in person to the needs of her guests.

After dinner the four travellers stroll out in the bright moonlight. The streets are empty; the streams and canal that give Montargis a distinctive feature flow silently under the deep blue sky; the old Gothic church, and here and there a pointed gable or an Old World nook is revealed, weird-like, in the silvery moonlight. The roar of the Paris thoroughfares seems thousands of miles away, and it is difficult to believe that the little sleeping town, so silent and still, was once the scene of stirring events; that the clash of arms echoed through the now deserted streets, and that angry passions burned fiercely in this out-of-the-way corner of central France.

So it was, however; and, like many other old provincial cities where now the grass grows in the streets, Montargis had its day of warlike celebrity. After belonging to feudal lords of the family of Courtenay, the town and territory of Montargis were given as her dower to Renée de France, the daughter of Louis XII., when she married Alphonso of Este, Duke of Ferrara. Marie de Medicis, when regent for her son, Louis XIII., entered into a transaction with the heirs of Duchess Renée, and bought back the whole district, which from that memorable day belonged to the younger branch of the royal family of France, whose descendants remained in possession till the Revolution of 1793.

Old Montargis must have been singu-

larly picturesque from the descriptions left to us. It had a line of ramparts and battlements to defend it from external foes; and within these mighty fortifications were clusters of houses with Gothic windows, high-pitched wooden roofs, porches supported by wooden pillars, with a rich profusion of those sculptured ornaments, delicate, humorous, in which the medieval artists delighted. Above the town rose the great royal castle, half palace, half fortress, with its battlements and drawbridges. Twenty-two kings of France, from Louis VII. in the twelfth century to Louis XVI. in the eighteenth, resided here at different epochs; among them St. Louis, who visited Montargis as many as seven times.

Under Charles VII. the town was besieged by the English, who then held possession of a large portion of the kingdom. The siege lasted six weeks, and the inhabitants suffered cruelly from famine. They were finally saved by the arrival of a powerful French army, commanded by the famous military chief of that day, Estienne de Vignoles, more generally known as La Hire. The old historians, in their quaint language, give us an amusing account of the great captain's march toward Montargis.

On the way he passed close to a chapel, and, according to his usual custom, knelt down and said a prayer. The chaplain came out and exhorted him to make his confession, as a bloody engagement with the English troops was close at hand. "I have not time to make my confession," answered La Hire. "I can only say that I have committed the sins that are most usual among men of my profession." The chaplain was satisfied with the summary reply, and gave him absolution. La Hire then joined his hands and in a loud voice, in his Gascon dialect, made the following prayer: "My God, I beg Thee to do to-day for La Hire what Thou wouldst wish La Hire to do for Thee if he were God

and Thou wert La Hire." After this quaint and fervent invocation he rose from his knees with fresh courage, continued his journey, attacked the English, conquered them, and entered Montargis in triumph.

It is later, in the reign of Charles VIII., that writers place the story of the "Dog of Montargis." Whether it be a real fact or merely a local legend, the tale is worth relating. A man named Montdidier was attacked and killed in the forest of Bondy by a soldier named Macaire, who afterward went to serve in the army of King Charles VIII. The murdered man possessed a dog, which was present at its master's death, and which remained near his dead body until it was buried. For some days the faithful animal refused to eat or drink; at last a soldier who was on his way to join the army contrived to win its affections, and induced it to follow him. On arriving at Montargis, the dog recognized Macaire, its master's murderer; flew at him, bit him, and, in spite of Macaire's endeavors to appease its fury, continued to pursue him.

This attracted the attention of the dog's new master, who accused Macaire of having murdered Montdidier in the forest of Bondy. A violent quarrel ensued; and the King, Charles VIII., who was then at Montargis, having heard of it, summoned the two soldiers and the dog to his presence. Here the dog once more flew at the murderer's throat, and was restrained with some trouble from doing him serious injury. The King having demanded an explanation, the soldier to whom the dog now belonged related how the faithful animal had been found near its murdered master's body in the forest of Bondy; how he had induced it to follow him to Montargis, and how since its arrival at the camp the dog had shown such hatred of the soldier Macaire that he suspected the latter of being the unknown assassin.

Macaire stoutly denied the accusation; but the King ordered him to prove his innocence by a hand-to-hand fight with the dog. The strange duel began; and in a few moments Macaire was on the point of being strangled by the infuriated animal. The King ordered the struggle to cease; and Macaire, who had fainted away, on recovering his senses confessed that he was in truth the murderer of the dog's master.

In memory of this occurrence, says the old historian, King Charles VIII. ordered the story of the dog of Montargis to be painted over the chimney of his palace. The palace has been destroyed, but one of the stained windows of the parish church represents the story we have just related. That church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, alone remains of the numerous public and religious buildings that Montargis once possessed. It was begun in the sixteenth century, on the site of an older church that was destroyed by fire, and finished in 1618. Its architect was Androuet du Cerceau, who built a portion of the Louvre. Unfortunately, the portal and doorway are of a later date, and little in keeping with the choir and nave, where the somewhat massive Norman pillars develop into windows of the purest Gothic.

A quaint legend, altogether worthy of the "Fioretti" of St. Francis, is related of the church of Montargis. In 1581 a Capuchin from the convent of Sens was preaching to a large congregation. It was springtime and flocks of swallows had made their way into the sacred edifice, where their fluttering and twittering sadly disturbed the good monk. At last he addressed himself to the intruders, and bade them in the name of God leave the church. The birds instantly obeyed; and since then, adds the old historian from whom we borrow the legend, the swallows have never ventured within the church of Montargis.

Musing on the quaint stories and traditions that linger around the ancient buildings of the once warlike little city, we slowly retrace our steps to the hotel. The moon rides high in a cloudless sky, and its soft, shadowy light envelops the sleeping town as with a glimmering veil. We return from the memories of a stirring past to the realities of the present, and to the grateful sense of rest and refreshment that we owe to our Whitsuntide holiday.

A Narrow Escape.

BY MARY CROSS.

TWO young men were sitting opposite to each other in a compartment of the express to Deepdene,—the younger tall, fair, placid; the elder thin and dark, with brilliant, restless eyes.

"We had better come to some sort of an understanding, Brooke," said this latter. "You say you are going to stay with Mr. Dormer for about a month. So am I. But I hope that you don't intend proposing to Miss Dormer during this visit or at any other time."

"And why not?" asked Jack, calmly.

"Why, for one thing she doesn't care for you; for another, her father favors my suit."

"Well, Linton, I should prefer stronger proof of both statements than your mere word supplies."

"Thanks for the insinuation! However, I repeat that your attentions to Ada Dormer will simply be love's labor lost. In this case I have got the whip-hand, and I mean to use it."

These sentences passed like the sharp rattle of a hail-storm; Linton was excited and angry, Brooke quietly amused by what he considered a bit of sublime impudence. When he had first met Linton, he had been attracted by a seem-

ing good-nature and boyish candor in him, until he had discovered that these qualities were merely assumed to conceal an utter want of principle, and a perfect unscrupulousness in furthering selfish ends. There had been one or two unpleasant little episodes, after which Brooke had checked the other's effusive advances with a civil indifference more effective than studied coolness or ostentatious scorn. Two summers ago they had been making holiday at St. Andrew's, and in that quaint "city of the scarlet gown" had met Mr. Dormer, a kindly old gentleman with one fair daughter. She was a bright, pretty girl, whose head might well have been turned by the amount of flattery she received,—partly for her own sweet sake, partly because of her position as coheir with her young brother Dick to Mr. Dormer's thousands.

The proverbial looker-on soon saw that Brooke and Linton were rivals, though it was impossible to say which of them Miss Dormer preferred. The acquaintance ripened and developed. A week ago both young men had received an invitation to Mr. Dormer's country-house at Deepdene, and it had occurred to Jack Brooke that he would probably never have a more favorable opportunity of putting a certain vital question to Ada than in the sweet leisure of country life. He was his own master, well-connected, and he had never done anything of which he need be ashamed, which was very much more than Linton could say. Jack was not particularly pleased to find that his quondam friend was to be Mr. Dormer's guest at the same time as himself; however, the best would have to be made of it.

The train rattled on; the two surveyed each other until Brooke finally remarked, reflectively:

"Your words about the whip-hand are not quite intelligible."

"I'll translate them into the plainest

possible English, then. Ada Dormer will marry me to save her father's good name, if for no other reason. The man was not always the straight and steady squire he is now, and old sins have long shadows."

"But surely you don't want to have the monopoly of folly, Linton? You must allow a few faults and failings to other people, you know."

"You may think it is a joke, but I assure you it is nothing of the kind. You are justly proud of your old and honorable name, and you might not care to share it with the daughter of a man who spent seven years in jail."

"What has that got to do with the Dormers?"

"You are only pretending that you don't understand me. Mr. Dormer spent that time in prison for forgery, after which he went to Australia, began again, made a fortune, and returned home a respectable member of society. Very few remember the tale; he has kept clear of old scenes and old friends; his own children don't know a word about it. But I know, and I shall give him to understand that all the world shall know unless he uses his influence with his daughter on my behalf."

Brooke's face grew pale, his lips took a sharp curve, his eyes drooped in disdain.

"If your tale be true, you are a greater knave than I thought," he said, slowly. "You are also much more foolish. Do you imagine that I, or any man worthy the name, would look quietly on at Ada's being sacrificed to you, even to save her father's reputation? Your price is too high."

"What do you mean?" said Linton, his eyes flashing, his hands closing and unclosing in ungovernable wrath.

"That if there really be danger of her being coerced into a marriage with you, I will take steps to prevent it. Of two evils I'll choose the less, and forestall your disclosure. You coward!"

The word cut like the lash of a whip; and Linton, beside himself with passion, snatched up his stick and struck Brooke across the head with all his strength. Wholly unprepared for the attack, Brooke made no attempt to protect himself. There was a sickening smash, a faint groan, and he sank backward, soon becoming quite still. As rapidly as it had risen, Linton's anger died before the ghastly sight. An indescribable horror and fear overwhelmed him; his brain reeled, his senses momentarily failed. Rallying as best he could, he bent over Brooke, shook him, called to him:

"Jack, Jack! I did not mean to hurt you so badly. You provoked me,—you know you did; but I had no intention of striking you at all. Jack, I say!"

There was no response, no movement. He dragged a flask from his valise, trying to force brandy between the stiffly parted lips, but in vain: Jack neither breathed nor stirred; his eyes were fixed in a dreadful, glassy stare; already his cheeks were cold. And the train was beginning to slacken speed; soon it would be stopping at Deepdene, and *this* would be found,—“this cold clay once a heart.”

Drops of sweat poured from Linton's brow; the blood raced through his veins at the thought. What was he to do? How could he save himself from the consequences of his crime? If he allowed himself to be found here, he was lost; he could not plead accident with that ugly mark darkening that cold white brow; circumstantial evidence would condemn, more justly and rightly than it often does. Plans for his own preservation came and went like lightning flashes through his brain; only one was possible, full of risks, far from certain success, yet of necessity to be attempted. Perhaps by its very simplicity, its very daring, it might succeed. The compartment on the left was empty; the noise and rattle of the train would have prevented the occupants

of that on the right from hearing Jack's low cry. There was no one to prove that they had travelled from town together. At Deepdene he must contrive to get into the empty compartment unseen, but must not leave it without attracting considerable attention. Here matters must be so arranged as to suggest that a robbery had been committed.

There was no time to be lost; and, though sick and shuddering, he proceeded to action. He snatched Brooke's watch and chain and flung them through the window; quickly emptied his pockets and transferred the contents to his own, resolving to destroy the notes on the first safe opportunity, lest they should furnish a clue; then he laid poor Brooke full-length along the seat, as if sleeping, carefully covering him with a light travelling rug. Having ascertained that the window of the next compartment was open, he contrived, with remarkable dexterity, to transfer to it his own possessions. He sat down and concealed himself as well as he could behind a newspaper, appearing to be absorbed in its contents. The train slowly drew up alongside the platform, and into the usual bustle and confusion; then carriage doors were unlocked and flung open, newsboys shouted, porters pressed forward, and the crowd surged gradually away to the luggage vans.

Now was Linton's opportunity,—now or never. He was in the act of stepping forth when he felt himself gripped from behind, whilst an ear-piercing yell made the station ring. Had the dead come back to life? His heart in his mouth, his eyes almost starting from his head, he swung round as well as he could, being pinned fast by one leg, and beheld a lad, dusty, dirty and dishevelled, sprawling from under the carriage seat, clinging to him, and shrieking the while like one possessed. His face shone deadly white through the disfiguring dust and grime.

In a moment guard, station-master, officials of all degrees, passengers, and porters, had flocked round, exclaiming:

"What is it? What's the matter? Has any one been hurt? What is all the noise about?"

Like many a man at desperation point, Linton grew cool and self-possessed. He was fighting for life perhaps, for liberty certainly.

"I don't know what it is about," he said, with well-feigned impatience. "This boy sprang out on me as I was passing, and tried to drag me down. I should say he is an escaped lunatic. Better send for the police."

"That you had!" cried the boy, who still clung desperately to Linton. "Just look in here, and you'll soon see what is the matter."

A tall man in uniform authoritatively set the others aside and entered the compartment; he momentarily hesitated at sight of that stiffly-outlined form. As he turned back the rug, a shout of dismay brought all the rest pressing closer and closer, straining over one another's shoulders, craning, questioning, shuddering, thrilling. Linton recoiled, affecting to be overcome with horror.

"Frightful, frightful!" he exclaimed. "As I told you, this boy is mad, a victim of homicidal frenzy. He has killed this unfortunate man, and no doubt the same fate would have been mine but for circumstances. I chanced to be in the next compartment, where you will find my luggage; and I had got out to look for a friend, whom I expected to meet here, when the lad sprang on me and almost succeeded in dragging me down. For Heaven's sake, take care that he doesn't get away!"

"I'm not trying to get away," retorted the boy, who was panting and trembling. Two men held him by the arms, but he offered no resistance; he glared defiance at Linton with eyes glowing through a

mist of grief and horror. "I have nothing to fear. You are a liar as well as the coward he called you. I charge you with murder, too!"

"The boy is raving," cried Linton. "Look here, station-master; you know Mr. Dormer, I presume? My name is Linton, and I am here as his guest. He will answer for my respectability. Will you send for him?"

"Yes, sir. We'll send for the police and the doctor at the same time. Can you give any account of yourself, my lad?"

"Yes, I can. You ought to know me, Mr. Fyvie. I've run away from school; and because I hadn't money to pay my fare home I hid under the seat, knowing that my friends would make it all right with you. And then this man got in and began disputing with the other, and struck him on the head and killed him." (The incoherent speech was interrupted here by a sob.) "I called out, but he didn't hear me; and I was afraid to show myself. But I watched him, and he flung everything through the window—Mr. Brooke's watch and chain, and his own things. He was trying to make off when I caught him, and I charge him again with killing Jack Brooke."

"Why, it is Dick Dormer!" exclaimed Linton, at last recognizing the boy under all the dust and tears.

"Yes, it is Dick Dormer," replied he, fiercely; "and as soon as they'll let go of my arms, Linton, I'll give you the jolliest thrashing you ever did have for slandering my father."

Linton began to realize the increasing perils of his position. He turned to the chief official.

"You will not venture to detain me on the word of a runaway school-boy?" he said, haughtily.

The station-master was civil but stolid, conciliatory but immovable.

"Sorry, sir, but we can't help ourselves at present. It is a bad business."

Here a diversion was effected by Dick's swaying heavily against one of the men who held him; the great shock and the terror had been too much, and he had fainted. They carried him to a waiting-room, where all kindly attention was given him. He revived, to burst into a storm of hysterical sobs; emerging from that condition when the kind, sad face of his father appeared.

"Well, well, Dick! This is a sad affair, truly. Keep quiet, my boy, if you can."

"I'm all right, now that you are here, father. Tell me, first of all, is Jack Brooke really dead?"

"Thank Heaven, no. He is being taken to my house, and Dr. Mudie is with him. Linton practically is in custody. What had you to do with it, Dick?"

"I can soon tell you, dad. When Ada wrote to tell me you were expecting Jack to stay with you, I got heart-sick of study. He had promised to teach me cycling; and I knew he would, and I was just aching for it. When I asked old Farley to let me off, he said he meant to keep me a week longer than the others; for I was much too fond of holidays. So I made up my mind to run away. I'd spent all my pocket-money, but I thought you would pay my fare all right at this end. So I hid under the carriage seat; and when Brooke got in, didn't I think myself in luck? Of course he would have seen me through, and I meant to show up once the train had started; only at the last minute that brute Linton got in, and right away they got to hot words about Ada. Brooke wants to marry her, father; and Linton said he couldn't and wouldn't, because—because you had been in prison for forgery! And Jack called him a coward, and then he struck him, and—" Dick shivered and pressed close to his father.

A pained, surprised flush passed over the old man's face; his head drooped, a sigh escaped him.

"How dare he say that of you, father? As if any one but a born scamp would commit a mean, low crime like that!"

"Hush, my dear lad! We can't know how much a man struggles before he falls; we can't know how deeply and truly he may repent."

"You speak almost as if you wanted to defend that sort of thing, father. And why should you?" asked the boy, half reproachfully, half piteously.

"Because I would have my dear Dick practise the charity which hopeth all things, beareth all things." He hesitated, and looked earnestly into the troubled young eyes. "Do you want me to deny Linton's accusation, laddie?"

"Father!"

The tone, the look, the accompanying gesture, sufficed. Mr. Dormer rose, his countenance clearing.

"We had better get home, Dick. Ada was alarmed enough when they sent for me. I should like to be home before they bring Brooke."

A closer medical examination revealed that Brooke's injuries were much less serious than had been at first supposed. Though weak from loss of blood, and suffering extreme pain, he rallied from the long, profound swoon with more vigor than the doctor had dared predict. A clever nurse was placed in charge, and at the end of a week there was no reason to fear serious results. Later Brooke was allowed to see his kindly host, and heard from him of the unseen witness to what might have been a tragedy.

"I haven't had time to scold Dick yet, and I don't care to begin until you are better," said Mr. Dormer, deprecatingly. "But I have made things right with his master. And now I must tell you that, after all, Linton has got away. I believe that if you really had been dead, he would have brazened out the affair. When he heard that you had rallied, and that your deposition was to be taken, he knew the

game was lost. He managed to elude the police, and to get clean and clear away."

"Well, he carries his punishment with him. I must take my share of the blame and admit that I was provoking. It was the less excusable in me as I knew his hasty temper."

"One word more. Dick heard him tell you that I had been in prison for forgery."

"That is so. Out of that rose all the trouble."

"You don't ask if it is true or not."

"In either case, sir, my love for your daughter remains the same. No exterior circumstance can touch that."

"It is true, to a certain extent, Jack. That is to say, there *is* a blot on my name—a skeleton in my cupboard. Not I, but my brother was the criminal. He is dead, and I have hidden his story as well as I could. However, only a month ago Linton asked my permission to woo Ada, and I felt bound in honor to tell him this, as I would have told you or any other in like circumstances. I never dreamed he would violate my confidence or make a dishonorable use of an old man's secret. But it is clear that he has done so. I presume that he varied the story, and laid the guilt on me, thinking you would therefore decline association with me or mine."

"His motive is obvious enough," said Brooke. "You know me better, sir, I hope. If Ada will accept me, you, I trust, will not refuse your consent. For the rest, let the dead past bury its dead."

It was a glorious day, and Ada had just come in from the garden with an immense basket of roses. She was standing in the hall, touching the crimson, white, and yellow balls of perfume, when a slow, dragging footstep on the stairs caused her to look round. Mr. Brooke was creeping down, inch by inch, clinging to the velvet-covered hand-rail. He looked pale and thin and weak; and in an instant she had run up to him, all reproachful eyes.

"O Mr. Brooke! how can you—how dare you be so foolish? Why did you leave your room like this? Sit down, and I'll call Thomas to help you into the library. It isn't kind of you to be so imprudent."

"I am sorry. But don't leave me, Miss Dormer." He sat down slowly on the stairs. "Don't leave me, I beg! Will you humor a poor invalid so far as to sit beside him? The cure may as well be completed,—don't you see?"

"Not quite in the light you do," she answered; but she sat down, with her bright head on a level with his knee.

"This will never do," said he. "You must come higher. The natural order of things is reversed. In this case it is I who ought to be, and who figuratively am, at your feet."

"Oh, please don't talk nonsense!"

"I pledge myself to that. Now for the soundest common-sense I ever uttered. Will you be my wife?"

"O Mr. Brooke! You have already suffered so much that I grieve to cause you further pain; I should be so sorry to forfeit your good opinion. I am sure you would not address me in this manner unless you were under the impression that I had given you some encouragement."

"Well?" said the wretched young man; the prim, precise sentences could have but one meaning.

"Well, then, I suppose I must have given you some encouragement."

"Ah! you plead guilty?"

"With extenuating circumstances—those being that I really do like you very much, and believe you to be rather a fine fellow."

IF thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies.

If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.

—A. E. Hamilton..

One Need.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

ON a headstone in the oldest burying-ground in Boston is an inscription which never fails to attract the attention of visitors. On the old slate slab is duly set forth the fact that he who lies beneath was a faithful servant of his king, a loyal member of the Church of England, and an "inveterate foe to popery and enthusiasm." What the survivors of that staunch old Tory meant by thus coupling together the religion certain people term "popery" and the earnest expression of feeling known as enthusiasm, we are at a loss to determine; but surely, no matter what may have been intended, it is not a stigma upon the old faith which is chiselled upon that tottering memorial.

For we need vastly more enthusiasm. We need it in our manners. Cordiality is out of fashion; a frigid code of behavior now prevails everywhere, from finishing schools to courts. Emotion is banished; gestures are frowned upon. One would almost fancy that countenances were considered attractive in proportion to their appearance of imbecility. "Do not look as if you were ever guilty of an idea," say, in effect, modern teachers of propriety. Opinions are held in check, earnestness frozen at its fount. Our demeanor is despised if it has not "the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere." There is, to be sure, a dignity which is admirable, a reticence which we must commend; but these differ from the dreary and inane indifference which makes of society a refrigerator.

We need more enthusiasm in our relations with our friends and kindred. We are afraid of being prodigal with our sympathy. We withhold our appreciation lest we spoil our dear ones, forgetting that many have gone to despairing ruin for

lack of a single warm and affectionate expression of trust and fidelity. The sympathy we feel we leave for others to discover, if they can. We shrink from being thought too effusive. We press gifts and dainties upon those who share our hearth; we nurse them when they are ill; we defend their reputations in their absence; we work for them, we deny ourselves for them; we die in their service, perchance, leaving them our hoarded substance; but while we live we starve the hearts that hunger only for an assurance that behind our kindness love is hiding.

We need more enthusiasm in our literature. We need burning words that will inspire and strengthen. We need fewer cold-blooded platitudes, and more rhetoric that can stir the pulse and warm the heart; less calm and unsavory dissection of questionable motives, and more narrations of simple heroism and devotion; fewer fine sentences, and more which make men better.

We need more enthusiasm in our religion. The old Crusaders were not in the habit of stopping to measure their dignity. The martyrs of the arena met the lions with fervent *jubilates* on their lips. Saints whose souls went up in flame did not weigh the words which testified to their willingness to die for the faith which was in them, nor should we. Let us act as if our religion was something of which to be proud and something that we were glad to share.

In rare instances, ill-advised enthusiasm may defeat a cause; but it is far safer than the demeanor which leads others to think the cause not worth the saving.

THE disposition to give a cup of cold water is far nobler property than the finest intellect.—*Howells*.

WE often do more good by our sympathy than by our labor.

A Page from a Precious Little Book.

THERE is one great drawback about book reviews when the volume to be noticed is one of exceptional merit. Very often the writer is obliged to give his recommendation before he has had time to read the work to the end; and it happens, not unfrequently, that he learns when too late how much more praise some books deserve than they have received at his hands. We remember to have published, on its appearance, an appreciative notice of the latest volume of the admirable Jewel Series* by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; but having examined "Jewels of Prayer and Meditation" more leisurely, we feel obliged to recommend it again, and to quote the powerful passage at the end of the book. Like many other pages, it is calculated to affect strongly all who read it. The double charm of these "Jewels of Prayer and Meditation" is that they are gathered from unfamiliar sources and set by a skilful hand. Mr. Fitzgerald could have given us nothing more appropriate as a clasp to the casket than this concluding meditation:

I find this a very pleasant, enjoyable world—one that has used me kindly. Everything has gone smoothly. I have health and happiness and comforts; I keenly relish all the innocent joys about me—reading, study, the arts, plays, society. Though many friends are dropping away, it seems to me that I am to be exempt. Yes, the end seems a long way off yet; not that I am so rash as to assure myself of such a thing, but there is that sort of instinct within. But these things scarcely touch me. There is influenza about, and I hear of those known to me "succumbing," as it is termed. I catch cold myself, and have to stay in for precaution's sake, meaning to "shake it off." It is of a shivering sort; and a smiling doctor comes and says that I "have such a fine constitution we shall do very well"; of which I am more certain than *he* is, but still it is annoying. So it goes on. Somehow the nights are sleepless and oppressive; the cough, too, does not mend, and I find breathing hard work; all most painful and annoying and tedious,

but I am to recover by and by, of course; that is assured. Suddenly some one comes in softly and even tenderly, and, with many hesitations and apologies, falters something about 'would I not like to see Father So-and-so?'—just for my comfort, that's all. *That's all!* The notion makes me start, gives a sort of chill I have never experienced. Father So-and-so comes in the next moment, and, after a little general talk, glides off to the subject—the last Sacraments. What does this mean? It is such a shock—yes, shock to me. Can there be danger? "No: only precautionary," he says, in a very soothing yet rather peremptory way, as though time were precious. But now for confession, and he will be back in a couple of hours to 'give me the last Sacraments.'—"God above!" I gasp when he is gone, "*this means dying* and naught else!"

Such, like enough, is the common sequence of things in this dread matter. On three-fourths of the world it comes somewhat after this fashion, and with as terrible a shock.

The little book is dedicated in the following exquisite lines to the memory of Pauline, daughter of Lady Trevelyan, a musician of rare talent, whose beautiful life, "cut short too soon," was harmonious in the highest sense of the word. It is rarely that even the most charming books begin and end so felicitously as "Jewels of Prayer and Meditation":

The velvet touch—the vanished hand—
Ah! seek them in the Silent Land.
No more shall flutter down the keys
Her fingers lighter than the breeze.
Silent the tone, extinct the fire,
Hushed Chopin, Brahms, and all the choir!
Music her life, cut short too soon;
Herself the note, her soul the tune.
That sweet *cantabile*, her heart,
Was Nature's own, informed by Art.
All was in time, no chord was wrong;
Her willowy grace itself was song.
No needless *fortes* to offend,
The notes grew softest at the end.
The Saint of Music grudged the strain
And won her for the heavenly train.

WHATEVER Catholics may say or do in regard to our Blessed Lady, it is nothing more than a simple giving of reality to belief in her motherhood; nor is it easy to see on what principle bars or limits can be put to stop the flow of those feelings toward her which this view necessarily sets in motion.—*Wiseman*.

* The other volumes are: "Jewels of the Mass," "Eucharistic Jewels," "The Layman's Day," "Jewels from the Imitation," "Catholic Jewels from Shakespeare" and "Words for the Worldly" are out of print.

Notes and Remarks.

The *Monitor* calls attention to a wrong that ought to be righted at once. At least one-third of the American army is made up of Catholics, and they are entitled to Catholic chaplains—to as many as there is need of. The services of many priests have been offered to the Government, but very few appointments have been made. The *Monitor* states that "regiment after regiment has poured into San Francisco, and not a single Catholic chaplain among them. Camp Merritt swarms with paid preachers, who discourse on Sundays to a corporal's guard. The thousands of Catholics are dependent on private enterprise for their religious services."

Catholic citizens are numerous enough to demand that our brethren in the army shall not be treated as an inferior class; and it is their plain duty to insist and to keep on insisting until justice is done. The supineness of Catholics is the only explanation that we can find for the fact that their rights are so often withheld. As the *Monitor* says, "we shall get nothing by keeping quiet and complaining to ourselves." The Government should be bombarded with respectful but vigorous protests until the injustice to Catholic soldiers ceases.

According to information compiled by the United States Commissioner of Education, the amount of government money appropriated last year for the use of colleges professedly sectarian was \$24,052. This does not include certain large gifts of money made to distinctly sectarian schools from time to time; nor does it include those institutions which get themselves recognized as the "agricultural schools" of state universities. It is simply the amount which our government consecrates every year to the work of propagating the Protestant religion, and this in plain defiance of innumerable rulings to the effect that such appropriations are unconstitutional. Our Methodist brethren, South, are reported to have grossly scandalized the politicians by tapping the United States Treasury for some hundreds

of thousands of dollars. We should never dream of repeating these wicked stories were it not for the pharisaic conduct of sectarian journals toward our Catholic Indian schools. And it was these apostles of "unsectarian schools" who snatched the crust of bread, in literal truth, from the lips of the poor Sisters who are trying to civilize and Christianize our red savages. Common justice demands that the public should have a correct idea of the sort of people who were so grievously shocked because the Sisters received a pittance for performing a work which the Protestant bodies could not possibly accomplish themselves.

We have reason to be proud of our navy, its size, its equipment, and its performances; but more especially of our sailors and the officers who command them. Their treatment of prisoners is as superb as their bravery. The Spaniards, on the other hand, may well feel proud of representatives who could make such an impression on their foes as Admiral Cervera and his officers have made. Gentlemen know one another by instinct and brave men recognize their kind. But the American people are just beginning to learn the true character of the enemy they are fighting, and that of the insurgents in Cuba whose cause they espoused.

There are many things that an agnostic may be excused for not knowing, but a disciple of Huxley who declares that he has no respect for the intellectuality of St. Thomas of Aquin simply stultifies himself. Huxley has many followers of whom he would be heartily ashamed. He himself speaks of the Angelic Doctor as a man "whose matchless grasp and subtlety of intellect seem almost without a parallel." And yet no Catholic believes, or ought to believe, in the infallibility even of St. Thomas.

Another awful tragedy occurred off Sable Island, when the French steamship *La Bourgogne* collided with an English vessel and went down with almost six hundred passengers. For the honor of humanity,

we hope that the reports of some of the survivors are exaggerated. In striking contrast with the alleged barbarous conduct of many of the crew was the sublime courage of five priests who perished. When all hope was gone, they passed among the stricken passengers, comforting them and exhorting them to prepare for death. "Large groups," says an eye-witness, "gathered around the priests, kneeling and praying; and as the ship sagged down deeper and deeper, received absolution. In this posture—the priests with hands uplifted, the people kneeling in a swaying circle about them,—they sank beneath the water." Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them! May they rest in peace!

Those who have been reading and quoting the sayings of Admiral Cervera to the newspaper men will be a little disgusted to learn that he has not exchanged a single word with any reporter since he left Santiago. He has no desire to do so, though he speaks English fluently. The officers of the *St. Louis* are indignant at the fake interviews with the Spanish Admiral which have been sent out from Portsmouth all over the country. How long will the American people suffer the yellow journal?

The Rev. James Boyd Brady, of Boston, is versatile, to say the least. On a recent Sunday he preached two sermons—in the morning on "Rest in the Arms of God," and in the evening on "To H— with Spain." The Lord's Day was probably too long for Brother Brady. This is the sort of apostle that will be sent to Christianize Cuba and the Philippines when peace is restored.

The Ritualists have been attacked in an unexpected quarter. Sir William Vernon Harcourt recently declared in the House of Commons that Parliament has the power to regulate abuses in the Church of England; and he argued for a policy which would withdraw all state salaries from clergymen who wear copes and burn candles and incense, or are guilty of any other "popish

practice." "It is my firm belief," said he, "that the convictions of the great mass of the people of this country are in favor of the principles of the Reformation, and that they will make these convictions prevail." And he would like to know whether the supineness of the Anglican bishops is due to sympathy or timidity. All signs seem to show that the High and Low parties are drawing farther apart, and that a formal break between them can not be long delayed. The present situation is painfully strained and unnatural. The little animal in the nursery tale which was so glad to get home after a hard beating that it laughed out of one side of its mouth and cried out of the other side, was a comfortable creature compared with a sect which aims at being Catholic and Protestant at the same time.

The late Admiral Ammen was one of the most distinguished officers our navy has ever had. The defence ram *Katahdin*, the most formidable of war vessels, is only one of his many claims to the gratitude of the nation, which he served with honor in peace as well as in war. He was the first to advocate the Nicaragua canal; and when that gigantic scheme is actuated the credit of it should be his. He was the author of "The Atlantic Coast" in the series "The Navy in the Civil War," and wrote extensively on naval subjects. General Grant, whose life the Admiral once saved, admired him greatly. He was a most practical and pious Catholic. May he rest in peace!

It is hard to keep back bitter thoughts on reading Father Donsen's account of missionary work in Northern India. The Protestant missionaries who "labor" in that country display a remarkable fondness for methods that we refrain from characterizing. Referring to the doings of these men within his own observation, Father Donsen writes in the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*:

Books on Popery, Mariolatry, picture-worship, confession, infamous books about convents, make the stock-in-trade of Protestant missionaries. We are now so far advanced that a Mohammedan newspaper proprietor in Rawul Pindi gives a translated copy of a book about convents and priests free to

any native Mohammedan who buys his paper. Were the book an original production in Hindustani, the author would be prosecuted; but the original book coming from an English pen, and the copy he gratuitously gives being only a translation, the man goes scot-free.

Here are godly men using the shameful and calumnious writings of libertines and renegades, disgraced by their own immorality and loathed by every clean-minded Christian in America, to propagate the "pure Gospel" among the heathen! This is the sort of missionary work which pious American Protestants unwittingly support in foreign lands, though the least conscientious among them would blush for it at home.

Most persons will agree with Mr. Stead as to the necessity of making reconciliation with Ireland the foundation-stone of the proposed Anglo-American alliance. He declares that "the English-speaking peoples can never be brought into unity and harmony until the Irish section of that race ceases to be as salt in the mortar of the edifice which our race is building throughout the world." This is as wise as it is candid; and the prevailing distress in Ireland offers a golden opportunity to English statesmen, who are accused of knowing little, and often of caring less, about the Irish people and their wants. Until the wealthiest government in the world is willing to do more than it has ever yet done to ameliorate the condition of laborers in Ireland—until the causes which lead to periodic appearances of distress among them are removed,—it will be useless to seek alliance with a country where so many of the sufferers' kindred have found a home, and where public opinion against oppression can be roused at short notice.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow avers that few men were so free from bluster or hypocrisy as was the present Emperor of Germany when he came to the throne. On the Christmas before the death of the old Emperor, William wrote to a friend saying that the ambition of his life was to improve the condition of the working people, to reconcile the rasping conflict between those who have and those who have not; and, above

all, to make the Christian religion a real force in the Empire. The young Kaiser undertook rather a big contract, and after ten years it can not be said that his "ambition" was wholly without fruit. In a general way he has not been unfriendly to the Church, though he has never been willing to blot out the last vestiges of Kulturkampf legislation. The Centre Party, however, grows stronger every year, and the government stands in need of its support for the accomplishment of certain cherished plans. The recall of the Jesuits from exile is one of the conditions which the Centre Party will insist on as the price of its support; and, distasteful as the return of the Jesuits would be to William, the price will probably be paid.

An estimate of the strength of Freemasonry over the whole world, "corrected up to date, as far as possible," is furnished by the *Masonic Token*. It will surprise most people to know that, according to these authoritative figures, four-fifths of the Masons of the world live in the United States and Canada. The total membership of the fraternity is slightly in excess of 1,000,000, and the number of brethren in this country and Mexico is 783,644. Hardly less surprising than these figures is the small number of Masons in Italy—only 5,250. Spain has 6,000, France 23,800; and Ireland, strange to say, is credited with having 20,000. As a whole, the so-called Latin countries of both Europe and America have such an amazingly small population of Masons that one can not but think that their share in anti-Catholic machinations is greatly exaggerated. There are almost as many Masons in Ireland, for instance, as there are in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and all the South American republics together.

The Duke of Norfolk is courteous and self-possessed as well as kind-hearted and pious. Not long ago he visited the post-office for the purpose of sending a telegram; and, while writing it, noticed the impudence with which the clerk, a young woman, treated all who approached her. When his turn came

she seized his telegram, looked at it and flung it back to him, saying: "Put your name to it. What's your name, anyway?"—The Duke pointed to his signature: "Norfolk."—"That isn't the name of a man," she said; "that's the name of a county."—"I will trouble you for another blank," said the Duke; and wrote a fresh dispatch, which read: "Permanent Secretary G. P. O., London. Clerk at this office exceedingly insolent to the public. Reprimand severely. Discharge on second complaint. The Postmaster General." As he handed it to her he said: "This is official and will go free." The offender nearly fainted, and begged his pardon over and over. So the Duke, who had only intended to give her a lesson, administered some good advice, lifted his hat and walked out.

May I ask a question? Have you no respect for the testimony of Senator Proctor or Mr. Harrison regarding the barbarities perpetrated by the Spaniards in Cuba?—*S. A. H.*

Not the slightest. Senator Proctor went to Cuba in the yacht of a yellow journal. His hands were tied; he had to see what little he saw through the goggles of the proprietor. It was a decidedly undignified thing for a United States Senator to do. As for ex-President Harrison, the only thing about him is his hat, which he is in the habit of using as a speaking-tube.

The accuracy of the statement that the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was a Catholic is attested by the *San Francisco Monitor*, which declares that "Francis Scott Key was a good Catholic himself, and married into the family of Chief-Justice Taney, another good Catholic, whose descendants to-day in Maryland are all good Catholics."

This is the way in which two men of Gotham are reported to have argued the war on a recent occasion. It is a fair specimen of the intelligent, logical and courteous conversation that may be heard on all sides:

The revolution in the Philippines was started by the Masons.

'Nonsense! What did the Masons have to do with it?

Everything! If you go to the war, go as a Mason. The laws of Masonry will protect you on the field of battle. No Mason would shoot a Mason.

How are the Spaniards to learn that you are a Mason?

Oh, there are signs and signals! You never hear of a Mason being killed.

Rot! What have the Masons got to say in Cuba?

More to say than the Roman Catholics. The priests run everything in Cuba and Porto Rico as well as in the Philippines, except the Masons. They have to bow down to the Masons.

You don't know what you are talking about.

Neither do you.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. J. Clifford, of the Diocese of Savannah; and the Rev. John A. Fanning, D. D., Diocese of Peoria, Ill., who lately departed this life.

Mr. Henry Charles Kent, whose happy death took place on the 24th ult., in London.

Mr. William A. Showalter, of Latrobe, Pa., who yielded his soul to God on the 30th ult.

Mrs. Bridget Connelly, whose life closed peacefully on the 18th ult., at Trenton, N. J.

Mr. Daniel J. Slinger, of Duluth, Minn.; Patrick O'Brien, E. Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Agnes A. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Morris Sheehan and Mrs. Rose Delahunty, Dublin, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Hogarty, Union Co., Ky.; Mrs. Elizabeth McCarney, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Charles C. McAlister, Carroll, Iowa; Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy, Missoula, Mont.; Mr. Sebastian Calus, Anaconda, Mont.; Mr. Martin Henness, Walkerville, Mont.; Mrs. Mary Hogan, Butte, Montana; Mr. George Hayden, Beaver Falls, Pa.; Mrs. Charles Muscante, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. Vincent Burkley, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Emma F. Engel and Mrs. Elizabeth Wiethorn, Sharpsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Annie Kerin, Mr. John Corbett, Mr. Hugh McKenna, Mr. James R. Hannon, Mr. Patrick McDonough, Mrs. Annie Scanlon, Michael and Thomas McDonough, and Mrs. Bridget Cafferty,—all of New Britain, Conn.; Mr. John McGarry, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. James Fogarty and Mrs. Margaret Keye, Galmoy, Ireland; Miss Bridget Gulshannan, Carrickmacross, Ireland; Mrs. Joanna Furlong and Mr. Philip Flannery, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. Alexis Lavigne, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Gill, Potosi, Mo.; Mr. Charles Collins, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary P. Beatty, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Margaret A. Keenan and Mr. Thomas P. Ryan, Waukon, Iowa; also Mrs. Mary A. Butler, Peterboro, Canada.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Vain Lily.

"I'm going to study Latin,"
And the Lily tossed her head.
"'Twas '*Funkia-subcordata*,'
The visitor just said.

"This stupid talk of flowers
And the language of the birds,
The noisy hum of insects,
I'll change for Latin words;

"And learn what folks are saying
When they stop and look at me.
But '*Funkia-subcordata*'—
Whatever can that be?


"I s'pose it means I'm pretty;
It must be, for it's so.
I'll have to study Latin,
And then, of course, I'll know."

So she took the owl for teacher,
And was so puffed up with pride
That when she came to *mori*
She learned the verb and died.

How Leo Joined the Gypsies.

BY L. W. REILLY.

IV.

N the morning on which
Leo ran away from home
in order to adopt the ideal
career of a gypsy, his mother
arose at five o'clock, having
been awake most of the night, and
went to one of the front windows when
she heard Stephen's whistle for her son.
Hiding herself behind the curtains, she
watched her dear boy and his companion

going down the street, doubting the
wisdom of letting them depart to consort
with vagabonds, and praying that they
might be preserved from all harm.

"They're going, James," she said to
her husband, as the lads emerged from
the alley and turned into the street.

"Let them go," was the reply; "they'll
be more glad to get back than they were
to go. It'll teach them a lesson they won't
forget. You'd better go back to bed."

But no, the mother heart could not
rest. What if something should happen
to them? She gazed after the retreating
figures until they were out of sight;
and then, with a deep sigh, she turned
away from the window and knelt on the
prie-dieu before her little oratory.

After a fervent prayer for the welfare
of the two adventurers, and—it must be
said, because it is true—especially of Leo,
the mother arose from her knees, put on
a wrapper, thrust her feet into slippers,
and proceeded upstairs to Leo's room.
How vacant and still and cold it was!
His belongings were not thrown down
in disorder on his bureau and chairs.
The life of the apartment had fled.

The mother shook with a nervous chill.
"God guard my boy!" she prayed aloud.

Ah! there was the note pinned to the
border of the looking-glass. She hastened
over to the bureau, seized the paper with
feverish eagerness, opened it and read:

DEAR MOTHER, I m going to be a
gipsy, dont you worry about me, I ll come
and see you next year, good by. Steve
is going too and we ll have a grand time,
good by. tell Bessie not to worry, I ll

have a pony for her next year, good by. give my love to papa and all the rest.

Your loving son LEO.

Tears were in the poor woman's eyes as she read the message of affection. She hurried with it to her husband. He read it and laughed aloud; but there was a tender note in his chuckle; and if there wasn't a glint of moisture in his eyes, his wife at least thought there was. He might seem at times to be stern with his boys; but their mother knew that his heart was full of warm love for them, even when he felt it a duty to correct them. She treasured the memory of the many sacrifices he had made for them; she had been his confidante in the plans he had formed for their education; she was aware of the hopes he had built of honorable careers for them.

"He's an affectionate little chap," the father said. "He's all right, mother; don't fret about him. He can stand it for a few days; it will take some of the dreamer out of him. He'll not want to run away from his comfortable home again,—take my word for it. He'll be glad enough to get back to school. He doesn't know how hard life is for some people, and this will teach him. He'll be willing to stay in his place hereafter. His experience with the gypsies will be like a dose of medicine for his over-sanguine temperament,—bitter, I admit, but beneficial; it'll do him a world of good. And he'll come back safe and sound. So don't you fret."

But Leo's mother might as well have been told not to breathe as not to fret over her absent boy. She could think of nothing else. She imagined all sorts of accidents happening to him; she feared the gypsies would abuse him or sell him or run off with him to parts unknown. Nothing that her husband could say to her could quiet her maternal heart. While he was with her she was brave and cheerful; but as soon as he went to his store all her courage vanished, her

misgivings reappeared, and she craved a sight of her beloved son. Her appetite failed; she could not sit quiet; she could not sleep at night,—she started up at every sound; she had frightful dreams. In the morning there were dark spots under her eyes. She wept when she was alone. How little do children know of all their parents suffer on their account!

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday passed. No news from Leo, except that Stephen said he had left him just in sight of the gypsy camp. No sign of him appeared. He either liked the life, or the vagabonds would not permit him to return. Or was he sick? Or could any accident have befallen him?

The boy's mother could stand the strain no longer. On Friday evening she said to her husband:

"I'd go crazy if this suspense were to continue. How can I wait for to-morrow to come! What time will you start out to find him?"

"I had intended to take the 8.35 express; but, if it would please you, I'll go by the 7.20."

"Oh, do, please, James,—do!"

"All right, Emily, I will. Tell Jennie to have me something to eat at half-past six sharp. But, like a good woman, do be sensible; Leo's all right. If I had thought that there was any likelihood of harm to him, do you suppose I'd have made the arrangement with the chief? To deserve his pay, he'll be mighty careful of the boy. I told him to safeguard him well and be kind to him, even while giving him plenty to do, without overtasking him, so that he could feel a little of the real hardships of a gypsy life. The chief solemnly promised me to take good care of him, even while making him 'rough it' a little. I was particular, as I have told you, to make close inquiry about the man; and was assured by three of the citizens residing thereabouts that he comes this way

regularly every year, and that he is trustworthy if he makes a bargain to keep good his word. I'm sure I'll find him at the place he said. I've got his name in the Romany; so I could trace him through the tribe, if necessary, to Timbuctoo, and much more easily anywhere through the United States. So, for goodness' sake, cheer up. You'll have Leo home to-morrow afternoon at half-past one o'clock."

"How can I live till then?" she sighed to herself, although comforted by the assurances of her husband.

V.

The following morning Leo's father, accompanied by Bessie, took the 7.20 a. m. express at Camden station, and was over in Washington in little more than an hour. On arriving at the Capital, he left his daughter in the ladies' waiting-room, and took a car to connect with the Eckington trolley line. He was transferred at the right corner. When he reached the end of the road at the gate of the Catholic University, he got out, crossed over to the Soldiers' Home side of the avenue, and walked all along the grounds of that institution. When he got past them he came to a dingle, and there, scattered under the trees, were the wagons and tents of the gypsies. No men were in sight. Three of the women—including the one with the gaily-colored handkerchief—were washing clothes. Another woman was nursing a baby. A little girl of three was making mud pies at the bottom of the dell. There was no sign of Leo!

For a moment the father's heart stopped beating. Then he laughed out aloud at his fears; the gypsies would not be here if they had done any harm to the boy. At the sound of his characteristic chuckle there was a stir in one of the tents, the flap of which was down. Quickly out through the entrance shot a small boy, with soiled clothes, unkempt hair, and

sun-tanned face. One sharp glance he cast in the direction of the jovial voice, and then, with a glad cry, he sped like a hunted deer through the trees, out to the sidewalk, and into the extended arms that gave him an eager welcome, sobbing out in his joy at the sheltering hug.

"O papa, papa! I'm so glad you've come! O papa!"

Leo's father kissed him, and strained him to his heart, and held him long in a fond embrace, before he uttered a word. Then he said, with pretended levity:

"So you're glad to see me, Leo, are you, although you left me in order to become a gypsy?"

"O papa, papa! so glad,—so glad! Oh, please take me away from here! Do take me back home with you!"

"What! Don't you want to be a gypsy? It's so dull at home; and you have lessons to study there and none to learn here; and you have to do as you're told instead of being free and independent as you are here, with no one to obey, and nothing to do but lie in the shade of the trees and hear the birds sing by day, and watch the stars by night. Surely you prefer to stay and be a gypsy for good and all?"

"Oh, no, papa, I don't! I want to go home to you and mamma. And, oh! how is she—and Bessie and everybody?"

"All are well," responded the father; and then he added, mischievously: "But, my son, they are all envying you your freedom as a gypsy."

"Huh!" sniffed Leo, "they needn't envy me: they don't know what it is to be a gypsy."

"The reality doesn't come up to anticipations, then?"

"Indeed it doesn't."

"Your mother, however, has worried herself sick about you."

"Oh, let us go to her right away! You'll take me with you, papa,—won't you, please?"

"Well, I think so, unless you prefer to stay," replied the father, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, no, no! I want to go home right away," he insisted. "I'm so homesick and lonesome! I thought I'd never get back. I'm nearly dead with hunger. I could hardly eat the messes the women cooked in the pot—they were so greasy. I lived mostly on bread and tea. And, then, I had to work so hard! I'm sore all over. They all ordered me around and kept me busy. Oh, I'm so sick of it all, papa; please do take me home."

"But what's the use of my taking you home, Leo? You'll want to run off with the next circus that comes along. In the meantime you'll think yourself ill-treated by your mother and myself, as you have before; and you'll plan to go out into the world to be your own master and do as you please. You seem to believe that, if you can only get away from us and from the Fourth Commandment, you'll have a fine time, with nothing to bother you."

"I'll never think so any more, papa—not after this," and he made a sweeping motion of his hand toward the camp. "Oh, do take me home!"

"Not before bidding good-bye to your friends. It wouldn't be polite to the tribe who have entertained you for more than three days to depart without thanking them for their hospitality and wishing them farewell. Surely, Leo, you haven't forgotten your civilized manners so soon. Where is the chief?"

"He's off somewhere. But, oh, don't wait for him! He won't let me go."

"Probably I can persuade him to excuse you from further membership in his band; so don't worry, but go pack up your duds, if you have anything worth taking back."

With a light heart Leo ran to his tent; and while he was getting together the contents of his bundle, his father went to the spot where the gypsy women were

washing clothes, as he wished to make inquiries for the chief. They did not know where that personage was nor when he would return.

But while they were talking together, the chief, mounted on a horse, and accompanied by another gypsy astride of a mule, rode up from the direction of Brookland. As soon as he saw Leo's father, he recognized him and spurred his animal over to him. When he was near he called out:

"Good-morning, sir!"

"Good-morning!" replied Leo's father. "I came to see you about this boy," pointing to Leo, who had emerged from the tent and hurried to the side of his father, carrying a parcel under his left arm. "He's my son."

"Ah!" exclaimed the gypsy, affecting surprise.

"Yes; and he tells me that he does not care to be a gypsy any longer."

"Ah, is it possible!" cried the chief, in pretended astonishment. "Not want to be a gypsy!"

"No: he has given up that high ambition, and is willing to go back to the commonplaces of domestic life."

"Well, well!" said the chief, getting down from his horse and poking Leo playfully in the ribs. "To think of leaving the open, the woods, the sunshine, the fresh air, and the liberty of a wandering life, for the confinement, the darkness, and the restrictions of a house, a school, and a store! Surely there is a mistake—surely you don't mean to leave us?"

"Oh, yes, please, mister chief!" replied Leo, tearfully. "I want to go home to see my mother."

"Well, well, lad!" responded the man. "Who could believe it? However, if you will, you will; so here's good-bye." And he held out his hand.

Leo was as delighted and surprised at the ease with which he was let go as he had been at the facility with which he

was received. He put his little palm into the strong grasp of the gypsy.

"However," went on the chief, with a sly wink at Leo's father, "if you should change your mind again, I'll keep the place open for you."

"Oh, no!" cried Leo, aghast. "I won't want to come back, thank you!" At which answer his father and the chief looked at each other and smiled.

Then, while Leo went to bid the women good-bye, his father put into the right hand of the chief a piece of paper that looked like a five dollar bill, whereupon the gypsy touched his weather-stained hat in a salute of gratitude.

When Leo returned to his father's side, he said farewell to the chief again; and then, accompanied by his father, he turned his back not only upon the camp and his brief experience as a nomad, but also upon a portion of that visionary trait of his that disposes him to look away from the urgent duty at hand to covet the Will-o'-the-wisp in the distance.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A First Communion at the Vatican.

On the Feast of the Ascension two grand-nieces of Pope Leo XIII. made their First Communion in his private chapel. Their names are Gabriella and Agnesina Pecci. They were accompanied by their parents, the Count and Countess Pecci; their grandmother, sister-in-law of the Pope; a young brother named Stanislaus, who was to receive Confirmation; besides Madame de Montenard and Mother des Anges, superioress of the Convent of the Trinita dei Monti in Rome, where the nieces of the Pope are being educated.

It is not necessary to dwell on the simple majesty of the ceremony, on the deep piety of the venerable officiant, the recollection of the privileged assistants,

or on the heartfelt emotion of the young communicants as the Holy Father placed on their trembling lips the Adorable Eucharist. When Mass and thanksgiving were over, the Pope sat down, and desired all present to do the same. He then drew toward him his little nephew and took him on his knee, while preparations were being made to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation.

"Now, my child, kneel down and repeat the Creed in Latin," said the Holy Father.

The boy, being only six years of age, hesitated, not knowing the Creed in Latin; but one of the attendants came to his assistance, and he repeated it word for word. The Pope himself began the *Pater*. Here the little fellow was at home, and he readily and proudly recited the prayer, finally receiving on his forehead the holy chrism—the Sacrament that confers on us the title of perfect Christians.

It was now the breakfast hour, and all except the Pope retired to a refectory, where they were served with the usual repast. When it was over, the little group were introduced into a room next to the study of the Pope. Here took place a delightful scene—Leo XIII. surrounded by his family, and conversing with them with affectionate simplicity. Everyone being seated, the Holy Father called his little grand-nephew to him, passed his arm round his neck and kissed him. The two first communicants stood before him.

"I have heard, my dear children," he said, "that you have learned a piece of poetry to recite to me. Begin, Gabriella; Agnesina will recite her piece afterward."

The two sisters declaimed the verses with perfect composure. Then the Pope spoke of the First Communion, that most important action of all, upon which one's whole life often depends; quoting the well-known saying of the great Napoleon, that the day of his First Communion was the happiest of his life. Then he added:

"I made my First Communion seventy-

seven years ago. I was at Viterbo, a pupil of the Jesuit Fathers."

"Do you hear, Stanislaus?" said the Countess Pecci. "The Holy Father used to go to school."

"Yes," continued the Pontiff; "but I was eleven years old. And you, my little Stanislaus—how old are you?"

"I am six."

"Well, then, you have still some time before you. It is remembered at Viterbo that I was there, and they intend repairing the church in which I made my First Communion; even a book has been written on the subject. Where is it? I thought it was beside me."

The Pope rose quickly, went into his study, and soon came back with a book in his hand.

"Here, my child," he said, "look at this picture; it is I making my First Communion seventy-seven years ago."

"We are very happy, Holy Father," said the young Countess, "to see you always in such good health."

"Yes, I feel very well; I have none of the infirmities of old age. I walk well and my mind is perfectly clear. It is a real blessing from Providence, due, no doubt, to the prayers of the faithful. And see what a life I lead! Every day I spend many hours at work or in audiences; I hardly sleep two hours at night, and this for the last twenty years; besides, I have been twenty years a prisoner. What would you do, Stanislaus, if you were shut up for twenty years?"

"Oh, I would wait until I was let out!"

"That is just what I shall do," replied the Pope, with a smile.

"Let us hope, Holy Father," said the Countess, "that this twentieth year will be that of your deliverance."

"Yes," rejoined the Pontiff; "for my position is intolerable: it can not last. You see the revolutions that take place. Hunger is said to be the pretext, but the real cause is that religion is destroyed in

the minds of the people and then they rebel. They want to be brought back to God. The Pope alone can do this, because he is the first element of union and strength; but for that he must be free, and I am not free."

The Holy Father addressed Mother des Anges, speaking to her of France, which she had just left; and of Belgium, always dear to the heart of the Pontiff. Then the Holy Father inquired with paternal interest about the pupils of the Sacred Heart in Rome, urging Mother des Anges to make them all good Christians. At the end of the audience the Pope gave his likeness to each of the three children, and bestowed a fervent blessing on the little party, who retired full of gratitude for his kindness.

A Soldier of the Cross.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

When the reign of William, the conqueror of the Saxons, was nearly spent, there was born at Sempringham, in Lincolnshire, Gilbert, son of the great Norman knight, Jocelin. This son was greatly desired by the stern old knight; and many were the plans he made for his becoming a soldier, like the father whose boast it was that he had been 'in many battles, had seen the smoke of scores of conquered towns, had heard the moans of dead and dying on countless stricken fields; yet always was he victorious.'

But the young man was destined sorely to disappoint his father. He was a frail child, delicate and tender; he could not listen unmoved to tales of blood, and his childhood was bitterly unhappy from the harshness and neglect of his father. At length, despairing of making him a soldier, the knight sent Gilbert to Paris to study, since it was plain to all that there was nothing to do but to make

him a clerk,—such a one as Sir Geoffrey Chaucer tells of:

A clerke there was of Oxenford also
That unto logik hadde long i-go-
All that he spak it was of heye prudence,
And short and quyk and ful of gret sentence;
Lownynge in moral manere was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

At Paris Gilbert became a favorite with his masters. Studious, bright, able, he "received an abundant talent of learning. When he went back to Sempringham he turned all his learning to a good account. Very rude and unlettered was the peasantry thereabouts; but the young clerk gathered about him all the youths of the place, teaching them in all branches of knowledge, until it was said that even the women could converse fluently in the Latin tongue."

He also taught Christian Doctrine and the great virtues of humility and patience; teaching far more by his example than by the words of wisdom which fell from his lips. Great was his influence upon those around him; and the simple people, from being a wild and lawless clan, became a peaceable community, as if of one vast religious order; so abundantly were works of mercy performed, so graciously was justice administered.

But the fame of Gilbert's deeds spread abroad over all England; and, to his regret, he was called away from his beloved people to become assistant to the Bishop of Lincoln. There he remained some years. In all the distractions of the episcopal palace—like many of the palaces in those days, a military stronghold and a place of much importance,—he preserved his simplicity and piety. It is told that one day a brother cleric essayed to say his Office with Gilbert; but so deliberate was the latter, his genuflections were so frequent, his devotional acts so constant, that the brother vowed that he 'would never finish were he ever to try again to say the Hours with so great a saint.'

At the death of his father, Sir Jocelin, the young priest was left heir to a large estate at Sempringham; and, resolving to devote all to the service of God, he immediately set about accomplishing a long-cherished scheme. This was to form a monastery in his ancestral halls for monks from the peasantry; but God had decreed otherwise.

A company of pious women soon came to Gilbert begging him to form them into an order; and, perceiving that this was a call from God, he yielded to their entreaties. He obtained permission from the bishop to devote himself to this object; and, building a church and a convent on his estate, he founded the Gilbertine Order after the rule of the Cistercians. So great was the learning of these nuns that he forbade them to converse in Latin, lest the newcomers to the Order should be discouraged. From this convent went forth a steady stream of good works.

Gilbert continued in his simple life—one of never-ceasing goodness and mercy among those to whom he had devoted himself,—and died beloved by his people, revered by all, to be made a saint, a dignity which his humility was far from dreaming of. A simple, uneventful life, far from the glories which his knightly father had designed for him amid scenes of blood and carnage,—glorious indeed if spent for the good of his fellowmen or for his country. Yet more glorious was the life of St. Gilbert, saving the souls of men for "a new country, even a better." He was indeed a soldier of the Cross.

HOLY legends tell us that angels daily administered to our Blessed Lady and fed her with celestial food. This is why in early specimens of art an angel is represented as bringing her a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water,—the bread of life and the water of life from paradise.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Woman's work, her influence and responsibilities, form the text for several readable papers, edited by Eleanor C. Donnelly, under the title of "Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman." Among the best contributions to the volume are Eliza Allen Starr's "Woman in Art," Anna T. Sadlier's "Woman in the Middle Ages," and "The Normal Christian Woman," by Katherine E. Conway. B. Herder, publisher.

—A new and devotional "souvenir of Confirmation" is a booklet entitled "Chaplet of the Holy Ghost," arranged by a Capuchin missionary, and published by Mayer & Miller, 85 Fifth Ave., Chicago. It includes the register of Confirmation, a short instruction on devotion to the third Person of the Blessed Trinity, prayers for the Chaplet of the Holy Ghost, and suitable devotions for the anniversary of the reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation.

—The Catholic Benevolent Legion has been provided with an organ in every way deserving of the support, not only of the active members of the association but of all who feel an interest in its work. We refer to the *Catholic Legion Record*, edited and published at Laporte, Ind., by Mr. Harry B. Darling. The first issue is highly creditable to the ability and zeal of the editor, whose experience in journalistic work is shown in every page of the *Record*. Mr. Darling is a recent convert to the Church and is eager to promote its interests.

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers have sent us their new game of American Catholic authors, which is in three series, all being neatly printed and accompanied with full instructions to players. The series A and B are pictorial; the others plain, with brief quotations from the authors represented. The idea of this game is very much better than its execution. Even some bright young folk will wonder at the appearance of certain names as much as at the absence of others. Surely authors like George H. Miles, Father Hewit, and James Jeffrey Roche should figure prominently in any collection of Amer-

ican Catholic writers. The selection of extracts, too, could hardly have been worse. However, we hope that this game as it is may awaken interest in the work of our Catholic authors and afford innocent and instructive recreation to thousands of young people.

—The *Indo European Correspondence* pays a generous tribute to the late Father Henry Shea, S. J., a pioneer of the Bengal mission and for more than twenty years one of its most devoted members. For about twelve years he was editor of the *Indo*. Father Shea was born in Gibraltar, educated in England, and after spending the best years of his life in India, passed to his reward in Scotland. R. I. P.

—The venerable Mr. Angell, the indomitable champion of the dumb creation, has brought his autobiographical sketches and personal recollections down to date. Mr. Angell is now in his seventy-fifth year, but he has apparently no thought of relinquishing the labors to which he has given his life. He is "possessed by a spirit," but it is a good spirit, and his noble example might well serve to inspire the young. The merciful work which has engaged his energies these many years has made him, if not wealthy, at least healthy and wise.

—While travelling in Belgium, Bishop Maes came upon "a remarkable Flemish Black Letter Book," which celebrates certain miracles wrought by the Blessed Sacrament in Amsterdam during the fourteenth century. The book is specially interesting on three counts: it is dedicated to Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the famous Flemish painter; it ascribes the rapid growth of Amsterdam to the pilgrimages inspired by the miracles which it recounts; and it contains eighteen copper-plate engravings illustrating the miracles. The date of the book is 1639.

—The words "second edition" on the title-page of "Songs at Twilight" would seem to prove that Mrs. Teresa Beatrice O'Hare has sung her way into many hearts.

The poems composing this volume are few in number, considering its size; but there is much variety in theme, tone and measure. Mrs. O'Hare's verse is as meritorious as much that is published by better known writers, though her technique may still be greatly improved. The song we like best is the one which begins the volume, "An Easter Prayer." Published by the Columbus Printing Co.

—A man with a good style, with keen analytical power, and full knowledge of his subject, has given us a valuable study of "Protestant Belief." He treats not its formulated creeds, which nobody bothers about, but the mental and spiritual state of the average non-Catholic, and the obstacles which stand between him and the Church. They are mostly familiar to any observant man, but Mr. J. Herbert Williams has an interesting way of presenting them, and an inner knowledge of them arising from the fact, as we fancy, that he is a convert. The difficulties usually consequent on conversion he does not attempt to minimize, but frankly presents them as the price of eternal salvation. Catholic Truth Society (London).

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.
 Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.
 Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.
 Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.
 Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.
 Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, net

- Orestes A Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.
 Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.
 Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, net.
 The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.
 The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.
 What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.
 From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.
 Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.
 Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.
 Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.
 Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.
 Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.
 Light and Peace. *Quadrupani.* 50 cts., net.
 The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Mass, S. J.* \$3.50, net.
 History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.
 Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.
 Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.
 For a King. *T. S. Sharowood.* 95 cts., net.
 Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan.* \$1.
 The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, net.
 The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson.* 75 cts.
 The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon.* \$1.
 Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts., net.
 Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.
 Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.
 The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.
 Spanish John. *William McLennan.* \$1.25.
 Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky.* \$1.25.
 How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebs, C. SS. R.* \$1, net.
 Fidelity. *Mary Maher.* \$1.10, net.
 The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges.* \$1.10, net.
 Rachel's Fate. *William Seton.* 90 cts., net.
 The New Rubáiyát. *Condé Pallen.* 50 cts.
 Scriptural Readings on Catechetical Questions. *Rev. J. J. Baxter, D. D.* 75 cts., net.
 Facts and Fakes about Cuba. *George Bronson Rea.* \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

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Wild Roses.

GOD saw a lonely road,
And knew that one
Wearied of heart, in strife outdone,
Would walk that way.
God saw, but spake no word;
Yet overhead
With food a wild-bird nestward sped
On love-buoyed wing.
And, lo! there dropped a seed
Beside the way;
That night dew-drenched it lay,
Then sank in earth.
Along the lonely road
In later years,
Heart-full of bitterness and tears,
A man passed by.
And all along the way
Wild roses grew;
He saw their beauty, and he knew
God loved him still.

One who Gave His Life.

JUST half a century ago, as we write these lines, on June 27, 1848, the see of Paris lost its chief pastor, amidst circumstances so remarkable that, by the desire of the present Archbishop, Cardinal Richard, the fiftieth anniversary of the event was kept this year with extraordinary solemnity. In the year 1848 the diocese of Paris

was governed by Mgr. Denis Affre, who was a native of the diocese of Rodez, a mountainous district of southern France, most fruitful in religious vocations. He himself was a fair specimen of the hardy race from which he sprang. Austere in his habits, he was deeply impressed by the sacredness and responsibility of his office; and his chief characteristic was, perhaps, the spirit of simple and steadfast faith with which he exercised the functions of his sacred calling. Outwardly he presented a striking contrast to his predecessor, Mgr. de Quelen, the perfect type of the *grand seigneur*, with his refined exterior and exquisite manners.

Mgr. Affre, a son of the people, was somewhat heavy in appearance, square built, with massive features. He was not eloquent or brilliant, but deeply pious, a slave to duty, and thoroughly grounded in theological knowledge and canon law. His heroic death has invested his memory with an imperishable glory. But all the circumstances of his noble sacrifice are characteristic of the man. He went to his death simply, without seeming to imagine that he was doing more than his duty. Having made up his mind that he was bound to interfere in the struggle then going on, he was not one to count the cost.

This sturdy independence of character, the heritage of the mountain race from which he sprang, had characterized all

the acts of Mgr. Affre's government as Archbishop of Paris. It is reported that on one occasion he firmly opposed some measure which the government of King Louis Philippe wished to enforce, but which he considered injurious to the interests of the Church. The King, who had vainly endeavored to conciliate him by flattering words, at last exclaimed: "Remember, Monseigneur, that my government can break a crosier to pieces!"—"I remember, too," was the reply, "that God can, if He wills it, overthrow a throne."

A few months later the throne of Louis Philippe was destroyed; he himself was driven from the kingdom, and a republican government established in Paris. On the 4th of May, 1848, a national assembly, elected by universal suffrage, opened its sittings; but a few days later the Chambers were invaded by the extreme Revolutionist party, who created a rival form of government at the Hôtel de Ville, and a collision between the two became inevitable. Some of our readers may still remember, others—the greater number—may have heard, how in the year 1848 the political horizon of Europe was charged with electricity. In Austria, Italy, France, Bavaria, revolutionary outbreaks succeeded each other with terrific rapidity. The insurrection broke out in Paris at the end of June. General Cavaignac was made military dictator, and a state of siege was then proclaimed. But the insurgents seemed disposed to make an obstinate resistance, and the streets became so many battle-fields, where the regular troops and the rebels met in deadly struggle.

The Archbishop had a father's heart for his people, and the thought of so much bloodshed preyed upon his loving spirit. On June 23 he was administering Confirmation in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, the exquisite shrine that crowns the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, and where

the relics of the patroness of Paris are still an object of veneration. After the ceremony it was found that the streets were impassable: barricades had been raised on all sides, and the Archbishop was unable to return to his palace. He remained two days at St. Etienne; and among the priests who, living in the neighborhood, were able to visit him was Mgr. Darboy, destined to succeed him many years later as Archbishop of Paris, and also to die a martyr's death. In a letter to a friend, Mgr. Darboy relates that the Archbishop recited the Office of the Dead for those who were falling around, and that he spoke much of the "future of France and of the Church."

On the next day, Saturday, June 24, he was able to return to his palace; but the sights of death and misery he had witnessed haunted his sensitive spirit and warm heart, and from that moment he resolved to throw himself into the struggle as a peacemaker between the rival forces. He was aware that in so doing he must risk his life; but he simply observed: "My life is worth so very little!" And having decided that a duty lay before him, he never hesitated or turned back.

In order to carry out his project it was necessary for him to go among the insurgents, and for this to secure the support and assistance of the military government. On Sunday, June 25, he went on foot, with two priests, to visit General Cavaignac. He was recognized, and the people, terrified by the last day's fighting, ventured out of their houses when they saw him pass. Women and children knelt to receive his blessing; soldiers rendered him military honors, and many cries of "Long live our Archbishop!" were heard on every side. General Cavaignac gave the project his warmest approval, and authorized the Archbishop to make use of his name as a passport to attain his object, which was to cross the lines of the regular

troops until he reached the insurgents.

Although he was at that time in very weak health, Mgr. Affre refused to take a moment's rest. Once having obtained General Cavaignac's sanction, he set off again on foot toward the quarter of the Bastille where the fighting was most severe. Many officers and soldiers stopped him as he walked on, absorbed by the generous resolution that filled his mind. Those best able to judge of the situation had many misgivings as to the result of his undertaking. The bloodshed of those few days had been terrific; seven generals had been either killed or wounded, and yet there was no sign of relenting on the part of the insurgents, who had ruthlessly shot down several messengers sent to negotiate with them. The saintly prelate evidently ran the risk of being struck by a bullet in the midst of the fray, or else of being massacred; or, at best, of being kept as a hostage by the revolutionists.

These different alternatives were put before him, in earnest language, by the officers whom he met on his rapid walk toward the Bastille; but to all their representations he made the same reply: "My life is worth so little." Convinced that his duty called him to the post of danger, he went straight on, unshaken in his resolution; and the heroic purpose that filled his noble soul lent radiance to his brow and dignity to his aspect.

On reaching the Bastille, he spoke to General Bedeau, who commanded the troops, and requested that the firing might cease for a few moments. At a short distance, closing up the entrance of the Faubourg St. Antoine, was a huge barricade, behind which the insurgents were drawn up; and toward this barricade he resolved to direct his steps. "I will go forward," he said, "alone with my priests, and seek those poor deluded people, who will, I trust, recognize my purple cassock and my episcopal cross."

According to his request, the troops

ceased firing, and the Archbishop went forward. Gently and firmly he put aside the soldiers and officers who wished to accompany him; only a workman, carrying a large green palm-branch as a symbol of peace, was permitted to walk by his side. He advanced some distance in safety; had already reached the first barricade at the entrance of the Faubourg St. Antoine, when a shot, probably fired at random, struck him in the thigh. He fell to the ground, and was immediately raised by the insurgents, who were loud in their expressions of affectionate regret. "He had come for our sake," they kept repeating. "He is a good father." And they bore him with all possible gentleness to the nearest presbytery, where he was laid on the floor, on a mattress. Two or three hours later one of his priests, who had been separated from him in the general confusion, was able to join him. "O Monseigneur," he exclaimed, falling on his knees by the side of his chief, "the good shepherd gives his life for his flock!" The Archbishop smiled gently. "I am happy to have you near me," he said. "I shall not want for spiritual help."

A little later he asked if he was in danger of death; and on being told that his recovery was, humanly speaking, impossible, he raised his eyes to heaven with these words: "My God, I offer Thee my life; accept it in expiation of my sins and for the return of peace. My life is but a small thing; such as it is, I offer it to Thee. I should die happy if I could hear that this horrible civil war was at an end. My God, I have not loved Thee enough,—have mercy on me!"

When he was told that at last the firing had ceased, a bright smile overspread his countenance. He continued praying to Our Lady and to the patron saints of Paris; and when at times the pain grew more intense he would say: "Help me! Speak to me of the Blessed Sacrament that I am about to receive."

A great number of priests had come to see him from all parts of Paris. He spoke kindly to all; and one of his servants who had been slightly wounded dragged himself to his master's side. The saintly Archbishop begged his pardon for any faults of impatience of which he might have been guilty in the past. He received Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum with perfect peace. The priests who surrounded him were weeping bitterly; but nothing seemed to disturb the calmness of the dying prelate, except the thought of those whom he so tenderly called "My poor people!" When the pain of his wound was more severe he cried out: "My God, I suffer! but I deserve it. Have mercy on my people!"

It was resolved next day to take the Archbishop back to his palace, although the streets were filled with barricades and the city presented the aspect of a battlefield. Mgr. Affre was laid on a stretcher, and, surrounded by a crowd in which insurgents, soldiers, men and women of both parties seemed united by a common feeling of respect and pity, he was carried slowly through the streets of the city he loved so well and for whose sake he was about to die. On reaching the palace, he blessed the soldiers and workmen who had escorted him, and kindly welcomed the priests who had assembled to receive him. On Tuesday, June 27, his agony set in; and at half-past four that afternoon he breathed his last, among a motley crowd of priests, soldiers, and workmen, who were gathered around the dying couch of their common father. The moment after he was dead one of the vicars-general reminded the priests who were present how dearly their martyred pastor had loved souls; and, moved by a common impulse, they stretched their hands over his body and swore that, after his example, they would again consecrate their lives, even unto death, to the glory of God and the salvation of their brethren.

Such are the dramatic circumstances that the venerable Cardinal Richard recalled to the memory of his people in a pastoral letter which was read in the Paris churches on June 26. After enlarging on the noble example given by the martyred prelate, he stated that he himself gloried in being his spiritual son. "It was he who received the promises of my priesthood and who gave me all the sacred orders....I can not recall this fact without emotion, and I humble myself before God as I press to my heart the cross that he wore when he shed his blood for the sake of his people." Then, after relating the promise made by the priests who were present at the death of Mgr. Affre, the Cardinal added: "May Our Lord grant the humble Archbishop who writes these lines, and his venerable brethren and beloved sons in the priesthood, grace to cherish the noble lesson of devotedness given to them by the martyr of charity!"

According to the desire of Cardinal Richard, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated at Notre Dame on Tuesday, June 28,—“for the purpose,” says the pastoral letter, “of thanking God for the honor granted to the Church of Paris by the death of Mgr. Affre, who gave his life for his people.” At this celebration were gathered around the Archbishop many representatives of the episcopacy, the clergy, and the religious orders of the country. The sacred edifice was filled to overflowing; banners bearing the palm-branch, symbol of martyrdom, mingled with the tricolor flag, and gave a vivid touch of color to the solemn Gothic beauty of the great cathedral.

As we gazed at its delicate ornaments we thought how many and varied were the scenes witnessed by those silent stone figures that look down with their passionless eyes on the shifting scenes of time. They have seen kings, queens, and princes baptized, married, crowned

or buried; and three times within the last half century they have witnessed the funerals of murdered Archbishops of Paris.

The funeral oration was preached by the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Touchet. In eloquent language he drew a picture of the prelate in whose honor they were assembled under the arches of Notre Dame. He recalled the sturdy sense of duty, the independence of character, the deep and firm love of God, that made Mgr. Affre a model priest and bishop. He laid special stress, too, upon his devotion to the Church, whose welfare and interests he placed first and foremost above any other earthly consideration, no matter how important; finally, he recalled the solemn promise made over his lifeless body by the priests who witnessed his death. In the name of all the bishops and priests present, he renewed this promise, which, now as half a century ago, has its use and meaning.

A French Protestant newspaper, *Le Temps*, after relating, with evident sympathy and admiration, the circumstances of Mgr. Affre's heroic death, observes that by his noble self-sacrifice this nineteenth-century Archbishop deserves a place among those medieval bishops who, over and over again, in the bloody struggles of ancient times, threw themselves between the rival parties for the protection of their flock. The Church of Paris, since the days of St. Denis, its first martyr, can boast of many holy and intrepid pastors; but in the golden book of its past glories there is no name that shines with a brighter lustre than that of him who so simply and humbly, after the example of his Divine Master, gave his life for his flock.

Genevieve's Romance.

III.

IT was the evening before the departure of Mr. Bigelow and his daughter for New Mexico. His sister had written him in most affectionate terms, telling him what wonders the climate had worked in her own case; and already he thought he felt a new life coursing through his veins. It was the elixir of hope. And the moment he began to experience the delightful feeling he was eager to be away.

This eagerness was fully shared by Genevieve, whose heart was wrapped up in her father's existence. She lived only for him, and would gladly have made a holocaust of her own young life if only his might be spared. But even if this sacrifice had been possible, she realized that it would be but an empty one, as without her he would have no incentive for living. No one knew that in her heart of hearts she was experiencing pangs of regret at having to leave her home, to which she was more strongly attached than any of her friends had suspected. She knew and loved every mile of the broad ocean beach as far as her eye could see; every rock and landmark, every bush and wind-swept tree along the shore; the broad, illimitable sea, with its many voices, its changeful moods, its varied aspects of storm and calm, beauty and terror, in sight and sound of which her happy childhood had swiftly and rapturously passed. Young as she was, she possessed the true qualities of a beautiful womanly nature—a warm, loving heart, deep sympathy for the sufferings of others, and a spirit of self-sacrifice that was all but heroic.

IN the morning of life, work; in the midday, give counsel; in the evening, pray.

During the short time which had elapsed since preparations for the journey had begun, she and Dominic had grown more intimate than they had been since

his return. Try to dispel it as she would, Genevieve had an inward presentiment that her father would never return. By some intuitive process, which she could not explain she felt that Dominic was of the same opinion. And yet she dared not question him, fearing to hear a verdict which it seemed to her would destroy the whole joy of life forever.

On this last evening the priest, the Doctor, and Mr. Bigelow were sitting on Father Anderson's veranda; Dominic and Genevieve were walking up and down the garden path.

"Let us go to the beach once more," she said, suddenly. "I thought I had said good-bye this afternoon; but I have a longing to walk there in the moonlight again. Will you come, Dom?"

"Will I come! Will I do anything you ask me to do, Genevieve, especially this night of all nights!" he replied, with a fervor which surprised her.

A few minutes later they were strolling up and down the long stretch of sand, desolate but for themselves. For a time they were silent; at length the girl said:

"Dom, I have a feeling that my father will not get well."

"You must not give way to such a feeling," he replied. "It would be bad for both him and yourself."

"Well, yes, I know it is wrong to be despondent, but I can not help feeling so; although I intend to be cheerful, even joyous, with him."

Dominic did not reply.

"What do *you* think, Dom?" she went on, looking up at him with timid eyes. Her hand lay on his arm. He pressed it softly as he answered:

"Dear Genevieve, how can I tell? He is not very strong, but thus far he has always been healthy. With good care and a favorable climate he may live many years."

"But if he *should* die, Dom—if he *should* die! How could I bear it? What

would become of me? Truly, my father's affection is as necessary to my existence as the very air I breathe. O Dom, how could I live if anything happened to papa?"

"Does it seem cruel to remind you, Genevieve, that, while no one could take his place, you would still have friends? My uncle, the Doctor, and—Genevieve, am I not your friend?"

"Yes, yes; I know all that," she replied, almost impatiently; "but I could not live without my father."

"Do not contemplate the possibility," he said, cheerfully. "Dr. Lafaye, under whom I studied at Paris, has only part of one lung. He was given up by the most prominent physicians in France more than twenty years ago. He is likely to live many years yet, and will probably die of some other disease than consumption when he does go."

He did not add that Dr. Lafaye was also a giant of powerful physique—nothing like the frail, nervous man who was about to set out the next day in search of the health which Dominic was morally sure he would never regain. But his purpose was to inspire Genevieve with courage and hopefulness; and in this, at least for the time being, he succeeded.

"Oh, I am so glad to hear that!" she said. "Good care papa shall have, and it is said the climate of New Mexico works marvels. How long do you think we shall have to remain there?"

"Perhaps this winter only; perhaps two or three years; and, if your father's health demands it, you may be compelled to live there or in a similar climate elsewhere."

Genevieve drew a long breath.

"If it were not away from the sea!" she said. "That will be the hardest part."

"For that matter, if his health improves, there is no reason why he could not go to the Mediterranean next year. And there you would have the sea."

"Yes: that would be lovely," she said, meditatively. "But, Dom, I should *hate* to live away from here always."

"You would soon become reconciled to it," he replied. "You are fond of this place because you know nothing outside of it. But this is a very narrow little world of ours here, I assure you, Genevieve; and you would soon realize it, as I did."

"Yet you were very glad to come back to it, Dom," she rejoined. "Indeed, I have felt dreadfully disappointed in you because of it."

"Because of what?" he inquired, with a humorous smile.

"Because you were not more ambitious than to be willing to settle down in this out-of-the-way spot."

He did not reply at once. Then he said: "My world is here, Genevieve,—that is, all I love best in the world."

"Yes, I understand. It pleases your uncle, and you owe him love and gratitude; that is admirable. But he would soon become accustomed to live without you; and you might—I am sure you would—make a name for yourself in a larger field."

"My time is fully occupied here."

"And is that all your ambition—to fill up the hours in a humdrum round of duties while you live?"

"I am afraid it is," he said. "I like to study and to write. I love my profession, and fancy I can do much good to my kind even here."

"You don't care for the stir and bustle of the world at all?"

"Not at all."

"Why were you not a priest, then?"

"I suppose I had no vocation."

"I really believe you have mistaken it," she went on. "Fancy you, with your fine talents, becoming in course of time a second Dr. Moore; and, like him, a confirmed old bachelor!"

"Dr. Moore has done a great deal of good in his day," said Dominic; "and

he is probably a bachelor from choice."

"As you will be. I can not fancy you in love, Dom."

"Can you not? And why?"

"You are so matter of fact. There is not a particle of romance in you. I don't think you *could* be in love if you tried."

"No? And pray on what grounds do you base your conclusions?"

"You always seem so *unconscious* of girls. Times and times when we have been walking together I have seen hosts of them glance at you admiringly, and never once have you paid the slightest attention or looked as though you were aware of it."

Dominic laughed softly.

"Oh, you may laugh!" she said. "You haven't a shred of vanity, or I should never talk like this. There *are* girls who like dark, fierce-looking men of your stamp; though I don't myself."

"Thank you very much! I fully appreciate the implied compliment."

"Well, you know what I meant," she rejoined. "If you were my own brother I don't believe I could like you better than I do. You are just the same as a relation, and in such cases looks don't count."

Dominic laughed again.

"You think me hopelessly ugly, then, Genevieve?" he said.

She looked at him critically, pausing in her walk and making him stand still for a moment.

"No, no!" she replied, thoughtfully, starting on again. "I can not say that you are ugly *at all*, though when you were a little boy you were frightfully so. You have a splendid figure and your eyes are good; but you are too dark—too swarthy. I can't fancy you any girl's *ideal*."

"Oh, you can't! All girls have ideals, then?"

"I don't know any girls," she replied, with a little laugh. "Isn't it funny to think that I don't? Yet I should judge they must have ideals."

"You yourself have, perhaps?"

"Yes; haven't you?"

"No: I never indulge in idealities."

"O Dom, if you were not so *hopelessly* matter of fact!" she said.

"You have never seen your ideal yet, have you?" asked Dominic.

"Do I ever see any one but yourself and Father Anderson and Dr. Moore and papa?" she answered gaily, looking up mischievously into his face.

He returned her glance with a sweet, grave smile. Then he remarked:

"We have walked far, Genevieve. It is late and you must be up early in the morning. Shall we go back?"

"Oh! I had almost forgotten that we were going away—papa and I," she said. "I can not bear to leave you, Dom. You have been so good to me,—*so* good and patient all my life. You will not forget me: you will write to me often?"

Her voice trembled. She seemed to him again the little child whom he had often carried on his shoulder, who had fallen asleep many a time in his arms. For a moment he could not answer: all the uncertainty of the future rose up before him like a dark wall, behind which his vision could not penetrate. Through what a sea of anxiety, sorrow, and desolation might she not be destined to pass before they should meet again! With a strong effort he conquered the emotion that filled his soul, striving to remember that, far as he was in her thought from the romantic ideal her dreams had created, he was still almost her brother, her friend, on whom she relied, to whom she would look for affection and sympathy; and that as yet none other held a higher place in her heart.

"Genevieve," he said, "remember this: to think that you should need me and would yet hesitate to call upon me, would be to inflict the keenest wound on my heart. I am absolutely at your service and your father's, now and always. If you

will let me, I shall write to you at least every week."

"If I will let you! Oh, you silly Dom! you good Dom! Don't you know it will be the only thing—the dearest thing—while I am away? And you will see that the garden is taken care of, and my canaries and the gold-fish? You know Mrs. Darly does not understand about those things."

"It shall be one of my first duties to attend to the welfare of the birds and the gold-fish—daily," he said, in his usual frank, pleasant voice.

"Thank you, Dom! I shall not have the slightest anxiety about them now."

When they reached the house the friends were smoking their last cigar. After the party had broken up, Father Anderson and his nephew returned to the piazza.

"What do you think of him, Dom?" asked the priest.

"It is very uncertain," was the reply. "I fear he has no stamina; he looks to me like a man who is breaking up fast and who will go suddenly at the end. I wish poor Genevieve had not to bear the sorrowful burden which seems to lie before her."

"Poor child! poor child!" said the priest. "But she has courage, though her physique is frail. Dr. Moore agrees with you: he thinks it doubtful if Bigelow ever returns. He said something to me to-night—"

"Who? The Doctor?"

"No: Bigelow. Just before the Doctor came." He looked at his nephew and hesitated.

"Well?" said Dominic, taking the cigar from his mouth and regarding his uncle expectantly.

"I am sure he thinks his days are numbered," continued the priest. "He said, Dom, that it would be a joy to him if he could think it possible that you and Genevieve would marry some day."

"Did he say that?" inquired Dominic, quietly.

Father Anderson looked disappointed.

"It would have pleased me as well," he added.

"If I had wished it," Dominic replied, "it would be taking an unfair advantage of one for whom I represent the world of—unappropriated young men. I can't think of a better term," he went on, in a half-laughing, half-embarrassed tone. "As it is, Genevieve is like a child, and we are—almost brother and sister."

"Perhaps you are right," said the priest, slowly. "You were always an odd, self-contained fellow, Dom. Not a particle of romance about you."

Dominic laughed, remembering that Genevieve had used the same words that evening.

"I can't help that, uncle," he rejoined, getting on his feet with a yawn. "I believe I'll go to bed."

"I thought Dom had more heart," said the priest to himself, almost with a pang, as the young man disappeared.

The next morning Dominic went over to see Mr. Bigelow, who had some last instructions to give him concerning the house. When the business was finished, Bigelow said:

"And now, Dom, I am going to tell you frankly what is in my mind. In the first place, I don't believe I shall ever come back."

He waited for the young man to speak. As he was about to do so Mr. Bigelow interrupted him:

"Don't cast about in your professional mind for a palliative. Tell me, what do you think?"

"What does Dr. Moore say?" asked Dominic.

"You know his opinion. Doubtless you have discussed my case together scores of times," said Bigelow. "But I shall spare you embarrassment and say what I have to say." He came closer—both were

standing—and laid his hand on Dom's shoulder. "If Genevieve—"

Here the door was thrown open and his daughter entered, carrying a bird-cage in her hand.

"If you don't mind, Dom," she said, "I will send the birds over to the house, and the fish also. Darly is ready to take them this moment. It will save you the trouble of coming in every day. Besides, Mrs. Darly might resent it; you know how queer those people are. Papa, why do you frown?"

"Because you interrupted our private conversation," replied her father. "You should not burst into a room that way, Genevieve."

"A private conversation with Dom!" she exclaimed. "How funny! Well, I am going out at once."

But again the door was opened and Mrs. Darly ushered in a visitor. Bigelow's opportunity was gone. What he would have said Dominic dimly guessed; but his disappointment was not great. In the hurry and bustle of leave-taking another occasion did not present itself.

That night as Dom passed the house it had already assumed, in his eyes, the loneliness of a tomb. For an hour he walked on the beach in the darkness.

(To be continued.)

COULD Polycarp fail, to the end of his days, communing spiritually with the beloved disciple John, by passing again and again in holy meditation over the many happy hours during which he had heard him recount every incident witnessed by him in his Saviour's life, and listened to the fervent accents of charity in which they were related? The same kind of communion, only more exalted and more deeply respectful, we may easily suppose to have been kept up by those who enjoyed in life the familiarity of our Blessed Lady.—*Wiseman*.

Our Lady's Vanguard.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

THIS vigil kept Ignatius before Our Lady's shrine;
 And hung his sword at morning there,
 irrevocable sign
 That her true knight thenceforth was he,
 though yet all unbeknown
 The service she would deign accept—her
 Son's will and her own.

But she, our ever-gracious Queen, prepared
 him well and long
 To prove a soldier of the Cross, a leader calm
 and strong;
 Nor will'd him to go forth alone, but form a
 chosen band
 Of martial spirits like himself, and sworn to
 his command.

And then a name she gave, to grace their
 banner for all time:
 Sure pledge of victory—a name o'er every
 name sublime:
 The Name of Jesus, that dear Son who wages
 constant fight
 In the Church, His Body Mystical, for truth's
 eternal right.

Soon grew a host this little band—a host
 that took the front,
 To make the vanguard of the Church and
 bear the battle's brunt;
 Then baffled heresy recoil'd, to mourn the
 broken spell
 Of triumph which too long had fed the
 hungry jaws of hell.

Anew the great apostleship of pulpit and
 of pen
 Put forth its might: for teaching throve,
 and learning lived again;
 While lands afar, bedarken'd o'er with star-
 less pagan night,
 Beheld at last the dawning of the sweet
 Evangel's light.

THE first duty of every human being
 is self-perfection.—*W. R. Alger.*

Our Lady of the Hermits.*

IN the time of Charlemagne, about 800,
 I was born of princely race at Sulgen,
 a small town in Swabia, one of those
 men of sublime faith whom God raised
 up at that epoch,—sweet, modest flowers
 of virtue, which one saw suddenly blossom
 in the midst of wild passions; pure and
 luminous minds that preserved human
 knowledge in the midst of barbarism;
 examples of profound humility crowning
 all that might make one proud—learning
 and rank; living lessons, holy models,
 glorious links destined to transmit to ages
 the tradition of the Christian virtues
 as intact as when the Apostles received
 it from God.

Meinrad, son of the illustrious Prince
 Berthold Hohenzollern, allied to the first
 houses in Europe, might have aspired to
 anything: he became a Benedictine. But
 of such descent, and so learned as he had
 become in the seclusion of the cloister,
 it was possible that glory, honors, and
 fame might still reach him: he became
 a hermit.

Not far from his monastery rose a
 mountain sprinkled over with unknown
 retreats. One day, having gone for a
 walk in that direction, he remained there
 under the shelter of a hut which he built
 with his own hands. Alas! even to that
 place people still followed him. Pilgrims
 found out the hitherto unknown ways
 to Mount Etzel, and flocked in crowds
 toward the star of sanctity which had
 arisen in this desert. Men at that time,
 less thick-witted and foolish in their
 ignorance than we are in our vanity,
 willingly confided their projects as well
 as their troubles to those solitaries who
 wanted nothing more to fill up their lives
 than prayer and charity.

Rich and poor, noble and peasant, the

* From the French of M. Louis Veuillot, by R. F. O'Connor.

child, the lad, the old man, the humble monk, the priest, and the prince-bishop, went to consult the hermit. He received them with uniform kindness, and gave them advice equally sincere, consolations equally fraternal. But often when the poor man returned to his cabin with his heart full of joy and hope, the lord of the manor went back with disquietude in his soul and shame upon his brow. Meinrad spoke like a servant of God, who has no dread of men and loves naught on earth but righteousness.

However, the holy hermit sighed after a more secure retreat; so many visits disturbed his meditations. At the base of the mountain, farther from inhabited places, in a valley broken up with hills, there was a forest of fir-trees, so dark and dense that hunters themselves were afraid to venture into it, and which was the Dark Forest in that country of dark forests. Meinrad went there unknown to any one. People soon found him out. Resigned, then, to what Heaven seemed to require from his charity, he consented to receive and instruct those who came to him. He even built a cell, which at least protected him from the tempests; and a modest oratory, where he could place the image of Mary, that sun of purity, that angelic Mother of Christians, ever ready to ask pardon for her children. Meinrad implored her unceasingly; he led to her feet the good pilgrims who were not afraid of the dangers of the Dark Forest; and the afflicted, the wretched, and criminals themselves were not slow to feel that a maternal glance was cast upon them.

Men's visits were not the only ones the anchorite received. It is said that on a certain midnight one of the religious of Reichenau, who sometimes came to the hermitage, followed Meinrad at a distance as far as the little chapel, where he was going to recite the Office. All at once the chapel was ablaze with light. The

monk drew near, and on the steps of the altar where Meinrad was kneeling he saw a young Child of heavenly aspect who was reciting the Office along with him.

Who would have thought that this life was to end in martyrdom? After living thirty-three years in his solitude, Meinrad was assassinated, on January 21, 863, by two wretches, who thought of finding treasures in that poor cell, whither so many pilgrims came. He had read their design, and said to them: "You should have come sooner, to assist at my Mass, to beg the saints to be propitious to you in your last hour. You shall not kill me without having received my blessing and forgiveness from my own mouth. When I shall be dead, I recommend you to light these two tapers—one at my head, the other at the foot of my bed. After that fly as quick as possible; you may be betrayed by those who come to see me."

And when these wretches killed him they fled to Zurich. Almost as soon as they arrived there, the people of Wolrau, already apprised of the hermit's murder, discovered the inn where the assassins took refuge; for two ravens, which had belonged to Meinrad, wanted to pass through the door, from which a servant vainly strove to drive them away. The assassins were seized, and confessed the crime; declaring among other things that, having forgotten the hermit's recommendation, they had seen the tapers lighted and placed by invisible hands as he had said. The German legend adds that at the time of their execution they again saw two ravens flying and hovering over the scaffold.

After the hermit's death the cell was abandoned, but not the pilgrimage; and the Dark Forest lost its name to assume that of Meinrad. People came to pray where he had prayed, and to implore the intercession of the Blessed Virgin before the humble image at the feet of which

he had so often knelt. Time, however, dilapidated the cell and the oratory, and the pilgrims never failed to carry away some fragments. When Bennon (Benedict), prince of the blood royal of Burgundy, a canon of Strasbourg, and a saint, visited these places already famous for the favors Heaven granted to faith, he resolved to repair the ruins and continue therein the holy martyr's life. He resigned his canonry, distributed his property to his relatives, and won over to the solitary life some men as pious as himself. Then he erected around St. Meinrad's cell several other little timber cells. It was the origin of the abbey. Henceforward the forest ceased to be a desert: people were heard there day and night, working and singing the praises of God; and the sojourn of the new hermits assumed the name of Einsiedeln, which legends and chroniclers translate into Latin by *Eremus*—*Eremus Deiparæ*, *Eremitarum cœnobium*.

After St. Bennon came St. Eberhard, of the family of the dukes of Germany, another servant well beloved of God. The latter, with his fortune and the help of the Duke of Swabia, enclosed Meinrad's cell in a fine monastery and his chapel in a magnificent church. He gave to the community the Rule of St. Benedict and took the title of abbot. St. Eberhard was succeeded by St. Alderic, son of Bourcard, Duke of Swabia; St. Alderic was succeeded by Thietland, his uncle; Thietland by Gregory of royal race; and under this third abbot, as pious and learned as his predecessors, the title of Prince of the Holy Empire was attached in perpetuity to the title of Abbot of Einsiedeln.

In less than a century the Abbey of Einsiedeln had greatly increased, as we have seen. The personal property of the illustrious solitaries, the donations of princes, and, particularly the sanctity of its superiors, had raised it to a position of great influence. It had become, according to the common law of those Christian

foundations, a centre of activity, learning and labor; a school for noble youth, a focus of civilization for the whole country. In subsequent centuries its renown further increased. Many saints lived under the shadow of its walls; many distinguished men repaired to it. Its chapter was like a nursery of learned and pious personages, where other communities came to seek superiors skilled in the maintenance of discipline and versed in the knowledge of the things of God. From thence set out founders of new houses, pious luminaries of whom Einsiedeln was the centre of gravity.

The Abbey of Einsiedeln has seen many evil days succeed centuries of glory. Until recent times it remained deserted.* Impiety disturbed its occupants assembled for study and prayer. An army—a French army, alas!—flung itself upon the house, and allowed no less ignorant than vile and ungrateful men to sack it. They amused themselves by desecrating graves, breaking up the holy remains, throwing them on the pavement and mixing them up with other bones, so that the pious faithful could not recognize them—madness of brute beasts, who thought they could thus annihilate religion! They thought, too, of carrying off the venerated image bequeathed by Meinrad to his successors, and which for eight centuries had been visited by millions of pilgrims; but a storm was heralded by lightnings so terrible that the monks had happily bethought themselves of putting this treasure in a place of safety; and while they took it far away, Schauenberg, deceived by a ruse, sent to Paris a fac-simile adorned with tinsel. It is quite probable the Parisians would not have seen this curious object if the real Madonna of Meinrad, covered with gold and precious stones, had fallen into the hands of the despoilers.

The pious image has resumed its place,

* M. Veuillot was writing in 1839.

and around it the cenobites chaunt as of yore the praises of God. At the foot of the abbey rises a town which owes its birth, development, wealth, and existence, to it. The monks of Einsiedeln live in such a way that the future, be it prosperous or otherwise, can not disturb them. Exclusively occupied with good thoughts and good works, they are employed in doing as much as they can during the day God sends them, without asking what the morrow will bring. Religious are like light-houses, which give most light on stormy nights. If virtue has sometimes been seen to decline in monasteries in the midst of their splendor, much oftener does one see it rise triumphant under the blasts of adversity. The pilgrim to Our Lady of the Hermits has never found at the end of his journey guides more intelligent, hearts more ardent, or souls more devoted to the law of renunciation and love, than these good monks.

Since the death of St. Meinrad the pilgrimage to Einsiedeln has not ceased to be frequented every year by a very large number. We felt a deep and pure emotion when it came to our turn to bend the knee on that ground where so many hearts, purified by penance, have offered up prayers full of gratitude, vows full of faith. Something which can not be expressed in the language of man gives us to understand that the sovereign Master must regard with love this corner of blessed earth; and, at the intercession of Mary, dispense those miracles that simple piety always obtains from His bounty. In the rapture of this sentiment, an illustrious pilgrim to Einsiedeln—an illustrious inhabitant of heaven now, St. Charles Borromeo—exclaimed: "After the house of the Holy Family, which is said to have been transported to other climes by angel hands, I know no place in which my soul has been so transported with pious joy as Einsiedeln."*

* Letter to Prince Hohen-Ems, 1576.

Jim Greystone's Detective Case.

BY E. BECK.

"IT isn't the loss of the money that annoys me, but the mystery of its disappearance," Mr. Stonor said, with an aggrieved air. He had come up to London—a city he hated—for the purpose of consulting his lawyer over the loss he had sustained. "I brought a hundred sovereigns home with me from the bank in Illwich on the day I told you of," Mr. Stonor went on; "and I at once placed it in my own private desk in the library. Next morning the money was gone, and the desk and lock perfectly uninjured."

"The servants are trustworthy?" the lawyer asked.

"They are. Besides, as I have told you, the key of the desk was in my waistcoat pocket all night."

"It might have been abstracted," the lawyer said.

"Impossible. I always lock my bedroom door," Mr. Stonor replied, irritably; "and I thought you knew that."

Mr. Greystone smiled. Between himself and Mr. Stonor a very strong friendship existed; and it was more by reason of that friendship than from any belief in Mr. Greystone's detective skill that Mr. Stonor sought him.

"The money was for Brown, the steward," Mr. Stonor explained, after a pause. "He meant to attend some fair in the neighborhood. And, Greystone, this is what really bothers me."

Mr. Stonor stopped.

"Yes?" Mr. Greystone said, inquiringly.

"You see," said Mr. Stonor, drawing his chair closer to the lawyer's, "there is no one to suspect but Geoffrey."

"Geoffrey! Nonsense!" Mr. Greystone spoke with some anger, and Mr. Stonor rubbed his grey head in perplexity.

"It does seem unreasonable to suspect him," Mr. Stonor said; "but after I placed the gold in the desk I left the library, leaving the key in the lock of the desk. I was called away to examine a horse I wished to purchase. I was absent about an hour. Geoffrey was in the library when I left it, and remained till my return. When I did return I locked the desk, without looking into it, and hurried off to dress for dinner. Later Marion gave us some music in the drawing-room, and I was not again in the library that night."

"Did you not think of placing the matter in the hands of the police?" Mr. Greystone asked.

"The police!" There was contempt for that body in the country squire's tone. "No. I did employ them once, and found how little they could accomplish."

A cloud passed over the lawyer's face, but he did not speak. After an awkward silence Mr. Stonor demanded:

"I suppose, Greystone, you still believe in Bernard's innocence?"

"I certainly do," the lawyer answered, gravely; and Mr. Stonor rose and moved to the other side of the fireplace.

Ten years before, and while Mr. Stonor's wife was still alive, the family jewels, which were very rich, had been brought from the safe of the bank where they were kept, to be worn by Mrs. Stonor at a ball given by a duchess in honor of her royal visitors. Mrs. Stonor had worn her diamonds; and as the day following the ball chanced to be a bank holiday, the jewels were locked by Mr. Stonor in a safe in his bedroom, of which he and his eldest son each possessed a key. On the morning after the ball Bernard Stonor left home for London. He had given his father some cause for complaint by his reckless expenditure of money and by his love of the turf. It was very well known that at the time of the Duchess of Illwich's ball he was particularly short of money, owing to

the failure of the favorite to win in one of the big racing events of the year. Later on it was known also that Bernard Stonor had paid his debts of honor on the very day on which his father found the family jewels missing. Of course considerable stir was made over the matter. The Scotland Yard experts were called in and failed to find any trace of an outside criminal; nor was any trace of the jewels then or subsequently found.

Mr. Stonor recalled his son home, and a very painful interview took place between them. Bernard absolutely denied all knowledge of the jewels; though he admitted at once that he had been enabled, through the kindness of a distant and eccentric relative, to pay his debts. Mr. Stonor accompanied his son to Mrs. Lewison's London home, but found that the lady had received a sudden stroke of apoplexy on the preceding day. The gift she had bestowed on Bernard had been in notes and gold; so that his assertion was left uncorroborated, and Mr. Stonor's suspicions only confirmed by that statement. A scene—long remembered by both—took place between father and son on their return from London. Mr. Stonor's charges were met by his son's almost contemptuous silence, and at length Bernard was ordered from his father's home. Mrs. Stonor's tears and pleadings had no effect with the angry father. It was said she broke her heart over the affair. At any rate, a year after her son's departure she died.

"I know you are an obstinate man," Mr. Stonor said. "However, we need not open that subject; I have annoyances enough at present."

As the gentleman spoke he demolished a lump of coal on the fire with the poker.

"Is there anything beside the loss of the money?" Mr. Greystone asked.

"Yes. You know Mr. Brabazon and I settled that Marion and Geoffrey were to be married," Mr. Stonor replied; and the

lawyer repressed a smile with difficulty.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, neither of them will listen to me; though Marion knows that, by her father's will, I have absolute control of her fortune."

The lawyer muttered something about idiotic proceedings.

"Mr. Brabazon wished to save his daughter from mere fortune-hunters," Mr. Stonor said. "Of course I am not going to insist on her marrying anybody," he added, magnanimously.

"Oh!"

Mr. Greystone knew that his client was not in the habit of yielding to the views or wishes of others when these were opposed to his own.

"What does Geoffrey say?" he asked, after a pause.

"Geoffrey! Do you know what the fellow wishes to do?"

"No."

"He intends to become a priest!"

"He might do worse."

"Well, yes, he might. And if—" Mr. Stonor hesitated—"if he were not the acknowledged heir of Stonor Hall, I could view the idea with equanimity."

"Consequently he won't be a suitor for Miss Brabazon's hand."

"No."

"She will not lack lovers," the lawyer said, as he recalled the slight, graceful form and delicately-carved features of Mr. Stonor's ward. "She is very beautiful."

"Oh, yes! But she had the coolness to tell me when I spoke to her of Geoffrey that she had no love to give him; she had already promised to marry another. The girls of the present day are fit for anything."

The lawyer laughed outright at Mr. Stonor's disgusted tones.

"Who is the fortunate man, may I ask?" he said, after a little.

"I don't know," Mr. Stonor replied, shortly. "Some one she met when she

stayed with Mrs. Derwent in the spring. I did not much approve of her visiting the Derwents, but as they are cousins of her mother I couldn't well refuse to allow her a few months in London."

"No," Mr. Greystone observed.

"Well, but what am I to do about the loss of the money, Greystone?" Mr. Stonor asked suddenly.

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless you consult the police."

"I won't have them!" exclaimed Mr. Stonor. "I wish you'd come with me to Stonor Hall and see what you could make of the affair."

Mr. Greystone laughed heartily.

"I haven't the least aptitude for a private detective. But Jim might go."

"Your son?" eagerly inquired Mr. Stonor, who had met and liked young James Greystone.

"Yes. I fancy his brain is a bit affected by reading tales of the Sherlock Holmes type. At any rate, he fancies he would make a very much better detective than most of the Scotland Yard men."

"He might easily do that," Mr. Stonor remarked, with a smile. "When could he go, do you think?"

"I know of nothing to prevent him from going at once. But you are not leaving London to-night, are you?"

"I certainly intend to do so."

"Then drive round to my place. Jim will be at home; he has a holiday from office work at present."

Mr. Stonor said good-bye to the lawyer and drove to his hotel.

Jim Greystone was delighted to undertake a little detective work; and he was pleased also to have a chance of visiting Stonor Hall, which was old and romantic enough to be one of the show places of the district in which it was situated. In the railway carriage—which they had to themselves—Mr. Stonor told his companion the particulars of his loss. Jim listened as complacently as any detective.

"Don't inform any one why I am at the Hall," he counselled at the end of Mr. Stonor's recital.

"I have no intention of mentioning it to anybody," Mr. Stonor said.

"And I'd advise you to place another sum of money in the desk in the library after a day or two."

Mr. Stonor agreed to do so, and then changed the subject.

They arrived just in time for the eight o'clock dinner, and Jim was introduced to Mr. Stonor's son and ward. The latter was a beautiful girl of little over twenty years of age. Her delicate features and complexion of exceeding fairness were rendered more lovely by the soft violet eyes and rich abundance of sunny hair. Her manner was gentle and refined; yet there was a trace of firmness about the mouth and chin that augured ill for the success of her guardian's intentions in regard to her marriage to his son. Geoffrey was a shy, studious youth, who looked younger than he really was. Between his age and that of his elder brother there was a difference of many years, and he had been kept in ignorance of the real reason of the latter's banishment from home.

On the following day Jim saw the desk from which the money had been abstracted. It was a curious old affair, strong and well made; the lock, too, was of peculiar construction. Mr. Stonor drove to Illwich and deposited fifty sovereigns within it ere nightfall.

"What do you intend doing?" he asked the amateur detective afterward; but Jim only smiled. In truth, he had formed no plan, and could only adopt the hackneyed scheme of spending a night in concealment in the library. Accordingly, when the lights were all extinguished, he slipped from his chamber and established himself in a comfortable arm-chair in a recess of the library that was entirely hidden by a large screen. An hour or

two passed slowly away, and Jim was beginning to nod in his chair when the door of the room opened slowly, and Jim sprang to his feet with a stifled exclamation.

When the household met next morning at breakfast there was a partially suppressed excitement about Jim Greystone that at least attracted Miss Brabazon's attention. On his coat there were traces of dust and cobwebs that were rather surprising in the circumstances. Marion, however, was too well-bred to betray any astonishment. Geoffrey's short sight and Mr. Stonor's engrossment in his loss prevented them from noticing any defects in their guest's toilet.

Breakfast was barely finished when Jim said to his host:

"I am glad to tell you, Mr. Stonor, that I can show you your sovereigns."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Stonor, while Geoffrey and Marion looked their surprise. "How did you discover the thief?"

"Very easily," Jim answered, smilingly. "I had no difficulty. But come till I show you a veritable treasure-trove. By the bye, the fifty sovereigns you placed in the desk yesterday were also taken."

Jim led the way from the breakfast room and ascended the wide staircase, followed closely by Mr. Stonor, Marion, and Geoffrey. On the second landing he turned and passed on to what was the more ancient part of the Hall.

"You are taking us to the picture-gallery," Mr. Stonor said, and Jim nodded.

In the long gallery he paused for a second, and then entered a small room in its eastern end. It was evidently used as a lumber-room, and various articles, of ancient and modern make, were crowded into it. In one corner was a cabinet of antique workmanship; and Jim stopped in front of it, and passed his hand along the carving on the back of it several

times. At length a small panel flew open, revealing a considerable space; and Jim, with a smile of triumph, stepped aside and motioned his companions forward. Mr. Stonor gave an inarticulate cry.

"Is the money all there?" Marion asked; but she was not answered, for Mr. Stonor had dragged a small case from the interior of the cabinet and thrown back the lid.

"The diamonds!" he exclaimed,—*"the diamonds!"*

"The diamonds!" Geoffrey repeated. "Were they not lost?"

Mr. Stonor sank on an ancient chair; and, with a cry of admiration, Marion bent over the lustrous gems. Then she lifted her head proudly.

"Bernard never stole the jewels!" she said, indignantly.

Mr. Stonor was trembling.

"No," he answered; "but who did? Who concealed them?"

"You, Mr. Stonor, most probably," Jim Greystone replied, promptly.

"*I!* I never did!" Mr. Stonor cried.

"At least it was you who took the sovereigns," Jim said. "Did you never know that you are a somnambulist?"

"*I!*" A faint light broke on that gentleman's mind. "Do you mean to say I still retain that habit?" he gasped.

"You certainly came into the library last night and removed the sovereigns from the desk. I followed you to this room and saw you place them in that cabinet. I had no idea it contained these jewels."

"And I banished my boy from his house and home for a crime he never committed! Oh, why did I not believe his word? Why did I charge him with such a crime?"

"Why indeed?" Marion said, a little bitterly; and Mr. Stonor turned to her and explained:

"When I was a child I used to walk in my sleep when annoyed or excited. I

suppose I was annoyed with the responsibility of having these diamonds in the house, when I took them from the safe and hid them here. And I was troubled by your obstinacy and Geoffrey's when I took the sovereigns."

Geoffrey colored, but did not speak; while Marion laughed.

"Fortunately, things have come right anyhow," she said, when Geoffrey and Jim had heard the full story of the jewels.

"Right! When Bernard is an exile! When he may be in his grave, for all I know!" And Mr. Stonor groaned heavily as he covered his face with his hands.

"No, no! he is not dead," Marion said, laying her hand on her guardian's arm.

"Not dead! How can you know that he is not, Marion?"

"Because I have met him lately. He—" the girl hesitated a moment—"I am his promised wife. I met him when visiting Mrs. Derwent."

"Then he is in London?"

"Yes, and earning his livelihood as an author; Mrs. Lewison made him promise to give up all gaming. It seems you desired him never to use your name, and I knew him at first as Bernard Stanhope."

"Stanhope was his mother's name," Mr. Stonor said.

"Yes. When he knew I was your ward—which he didn't, somehow, for a time,—he wanted to annul our engagement; but," Marion laughed, "I would not agree to that."

That same evening Mr. Stonor and Marion sought Bernard Stanhope in his London lodgings. What passed at the interview between father and son was a secret even to Marion, but the three journeyed to Stonor Hall next day.

At the marriage of Bernard and Marion Jim Greystone acted as best man. He has never succeeded in elucidating any other mystery, but Mr. Stonor insists on regarding him as one of the cleverest detectives in London.

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

PASSION is like a nervous system: it is cumulative in its action. Anger, love, drunkenness, for example, are set in deep disturbance by trivial shocks after the initial impulse; and consequent to paralysis by overstimulation there comes a sudden subsidence into absolute inaction. After rest there is a repetition of the excitement. Petty stimuli effect great evil in the case where passion has degenerated into a diseased condition, just as a slight noise can inflict serious injury upon a neurasthenic patient.

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"Private judgment" in religion formerly meant that every man has a right to choose his own creed, provided he chooses the particular form of Protestantism held by the individual granting Hobson's choice. Now private judgment means that every man has a right to choose any religion, from Ritualism to riding a bicycle on Sunday, provided he keeps away from the Catholic Church, and interjects a divorce between each new "wife" and her predecessor.

**

Toleration in religion may be a virtue or it may be ignorance of theology, but in the United States a special condition exists: our Constitution holds that the religion of the Salvation Army is as worthy of toleration as the religion of the Baptist, the Anglican, or the Catholic,—no more, no less. Under our Constitution toleration means that the country and the fulness thereof do not belong to the Methodist church, nor even to that vague religious group called Protestantism, nor to Catholics. Catholics are to be protected in a condition no worse, no better, than any other religious body.

Americans are neither Cavaliers nor Prick-Ears, but a congress of whitemen and blackamoors all feeding in an ecstasy of charity from the same religious communion service, without the slightest fear of microbes.

**

We talk so much concerning Liberty that it is, perhaps, worth while to look up the meaning of the term. Liberty is one of the results of Justice; it is a secondary thing. Give a man Justice, his rights, and Liberty will take care of itself. Moreover, since the petty injustice of the child is the beginning of the adult despot's attack upon Liberty, we should teach our children the beauty of the virtue, Justice. Every nation that loses its liberty by a cause arising within its own frontiers has two or three fathers and mothers among its citizens to blame for the calamity. Napoleon's usurpations probably began when he was six years of age by a bullying of his own brothers.

**

The generous man in youth considers the injustice of the world, and he attempts reformation till he is rapped over the knuckles and taught his place. At middle life he grows disgusted with the omnipresent injustice, and he is tempted to become a hermit, to wash his hands of the blood of just men, or at least to cease reading the newspapers. Later he strives to do his little part in averting injustice, or he becomes utterly indifferent, or he grows unjust himself.

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The Church and the State are intended for the average man, not for the elect alone; hence human foolishness and scandal; hence also divine pity and protection.

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Justice, truth, and order will one day reach their level as inevitably as a freed flood of waters reaches its level: we can not forever dam the flow of God's law.

Notes and Remarks.

The edifying scenes enacted in Catholic hospitals during the Civil War are repeated almost without variation in the military hospital conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary at Key West. The letters written by the Sisters to their Mother Superior tell of men of forty years making their First Communion in the hospital, and of others approaching the Sacraments after an absence of ten, twelve, or twenty years. The effect of the sweet, pious and charitable lives of the Sisters on Protestants is no less striking. A lieutenant who took part in the bombardment of Matanzas informed an officer attached to the hospital that he had "always had a horror of Sisters," but that his ideas were completely reversed, and that he lives "in continual admiration of them now." Another young fellow declared that his only regret for the amputation of his right arm was that he could not write 'to inform the public of what the Sisters were doing for him and his companions'; while a wounded Jew of good education, lying on the bed next to him, answered: "When I get well, that is the first thing I will do." Thus history repeats itself, and prejudice yields to the persuasion of sweet charity.

If we may believe his friends, the Emperor of Germany is not the contentious, irascible fire-eater which he is commonly represented to be. He is a scholarly and accomplished man, of studious habits, great energy, and extremely devoted to his wife and family. His early training was not such as to make him pompous and conceited. When still a boy "he was sent to a college in Cassel," says a writer in the *Cosmopolitan*, "whose stern old president conditioned that the royal prince should expect no better treatment than the average student. Here he was compelled to be under constant supervision from six in the morning till nine at night, with intermissions of half an hour for meals. It was either study or gymnasium practice; little time was allowed for idleness, and equally limited was his

pocket-money, the monthly allowance not exceeding five dollars, most of which was expended in tipping servants."

If our country really becomes involved in a war with Germany, as some people fear, the energies of William II. will doubtless be as conspicuous as his hot-headedness has been. To one who warned him against overwork he said lately: "My calling requires application and industry. That I live is hardly necessary, but that I work is imperative."

A Corpus Christi procession in the streets of Paris would be a decided novelty, but in Constantinople such religious functions are becoming very common. They are not merely tolerated: the Ottoman authorities show the greatest respect to them; and the Turkish ladies who go to see the Corpus Christi procession uncover their faces as the Blessed Sacrament—"the God of the Christians"—passes by. The *London Tablet* states that this year the processions through the public thoroughfares of Constantinople passed off with unusual splendor, different processions being held on different days. The resident Catholics attended in large numbers, and had their houses adorned with banners, tapestry, and flowers. Altars of repose were erected in the open. The behavior of the Turks was serious and respectful, and perfect order was maintained by the police and gendarmes who accompanied the procession. If such things be in Constantinople, we may live to see public honors paid to the Blessed Sacrament even in New York.

We have referred more than once to the Danish writer, Johannes Jørgensen, whose conversion to the true faith caused a sensation all over Europe a few years ago. He has now published a scholarly work in which he contends that those who so passionately attack the dogma of hell, use this pretence only as a mask for their hostility to Christianity itself. Mr. Alfred Ibsen, the prince of Danish critics, thinks "it is to be deplored that so much good writing has been spent in defence of the Roman creed, which will scarcely win many proselytes in our

country." Yet with delicious inconsistency Mr. Ibsen records that the naturalistic school of Danish writers is declining; that the result of their theories is moral anarchy and despondency; that "it is worth notice that a literary movement which commenced its career as a hymn to the beauty and glory of natural life when liberated from Christianity and other moral and political restrictions, has already changed into its own opposite"; and, furthermore, that Edward Brandes, the chief apostle of naturalism, has publicly expressed his disappointment and disgust at the outcome of the new movement. "After this capitulation of one of the chief advocates of the self-sufficiency of human nature," says Mr. Ibsen, "it may be reserved for to-morrow to show us whether Mr. Brandes will join the earlier atheists and Radicals, like Johannes Jørgensen and August Strindberg, in seeking consolation within the fold of the Roman Church." It would seem, after all, that Mr. Ibsen is not so sure that the Church "will scarcely win many proselytes in our country."

The saying of Prof. Harnack, of Berlin, that the reaction against the rationalistic school of Bible critics has already gone far, and is likely to go much further still, is recalled by the dictum of a Catholic specialist, Dom Butler, who writes in the *Dublin Review*:

The work of the critical school forty years ago tended to undermine belief in the New Testament and in Christianity. But a change has set in; and, if we may judge the future by present tendencies, our position as Catholic Christians has nothing to fear from the advance of criticism,—indeed, it would be easy to show that some of our fundamental positions are being strengthened.

It ought to be remembered that genuine biblical criticism is not a novelty begotten of our century, but flourished among Catholic scholars before the rise of the sects. Modern methods are unquestionably more efficient and accurate than those used in the thirteenth or seventeenth century,—a result due to the discovery of many new texts and the natural progress of the race. The biblical critics of that elder day were as keen of wit and at least as devoted to the truth as the critics of our time; and if Catholic scholars

will only throw themselves "frankly and fearlessly into the full current of modern criticism," the final triumph of the truth and the further reaction against the rationalistic school may be considerably hastened. Dom Butler adds:

In the long run, conscientious endeavors to find the truth will lead to the truth. I think we should look on the work of the critical school not with distrust but with hope; and certainly not with contempt and ridicule, even when it has gone astray, but with the respect due to honest hard work.

The bravery of those American priests who stood, pale but self-possessed, giving the final absolution as the passengers of the *Bourgogne* sank with them out of sight, elicits these honest words from the *Denver Republican*:

Even out of a tragedy like this there may come something good. It is worth a little to mankind to know that religion can and does and will give men strength to die not only without fear, but without thought of an alternative. The picture of those priests, calm and firm as the rock itself on which their Church is built, is surely an inspiration for all men, and a picture that will live forever.

The courage to live well is rarer than the courage to die well, and if our contemporary could only possess a tithe of the experience of any Catholic priest it would appreciate still better the strengthening and uplifting influence of religion on the hearts of men. There is a heroism of everyday life; and in thousands of cases it is of a higher and nobler type even than that of the valiant priests who, forgetting themselves, consoled and fortified the sinking passengers of the *Bourgogne*.

There is a curious tendency of the times to lose sight of the legitimate function of the Church in the world, and to ascribe the misfortunes of so-called Catholic countries to some mysterious deteriorating influence exercised by the faith. It is necessary to rebuke this ignorant tendency as often as it shows itself, and to indicate anew the real business of the Church in the world. Mr. Wilfrid Ward's account of Cardinal Wiseman's view of this matter is worthy of reproduction. He says:

While Wiseman resolutely maintained that, whether triumphant or depressed, in the Lateran

Basilica or in the Catacombs, the Church has the great ethical ideals of the Gospel to teach; that these have been securely preserved only where the primitive traditions and doctrines have been jealously guarded and handed down; and that if the world despises these ideals, so much the worse for the world; while he insisted that the saints were the witnesses to the possibility and the value of the highest life; while in this sphere he maintained that whether men of intellect laughed with Voltaire or bent in reverence with Pascal, the Church was a teacher,—he was equally emphatic that in the spheres of science, art, and secular civilization, Catholics should be largely learners, and adapt themselves to the genius of the age or country in which their lot is cast. *The Church can not expect to be the source of the varied energy of the community; all she can do is to turn its direction toward those high ideals of which she is the guardian, or in a direction which bodes them no harm.*

We confess that we are neither pious nor penitential enough to sit up these hot nights reading sermons by the Protestant clergy; though we have been much interested in a recent discourse of the Rev. J. A. Milburn, of Indianapolis, a full report of which we have received from a friend in that city. Dr. Milburn is no bigot: on the contrary, he seems to be broad and fair-minded. In the course of his sermon he pays generous tribute to the Church for what she has done for the betterment of the human race, and declares that he has found many of her priests to be "noble and lovable men, godly and devout." But Mr. Milburn is firmly persuaded that the Catholic Church needs reconstruction! He says that the present war has brought out the fact that "Catholic nations are all sinking, effete, and wanting in vitality"; that "the Roman Church is politically decadent." If it is to live, he says, it must "align itself with the onward moving forces of science and society."

Like innumerable other Protestants—and a few Catholics,—Dr. Milburn imagines that the Church is in some way responsible for evils of all sorts that exist wherever she is established—bad government, corrupt politics, inferior art, lack of education, bull-fighting, defective sanitation, etc. She is not. The mission of the Church is simply this, to Christianize the world. Her true glory does not consist in the services that

have been rendered to literature, art, and science, or in anything done in her name to make this world a delightful place to live in and to render its inhabitants highly comfortable. Her kingdom, like that of her Divine Founder, is not of this world. The ancient Greeks and Romans were more civilized in many respects than we are. If there were any force in the contention that Spain, France, and Italy, are decadent because they are Catholic countries, it might be retorted that they were Catholic also when they were among the greatest powers of the world. And it happens that these countries are not now ruled by Catholics, but dominated by Fréemasons and Jews.

Mr. Milburn's idea of the mission of the Church is expressed in these words of his sermon: "It fails to make human life what it ought to be: to lift man up and make him strong, intelligent and self-reliant; to make man stalwart, robust, independent, victorious." He does not say that the Church fails to make men pure, self-sacrificing, enlightened as to heavenly things, virtuous; but "stalwart, robust, independent, victorious." The Church of Christ can never be progressive in the sense Mr. Milburn attaches to the word. Her progress is in the subjection of wills to the law of the Gospel and the conquest of hearts to the love of God. With material progress, and civilization as most people understand it, Christianity has nothing whatever to do.

Mgr. Leflèche, the oldest of the Canadian bishops, and Mgr. Salpointe, one of the oldest members of the American hierarchy, have both died within the last fortnight. Bishop Leflèche labored many years as a missionary in the great Northwest of Canada, and he there contracted the painful infirmities which made his last years a sort of martyrdom. He labored assiduously to the end, however; and the illness which carried him off in a few days was contracted while making an official visit in his diocese of Three Rivers. "He had the soul of an apostle," says *La Vérité*; and, we may add, he had the eloquence of a prophet. Of much the same character, too, was the venerable Archbishop

Salpointe. After receiving a superb education in France, he set his face toward the Catholic missions of our far West. There he labored among the scattered Catholics until named Vicar-Apostolic of Arizona, and, later, coadjutor to Archbishop Lamy, of Santa Fé. He soon succeeded to the full government of that see, which progressed marvellously under his direction till ill health obliged him to resign in 1894. It is the highest eulogy of Archbishop Salpointe to say that whatever his talents and his energies, they were most unreservedly consecrated to the spread of religion and the good of souls. *R. I. P.*

The *Daily Cataract*, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., has indulged in the bad habit of sneering at Christianity in general and the "superstitions" of Catholics in particular. It has been permitted to go its airy way unrebuked until last week, when the local pastor, Father Gibbons, published a manly, ringing letter of protest against the agnostic spirit of the editor, who had affected to find great humor in the "Christian theory of prayer." Father Gibbons turned the editorial humor into something like a tragedy, the climax of which we quote:

There is an argument which you will hardly dare despise. Christian readers are tired of your agnostic nonsense. You have many of them; your paper derives its chief support from their subscriptions and advertisements. I warn you, sir, in the name of Catholics, at least, to have a care for their feelings and faith; or you may learn to your sorrow "the power of prayer," if not to Almighty God, at least to those who profess themselves His followers.

As might be expected, this last argument won the case for Father Gibbons. The *Cataract* was silenced, and offered an humble apology. It has thousands of imitators, however, to continue its merry work through the length and breadth of the land; and they will continue it until energetic people like Father Gibbons offer just such effective protest. It is puerile to cry out against the press as hostile so long as no manly effort is made at self-defence. The organization of a Church Defence League, whose members would challenge falsehood promptly whenever they met it, would be a movement hardly less important than the missions to non-Catholics.

Notable New Books.

ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATION OF THE PRAYERS AND CEREMONIES OF THE MASS. By the Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. Benziger Bros.

This well-printed book of over 300 pages, explanatory of the holiest and most sublime act of religion, is a very important contribution to Catholic literature. There are numerous works on the Mass, but the present one is especially valuable on account of being written with a view to make those who "have an altar," as St. Paul says, understand more fully the meaning of it and of the sacrifice offered thereon. Why is it necessary for the Church to command assistance at Holy Mass? Why do so few Christians appreciate the privilege of attending the sacrifice which is offered daily for their salvation? Why are so many guilty of indevotion during the sacred celebration? There can be but one answer: It is because the full meaning of the sacrifice of the Mass is not understood. The generality of worshipers do not know how to unite themselves with their Head in the combined offering of the sacrifice to God. Those who would learn the real meaning of the Mass and how to assist at it, the significance of its ceremonies, the power of its prayers, etc., may do so from Father Lanslots' book, which is as practical as it is pious.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL WISEMAN. Selected by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Burns & Oates and Benziger Bros.

We can not praise too highly the aim of this volume, the method adopted by the compiler, nor the skill and industry of which it is the fruit. Most of the written work of Cardinal Wiseman has permanent value, because of its practical character, the seriousness of his purpose, his expository power, the ripeness of his mind, and the scholarly finish of his style. But parts of his work are better than others; and, with the purpose of whetting the appetite for more, these selections are here woven together into a delightful volume. No book of extracts is ever as satisfying or profitable as a continuous work, but we venture to assert that

many readers will be led by these excerpts to take up the vast literary work of Wiseman in its fulness. The arrangement is admirable, the selections being classed under their proper heads as polemical, doctrinal, moral, devotional, or miscellaneous.

Father Bridgett, too, has given us a new aspect of his remarkable versatility. He is almost the ideal compiler, and it is to be hoped that when works of this kind are to be prepared in future the task will be allotted to such as he.

VIRGO PRÆDICANDA. By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. M. H. Gill & Son.

"*Virgo Prædicanda*" is a little book of verses in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and they breathe the fragrance of true devotion. The author's note tells us that "sonnets, rondeaux, and triolets, as they are, they are as short as the flights of the swallow—which, according to Daudet, is Our Lady's bird,—and they are as many as the days of her own month of May." The sonnets are full of an earnestness that appeals to lovers of poetry and lovers of Her to whom Father Fitzpatrick's poems are addressed. Among them the following is typical of the form and spirit of all:

MATER CREATORIS.

The wood was sprinkled with His dewy sweat
As Jesus toiled; and the quick breath He drew
Was like the Spring's against it as it grew
Beneath His hands, till shape and purpose met.
There God to man was visible; and yet
The stranger only saw, with casual view,
Some workman at some work He had to do,
Whose face he could not easily forget.

But Mary's gaze, at such a time, would turn
Where, 'neath His touch divine, she could discern
The greenwood's varying growth on sequent eves;
Glad that the younglings of the flocks and herds
Sought shelter in His shadows, and the birds
Should build their little houses in His leaves.

The rondeaux and triolets seem rather light forms for religious poems; but there is a reverence, a tenderness, about them as handled by our poet which removes any objection one might have to the forms.

FLOWERS FROM THE FRANCISCAN CROWN.
R. Washbourne.

This volume is a series of brief biographies of saints of the Franciscan Order: St.

Peter of Alcantara, "a saint of prayer"; St. Lawrence of Brindisi, canonized by Leo XIII.; Blessed Luchesio and his wife Buonadonna, the first Tertiary family; St. Louis, King of France, patron of the Third Order Secular; and the favorite St. Anthony of Padua. The sixth chapter is an abridged history of the indulgence of Portiuncula, "the great pardon of Assisi." Those who cherish the Franciscan spirit will be charmed with this little brown-covered book.

HISTORIOGRAPHIA ECCLESIASTICA. Auctore G. Stang. Ex typis Benziger Fratrum.

A short discussion of the sources of ecclesiastical history, a very concise statement of the rules governing historical criticism, brief biographies of more than five hundred workers in the field of church history with a mention of their principal works, and Pope Leo's famous pontifical letter on historical study,—such, in brief, is the contents of this useful little volume. Beyond the labor of compiling the biographies, the author has attempted nothing new, his chief object being to direct the ecclesiastical student to the fountains of real church history, to enumerate most of the authors who have written on this subject, and to measure as far as may be in short compass the value of their work. The book is written in easy but not inelegant Latin, and as a general bibliography of ecclesiastical history has considerable merit.

LETTERS OF MARY SIBYLLA HOLLAND.
Selected and Edited by her Son, Bernard Holland.
Edward Arnold, Publisher.

In the preface to this collection of letters the compiler says with truth: "No books have a charm more great or of more permanent value than collections of letters written with no thought but to please, convey affection, help or console, by persons gifted with sympathy, reason, and the seeing faculty, if—and this is essential—the writer has also the power of style, the inmost soul of expression."

Here we have a standard of judgment, and to the letter do the epistolary lines of Mary Holland answer the requirements. Perhaps it would be better to say that in the spirit as well as in the letter they meet

the requirements; for the chief charm of these letters is the indescribable spirit which lingers about them and through them like the fragrance of a rose. Delightful suggestions of home life and home affections, bits of word-painting showing a love of nature, touches of pathos, keen bits of criticism of men and life; and all penetrated with the womanly spirit of a true gentlewoman.

The religious element is not conspicuous, but what there is of it strikes one as genuine and lends a new color to the life portrayed in the volume. The subtle charm of reticence, combined with candor, is one of the characteristics of this compilation; and while the letters must be of special import to those who knew the gifted writer personally, they are not without interest to even an indifferent reader.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND. 1600-1850.

By the Rev. Father Thaddens, O. F. M. Art and Book Co.

In this handsome volume we have an account of the second English province of the Friars Minor, which we are told was "as holy and as learned as the former, and may vie with any community of English religious men." Like the first, it had its teachers and authors, its confessors and martyrs. The book is not intended for general reading. The information it contains will be useful to those whose task it shall be to write adequate biographies of the learned and holy men of whom it makes mention. With few exceptions, all the materials for the work were collected from the writings of the old Franciscans. The illustrations, ten in number, greatly enhance the interest of the volume.

BEFORE THE DAWN. By Joseph Leiser. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co.

Mr. Leiser's book is so attractively presented by the publishers as to make a favorable impression at first sight. It is a collection of verses written during the author's last year of college life and the first of his professional career. They are ambitious in thought and savor of a young man's philosophy of life. Here and there one comes upon a line that glows; but there

are faults of technique in both metre and rhyme which should not be in these days of artistic workmanship. Tennyson and Longfellow are evidently favorite masters with Mr. Leiser,—the influence of the first leavening "At Christmastide," while the latter's gentle teaching is seen in "A Psalm for Toilers." The last division of the volume is made up of ten sonnets, which, though not in the most approved form, show appreciation of this mode of poetic expression. The best of these in point of thought is, perhaps, "On Reading a Book of Sonnets."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Louis De Cailly, of the Diocese of Davenport, who was called to the recompense of a devoted priestly life on the 12th inst.

Sisters Ita, Helena, Christina, and Clare, of the Order of Mercy; Sister M. Alphonsa, Visitandine; Sister M. Euphrasia, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Oakleigh, Australia; and Sister M. Ursula, Sisters of the Holy Cross, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. Patrick Blewitt, of Newark, N. J., whose good life was crowned with a happy death on the 12th inst.

Mrs. Mary Browne, who departed this life on the 29th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Peter Eiswirth, of St. Paul, Minn., who yielded his soul to God on the 17th inst.

Mrs. Timothy Joyce, whose life closed peacefully on the 27th ult., at Central City, Neb.

Miss Mary Goodson, of Glens Falls, N. Y., who breathed her last on the 17th of May.

Mr. Nicholas Byrne, of St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Anna F. Bartlett, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Cunningham, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Margaret Conway, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Mary O'Connor-Eccles, London, England; Anna H. Crumlish and Catherine Kernan, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Thomas Owens, Steubenville, Ohio; Miss B. Hearld, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Maria Finerty, Coolderry, Ireland; Mr. Edward Scanlan, Austin, Minn.; Mr. Edward Costigan, Faribault, Minn.; Mr. Michael Quinn, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Mr. Edward Quinn, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. W. Cole, Mrs. Aloysius Hahn, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. John Cannon, N. McGregor, Iowa; Margaret Costigan, Emery, S. Dak.; Mrs. Thomas Cosgrove, Rossville, Iowa; and Mr. John Quinn, Waukon, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

How Leo Joined the Gypsies.

BY L. W. REILLY.

VI.

KNOWING that the train would not be due for some twenty minutes, Leo told his father all about his stay with the tribe—his work, his homesickness, his request to be allowed to go home, his attempt to escape, his capture by Manuel, and so forth. Then he asked:

"Did you come to Washington on business to-day, papa?"

"I came expressly to hunt for you."

"That was very kind; and on Saturday, too,—your busy day."

The father nodded his head in approval of Leo's appreciation of the trouble that had been occasioned by his wildness.

"Wasn't it lucky that you sought me here?" said the boy. "How did you come to think of hunting for me here?"

This was a poser that the father was not willing to answer then, so he evaded it by saying:

"I knew from Stephen that you had joined the gypsies at their camp on the Washington road. I went to that place, inquired about the route of the band, and was informed that they were coming this way. Last year, when the University was having its closing exercises—which I attended,—I strolled out this way and saw some of those wanderers in that very dell where I found you. Naturally, there-

fore, I hoped to discover you somewhere in that neighborhood."

Leo's father was in too great a hurry for him to stay in Washington that day to show his son the sights of the city; for he was eager to relieve his wife's anxiety and to get back to his business. But on the way, from the windows of the electric cars, Leo got glimpses of some of the parks, public buildings, Washington's monument, and the Capitol.

Not a word was said to the boy about the presence in the city of his favorite sister. That was to be a pleasant surprise. So when the car drew near the station, Leo espied her at the entrance to the upper waiting-room, peering worryingly at all who approached that way.

"Oh, there is Bessie!" he cried; and, jumping up from his seat, he rushed to the platform; and before the car was stopped he skipped off, alighted safely, and ran as fast as he could toward the station. Bessie caught sight of him from afar, and met him half-way on the sidewalk. There, to the astonishment of the hackmen and the bootblacks present, the dainty maiden, clad in all the bravery of a pretty summer girl, embraced the frowzy boy; while that ardent, if shabby, youth returned her caresses enthusiastically, and exclaimed in breathless rapture:

"O Bessie darling, how glad I am to see you again!"

"My young man," said the father, who now came up, "I wouldn't make a scene on the street, if I were you; especially not until I had washed my face and combed my hair and put on clean clothes."

Leo reddened at the rebuke, but he spoke up bravely:

"Forgive me, father; but I couldn't help it: I was so glad to see Bessie."

They hurried inside, and went downstairs to send a telegram to Leo's mother announcing his safe recovery. That done, they boarded the 12.05 express, which was almost ready to start. After Leo had been refreshed with an abundance of soap and water, and had put on a neat jacket taken out of his package, his father treated him and Bessie to a dinner on the train. They enjoyed the bountiful meal, while watching the landscape whirling out of view and chatting gaily of Leo's gypsy days.

No need is there to describe the fond welcome that Leo received at home from his mother and the other members of the family, who there greeted him on his return from his fly-away adventure. It was like the return of the Prodigal Son. Indeed the eldest brother, Ferdinand, said:

"Mother and the girls are kissing Leo so lovingly and stuffing him so full of sweet things to eat that he'll be apt to think he's done something deserving of reward instead of censure, and he'll want to run off again just so's to have another welcome home like this."

If there was the least danger of Leo's imagining himself a hero it was obviated when his parents informed him, on the evening of his return, when they gave him a good talking, that they had been aware of his purpose to run away; that they had allowed him to go, in order to rid him of his romantic notions; that they had made an arrangement with the gypsies to take care of him until that morning; and that they had had to pay for his experience five dollars to the chief and the expenses of the father's and Bessie's trip to Washington. This information made Leo feel small, especially as he had thought that he himself had paid pretty dear for his experience by the

hardships of the forty miles of a ride on a bare-back horse, by the meagreness and unsavoriness of his fare, by the chores that he was forced to do, by the hardness of his bed, by his homesickness and remorse, by his mental sufferings in having to associate with such a gang of uncouth and unclean persons, by his terror when he was caught by Manuel trying to escape; and by his other tribulations during those five days, the memory of which was now as repulsive as a nightmare. However, he took it all as a penance for his disobedience; for his mother had made him see his conduct in its true light and persuaded him to be sorry for it.

When Leo's pastor learned of his escapade, he thought to put him off for another year from receiving Confirmation. But at the father's entreaty and Leo's own repeated promise to be more dutiful, the priest relented. So on the last Sunday of June the Holy Ghost with His seven-fold Gifts came down from heaven, at the invocation of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, upon the soul of Leo.

"Let us hope, mother," said Leo's father, as they came out together from the church where they had witnessed the solemn function, "that the blessed fruits of the presence of that Divine Spirit may soon show themselves in the conduct of our dreamy boy."

And the graces of Confirmation have already shown themselves in the changed demeanor of Leo—in his fuller obedience, in his patience, in his increased gentleness, and in other ways. However, he has not altogether overcome, as yet, his old habit of indulging in reveries. His fancy still lures him occasionally to build castles in Spain. When on these occasions he grows restless at the monotony of his home or school duties—for life goes on for the majority of mankind from day to day made up of the same little things,—or when he

becomes visionary concerning his career "when I'm a man," some other member of the family is apt to bring him down from the clouds with this or a similar remark:

"Any way, Leo dear, you are not going back to the gypsies,—are you?"

(The End.)

The Story of an Old Oak.

What strange stories are told about old trees! At Essex, in England, there once stood a monarch of the forest whose history, or what is known of it, is worth relating. It was called the Fairlop Oak and was known far and wide. Its girth was immense, being no less than thirty-six feet; and each of its seventeen great branches was said to have been as large as an ordinary tree. During the latter part of the last century the old tree died, and a few years later its dead remains took fire and were consumed; but local tradition has preserved some incidents concerning it which link us to the good old days when quaint and time-honored custom was the highest law of the realm.

Those incidents, however, have nothing especially romantic about them, being founded upon the pleasant whim of a very commonplace block and pump maker by the name of Daniel Day, who lived long, long ago in Wapping, and who was a firm admirer of the great tree. He must have been an excellent man, for he was known as "Good Day"; and we have further evidence of this in the fact that regularly, on a certain day in July, he was wont to invite his friends to dine with him under the Fairlop Oak. The repast always consisted of beans and bacon.

After awhile the people for many miles around heard of Good Day's dinner, and flocked in multitudes to partake of the festivities. Very soon these were joined by venders of all sorts of eatables and

drinkables; shop-keepers set up booths and began to display their wares. Then came Punch and Judy shows, and games of every kind; and the result was that an annual fair came to be held under or near the Fairlop Oak on the day when the kind pump-maker entertained his friends with homely beans and bacon.

The vicinity had formerly been the favorite resort of a multitude of bandits; so when we are told that at the fair an occasional pocket was picked, we can be glad that matters were no worse. Mr. Day, without doubt, was the means of an improvement in the safety of the spot.

The block and pump makers took especial delight in honoring the day established by one of their own trade, and used to come in large numbers to the beans-and-bacon feast, seated in a wagon shaped like a boat and drawn by six horses. They always took a band of music with them, and enjoyed the admiring glances of the country-folk.

Good Day was as eccentric as he was benevolent. He lived alone, and had an old servant, a widow. When she died she made the remarkable request that she be buried with a pound of tea in each hand; which, notwithstanding Mr. Day's great aversion to the Chinese beverage, he promptly carried out. He never turned away the poor without help, and was never known to receive interest for money lent to deserving persons. The one thing which vexed him was to hear of people going to law.

One day the Fairlop Oak lost one of its branches. This he took as an omen of his own death, which really did occur soon after. He was buried in a coffin made from the broken branch; and was taken to the churchyard by water, for he had a great prejudice against all vehicles drawn by horses.

Altogether, Daniel Day was a useful and interesting character, who set a good example to those who came after him.

The Shepherd Lord.

Every school-boy knows about the War of the Roses, but there are many stories connected with that long and disastrous contest which seldom come to the knowledge of any save those who love to ramble through the wayside paths of history. That of Henry Clifford, commonly called the Shepherd Lord, is one. The De Cliffords were firm adherents of the Lancastrian interests; and in battles which left the Yorkists victors and seated Edward IV. upon the throne, the little Henry, aged but seven, lost both father and grandfather. Richard, still younger, was also missing.

This was extremely embarrassing to the King; for the Clifford name was so hated by his party that nothing short of the imprisonment of the little lads would satisfy public clamor. They were sought high and low, but a mother's anxiety had promptly put them beyond the reach of revengeful persecution. When questioned she only said they had been sent beyond the sea to be bred there. Were they dead? She did not know. The truth was that the poor little Richard had escaped to a land farther than that beyond any sea; but the sturdy Henry was safe in his own England, in the family of a humble shepherd, fed, reared and employed like his own son. Here he stayed until he was fifteen years old, when, a rumor of his survival having reached the court, he was taken to the Scottish border. Here he passed fifteen years more, shepherd in everything but blood; occasionally holding private communication with his mother, but having the mortification of seeing his lands and title pass into the hands of his hereditary enemies.

On the accession of Henry VII. the young shepherd took his place in the House of Lords; but so rigorously had his seclusion been maintained that he was

unable either to read or write, which caused him at first to be held in derision by the educated peers. The ridicule, however, soon ceased. He had studied a book of which they were ignorant, that in which Nature tells her story; and his knowledge of natural phenomena, especially of the movements of the heavenly bodies, supplemented by the learning which he took immediate steps to gain, soon placed him beyond the scorn of any one. The most learned monks of the kingdom were employed to instruct him, and his proficiency was such that before long he became an authority even to the scholars of the land.

In another direction he became skilled. Shepherds are not warriors. He could tend and fold and shear his sheep, but he could not use a sword; yet he became an experienced soldier, fighting with distinguished bravery, at the head of a large retinue, at the battle of Flodden. He lived to be seventy years old, none the less happy or useful because of the thirty years spent in seclusion.

The Enemies of Louis XII.

When Louis XII. was consecrated at Reims, he had a list prepared of all his enemies, especially those who had been opposed to him when he was only Duke of Orleans. In going over the list he marked with a red cross a certain number of names. Hearing this, the owners were much alarmed and endeavored to escape from the court. On being informed of their fears, the King said: "I am surprised, my lords, at your flight. I never intended you any harm. The King of France has nothing to do with the quarrels of the Duke of Orleans. The red cross I made moves me only to clemency. I am bound to forgive the wrongs you have done me, as Christ on the cross asked pardon for those who crucified Him."

With Authors and Publishers.

—We note the appearance of new editions of Coventry Patmore's "Religio Poetæ" and "Principle in Art," both of which have long been out of print.

—Interest in the Middle Ages has grown astonishingly in the Low Countries. During the past year at least a dozen notable studies of those once despised centuries have appeared in Belgium alone.

—Sienkiewicz may enjoy the unusual privilege of reading his own biography. The author is a prolific Polish writer, Pan S. Tarnowski. Another notable event in the current literary history of Poland is the centenary of Adam Mickiewicz, which will be celebrated this year. He was not only the greatest of the Polish poets, but is considered the greatest singer of the whole Slav race.

—The collection of "Spanish Legends" which the Rev. G. Bampfield has contributed to the Catholic Library of Tales, published by the English Catholic Truth Society, is more important, we think, than "Carpenter Lynes; or, The Mother and the Son": a series of talks about the Blessed Virgin. It is hard to believe that any non-Catholic desirous of learning what is her place in Christian worship would choose these talks as an instructor.

—Those who are curious about the "Iron Virgin" of Nuremberg, an alleged instrument of the Roman Inquisition, may learn all about it from a pamphlet written by the Rev. H. Lucas, S. J., just issued by the Catholic Truth Society, of London. It being a question of historical evidence, the writer made a diligent search through every work in the British Museum Library likely to afford information on the subject. Incidentally Father Lucas gives some account of the history of the criminal law in Germany. His remarks on the use of torture are calculated to cool the ardor of persons who take delight in graphic and thrilling stories of inquisitorial horrors. Knowing that American Catholics have a strong prejudice against pamphlets, we are moved to say that this *brochure* of thirty-two pages is incomparably more important than most of the bound

books on our table, and that the writing of it involved more research than is often devoted to works that people call "standard."

—The title-page and index of the volume of THE AVE MARIA ending with July are now ready for those who bind the magazine. These supplementary pages are supplied *gratis*.

—A leading English review for July contains an amusing misprint—"Patriotic Theology" for *Patristic Theology*. The theology of not a few persons nowadays is so mixed up with patriotism that the phrase is worth keeping, though accidentally coined.

—Under the title "A Good, Practical Catholic," the Rev. Father Buckler, O. P., has published, through Messrs. Burns & Oates, a spiritual instruction to working men and women. It presents in a simple and compendious form the great doctrinal and moral truths upon which religion and piety are based.

—A useful little treatise on "Punctuation" has been compiled by Miss Kate O'Neill, for the use of students, stenographers, and all others who possess the laudable ambition to write well-pointed letters and manuscripts. The rules are the usual ones found in similar text-books, but the merit of this little volume lies in the abundance of its illustrative material. A. Lovell & Co.

—Two volumes of the new French series of lives of the saints have appeared in an English translation. They are "The Psychology of the Saints," by M. Henri Joly, general editor of the series; and "Saint Augustine," by Prof. Ad. Hatzfeld. The English editor is the Rev. Father Tyrrell, S. J., than whom a better choice could not have been made. The series contains some charming biographies. Duckworth & Co., publishers, London.

—"Gladly, Most Gladly," is the title of the initial volume of a series of tales by Nora Bright, published by Burns & Oates and the Benzigers. There is an earnestness and a directness of expression which lends a

charm to these stories; but all, particularly the first one, would be artistically improved if the author would moralize less and let the simple facts suggest the lessons to be learned; and it is only fair to add that the lessons are well worth learning.

—The critics are enthusiastic in their praise of Mr. Gardner's new book, "Dante's Ten Heavens: a Study in the 'Paradiso.'" The *Athenæum*, in the course of an extended review, observes: "As a help to the minuter study not of Dante only, but of what has always been regarded as the most obscure part of Dante's writings, it is hardly too much to say that no more valuable work has appeared in English." Increased general interest in the great Catholic poet is matter for rejoicing. The study of his work, as the *Athenæum* remarks, "can not but have a bracing and refining effect on the mind and soul alike."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* \$1.60, net.

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., net.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Stang.* \$1., net.

Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nora Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of 'Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1 50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, net.

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, net.

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani.* 50 cts., net.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Mais, S. J.* \$3.50, net.

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffol-Bajlay.* \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.

For a King. *T. S. Sharwood.* 95 cts., net.

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan.* \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, net.

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson.* 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon.* \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts., net.

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., net.

Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, net.

The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.

Spanish John. *William McLennan.* \$1.25.

Père Monnier's Ward. *Walter Lecky.* \$1.25.

How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebs, C. SS. R.* \$1, net.

Fidelity. *Mary Maher.* \$1.10, net.

The Priest in the Family. *Miss Bridges.* \$1.10, net.

AVE MARIA.

Andante. $\text{♩} = 84.$

G. RUDOLF.

*mf**p* A - ve Ma - ri - - a - - -

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no - strae A - - men, A - - men.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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A Thought.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

EVER and always the river is flowing
 Down to the sea,
 Always and ever the breezes are blowing
 Over the lea.
 Ever the clouds o'er the heavens are sailing,
 Swift-passing spirits with winding-sheets
 trailing,—
 Earth and its creatures with order unfailing
 Rest not, nor we.
 Ever and always my life-stream is racing
 Down to death's sea;
 Why should I waste, then, the moments in
 chasing
 Shadows that flee?
 Foolish to value this life overmeasure,
 Foolish to covet or honor or pleasure;
 Wise am I only when seeking Christ's
 treasure
 Promised to me.

A City of Confusion.

THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS.

BY THE REV. HENRY G. GANSS.

WHEN John Ruskin, in one of his oracular moods, says that "the English liturgy was evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible to a people desirous

of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience,"* we are momentarily at a loss to know whether he is speaking apodictically or lapsing into a bit of satirical pleasantry. All the same, he gives expression to an epigram that almost possesses the force of a truism with ecclesiastical students. The compliant flexibility of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to use its official designation, has not only become the boast of its leading adherents, but, by a common consensus, the distinctive mark of its existence. Its reluctance to yield to the unbending logic of history in its true attitude to the so-called Reformation; its dexterity in minimizing and explaining its confessions of faith, "trying to clothe them in an orthodox dress, and to smoothe down whatever bears the look of novelty"; its vagueness and indefiniteness in enunciating its doctrinal formularies—"stammering lips of ambiguous formularies,"—have made it not only a source of amazement and no little suspicion to Protestant investigators, of perplexity not unminged with mild diversion to Catholic students, but keen anxiety, if not profound sorrow, to sincere Anglicans.

Doctrinal mobility necessarily destroys the foundation of doctrinal certainty; and where doctrinal certainty is imperilled, Christian unity can not exist. "There

* "Letters to the Clergy."

is one God and one Christ," says St. Cyprian; "and His Church is one and the faith one and the people one, joined in the solid unity of one body by the cement of concord."*

Macaulay may have been guilty of one of those glittering generalizations in which the judiciousness of the reviewer is lost in the brilliancy of the rhetorician, when he claims that it is hard "to endure with patience the spectacle of a hundred sects battling within one church." All the same, he stands on unassailable ground when he premises the assertion that "unity" the Episcopal Church "most certainly has not and never had." Nor is his logic less irrefragable when he continues "that it is mere mockery to attach so much importance to unity in form and name where there is so little in substance."†

When illustrious teachers in this Church with imperturbable gravity maintain "that the Church of England had always within herself persons of extreme divergence of faith," and, to give this anomalous condition at least a shadow of plausibility, explain that this "divergence is a thing as inevitable as having different countenances on different men,"‡ by a natural mode of inferential reasoning we must conclude that St. Paul's inflexible and impassioned advocacy of unity of faith was more in the nature of a mental hallucination than in the range of a realizable achievement. Or when another brilliant light of the hierarchy, with some display of petulance, argues that "in all times since the Reformation the people had been allowed to hold extreme doctrines on one side or the other,"§ evidently no pretence is made that—

One vast community
Known by its unity
Truly divine

was to be an infallible badge of Christ's Church. Or when one of its apologists sees the hand of Providence in this Church, "which never promulgated a doctrine or condemned a heresy," and complaisantly philosophizes, "May we not, then, discover traces of the all-wise Hand in the principles of liberality which are planted in the very bosom of our Establishment, by this adoption of articles that are deemed by different men to countenance their several opinions?"* it would be a blind fatuity not to own that unity of faith is a kind of religious curiosity long since relegated to the top shelf of theological museums. Or when one of its most recent advocates, with unaffected zeal and critical nicety, divides the various shades of belief in his church into divisions and subdivisions, with all the elaborate minuteness with which an entomologist would classify his *metabola* and *hemimetabola*,† one is almost tempted to admit that our Blessed Lord's universal prayer for unity has been nullified; that the zeal, labors, and trials of the Fathers in defence of it are a chimera; and that we must enter an emphatic denial that "unity is the law of Truth,... that evil dissociates and separates, and holiness unites because it draws to God;... that unity becomes the evidence of the presence of God, disunion a witness to the presence of evil."‡

"The failure of Christianity to realize

* Alex. Knox, "Remains," vol. iii, p. 130.

† *The Churchman*, April 9, 1898, p. 529. The High Church is divided into: "1. The Romanizing section (very small); 2. The Ritualists (large and active); 3. The Moderate High (the largest); 4. The High Broad (small, but influential through personal charm)." (*Sic!*) The High Church, which the writer contends "holds the field," is classified in a more generic way by the *Church Herald* (Nov. 13, 1869), as a party "mainly in the hands of adventurers or directed by brainless sentimentalist."

‡ Grant, "Bampton Lectures," p. 65.

* De Unitate Eccles., nn. 6-23.

† Macaulay's *Essays*, vol. ii, pp. 288-291.

‡ Bishop Wilberforce, in *The Times*. London, Oct. 10, 1867.

§ Ibid.

the ideal of our Saviour," says Dr. Briggs, "can not be any other than sinful. The organization and perpetuation of divisive measures in the Church are sins which should not be condoned."*

But may it not be urged that this "divergence of doctrine," these "extreme views," these "principles of liberality," do not affect the integrity of the Church, influence its *credenda*, or concern its formularies or doctrinal pronouncements?

If Bishop Colenso in confessing that he "could believe and receive the miracles of Scripture heartily, if only they were authenticated by a veracious history," and a shining light of the bishop's church makes the admission that "it is probably true that ninety per cent of our bishops to-day believe and teach the views for which Bishop Colenso was deposed";† if Matthew Arnold is singled out as a champion to whom "churchmen above all should not be willing to ignore their debt of gratitude . . . , who gave so long and so unselfishly to the defence of the Establishment the noblest resources of his mind and heart,"‡ and yet the most frenetic infidel never uttered more blistering blasphemies;|| if the Rev. G. C. Gorham in denying baptismal regeneration, and the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of the church sustaining him; if Frederic Denison Maurice in accepting a public expression of thanks "for questioning and denying eternal punishment"; if Archbishop Hampden in being publicly

branded by his church organ as being "as well known a heretic as Arius"; if Dr. Littledale in calling the Reformers "utterly unredeemed villains"; if Charles Kingsley in extolling them as providential factors and divinely potential figures in the church; if Lord Halifax, in search of corporate reunion with Rome, insists upon the utter exclusion of all Protestant bodies; if Archbishop Tait, endeavoring to effect a Christian alliance between the Anglican Church and Spurgeon's tabernacle, dismisses the pretensions of Rome and Moscow; if the Church, in setting the seal of public condemnation on the writers of *Essays and Reviews*, as being saturated with deadly heresy, afterward honored its leading contributor as Primate of England; if Queen Victoria, Supreme head of the Church, during her visits to Scotland, with unflinching courtesy, religiously attends the Kirk, and receives the Lord's Supper from the hands of a dissenting minister; or, to come nearer home, if the Rev. R. Heber Newton, at All Souls' Church, New York, assails the authenticity and inspiration of Holy Scripture ("Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation," Art. vi); if the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, at St. Ignatius', in inculcating devotion to the Mother of God ("The invocation of saints is a fond thing vainly invented and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, . . . repugnant to the word of God."—Art. xxii); if the Rev. T. McK. Brown, at St. Mary the Virgin's, teaches seven sacraments and

* *Reformed Quart. Rev.*, 1896, p. 306.

† Dr. S. D. McConnell in *The Churchman*, Feb. 5, 1898.

‡ *Ibid.*, March 5, 1898.

|| Here is his description of the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity: The Father, "a sort of infinitely magnified and improved Lord Shaftesbury, with a race of vile offenders to deal with, whom his natural goodness would incline him to let off, only his sense of justice will not allow it; then a younger Lord Shaftesbury, on the scale of his father, and very dear to him, who might live in grandeur and splendor if he liked, but who prefers to leave his home to go and live among the race of offenders, and to be put to an ignominious

death, on condition that his merits shall be counted against their demerits; and that his father's goodness shall be restrained no longer from taking effect, but any offender shall be admitted to the benefit of it on simply pleading the satisfaction made by the son; and then, finally, a third Lord Shaftesbury, still on the same high scale, who keeps very much in the background, and works in a very occult manner, but very efficaciously nevertheless, and who is busy in applying everywhere the benefits of the son's satisfaction and the father's goodness."—"Literature and Dogma," p. 306. London edition.

the Real Presence ("There are but two sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord in the Gospel," etc.—Art. xxv. "Christ is figuratively in the bread and wine, and spiritually in them that worthily eat the bread and drink the wine; but our Blessed Lord is really, carnally and corporally, in heaven alone, from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead";* if the Rev. A. G. Mortimer, at St. Mark's, Philadelphia, as a sacrificing priest offers up mass and prays for the dead ("Wherefore the sacrifice of the masses,† in which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain and guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."—Art. xxxi. "The Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory . . . is a fond thing vainly invented," etc.—Art. xxii); if after allowing Bishop Sessums, of Louisiana, to teach such rampant heresy, "that eighteen Presbyterian, seventeen Methodist, twelve Lutheran and three Baptist ministers"‡ were compelled to vindicate the common cause of Christianity, irrespective of denominational lines, in a public protest; if Dr. Ewer execrating his ecclesiastical progenitors, the Reformers, for having "slain the Holy Ghost, destroyed the Son," and calling the glorious Reformation "a ghastly work, . . . the mother of uncomeliness, . . . essential adultery"; if Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe with passionate warmth championing apostolic succession against all assailants; if Phillips Brooks curtly dismissing the same, for the reason "that there is not a line in our Prayer-Book, there is not a word in our formularies, which declares any such thing,"—*if* all these mutually destructive, hopelessly

irreconcilable, eternally incompatible opinions and teachings are mere emotional vagaries, sentimental differences, "divergencies of doctrine and extreme views," in which fundamental truths are not sacrificed, and identity of principles still preserved, then we are confronted by one of the most stupendous and inscrutable enigmas that ever baffled human reason, enough to make the head reel, the mind grow dizzy, the heart faint.

Or must we dismiss what Principal Tulloch eulogistically styles "the comprehensiveness and genial width" of the formularies, with Calvin's caustic estimate that at best they are but "tolerable fooleries"—*tolerabiles ineptias*?* Or chuckle at the cynicism of one of the most popular of contemporary writers when he claims that the "Church of England drives with an exceedingly loose rein: you can do anything you like in it, provided you go about it decorously"?† Or must we in sheer exasperation abandon the study altogether because, in the unfilial language of one of its most illustrious sons, the Established Church is "the most absurd and indefensible of all institutions now existing in the world"?‡

Who would not look upon it as the height of temerity or a weakness of the human intellect to attempt an irenic fusion of the creed of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Jowett, Archdeacon Denison and Dr. McNeile, Dean Stanley and Baring-Gould, Canon Farrar and Canon Liddon, Dr. Lee and Canon Gore; Father Ignatius and Dr. Rainsford? Easier to amalgamate the doctrines of John Calvin with those of Gautama Buddha.

Strange as it may seem, we have the spectacle of one of the most revered men in the Establishment—a man who left a mark on its collegiate and university

* Cranmer, quoted in Hardwick's "History of the Reformation," p. 209.

† The quibbling over the word "masses" is very weak. The Coronation Oath administered to the sovereign, and until recently to every bishop entering Parliament, reads: "I do believe that . . . the sacrifice of the mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous."

‡ N. Y. Sun, May 7, 1897.

* Epp., p. 28, tom. ix. ed. 1617.

† Harold Frederic, *Cosmopolitan*, May, 1898, p. 37.

‡ Macaulay, quoted in *North Am. Rev.*, Jan., 1858.

life, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby—actually proposing “that all sects should be united by act of Parliament with the Church of England, on the principle of retaining all their distinctive errors and absurdities”;^{*} a scheme that no doubt Charles Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar, and Dean Elliot would have sanctioned and championed. Did not this church, to use the words of Dr. Schaff, “nurse at her breasts Calvinistic Puritans, Armenian Methodists, liberal Latitudinarians, and Romanizing Tractarians,”[†] why hesitate in having a reunion? But would this be the Church of the Fathers, the Church of the Apostles, the Church of Christ—the one, holy, Catholic, apostolic Church?

These reflections become more than ordinarily suggestive—in fact, strut into obtrusive prominence—in the face of an event that has created considerable stir in ecclesiastical circles within the last few months. The reception into the Protestant Episcopal Church of a man whose expulsion from the Presbyterian Church for heresy, and the probable admission of this man as a minister of the Episcopal Church while professedly adhering with unflinching loyalty to the Westminster Confession and Higher Criticism methods, is an ecclesiastical incident, the progress of which is watched with anxious interest, and the *dénouement* of which may be attended with some unexpected surprises.

The Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D. D., the hero of this episode, was appointed to fill the newly endowed Edward Robinson chair of Biblical Theology at Union Theological Seminary, New York, November 11, 1890. Dr. Briggs at the time was one of the most respected, conspicuous and commanding figures of American Presbyterianism. He was also one of the most profoundly learned and daringly original advocates of the Higher Criticism. To sound scholarship and a

veritable storehouse of solid erudition he unites a trenchant literary style, dauntless courage, and indefatigable industry. In his biblical studies, following rather in the path broken by Delitzsch, Driver, Davidson, and Cheyne, than in that pursued by Hengstenberg, Kuenen, and Wellhausen, he finally outstripped them all, not only in the novel and startling nature of his conclusions, but in the combative aggressiveness and temerarious boldness with which he championed them. His learning is generally conceded, his piety remains unassailed; his motives have not been questioned nor his sincerity impugned.

His treatment of the Catholic Church is characterized by manly fairness, at times reverential sympathy, always devoid of sectarian animus. In fact, his attitude to the mother Church was so uniformly fair and equitable, the trend of his writings—abstracting, of course, from his Higher Criticism postulates—so provokingly “Romish” as to call down upon him no little measure of reproach from the Protestant press; the prediction being pretty universally indulged that, like Newman, Manning, Brownson, etc., his spiritual problems would find their logical and ultimate solution in Catholicity.

The inaugural address,^{*} which brought matters to a crisis, and brought Dr. Briggs before the Presbytery of New York as an attainted heretic, was delivered January 20, 1891. It is not in the scope of this article, nor, for that matter, has it any relevancy to the subject, to analyze these imputed heresies or follow the protracted and bitterly contested trial through all the stages of ecclesiastical procedure. Suffice it that the action of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, in session at Washington, D. C., June 1, 1893, reversed the judgment of the Presbytery of New York. It finds that “the said Charles A.

^{*} Liddon's “Life of Pusey,” vol. i, p. 265.

[†] “Creeds of Christendom,” vol. i, p. 598.

^{*} “The Authority of Holy Scripture,” Scribner, 1893.

Briggs has uttered, taught, and propagated views, doctrines, and teachings contrary to the essential doctrines of Scripture... in violation of the ordination vow"; that "the said erroneous teachings, views, and doctrines strike at the very vitals of religion; ... wherefore this general assembly... does hereby suspend Charles A. Briggs... from the office of a minister of the Presbyterian Church."*

The charges on which Dr. Briggs was suspended cover a wide ground—from maintaining that "the Reason and the Church are great fountains of authority," to denying the inerrancy and authenticity of Holy Scripture, the authorship of Isaias, and teaching a thinly-veiled doctrine of Purgatory—progressive sanctification after death.

With the brand of a heretic (justly or unjustly affixed concerns us not) fresh upon his brow; with the widespread notoriety of his expulsion from the Presbyterian Church still the subject of public discussion; with his relations as professor in a Presbyterian theological seminary remaining intact; with his biblical doctrines and opinions unmodified and unrecalled; with the avowal that he still clings to the Westminster Confession of Faith in its unimpaired integrity,—he knocks at the portals of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and without further ceremony gains admission and membership. Not only this, but at this moment is preparing for priestly orders.

No wonder the religious world is in a state of feverish expectancy, awaiting the curtain to be raised on the next scene of this strange and bewildering drama. No wonder one of the most conservative and authoritative secular papers† propounds the question, Are Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism interchangeable creeds?

(To be continued.)

* "The Defence of Professor Briggs," part iii, Scribner, 1893.

† The New York Sun.

Genevieve's Romance.

IV.

THE travellers arrived safe at their destination, and for several months Mr. Bigelow seemed to improve. But Genevieve had contracted a cold on the journey, which clung to her persistently all through the fall and winter, causing her father great alarm. He wrote that she was growing thin, and had lost her bright, fresh coloring. This intelligence filled their friends at Templeton with solicitude. However, she wrote cheerfully herself, saying that her father's anxiety exaggerated the seriousness of her own indisposition, which she declared was steadily growing better. Therefore none of those they had left behind were prepared for the following letter, which awaited Father Anderson on his return from a trip to New York:

SANTA FÉ, New Mexico,
March 3, 18—.

DEAR FATHER ANDERSON:—My poor, darling father is dead. As well as ever yesterday morning, he was seized with a dreadful hemorrhage some time after breakfast. In half an hour all was over. No priest, no sacraments; no one near but my aunt and myself. We are sending him home to rest beside my mother. The doctor has forbidden me to go; but, oh, how I wish I could! You will attend to everything, I know. I can write no more. Pray for your heart-broken

GENEVIEVE.

To this letter, in about a fortnight, she received the following answer:

TEMPLETON, March 18, 18—.

DEAR GENEVIEVE:—A hundred times I have been on the point of writing to you and as often have laid aside my pen, not knowing how to communicate the sad news I have to tell. Your heart, already torn by sorrow, can scarcely bear this second blow. And yet, realizing how

strange it must seem to you that my uncle has not written, I feel that it would be greater cruelty to wait even a day longer. My dear little sister, I have four graves in the cemetery to care for instead of two: my uncle and the old Doctor are lying beside your dear father and mother.

On the day your letter was received my uncle went, with Dr. Moore, in his own boat—a slight, frail thing, as you know,—to visit a sick woman on the island. When they were returning, a sudden squall arose; the boat was capsized and both were drowned. Next morning their bodies were washed ashore, and the day following there was a triple funeral. Later, I will write you full particulars. At present, though everything devolves on me, I am like one whose faculties have been suddenly benumbed. But believe me, dear Genevieve, the magnitude of my own loss seems nothing beside the loneliness which must be yours. I long to hear news of you—that your health has not suffered, that you are bearing your trials with courage and resignation.

Faithfully yours,

DOMINIC.

To this letter Genevieve did not reply. After having read it, she handed it to her aunt and immediately fell in a faint. She was removed to her bed, which she did not leave for nearly six weeks; being attacked by a low fever, from which she did not seem able to rally. Her aunt wrote to Dominic from time to time, but never hopefully. Nothing could rouse Genevieve from the dreary lethargy of grief into which she had fallen. When she became convalescent, she constrained herself to write a few short letters in answer to several from Dominic, who undertook to settle her father's affairs, which were in very good order. Dr. Moore had left her joint heir with Dominic to his few possessions, consisting of a couple of houses and a number of vacant lots. The young man now also became the owner of his

uncle's property, besides succeeding to the business of the Doctor. He had hoped that Genevieve would turn to him as to her oldest and best friend; but as time passed she seemed to grow farther away from him, answering his letters in the shortest and most indifferent manner. Finally, after remonstrances from him, she wrote:

"You complain that I seem to have lost interest in everything. It is true: my heart is in the grave of my father. I do not care to live; I have nothing to live for. I know that what I am going to say must seem horribly unkind and ungrateful, but I have not the slightest desire ever to see even *you* again, Dom,—good and affectionate and patient as you have always been to me. The doctor here says that if I had some new interest in life I should get well rapidly, as my cough is entirely gone. But that is precisely what I do not want. And he tells me I can never go back to live at Templeton. To be near my father's grave—that would be something. But to be obliged to remain here—death were preferable, far more to be desired. My aunt is kind, but she is very old and quite delicate. She must shortly be taken away, and then God grant that I may soon follow!"

When this letter was written fifteen months had passed since the death of her father. Dominic felt that her condition of mind and body must indeed be pitiable to call forth such complaints. It was entirely unlike the happy, joyous-hearted creature he had known. He wrote to the doctor, who replied that Genevieve was suffering from a slow decline. He did not think it possible to save her, particularly as she would make no effort in her own behalf; but he could wish, he said, that the poor child might be placed in a more cheerful atmosphere than that which now surrounded her; or that she could have some interest, however trifling, which would divert her thoughts from her own

condition and the loss she had sustained.

Shortly after this Dominic wrote to her again. After disposing of some dry details of business, he continued:

"I told you in my last that I had had the burial lot enclosed and small headstones erected. I go there every day. The plot looks beautiful, and I shall be faithful in taking care of it. Your birds are full of song; none of the fish have died. I wish you could see the aquarium. It is full of pretty water-plants, among which the inmates thrive wonderfully. If only I could think that you have begun to smile again, how rejoiced I should be!

"There is nothing new, Genevieve, except a rumor that a gentleman has just been making inquiries about the house. Since the Darlys left it, the place has begun to look desolate. Having your permission to let it, I should be glad to see it occupied...."

A few days later he wrote:

"The rumor of which I wrote you last week has materialized. I have been approached by the gentleman referred to in my former letter. He is an Englishman, who has resided in America for some time, and about whom, according to gossip, their lingers the flavor of a mysterious romance. What it is I can not say. He tells me that he is fond of gardening, and promises to take good care of the place. He will have two servants, living alone but for them. He would like a lease for three years, and offers three hundred dollars a year. The price is not enough, I admit; but it will be better to rent it low to one who will take care of it than to allow it to go to ruin, as vacant houses invariably do. Tell me frankly, Genevieve, I beg, what you would prefer—to rent or not. For my part, I would almost rather set fire to the house myself and watch it burn to the ground than to pass it every day, as I do now, seeing it gradually given over to decay and desolation."

Genevieve lost no time in replying.

Dominic noted with pleasure that her letter was written in a more cheerful and natural manner than any he had received from her since the death of her father.

"What a strange person you must think me!" she wrote. "Certainly I would rather have the dear old house rented than feel that it was slowly but surely going to ruin through want of care. I do not hesitate to say that it will cost me a pang to think of *any one* occupying my father's room; but for the rest I do not much mind. One has to get used to such things. How strange—is it not?—that this gentleman should wish to live in our secluded little hamlet all the year round, and entirely alone! I hope he may not be an adventurer of some kind. Be sure you satisfy yourself as to that, dear Dom; and for the rest use your own judgment."

To this letter he replied as follows:

TEMPLETON, June 15th, 18—.

DEAR GENEVIEVE:—Everything is arranged, I hope, satisfactorily to all concerned. I have made inquiries, and find that your tenant is in good odor at his banker's, which, in my opinion, is quite enough. Whatever the romance of which he is the hero (if such there be), I feel confident it is not to his discredit. I have to record something on his part which I am sure will please you. As we made a tour of the house, I said, indicating your father's room and yours: "This was Mr. Bigelow's; the next one, Miss Bigelow's." At once he replied: "My dear sir, I shall have no use for either; I prefer to sleep downstairs. These shall be left precisely as they are, so that if Miss Bigelow ever returns, she will find them undisturbed." I thanked him in your name. "The little study, too, which you tell me was her father's, shall remain as it is. Please inform her of this from me. I know what it is to be alone and lonely, and can sympathize with another in the same condition."

Genevieve wrote in reply:

SANTA FÉ, New Mexico,
June 22, 18—.

MY DEAR DOM:—I lay long awake last night,—something not uncommon; for insomnia and I are loving sisters, often reposing our heads on the same pillow. But this time my thoughts were different from those which ordinarily occupy me in the long, lonely, silent watches of the night. To be brief, I was touched, I was curious, and I was a little provoked with *you*. Touched by the delicacy, charming as it is rare, which prompted an entire stranger to be so considerate of my feelings and wishes; curious to know what manner of man this stranger must be; and vexed that you have never hinted at his personality, so that I might form some idea of his appearance. What is his name? You have even forgotten to tell me that, Dom. Is he old or young? Ah! I am certain he is an old man. Why? you will ask. Because delicacy so unusual would be almost impossible if he were young. Is he tall or short, fair, dark, distinguished-looking or ordinary? In any case, it does not matter; for I already know that he is refined, generous and unselfish. The dear man! I can not help calling him that when I remember his kind thoughtfulness. As I lay wide awake in my bed last night, I could not help picturing him to myself; and I am anxious to have your description of him, that I may see how it tallies with my portrait.

You and he ought to be great friends; unless he, like myself, wishes to live in solitude. What do you suppose is the cause of his unhappiness—if he is unhappy? A love affair? That I should think were a complaint easily curable—by time, at least.

Write soon, Dom; I want to hear all about my new tenant.

Affectionately,

GENEVIEVE.

P. S.:—Though you could not be diplomatic if you tried, go as near as you can to trying, and endeavor to learn what is the secret of the old (or young) man's isolation. I need not assure you that the secret will die with me, whose life promises but a very short span.

G. B.

"Poor little thing!" said Dominic, folding the letter and putting it in his desk. "Something really does interest her again. That seemed like our own Genevieve, excepting the very last line."

Then, taking his hat, he locked the office door behind him and walked slowly toward her old home, which he had had aired and put in order for the new occupant.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady of the Snow.

BY G. V. CHRISTMAS.

And flutt'ring down, the snow was seen,
Like the angels white in Jacob's dream.
And the wond'ring Roman's heart was stirred
When he saw how the Christians' prayer was heard;
How their God marked out for Mary's shrine
Where Juno ruled on the Esquiline.

—*Halifax.*

THE feasts of the Blessed Virgin in the fair land of Italy are well-nigh as numerous as the fire-flies which glitter and sparkle amongst the scarlet poppies in the golden corn-fields; and are celebrated with a love and devotion which must surely cover a multitude of those infidelities which are, unfortunately, to be found in the Italian nation. The feast of her Nativity sees countless pilgrims wending their way to that Holy House deposited by angelic hands on the hill of Loreto. On the eve of her Assumption the bonfires kindled in her honor gleam redly from mountain height and wooded valley; and on that joyful day when the Church gives glory to God for the Immaculate Conception of His Mother, the gaily-colored lanterns shine from

window and balcony in every college, convent, and loyal Catholic home throughout the Eternal City.

There are other feasts, too, most dear to the hearts of all of us, whatever our nationality,—feasts the very names of which are sufficient to thrill our pulses and recall to our minds some special favor bestowed upon us by our Queen out of the thousands which she lavishes upon us with outstretched hands. Our Lady of Good Counsel, Our Lady of Pompeii, Mother of Divine Providence; Our Lady of the Strada, before whose gem-decked picture St. Ignatius of Loyola was wont to kneel in prayer; Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, Mater Misericordiæ, Our Lady of Hope,—the memories crowd upon us of days when we knelt at her taper-lit shrines and besought her all-powerful intercession for ourselves and for those who are dear to us.

Each *festa* of Mary shines like a jewel in the liturgical year; each anniversary fills the hearts of her children with a new-born gladness. There is one of her festivals, however, round which cluster a throng of hallowed associations; a festival which must count forever as a red-letter day in the lives of those who have seen it celebrated in the city of Rome—Our Lady of the Snow.

The month is August, the very heart of the glowing Italian summertime, when the world is full of dazzling sunlight, and the cloudless blue of the sky above us recalls the tender hue of Mary's mantle. The Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore echoes to strains of sweetest harmony; and in the gorgeous Borghese Chapel, rich in marbles and alabasters, at an altar of jasper and lapis lazuli, above which the sweet face of the Virgin Mother, painted by one of her Son's Apostles, gazes down on red-robed cardinal and mitred bishop, a Solemn High Mass is being celebrated. *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* The glorious hymn of praise rings out upon

the incense-laden air, the waves of sound rising and ebbing in melodious cadences; while from the lofty roof above comes a softly falling shower of pure white rose petals and daintily perfumed jasmine flowers—"like a leafy mist between the priests and worshipers." This counterfeit snow-storm is also represented in St. Peter's on the 5th of August, the festival of the Madonna della Neve, in commemoration of the marvellous events which led to the erection of Santa Maria Maggiore in the year 352.

This is the story. In the pontificate of Liberius there lived in Rome a pious patrician, named John, and his wife. The goods of this world were theirs in abundance, and they were intensely happy in their mutual affection; but, as is invariably the case with poor humanity, there was one crumpled rose-leaf in their otherwise sunshiny existence—they had no children; and as the years rolled by they began to fear that that which is too frequently a doubtful blessing, but one nevertheless which they desired ardently, would never be vouchsafed to them. They bore this trial with admirable patience, however; uniting themselves in humble submission to the will of God, and kissing the Hand which had imposed this cross upon their shoulders.

One day, when several years had elapsed and their prayers remained unanswered, they resolved to make a compact with our Blessed Lady, for whom they both entertained a tender devotion. To her service they dedicated all their riches and earthly possessions, at the same time redoubling their acts of piety and mortification; fasting two or three days in the week, and devoting a large portion of their time to visiting the sick and afflicted. And Mary lent a merciful ear to their petition.

On the night of the 5th of August the Queen of Heaven appeared to both John and his wife in a dream, telling them

their prayers were granted, and bidding them employ their wealth in building a church in her honor on the Esquiline Hill, on a particular spot which they would find covered with snow. On waking, the pious couple related their dreams to each other, and were greatly astonished at discovering their similarity. They then sought an audience with his Holiness Pope Liberius, and informed him of the marvellous occurrence, when their bewilderment was distinctly increased by learning that he also, on the previous night, had been visited by a similar vision. The Pope then assembled the clergy and a large number of the faithful, and himself led the procession to the Esquiline in order to verify those three wonderful dreams; and there, on that sultry August morning, under a heaven of unflecked blue, they beheld a place large enough for the foundations of a church completely covered with spotless, untrodden snow.

History tells us that on the spot now occupied by the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore there was a temple dedicated to Juno Lucina, the title of "Lucina" being added to the former appellation to show that this deity was worshipped by the Romans as the Goddess of Birth and Light. "The old order changeth, giving place to new"; and God, in His divine providence, had so ordained that the heathen temple should be abolished in favor of her who gave birth to the "Light of the world."

Well might the recital of this beautiful and touching story have inspired Murillo with the idea of two exquisite pictures, now in the Academy of Madrid; the first of which represents Our Lady appearing in a dream to her two devout clients; while the second depicts John and his wife relating their vision to Pope Liberius.

Several changes have been effected in the title of this historic church. At the time it was built it bore the name of the Basilica of Liberius; later on it was

known as *Sancta Maria ad Præsepe*, on account of the Holy Cradle's being brought thither from Bethlehem. When it was restored and redecorated in the reign of Sixtus III., it was rechristened the Basilica of Sixtus; and finally, by way of distinguishing it from the number of other churches which had since been dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, it was called by the name it bears at present, *Santa Maria Maggiore*.

It was within these venerable walls that, by order of St. Gregory shortly after his accession to the papacy, the incorrupt bodies of the saints in Rome were carried in solemn procession, to obtain from Heaven deliverance from the plague which was then devastating the Eternal City. Here, too, the would-be assassin of Pope Martin I. was stricken down by the hand of God; and here, in the Blessed Sacrament Chapel—a gem of Renaissance architecture,—the body of the glorious Dominican Pontiff, Saint Pius V., lies at rest in his marble tomb. Clement VIII., Paul V., Sixtus V., and Honorius III. are also buried in this great Basilica. And Pius IX. had at one time destined the alabaster and marble vault under the high altar for his last resting-place. At the approach of death, however, the wishes of the saintly Pontiff underwent a change, and his dying injunctions were to the effect that his body should be laid to repose "with the poor" at San Lorenzo, outside the walls.

It would be impossible in this brief sketch to describe adequately the magnificence which greets the eye on every side on entering Santa Maria Maggiore. The majestic dignity of its aspect at first prevents the beholder from fully appreciating the perfection of every minutest detail which contributes in so great a measure to the harmony and beauty of the whole interior. But then, when he is at leisure to note the gorgeous coloring of the many-tinted mosaics, the

richness of the gilding, the crimson and violet hues of the *opus alexandrinum* pavement, contrasting with the white and gold of the walls, he is overwhelmed by so much loveliness, and the splendor of the sight sinks deep into his heart.

The vast nave, two hundred and eighty feet long and sixty feet broad, is lined by an avenue of forty-two columns of Hymettium marble, brought to Rome from the mountain which looks down on the fair city of Athens, and surmounted by a frieze of mosaic pictures.

The flat roof, panelled and carved by Sangallo, shines resplendent with the first gold brought to Spain from South America and presented to Alexander VI. by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella; and the mosaics above the chancel arch are glorious with color.

The feast of Our Lady of the Snow is drawing to a close. Vespers are finished, and the white rose petals are falling swiftly and silently in voiceless accompaniment to the dulcet strains of the *Ave Maris Stella*, sung in chorus by the sweetest of Rome's sweet singers.

What other lesson can we learn from this summer *festa*? Snow is an emblem of purity; and the Church, in commemorating the wondrous marvel wrought on the Esquiline so many centuries ago, has also the intention of honoring the virginal whiteness of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It is not for us to aspire to its perfection: that is too far removed from our frail human nature, with its material ideas and downward tendencies; for St. Bernard tells us that the innocence and purity of even the angelic choir falls short of that possessed by its Queen. But surely, at a humble distance, we children of Mary, by detaching our hearts and minds as far as possible from earthly things, may transform our souls into a mirror, where our Blessed Mother may gaze upon at least a faint reflection of her own lovely image.

Out of Tune.

BY CHARLES BRACY LAWTON.

THE pipes and pipes discordant strains
 Into each passing ear,
 And prates of all his plagues and pains
 To those he holds most dear.
 He hides no bitterness, no blight,
 No wounds of sordid grief;
 He drags them all into the light,
 And hopes to find relief.

He chaunts a dirge in solemn breath
 Along the public way,
 He flaunts the ceremonies of death
 Where prattling children play;
 He drowns all memory of song
 And lets some flower bleed,
 While listening for the note sung wrong,
 While cherishing some weed.

He wanders through the summer days,
 Though they be faultless fair,
 And does not hear the roundelays
 Vibrating everywhere;
 But pipes and pipes his weary note
 On through the busy noon,
 Unmindful that his own poor throat
 Is singing out of tune.

In Wonder-Land.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—THE GREAT RIVER OF THE WEST.

FOR a few days after landing from the Alaskan cruise, I was at ease in Portland, Oregon. The smoke of forest fires still veiled the land; often we saw but the snow-capped peaks of distant mountains—they seemed not to be of this world, but of some other; the illusion was complete when we looked about us and beheld the splendor of the fruitful summer and the promise of fabulous harvests later on.

Friends gave me welcome. I was taken for long drives over hills a thousand feet in height; they would be called moun-

tains in a tamer land. White cottages, embosomed in wildernesses of ivy and fuchsia and gigantic geraniums, were scattered in profusion over the suburban heights. All was sweet and homelike; an air of thrift prevailed. Evidently New England blood and brawn are there well paid for their pains; there is such an early spring, such a late autumn, and so little winter, that even Oregon and Washington may with slight effort be called semi-tropical.

One night we were upon the river boating in the moonlight. An old Hawaiian friend was my companion. So softly did the ripples play about our prow, so balmy was the gale as it breathed upon us laden with fragrance, that we spoke only of Honolulu and the past; and forgot for the time being that we were threading the Willamette River, whose shore but little more than half a century ago was an untracked wilderness—and now? Now it is the garden, the granary, and the threshold of the lumber-market of the great Northwest.

A small steamboat lay snugly tied to the dock in Portland. She was flat-bottomed, of the lightest possible draft, and had behind her a huge paddle-wheel, as broad as herself, as red as blood; and she wore it with an air as if it were a revolving bustle. This rustic transport was bound up the river—the Columbia, the great river of the West—as far as the cascades; she was to slip down the Willamette to its confluence with the Columbia, twelve miles below Portland, there turn the corner and push her way up stream; she was to stem the tide leisurely, zigzagging from shore to shore; touching at hamlets and isolated farm-houses, and even at borders of grain fields, if, perchance, there were a cart-load of freight awaiting on the water's edge and a farmer's flag signalling her. It was all to be very primitive and very pretty and very picturesque; and I

resolved to enter Wonder-Land by the water-gate—one of the noblest water-gates in the whole wide world.

We were the merest handful, all told, we passengers—a remnant of the flock that had lately cruised in Alaskan waters. We gathered like a family party on the forward-deck, as the little steamer swung off into the stream and Portland was left behind us. The captain grew familiar and even fatherly as the day and the voyage progressed; he pointed out every object of interest on the twin shores, and added to that interest with a touch of humorous and homely comment.

Why is it that suburban villas by the water-side magnify their charms, and seem (at least to me) the most stately and elegant of human habitations? Even the primitive farm-house, and the fisherman's cot that has waded into the water on stilts and looks a wee bit amphibious, have a charm of their own which one may search the town for and search in vain. As for the meandering house-boat, that may change its horizon at a moment's notice, and find the landscape like the Lord's mercies new every morning and fresh every evening—it is Noah's Ark in little, and should be freighted with all that is worth preserving in life.

So down we swam, between the willow-fringed banks of the Willamette, till we reached the Columbia and bravely struck up stream. What a glorious river it is! It was hard to believe that we were more than a hundred miles from the sea, and that ships of the heaviest draft might here manœuvre with impunity. Still farther from its mouth, the river broadens into little lakes, with sandy shores where the waves froth handsomely. Anon its walls grow high and rugged, and draw near together; and there the deep waters steal noiselessly between mighty, overshadowing rocks, that bear strange Indian names and have been long known and loved of the red-man. He still haunts

the river-side, and is a great spearer of the salmon that enrich these waters. You see his lodge upon the bank—a fragile thing that looks as if it might readily be scattered upon the winds, all four of which take turns in blowing there. It is a sight to see the noble child of the forest perched on a roost over the stream, very scantily clad, but not infrequently topped with a beaver hat of a forgotten period. Yet even this anachronism can not quite spoil the picture, as he stands watching with eagle eye the flood, his spear poised for the instant plunge.

A curious invention is the salmon-wheel, which is stationed near the bank of the river or floated on a barge to and fro upon the water. The wheel is a mere framework fitted with nets instead of paddles; and as these nets, one after the other, slip into the stream, they leisurely scoop up the fish and deposit them in the lap, as it were, of the fisherman.

Shades of Isaac Walton and all the noble army of anglers that have angled in the past, what say you to such sport as this? Sometimes beautiful waterfalls veil the heights upon the shore, and we listen for their airy voices that are as faint and far as horns of Elf Land. Sometimes we run ashore under the shade of willows and take on freight, or deliver it to the primitive flock of rustics who are awaiting us, barefooted, perchance, under broad-brimmed straw-hats or gingham sunbonnets.

At one of these impromptu landings two country lads came on board and went up the river with us. They were brown as berries, touched with a healthy rose tint; they were plain, as most yokels are plain, but innocently honest and trustful, and wholesome through and through. They had said good-bye on the river-bank without the slightest show of emotion. Those remaining behind waved a mild farewell, to which the lads nodded a reply; but I noted no shadow of emotion,

indeed no change of expression, in the young faces that were soon turned away, no longer seeking those from whom they had just parted. The calm gray eyes of those youngsters of fifteen retained a calmness and a grayness that was positively slate-like.

They were quite willing to chat with me, and I learned that they were youths with no tie of blood, who had gone from Western homes to seek their fortune. By chance they had met on the same ranch and worked together for a season; when the crops had been harvested, and there was no more work, they had set forth together, but knew not to what they might next lay their hands, nor when they might be separated.

What a river is this river, the great river of the far Northwest! Away back in 1811, when our poet, William Cullen Bryant, was about sixteen years of age, he sang of it in a song which, in the sixty-eight tuneful years that were to follow, he never outsang. He sang:

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing—yet the dead are there.

Yes, the dead are there, and the silence of those mighty shores is as the voice of the dead. It should rank first among the rivers of North America. It has been said: "Its current is as impetuous as that of the Mississippi; its mountain walls and palisades are far more lofty than those of the Hudson; cataracts like those of the Yosemite Valley dash over its basaltic cliffs. At the Dalles it buries itself in a profound crevice, whose depth has never been fathomed, showing of its surface only as much as can be compassed by a stone's-throw; at Astoria it becomes a broad tidal estuary, whose farther shores lie in dim distance; at the cascades it is a foaming, headlong torrent; at the

mouth of the Willamette it is a placid lake encircling many green islands." Indeed one here has Switzerland and Maine and Italy and Norway all in one.

We shot the foaming cascades by rail, noting block-houses and other souvenirs of earlier Indian warfare. Another steamer floated us to the Dalles, where the lava banks told of terrestrial upheavals in the past. O the Dalles! the Dalles! And the dust of traffic, and the dull talk of ore and prospecting and pack-saddles; the wearisome crowds lounging about the hotels and the railway station, and the withering air of the wilderness prevailing evermore!

Twilight was long a-coming and the dark; but they came at last, and with the dark the train from Portland that had threaded the shore of the Columbia while we were ploughing its depths. This train was to bear us eastward to the threshold of the Yellowstone. Just as I was about to board it with a great sigh of relief, I felt a soft touch upon my shoulder, and turning, I saw the two lads we had picked up on the river-side. They stood stolidly in the light of the car-windows, and as the train began to move one of them said: "We are still together, sir." Yes, still together, but for how long? And to share what sorrows and privations? God bless them wherever they may be, and good luck to them for evermore; for of such are numbered the pioneers that people the outpost of the nation that is yet to be.

(To be continued.)

A MEDIEVAL moralist says that "swans are looked upon as symbols of hypocrites because they have fine wings and yet can scarce raise themselves from the earth, so that they are of no use to them; besides, the feathers of a swan are white to perfection, but their flesh is very black, as are the hypocrites—outwardly virtuous, but inwardly wicked."

The Mystery of Tressallen.

I.

"WELCOME home, Mark! welcome home, my boy!" Mrs. Tressallen exclaimed joyfully, as a tall, well-made young man sprang out of the high dog-cart that had driven up to the open door of Tressallen Hall, and seized the lady's trembling, extended hands in his own strong ones.

Mark Tressallen impressed a kiss on his grandmother's hands before he spoke.

"Thank you, grandmother! I can assure you it is good to be at home again. And it is a pleasure to find you looking so well."

Mrs. Tressallen laughed a laugh that was not wholly free from tears. No one knew how dearly she loved the boy to whom she had acted a father's and mother's part almost from his birth.

"And it is good to see you again, Mark. And you are as strong and well as ever, are you not?" Mrs. Tressallen questioned, anxiously.

"Quite. I walk with a bit of a limp yet, as a reminder of my accident; but that is all."

Mrs. Tressallen breathed an inward prayer of thanksgiving—not the first of many—for her grandson's escape, and Mark turned round to survey the grounds that lay before him. The western rays of the sun were gleaming through the beeches and oaks of the park, and resting on the huge clusters of rhododendrons that bordered the well-kept carriage drive. From no great distance came the sound of the murmuring sea.

"In what perfect order you keep everything!" Mark said, appreciatively.

Mrs. Tressallen laughed again. She was a delicately-featured woman of perhaps seventy years of age. Her snow-white hair was combed high off her forehead; her complexion was smooth and clear as

a girl's, and her eyes bright and keen in their glances.

"You must manage everything now yourself, Mark," she said. "I have been queen regent too long."

"No, no!" Mark cried, impetuously; but a flush rose to his tanned cheek as he protested.

At that moment a bell rang, and the old lady remarked:

"There is the dressing-bell, Mark. Remember, I am very punctual."

Mark laughed gaily.

"I *do* remember," he answered, as he followed Mrs. Tressallen into the cool, shadowy hall. From their massive frames the faces of his ancestors smiled on him and seemed to welcome him back to the home of his race. The servants had already taken his belongings to his room; and, after a few observations on his journey, the young man ascended the wide staircase, followed more slowly by his grandmother. Half an hour later the pair met at dinner.

"I never dine in the dining-room," Mrs. Tressallen explained, as she took her place at the small round table that occupied the centre of a moderate-sized room situated in an angle of the house. Outside there was a beautiful rose garden, which had Mrs. Tressallen's special care. The delicious fragrance of the flowers was wafted into the room through the open windows.

"It is too large," Mark said, "and too gloomy,—at least so it seemed to me."

The meal was a pleasant one. Mark Tressallen had been making a tour through France and Italy upon the completion of his college course before settling down as a country gentleman, and he had many questions to ask concerning the affairs of the estate and neighborhood. Mrs. Tressallen at length stopped his questioning.

"Now, Mark, it is my turn. Tell me all about your accident. You can not

know how anxious I have been," the lady said.

"There is little to tell," Mark replied, slowly. "My 'bike' and I came into collision with a farmer's cart at a sudden turn of the road beyond the little village of Besillon. I sustained some injuries about the head, that left me unconscious for a day or two, and a sprained ankle."

"Yes, I know as much from your letters," Mrs. Tressallen said. "But who were the people that so kindly took you in and nursed you?"

"They were English," rejoined Mark; "and they were most kind—both mother and daughter."

"And the father?"

"I did not see him; he is a great traveller, and was absent from home during my stay," replied Mark. After an almost imperceptible pause he asked: "Grandmother, do you object to early marriages?"

Mrs. Tressallen started.

"No, I do not. And, Mark, I would like to hear the sound of children's voices in the old house before I die."

"You must not speak of dying," Mark said, moving his seat closer to his grandmother. "I have wished to tell you about Beatrix."

"Beatrix?" Mrs. Tressallen repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes, she is beautiful. If you knew her you would certainly love her," Mark said, with a lover's enthusiasm.

"Was Beatrix one of your nurses?" Mrs. Tressallen questioned, with an unspoken hope that her boy had chosen wisely.

"Yes. She has the loveliest face I ever saw, and she is just as good as she is lovely."

Mrs. Tressallen smiled.

"That goes without saying."

"But I am not exaggerating," the young man said.

"You have not spoken to her yet?"

"I'm afraid I have," Mark admitted.

"I did not mean to do so until I saw her father, but Beatrix knows I love her."

"And she?"

Mark smiled tenderly and serenely.

"I do not think she will say no to my pleadings."

Mrs. Tressallen stifled a sigh.

"It would have been wiser to wait, but no matter."

"I know," Mark replied. "But Mr. Penruddock is expected home shortly."

"Penruddock, Mark!" exclaimed Mrs. Tressallen, with a gasp.

"Yes. He is a Cornishman, Beatrix told me; though she has resided abroad all her life" (Mark had not noticed his grandmother's agitation). "By the bye, doesn't the priory belong to some one of that name?"

"Yes," Mrs. Tressallen managed to say.

"Perhaps it belongs to Mr. Penruddock," Mark answered, with a pleased expression. As he spoke he raised his eyes and saw his companion's ghastly face.

"Grandmother, you are ill! Let me call—" Mark stopped as Mrs. Tressallen raised her hand.

"No, no! I am not ill. Wait just a moment."

The sun was sinking in a mass of crimson and purple clouds, and firing the groves of laurel and rhododendrons with mingled glory and gloom; and Mrs. Tressallen sat for a few minutes staring with wide-open, unseeing eyes at the view before her. Her face had lost the placid expression that was its chief characteristic, and her lips moved nervously.

"I should have told you, Mark,—I should have told you!" Mrs. Tressallen almost wailed. Then a thought seemed to strike her and she asked: "Is Mr. Penruddock's Christian name Arthur, do you know?"

"Yes."

"Then you must never marry his daughter, Mark!"

"Not marry Beatrix! And why?"

"Because—O Mark!—because he is your father's murderer!"

"My father's murderer!" Mark cried.

"Yes, I am afraid he was."

"But I never heard—I never knew—" Mark began incoherently, and the old lady interrupted:

"No; I kept the truth from you, and I should not."

"Will you tell me all now?" Mark said, more peremptorily than he was aware of.

"You were only two years old when what I am about to tell you happened. The Penruddocks and Tressallens had long lived in friendship. The Penruddocks had, at the time I speak of, fallen into money difficulties through the extravagance of Arthur Penruddock, and your father had lent him some hundreds of pounds. I do not rightly recollect how it was that they quarrelled—it was over some little corner of ground where the two estates join,—but Arthur Penruddock and your father were known to have met one night on the path that leads by the river. Your father was never seen again, and Arthur Penruddock held his acknowledgment of the payment of his debt."

"Well?"

"That is all. The two were seen standing by the river. The path, you know, is an unfrequented one."

"Is that all the proof that was brought forward to establish the charge of murder?" inquired Mark.

"Was it not enough? The two men were seen entering the path, your father never seen to emerge from it; and Arthur Penruddock held his receipt, or what seemed to be so, for the payment of his debt. We employed detectives, but no trace of my son's body was ever found. It was supposed it was carried to the sea," Mrs. Tressallen continued. "You think that we judged rashly; but ask any one—ask Father Carlyon. Indeed, so strong was the feeling against Arthur Penruddock that he left the country

and has resided entirely abroad. He was married abroad also."

Mrs. Tressallen and her grandson talked long on the subject, though she had little more to tell. Her daughter-in-law had died soon after her husband's disappearance, leaving Mark to Mrs. Tressallen's care.

"I did not wish to darken your youthful days by such a story, and I was wrong, very wrong," Mrs. Tressallen lamented, sadly. "Father Carlyon said you should know."

"Yes," rejoined Mark; "but it can not be helped now."

The long summer evening was drawing to a close, and a servant entered with lights as Mark spoke. He had not seen the servant previously, and he greeted him kindly.

"And how have you been since I last saw you, John?"

"Very well, Master Mark; but for the reappearance of the ghost."

Mark turned to Mrs. Tressallen.

"There is a tradition, you know, that one of your ancestors haunts the ruined portion of the Hall," that lady said, a little impatiently. "Some of the servants have been foolish enough to imagine they saw something."

"And so they did, ma'am, begging your pardon. I saw the figure, wrapped up in a cloak, vanish at the solid wall," John said, firmly.

Neither Mark nor his grandmother was in a mood to discuss the matter, and John withdrew.

Some hours later Mark sat by the window of his chamber, thinking of the story he had heard. If Arthur Penruddock were his father's murderer, he could not wed Beatrix, nor was it likely that her father would permit a union between him and her. He kept his place lost in thought for a considerable time, and when at length he rose to prepare for bed he leaned forward from the window.

The night was perfectly clear, and he had a full view of the ruined portion of the ancient Hall, which tradition said was haunted by one of the Tressallens who had died abroad as a Crusader. Suddenly a figure wrapped in a cloak emerged from a grove of trees, and, crossing a narrow plot of greensward, vanished in the ruins.

"The ghost!" Mark ejaculated, with a smile. "I will wait for his reappearance."

But, though the young man waited till the early dawning, his waiting was in vain.

Next day he visited the priest of the parish. Father Carlyon was a man past middle age, but still vigorous and active. He was very willing to speak of the subject nearest to Mark's thoughts. And, though evidently unwilling to pass rash judgment on Arthur Penruddock, it was plain to Mark that the priest was inclined to believe as Mrs. Tressallen did.

"The very worst feature in the case was Penruddock's obstinate silence and his subsequent departure from his home. I believed in him as long as possible, nor do I yet condemn him," the priest hastily added.

The impression he made on Mark, however, remained with him the rest of the day; and when Mrs. Tressallen bade him good-night, he stepped through the open window of the room and set off for a long, solitary walk through the demesne.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

WHATEVER gratitude the Church bears toward the collectors and preservers of our first sacred records is due in signal manner to Mary. Whatever of credibility, authority, and truthfulness is warranted by Christian belief to the witnesses of what constitutes the basis of faith, must be peculiarly extended to her. Nor may we doubt the justness of her title in the Church—*Regina Apostolorum*.
—Wiseman.

Our Lady's Soldier.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

IT was the Feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Upon the tiny altar at St. Anthony's the candles gleamed, and the priest seemed to say the Mass more slowly than usual, as if lingering lovingly over the Blessed Sacrifice. A few old women prayed devoutly, and several fresh-faced school-children knelt in the church; but it must be confessed that beside the old sexton, there was not a man to prostrate himself at the inspiring *Sanctus! sanctus! sanctus!*

Mary Turner often wondered, with a gentle pity, if Our Lord did not tire of being left alone, or almost alone, from Sunday to Sunday. The men of Allentown were too busy for the daily Mass; though it must be said that Sunday always found them in their places. In her sweet, old-fashioned humility, Mary thought that she could not make up for the absence of all the "men folks," as the people of her Southern county called them; but she prayed the harder, and adored the more frequently the dear Christ, hidden beneath the sacramental veils.

On this particular feast she was quite absorbed in prayer when an unwonted sound met her ear. It was the ring of a manly tread upon the bare aisle behind her—a firm tread with a martial sound,—and the owner took the seat directly in front of her. It was a man, a young one, dark-haired, lithe, active, and clad in the uniform of an army officer. That much she saw at a glance, and then she buried her face in her hands and tried to collect her thoughts. It was difficult under the circumstances; for never before had an army officer been seen in Allentown,—not since the days when old Captain Allen had retired from the army and come to live on what was left of the plantation

which his grandfather had built long "fo de wa'."

Everybody knew all about this young lieutenant, Martin Benedict. He had been sent to enlist recruits for the army of invasion, and all the town had actually gone war-crazy. Mary was as interested as any one.

"I didn't want the war," she had said. "It is an awful thing to think of all the poor soldiers—not only ours, you know, but those on the other side. They are *made* to fight; and they have mothers and sisters, too. I didn't want it; but now we're in it, we *must* win."

Of course she had noticed the handsome lieutenant, with his proud, erect carriage, and she had met him at a friend's house; but she had not dreamed that he was a Catholic. It seemed to bring the whole army nearer to her, and she felt a rush of enthusiasm at the thought that so many of her fellow-Catholics were to help defend her country. "God keep them!" she prayed; and prayed, too, for the stranger until the bell called her to the altar to receive her living, loving, ever-waiting Lord. Engrossed in devotion, she scarcely noticed that the officer knelt beside her and that together they received the Bread of Life.

Then the Mass ended, and she passed out into the soft Southern sunshine, to find him at her side as she paused a moment within the porch, where nodding Baltimore belles wafted their subtle perfume all around. As their glances met, both felt that they were comrades in the greatest of all battles, that of the spiritual life; and he said eagerly, yet with much respect in tone and glance:

"Pardon me, Miss Mary! I leave for Cuba to-day. Will you sometimes say a prayer for me?"

With a quick, bright blush, she drew from her prayer-book a pair of scapulars, just received from the gentle old priest, and said simply:

"Will you wear these for Our Lady of the Sacred Heart? I shall always pray for you."

"Thank you! You make me Our Lady's soldier," he replied. "I shall wear them for her and—" he paused a moment, and there was a long look from his deep blue eyes into her clear brown ones, mirrored wells of truth and purity—"and for *you*. Good-bye!" And he was gone.

It was hot, hot, hot! The expedition had landed safe. His orders had been explicit enough. He was to take fifty Cubans, arms and ammunition; land at Ceiba de la Terra, make his way to join the insurgents supposed to be encamped near by; and return in the ship which would hover within sight of land to bring him off—if he got through. He was to avoid a combat with the Spaniards until the juncture with the insurgent chief was made. The object was to get the arms and ammunition to them as speedily as possible.

It had been horrible work. The landing was made in safety at midnight; but their guide—a native Cuban, so the lieutenant had been told, and one familiar with all the country,—had failed to find the camp, whether through inability or treachery the officer could not make up his mind.

All night they wandered, weary, a prey to the stings of countless insects, through forests where the underbrush was thick and the ground slimy with reptiles; past the ruins of houses, smoking still; in many cases the dead bodies of the unhappy inmates lying unburied upon the ground, in the light of the full Cuban moon. At last, it seemed by accident, they had stumbled upon the insurgent camp. How glad he was that it was all over! He was a soldier, simple, fearless; there to do his duty, and not merely "seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth."

It was impossible to return to the *Wanda*, waiting in the bay to take him back to Key West, unless he had some sleep first; so he flung himself down on the long, dry grass, under the huge bamboo-trees, and looked up into the soft Cuban night. The same stars shone over a Southern village far away. He wondered if she were praying for him, that brown-eyed girl, whose sweet, pure face he could not forget. In those brief moments within St. Anthony's quaint old church there had come to his soul the knowledge of what a true companionship with such a woman might mean. Souls attuned to the spiritual might together make a heaven of this "poor, squeezed orange of the world." He felt that she remembered, and that she would keep her promise to pray for him always, and that her prayers hedged him about with Our Lady's care; so, with a murmured "Hail Mary," he fell asleep.

What was the awful nightmare which awakened him? Shots smote the night air; curses and shrieks resounded about him; the camp seemed peopled with demons. He tried to spring to his feet, but a heavy body pressed him down; there was a sharp sting of pain, a sound as of a thousand cannon in his head, and then he knew no more.

When he came to himself it was early morning. He lay bound upon the rough ground, and about him were strewn the dead bodies of insurgents, wounded in many places. Beside him sat a soldier with a knife in his hand; and, as Benedict moved slightly, the man bent over him. Was he to be stabbed, or saved perhaps for some more frightful fate? What was that stinging pain in his breast? How bloody he was!

With a quick gesture for silence, the soldier cut his bonds and beckoned to the lieutenant to follow him.

"Silence, Señor! Follow me," he whispered; and he saw that it was the Cuban

guide who had led them into this ambush, entrapping them to their death.

In silence the lieutenant followed the man, who led the way into the depths of the thicket. At last they came out to an open space, where the road to Cieba de la Terra gleamed whitely in the garish light of early morning. Here the guide stopped suddenly and placed his dagger in Benedict's hand.

"Go, Señor! Your ship lies there," he said.

"Why have you saved me? To whom do I owe my life?" asked the young lieutenant, as he feebly placed a detaining hand upon the shoulder of his rescuer. "You—a Cuban—why have you turned a traitor?"

The young man smiled proudly, and his even white teeth gleamed beneath his dark moustache.

"Nay, Señor Americano, I am no Cuban!" he exclaimed. "I am Antonio Gil, of Valencia; and a Valencianet says: '*Ni olvido, ni perdono.*' I am for Spain, because what my father did is good enough for me. I was brought to Cuba to kill Cubans and—*caramba!*—I kill them. You I save because you are not Cuban, but more because we—you and I—love the same gentle Lady. When I tried to staunch the wound in your breast, Señor, that you might live until the morning and be shot with the other enemies of Spain—traitors!—I felt the picture about your throat. '*Dios!* The picture of his sweetheart, who prays for him perhaps, as some one prays for me in Valencia,' I said. Then, Señor, I saw the *escapulario* with Our Lady's picture, and I could not kill Our Lady's soldier. They told us the Yankees were all heretics, like the dogs of Moors against whom our fathers fought, and that they wished to make Cuba *Protestante*. But you—ah, Señor! why were you not Spanish? It would be best for all to be so; but—I could not see you killed.

From here you know the way. *Adios, Señor!* Our Lady keep you in safety for that one who prays!"

And before the lieutenant could speak the Spaniard was gone from his side, and he was left alone to hasten to the water's edge, murmuring for his rescuer the prayer said for himself: "Our Lady keep you in safety for that one who prays!"

A Patriot to be Proud of.

THE newly published "Life and Letters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton" shows that the great Catholic patriot bore a larger part in the founding of our Republic than historians commonly credit him with. The work he performed is as clearly underestimated as the merit of certain others of the "Fathers" are overestimated.

But if the first impression is that the services which Mr. Carroll rendered to his country were truly great, the next impression undoubtedly is that he was a profoundly religious man. The words he addressed to Father Pise a few days before his death are well known: "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practised the duties of my religion." Not so familiar, however, is the letter written in his eighty-fifth year to his son,—a letter which betokens a vigorous mind as well as a sturdy Christian faith. As this letter has never, until the appearance of the new biography, been published in full, we give it here:

April 12, 1821.

In writing to you I deem it my duty to call your attention to the shortness of this life, and the certainty of death, and the dreadful judgment we must all undergo, and on the decision of which a

happy or a miserable eternity depends. The impious has said in his heart, "There is no God." He would willingly believe there is no God; the passions, the corruptions of his heart, would fain persuade him there is none. The stings of conscience betray the emptiness of the delusion; the heavens proclaim the existence of God, and unperturbed reason teaches that He must love virtue and hate vice, and reward the one and punish the other.

The wisest and the best of the ancients believed in the immortality of the soul, and the Gospel has established the great truth of a future state of rewards and punishments. My desire to induce you to reflect on futurity, and by a virtuous life to merit heaven, has suggested the above reflections and warnings. The approaching festival of Easter, and the merits and mercies of our Redeemer *copiosa apud eum redemptio*, have led me into this chain of meditation and reasoning, and have inspired me with the hope of finding mercy before my Judge, and of being happy in the life to come,—a happiness I wish you to participate with me by infusing into your heart a similar hope. Should this letter produce such a change, it will comfort me, and impart to you that peace of mind which the world can not give, and which I am sure you have long ceased to enjoy....

God bless you, from yr. aff. father,
CH. CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

Eleven years later the venerable patriot lay dying. His mental powers were still unimpaired, but he had been suffering from weak eyes and could not endure the light of the candles used in conferring the last sacraments. But so familiar was he with the ritual of the Church that he responded to the prayers, and followed the ceremony with closed eyes. He received Holy Communion with saintlike piety, and when his physician pressed him to take some food after his long fast, Mr. Carroll answered: "Thank you, doctor, not just now; this ceremony is so deeply interesting to the Christian that it supplies all the wants of nature. I desire no food." A few hours later he peacefully breathed his last.

Thus passed away, in simple piety and with unwavering faith and hope, "the Last of the Signers," the patriarch of the patriots, the friend and confidant of Washington, an example of public and private virtue, whose name can not perish so long as our country shall endure.

Notes and Remarks.

In one of the war hospitals of Florida, the Sisters have been directed to work under the supervision of four young ladies, because these latter are trained nurses. This emphasizes anew the need of training schools for hospital Sisters and Catholic young women who desire to act as nurses. The wounded soldiers who have been tended by the Sisters during the present war can not say enough in their praise; but there are not nearly enough Sisters in the war hospital service, and it is too bad that the government can explain this state of things by saying that "we want trained nurses." Again, the good that Catholic young women who act as nurses can accomplish for religion is almost without measure, and there ought to be plenty of Catholic training schools to fit them religiously and scientifically for their work. A few such schools there are, but it ought not to be difficult to arrange for a thorough course of training, with lectures by specialists, in connection with a Catholic hospital in each of our large cities. We observe that Paterson, N. J., now has a training school; and it would be well if all the more pretentious cities would follow Paterson's example.

The question of mixed marriages, recalled to the attention of our Protestant friends by a new novel in which the hero refuses to marry the heroine on the sole ground that she is not a Catholic, has led the pulpiteers to empty several vials of wrath upon "exclusive and intolerant Rome." The Church must ever be exclusive: she can never compromise with those man-made organizations which are attempting, with whatsoever good intention, to do the work to which she was divinely commissioned. This is not jealousy nor the thirst for dominion nor the hatred of rivalry, but an essential part of her nature as the sole channel of salvation. Doubtless our Protestant friends are exclusive enough with the heathen, else why do they send missionaries to convert them? They are so far exclusive because they have still a

modicum of faith in Christianity; if they had more faith in their own sect they, too, would be "exclusive" of the Church as their grandfathers were. There is danger in excusing too much on the ground of temperament and the limitations of the mind in its search after truth. The heart, too, has been enfeebled by the fall of man; yet heaven is promised only to him who overcomes that weakness. And if the weakness of the mind were supported by an honest desire to know the truth and embrace it at all hazards, there would be less scepticism and less heresy in the world.

The ignorant fallacy that the material prosperity of certain non-Catholic nations is a strong argument in favor of Protestantism has bobbed up in England. The weak point in the contention is plain enough to those who reflect; but there are others to whom the objection seems to present real embarrassment. Monsig. John Vaughan, of London, has lost no time in exposing the blunder; and, as his words apply to our country as fitly as to England, we quote this summary of his argument:

(1) Material prosperity and worldly success are nowhere given by Christ as marks of divine favor and approval. (2) So far as Our Lord's words bear upon the subject at all, they suggest a diametrically opposite conclusion. (3) Limiting our survey to England itself, we are bound to confess that all that is really best and grandest in its government and constitution has been inherited from Catholic rulers in past centuries, under the guidance of wealth and commercial prosperity and worldly the Catholic Church; and (4) that purely material grandeur are not results of a change of religion so much as consequences of the development of her industries and the discovery and opening out of her iron and coal mines; and of the invention of steam and machinery, the natural multiplication of her population, and the protection that her sea-girded coast affords her, etc. (5) Further, we are sorrowfully bound to confess that the superficial pomp and splendor and outward show of which many so boast are more than counterbalanced by the appallingly irreligious, immoral and vicious state of multitudes of its inhabitants; and the misery, squalor, wretchedness and degradation of enormous masses of her people. (6) That since the religion of the foremost and grandest and most learned and gifted nations of the world has not always been Protestant, but in many cases Catholic, and yet more frequently pagan and idolatrous, either we must cease to regard material prosperity

as a sign of truth and divine approval altogether, or else we must blasphemously assert that God, the changeless and the eternal, is as fickle as the most foolish and fickle of His creatures.

"We French," says M. Brunetière, "find it hard to understand what a religion is which is entirely individual and internal. In a Catholic country like France the very notion of religion can not be separated from the idea of common discipline, rites and external observances, and dogma. It is not that we do not recognize readily this 'state of the soul'; but it seems to us no longer a religious but a purely philosophic state." This is one reason why even those nations that have partly lost their hold on the Catholic faith can never be induced to look seriously toward Protestantism. Naked infidelity may perhaps attract them so long as they are perfectly comfortable, but Protestantism does not; and, of course, even infidelity has but an intermittent season. "For some time past, in France as well as Europe," observes M. Brunetière, "more attention than ever is being paid to religious questions, above all in their connection with social questions."

If, as seems most probable, Cuba and Puerto Rico ultimately become a part of the United States, the number of Catholics added to our census will be about three millions. Three new sees—one of them, Santiago de Cuba, is the oldest in the Western hemisphere—will most probably, though not necessarily, be attached to the hierarchy of the United States. Just at this juncture it will interest our readers to learn that Cuba was once known to the world as "the Isle of the Ave Maria."

Captain John Drum, who was killed while at the head of his men before Santiago de Cuba, and whose valiant conduct during the battle earned most special commendation from the press and the army, was a splendid type of the Catholic soldier. From a sketch published in the *Catholic World* we learn that his last letter to his family, written near Santiago, "told how he had, to his great joy, found a priest in one of the regiments,

and, walking shoulder to shoulder with him on the march, had gone to confession. 'Pray to God,' the letter said, 'that I may do my duty.' Not a word for his personal safety; his duty was his only goal, his only wish." General Chaffee, who commands a brigade in Shafter's army, declared in an official report that Captain Drum's company was superior in drilling and discipline to any he had ever inspected; and the Captain himself was recommended for a promotion which he did not live to receive. He was a scholarly as well as a brave man, who knew and did his duty both to his family and to the nation. One of his sons writes: "If we loved him for no other reason, we must have loved him for the great sacrifices he made to give us all the best obtainable Catholic education."

The success of the Centre Party in the last election was more a surprise than a pleasure for the anti-Catholic press of Germany. The prophecies, so glibly uttered, that after the death of Windthorst the Catholic party would go to pieces, have not come true. "We may deplore the fact or not," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "but the Centre is mightier than ever, even than under Windthorst." No majority can be procured against the Centre Party, and no policy which it does not approve can hope for success. The power of the German Catholics is an illustration of what could be done in other countries if the political value of solidarity were properly understood. We do not mean that Catholics in America, for instance, should either adhere unanimously to one party or form a new party of themselves; but rights and courtesies have repeatedly been denied us that would not have been denied were our people united in demanding them.

One of the points of difference between George Washington Smalley and his patron saint is that the Father of his Country never told any lies. Writing in *Harper's*, Smalley asserts that Gladstone would have made an ideal pope. The Great Commoner, he says, was partial to historical Christianity, "and on the historical side, Rome is stronger than any other church." He then

deliberately charges that Gladstone, who read everything, avoided modern biblical criticism because he shrank from the chance of finding his religious belief unsettled by the critics—a cowardly charge that would have provoked a fine flash of indignation from Gladstone if he were alive to read it. It is this power of closing his eyes to inconvenient knowledge which would have made Gladstone, in the opinion of this penny-a-liner, an ideal pope. Popes and statesmen are always liable to be misjudged by men like Smalley. To appreciate Pope Leo or Mr. Gladstone requires either intelligence or virtue, and Smalley has no great reputation for either.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern, second bishop of Harrisburg, passed to his reward on the 25th ult. He was a hard-working, zealous prelate, devoted to his own diocese and deeply interested in every work undertaken for the good of religion. The diocese which he ruled so wisely for ten years comprises eighteen counties of Pennsylvania, which have a Catholic population of forty-two thousand. During his administration Bishop McGovern founded many new missions and established schools and charitable institutions, the orphans being his favorite children. There is still much hard work to be done in the diocese of Harrisburg, but the work has been made vastly more easy by the labors of two such prelates as Bishops Shanahan and McGovern.

A Protestant chaplain, writing from the seat of war, says that soldiers do not take kindly to sensational sermons, and that they want "Gospel truth alone." That's precisely what earnest men want at home as well as in camp, if God had given their reverences the grace to see it. We notice that some of the Episcopal bishops—rather late in the day, it is true,—have counselled their clergy to refrain from war talk in their pulpits; and a Presbyterian gathering held at Richmond, Va., voted that, though ministers may hold what political opinions they please, "it is their duty to proclaim from their pulpits at all times nothing but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God."



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Castle-Building Boys.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

I LOVE the youth of spirit high
 Who dreams of coming glory,
 Who means with heroes true to vie
 And live a noble story;
 Who, void of fears, finds manhood's years
 Too tardily advancing,
 And longs for fame in life's great game
 That Hope paints so entrancing.

I love the boy who sees himself
 In Fancy's magic mirror
 Upraised 'bove thought of sordid pelf,
 A knight to whom is dearer
 True worth of soul than fortune's scroll,
 Integrity than fashion,—
 A man of might who loves the right,
 Nor knows the sway of passion.

But best I love the manly lad
 Who never lets his longing
 For future fame make havoc sad
 With tasks about him thronging;
 Whose brave heart now seeks only how
 To do each present duty,
 And earns the while his Father's smile—
 Life's truest fame and beauty.

THE Hebrew name of the letter G is gimel, or camel, from the resemblance of the Hebrew character to the head and neck of that animal. This character was evidently derived from a picture of the "ship of the desert," which, reduced to a hieroglyphic and then simplified, still distinctly indicates the shape of the head and neck of the beast of burden so familiar in Eastern lands.

The Young Marauders.

BY MARY E. KELLY.

I.

A WAN moon struggled feebly through a dense mass of clouds, and there was a suggestion of rain in the air. Squire Leighton stood at the entrance of the long grape arbor, peering cautiously around. His dressing-gown, of quilted gray, hung loosely from his shoulders and was fastened at the waist with a silken girdle. His head was uncovered, and his scanty locks of white hair tumbled about his wrinkled forehead.

"Did you hear anything, father—see anything?" asked a low voice.

The Squire turned to his wife, who was entering from the opposite side of the arbor.

"No, Almeda," he replied. "I've heard nothing since I came out here. I think the rascals are in the melon patch. But I'll catch that gang, if I have to stay up all night. I'll catch them!"

"You'll catch cold, for one thing, father,—out here in the damp night air, with your thin slippers on and your head uncovered. Let me fetch your hat."

The Squire made no answer. As the good woman bustled away to the house, he assumed his rôle of sentinel once more: straining his ears to catch the faintest sound, and starting apprehensively as the south wind stirred the grape leaves at his feet.

The Squire's house was situated on an elevation, sloping in the rear through a well-kept lawn and fruitful peach orchard to the steep bank of a tortuous stream called Turkey Foot Creek. Next to the peach orchard, and separated from the creek by a low rail fence, was a plot of ground where the Squire cultivated a great variety of melons. These were his especial pride, and had taken a premium at the last two county fairs.

Recently he had been the victim of a series of raids upon his peaches, chickens, and grapes; while to-night the marauders seemed to be after his melons. Suspicion rested on two rather reckless lads, named Ward; but there was no positive evidence against them.

For several nights past the Squire and his wife sat in the darkness of the library awaiting a return of the intruders. On this particular evening they had remained longer than usual, with their library window partly open, though concealed by their massive blinds. Fortunately, their vigil was rewarded; for soon they heard the baying of the St. Bernard dog from his kennel, the crackling of dry twigs, and the rustling of leaves. The old man had immediately slipped out into the arbor.

The dog still bayed mournfully. The Squire wished that Almeda would think to loosen him; but, on second thought, he decided that this course would be unwise. The boys would perhaps shoot the dog and run away; and this was what he wished to avoid, as he could not keep pace with them to find out who they were.

He had not long to wait. A low, clear whistle sounded shrill on the night air. At the same instant four figures emerged from the darkness of the vines, each bearing a burden, and turned in the direction of the creek.

The Squire stood as one petrified. He neither moved nor spoke; but as the last one vaulted nimbly over the low fence, animation seemed to return.

"Come back, you scoundrels,—come back!" he called loudly.

The only answer was the clank of a chain as a boat was loosed from its moorings. He climbed the fence, but old age and rheumatism made it a slow and difficult task. He half slid, half tumbled down the precipitous descent. The boat was hidden from view by the overhanging willows which lined the bank on either side; but from the sound the Squire inferred that they were rowing up Turkey Foot Creek. After a moment's hesitation he followed them.

They were soon far ahead, however; and the old man despaired of ever catching up with them, when the rowing suddenly ceased. They had reached the bend where Turkey Foot Creek empties into the Maumee River. The boundary line of the Squire's land was passed; and one of the boys, thinking himself no longer under espionage, sang out gaily:

"Pull for the shore, boys,—
Pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves,
But bend to the oar."

The spy on the bank, hearing this song in the distance, hurried along and soon came in sight of the boat and its occupants.

"I say, Stuart," went on the same voice, "give us a match, will you? I am dying for a smoke."

The match was evidently forthcoming; for a scratching sound was immediately followed by a tiny jet of flame. The unsuspecting rower, resting on his oars, held the match full before his face while he puffed away at a blackened pipe. The light disclosed the handsome, mocking features of Tim Ward. The boy seated behind him in the bow the Squire soon discovered to be Bob Cootes. It was no easy matter to recognize the lads, as the light was uncertain, and they wore their coat collars turned up well about their throats, and their hats pulled far down

over their eyes, in true hoodlum fashion.

The other two were seated with their backs toward the Squire; but, from snatches of the conversation, it appeared that one of them was Ed Ward, Tim's brother. The fourth member of the gang the old man was not so positive about. There were two Stuart boys—cousins, though unlike each other; Jim being fair, and Joe dark. But the Squire could not clearly make out which of them sat in the boat, as he could see only his back.

The old man moved closer, keeping in the shadow of the willows, stepping upon a projecting stone, while the waters lapped the very toes of his slippers. The moon's fitful beams aided him somewhat. He studied every detail of the boy's clothing and figure, and caught an occasional glimpse of his face. He looked long and earnestly; and, having identified the fourth culprit to his full satisfaction, he toiled wearily up the bank again.

"I knew it,—I knew it!" he muttered. "Jim Stuart. They're a bad lot, those Stuarts, root and branch. I'll have the law on them in the morning. Why, there was Jim Stuart, that boy's father! He was the most shiftless, idle, lazy vagabond in all Woodville. Hem! he—" and then, being unable to remember anything further that could be said to the elder Stuart's discredit, he shut his lips in a way to indicate awful things.

A few drops of rain falling upon the Squire's unprotected head reminded him that the storm was about to break. He cut short his soliloquy and hastened homeward.

II.

Next morning the sun was shining brightly on the dripping trees and grass, and the birds chirping merrily outside the Squire's library window. Within, a cheerful wood fire blazed in the grate, and was reflected here and there between the rugs on the polished floor. The room was half library, half museum. A number of

gold-fishes disported themselves in a huge glass globe near the broad bow-window. Dead-and-gone heroes in marble busts stared vacantly down from their posts on top of the bookcases. The furniture was massive and antique; and as each piece stood stiffly in its place, it reminded one, somehow, of its grim owner.

The Squire was seated beside the long, carved table. He was examining for at least the twentieth time a specimen of silver ore from the Overstock Mine, of which he was a large shareholder. His slippered feet rested comfortably on a velvet hassock, and his army blanket was wrapped about his shoulders. A small silver pitcher filled with hot wine steamed at his elbow.

The old gentleman had caught the cold his wife predicted during his exposure on the previous evening, and he was suffering from incipient influenza. This indisposition was one of the causes which prevented his taking any serious steps to bring the young offenders to justice.

As he sipped his wine, and examined the piece of silver ore through a powerful magnifying-glass, the door opened and a caller was announced. The newcomer was a youth of pleasing appearance. His face was fair and set off with masses of dark brown hair, which curled about a high forehead. He had blue eyes, and there was a mature expression about his mouth. He wore a suit of Scotch plaid, and carried a cap of the same material in his hand.

"Good-morning, Squire!" said the boy, pleasantly.

The Squire deigned no reply.

Somewhat taken aback at this reception, the lad advanced timidly and laid his hand on the back of one of the sombre chairs.

"Squire," he began, nervously twirling his cap, "I heard that your rheumatism is bad and that you wish to employ a boy to write letters and help about the

house. I am very anxious to obtain a position, as uncle has promised that if I earn a certain sum of money this year, he will supply the balance and let me go with Joe to a business college next fall."

The Squire drew his lips into a thin, straight line; and those familiar with the old gentleman's characteristics knew this to be a dreadful sign.

"Understand me, Jim Stuart," he said at length, with cutting emphasis. "I desire a trustworthy boy."

The hot blood mounted to Jim Stuart's forehead.

"I am not aware, sir," he answered, "of having done anything to forfeit the right to that name."

The look of astonishment that had appeared upon the old gentleman's face now deepened into one of anger. His pent-up wrath burst forth. He set down his glass so heavily as to make the spoon dance, and threw the silver ore from him with such force that it rolled away under the tall glass cabinet.

"Aren't you?" he roared. "Go look at my ruined peach-trees, my empty chicken park, and my grapes and melons, with the vines all trampled and torn, and then ask *me* what you've done."

Jim stood aghast. Finally recovering himself, he said, slowly:

"I have heard of your losses, Squire, but I had no hand in them. I was never in your chicken park in my life, and I know nothing of your melons."

"Didn't I see you?" was the angry retort. "Didn't I follow you and Bob Cootes and the two Wards down to Turkey Foot Creek, where you revelled in your plunder and laughed at my stupidity? But I am not surprised, Jim Stuart. You are your father's son, and good fruit does not fall from bad trees."

Jim drew himself up proudly.

"Squire Leighton," he asked, "what can you possibly have to say against my dead father?"

"That he was the most idle, shiftless, lazy vagabond in all Woodville," returned the Squire, his voice trembling with passion; "and that you are just like him."

"If a weak constitution and dying in poverty that he might pay his honest debts are crimes, then my father must have been very guilty indeed," said the boy, bitterly.

"I will do nothing for you,—nothing," repeated the Squire, kicking the footstool from under his feet. "And I wonder at your audacity in coming here after what happened last night. If it were not for your uncle's good reputation, I would have brought you all up this morning before the justice, where you belong."

Jim's face grew very white. He turned to leave.

"I wish you had," he replied, gloomily; "then I might have had a chance. I would not work for you, Squire Leighton. I would not work for any man who dared to slander my dead father—the noblest soul that ever lived. And the time will come when you will be sorry for this."

"Aye, go tell your Bob Cootes and your Ward tribe, will you?" hurled the Squire after him, as Jim held his head very high, and with the air of a prince—marched out of the apartment. Once outside the library door, his courage failed him and he drooped like a wilted flower.

Jim had started out that morning joyous and hopeful. He had donned his best suit in order to impress the Squire; and had even slipped a small statue of St. Joseph into his pocket, to aid him on his errand. And this was what it had all come to!

A few short years before, Jim's father was a prosperous merchant in Woodville. But reverses had come; and his wife, unable to bear up under their altered circumstances, sickened and died. Consumption laid its dread hold upon her husband. He disposed of his business,

and sat quietly in the dingy parlor of his boarding-house awaiting the final summons. One day the end came. After paying his creditors to the last farthing, he slipped out of this world. His only son was left, penniless, to the care of his elder brother.

Alec Stuart had accepted this trust gladly, and made little difference between his treatment of him and of his own son Joe. His wife, however, persisted in ignoring him, unless she had a reproof to give; a fact which did not escape the gossips of the neighborhood.

A little baby girl named Anna Louise completed the Stuart family. All the affection that the orphan would have lavished on his own if they had lived was given to his uncle and this little girl. Jim had loved her since she was placed in his arms when only a few days old, and looked at him with her big brown eyes. He was her playmate and constant attendant; he shared his treasures with her, and never chided her when she destroyed even his most cherished boyish possessions.

Jim presented a striking contrast to his cousin Joe. The latter was an easy-going, good-natured fellow. Jim was hasty but quick to forgive; whereas Joe's apparent meekness of disposition failed of being even a natural virtue. He did not resent real insults quickly, for the simple reason that he was almost wholly indifferent to blame or censure.

Jim was very studious and further advanced than most boys of his age. He was also of an inventive turn of mind. There was a small brick furnace in the backyard, and boxes of sand in which were traced figures, where Jim molded little images of lead. And there stood in the barn a curious construction of boards and weights, that old Hannah designated as "truck," in which he was trying to perfect a system of perpetual motion.

(To be continued.)

Reaping on the Campagna.

It has been said that in Italy July is the month of bread, and August the month of wine. In the first the peasants reap their grain, and in the other they pluck the fruit of their vineyards.

During the season of the wheat harvest the Roman Campagna is the picture of industry. Thither the country people repair from a great distance, bringing their families with them, and sleeping in tents like Bedouins or gypsies. One would fancy this vast plain as uninhabitable on account of the miasm arising from it; but the greater part of it produces generous crops, and the laborers take the risk and carry home a substantial reward for their toil.

On Sundays priests arrive, and Mass is said in a sort of movable chapel, drawn by oxen and provided with the necessary furnishings. People who have travelled in every part of the world say that Mass in the Campagna is as inspiring a scene as can be witnessed. There are present the sturdy men in their picturesque costumes, the women in the quaint Sunday gowns which have done duty for generations, huntsmen with their guns and dogs, and any number of little children,—all listening earnestly to the instruction given by the priest or intent upon the prayers which follow it. Then there are games in which every one joins, and all are as happy as the day is long.

After the reaping is done the thrashing begins. These peasants know nothing of the expensive, labor-saving machines we use in America. They merely prepare a floor upon which to spread the sheaves, then they bring in their horses and lead them to and fro until the grain is loosened. After this is done, the straw is raked away and the wheat made into heaps, on the top of which a cross is always placed.

We are accustomed to speak of the land of these happy and devout peasants as "behind the times"; but those who consider the survival of so much faith and virtue believe that possibly there are some modern times which it is well to be behind,—at least in some respects.

A Useful Invention.

As a shade from the sun and protection from the rain, the umbrella is of great antiquity, representations of it surviving in the sculpture of Egypt and Assyria. Those portrayed were similar to those in common use to-day, and appear always to have been used to protect the king from wind and weather. In the early days of Greece and Rome the umbrella was a mark of distinction, its covering being ordinarily made of skins or leather. For many centuries it was used only by women, kings, and effeminate men,

As late as 1608 a traveller describes this useful invention as follows: "Many of them do carry other fine things [he had been speaking of fans] of a far greater price, that will cost at least a ducat, which they call *umbrellaes*; that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter from the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the form of a little canopy, and hooped in the inside by divers little hoops, that extend the umbrella into a pretty large compass."

You will remember that Robinson Crusoe made himself an umbrella; and, in commemoration of this, a certain kind of heavy parasol was called the Robinson. Umbrellas and parasols were first known in England early in the seventeenth century, and were originally covered with feathers, afterward with oiled silk. Up to the time of Queen Anne these were used exclusively by women. In 1752 an invalid gentleman, returning from the

East, created a sensation by carrying an umbrella in the streets of London. It was only those dainty fops called Macaronis who made a practice of sheltering their garments from the elements by the shields so commonly employed to-day.

Opposition to the use of the umbrella was kept up as long as possible by the public coachmen, who seemed to think that rainy weather was invented for their especial benefit. In due time they had to yield; and to-day in "misty, moisty, merry England" a man would quite as soon think of going out without his hat as without that necessary combination of silk and whalebone, which has been the defence of his compatriots for a century.

A Shrewd Dealer.

One day Sir Joshua Reynolds, the English portrait-painter, strayed into an old picture shop and carelessly picked up a print which was lying upon a table.

"What do you ask for this sketch?" he inquired of the dealer.

Up to that moment the dealer had thought it worth only a small price; but he was shrewd enough to detect the eagerness which Sir Joshua was trying to conceal.

"Twenty guineas," he answered.

"Twenty *pence*, I suppose you mean!" retorted Sir Joshua.

"No, I mean what I say. This morning I would gladly have sold it for twenty pence, but what Sir Joshua Reynolds thinks worth having the whole world will think worth buying. The price is twenty guineas."

"And cheap enough," said Reynolds, laying down the money and walking off with his prize. His experienced eyes had not played him false: he was the possessor, in exchange for twenty guineas, of an exquisite drawing by the great Rubens.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Henry James, the novelist and critic, has a word of special commendation for the magazines which have "not succumbed to the wood-engraver." The unillustrated magazine, he says, is practically the only refuge of the essay and the literary portrait. "The great picture-books admit these things—opening the door, however, but on the crack, as children say." Magazine illustration has been almost "done to the death," and those publications which resolutely refused to turn themselves into picture-books are being vindicated in their policy. There are two kinds of magazines: those intended to be read and those intended merely to be looked at.

—The inanities of Ingersoll have furnished the text for yet another book, "The Mistakes of Ingersoll," by the Rev. Thomas McGrady, of Bellevue, Ky. Of course Father McGrady does not pretend to gather *all* the mistakes of the Colonel into one volume: it would require a whole cyclopedia for that; but many of the points on which the agnostic lays most stress are here taken up and treated in a way to make Mr. Ingersoll uncomfortable. The defects in Father McGrady's style are naturally more apparent in his book than they were in the original lecture form; but this volume will probably help as well as entertain many readers. Published by the reverend author.

—Reviewing Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel in the *Bookman*, Mrs. Katharine Pearson Woods says: "How restful to the jaded journalistic mind to perceive that as to Catholic tradition and custom, as to books of devotion, and the 'Rule' observed by the Tertiaries of St. Francis, Mrs. Ward really knows what she is talking about! Yet these things might be 'gotten up' by any careful writer." It would improve the quality of our literature if writers really "got up" the details of Catholic life, but it would make Catholic life itself somewhat too dull. Perhaps Mrs. Woods doesn't know that one of our chief delights in modern literature is reading about bishops who wear "asperges"

on their heads, and masters of ceremonies who enter the sanctuary "swinging thurifers in their right hands."

—We venture to say that "Under the Stars and Other Verses" was written without either inspiration or perspiration. Anyhow, it is the sort of hard reading which, Richard Brinsley Sheridan assures us, comes from easy writing. The authors are Wallace Rice and Barrett Eastman, and the book was probably published as a joke. May & Williams.

—The Rev. J. Bruneau, S. S., of Dunwoodie, has published "Harmony of the Gospels," a sort of annotated diatessaron. The plan of the work seems to us inferior to Father Beauparc's excellent diatessaron which, it appears, Father Bruneau has not seen. The notes are good and not too numerous. Father Bruneau's work is handy in form and well deserves a place in the library of the priest. The Cathedral Library Association, New York.

—"The Mason School Music Course," published by Ginn & Co., is a systematic and progressive course especially designed to meet the needs of schools outside the larger cities, and as a supplementary course of songs for elementary schools. Theory and exercises for practice, together with a good collection of songs adapted for schools, make this series, book first of which has just reached us, a useful agent in the hands of busy teachers.

—David R. Leeper, Esq. has made some historical studies among the documents and traditions pertaining to the region about Notre Dame University. They are published under the title of "Some Early Local Footprints." On account of their local complexion, these sketches will not appeal to a wide circle of readers; but at least some passages are of general interest and the whole will be valuable to the future historian. The sketches are creditably illustrated.

—A book to be set beside Frederick Harrison's "Choice of Books" is Arlo Bates'

"Talks on the Study of Literature." There are bits of keen criticism in this volume and a felicity of phrase which makes the reading a delight. We quote a paragraph almost at random:

Another method of securing notice, which is practised by not a few latter-day writers, is that of claiming startling originality. Many of the authors who are attempting to take the kingdom of literary distinction by violence lay great stress upon the complete novelty of their views or their emotions. Of these, it is perhaps sufficient to say that the men who are genuine insist that what they say is true, not that they are the first to say it. In all art that is of value the end sought is the work and not the worker. Perhaps most vicious of all these self-advertisers are those who force themselves into notice by thrusting forward whatever the common consent of mankind has hitherto kept concealed. It is chiefly to France that we owe this development of recent literature so-called. If a French writer wishes to be effective, it is apparently his instant instinct to be indecent. The trick is an easy one. It is as if the belle who finds herself a wall-flower at a ball should begin loudly to swear. She would be at once the center of observation.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., *net.*

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* \$1.60, *net.*

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net.*

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Slang.* \$1., *net.*

Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, *net.*

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, *net.*

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani.* 50 cts., *net.*

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Mass, S. J.* \$3.50, *net.*

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, *net.*

For a King. *T. S. Sharwood.* 95 cts., *net.*

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan.* \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net.*

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson.* 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon.* \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts., *net.*

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net.*

Cardinal Wiseman's Meditations on the Sacred Passion. \$1.10, *net.*

The Carmelites of Compiègne. 20 cts.

Spanish John. *William McLennan.* \$1.25.

How to Comfort the Sick. *Rev. Jos. A. Krebsb, C. SS. R.* \$1, *net.*





VIERGE GLORIEUSE,
(F. BARROCCI.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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A Summer Feast.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

BY MICHAEL WATSON, S. J.

WHO is she, from desert dark and lone,
That cometh up with song and jubilee—
That cometh up to sit upon a throne,—
O who is she?

Fair as the moon, and shining gloriously
As sun that flameth in earth's central zone,
And round her Seraphs throng with holiest
glee:
O who is she?

Ascending, crowned with gold and flashing
stone,
She comes, majestic as an empress—see!
Heaven's Lord upbears her as His very own:
O who is she?

Liturgical Notes on the Assumption.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.



IT would seem that from early times the Church has recognized four great festivals of Our Lady; these are distributed among the four seasons of the year: the Purification coming in winter, the Annunciation in spring, the Assumption in summer, and the Nativity in autumn.

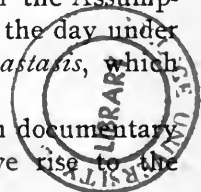
The Assumption is the most solemn of all the feasts of our Immaculate Mother.

It has always been the custom of the Church to celebrate with joy the anniversaries of the departure of her saints from this world; it is therefore most fitting that special joy and gladness should belong to that day whereon Mary entered into the possession of the joys of paradise. The Assumption is to Our Lady's feasts what Easter is to those of our Blessed Lord: it is the crowning day of the virtues of her earthly life, and therefore rightly reckoned as her chief festival.

The word *assumption* means the act of taking to one's self; in the case of our Blessed Lady's feast it signifies God's act in taking her body and soul into heaven. The Assumption is thus distinguished from the Ascension, which with our Divine Lord was a spontaneous and independent act.

At different times during the history of the Church the feast which commemorates the term of Our Lady's life has been known by various names; among these may be mentioned the following: the Departure, the Repose, the Falling Asleep, the Transit. But, as Pope Benedict XIV. points out in his work "De Festis," all these different names really coincide with what we call the Assumption. The Greeks celebrate the day under the title *Koimesis*, or *Metastasis*, which signifies the *Translation*.

It is not very certain from documentary evidence what reasons gave rise to the



institution of this particular festival; but of the constant oral tradition regarding the Assumption, as also of its universality among the faithful, there can be no doubt. The ancient legend which relates the circumstances of the corporal Assumption is well known; for many of its details, however, the earliest authority does not reach farther back than the sixth or at most the fifth century. The story as given by St. John Damascene in the eighth century has been inserted among the lessons of the Roman Breviary; the Church has thereby given testimony that she considers its reading as conducive to edification; and, moreover, that she regards it with some degree of approbation.

The assumption of the Blessed Virgin is not an article of faith in the same way as the Immaculate Conception is; but, notwithstanding this, it can not be questioned by the faithful without incurring the note of great rashness. There are reasons for thinking that had the sittings of the Vatican Council been prolonged, the doctrine would have been defined. St. Gregory of Tours (A. D. 596) is, perhaps, the earliest Western writer of note who mentions the Assumption in detail. Several ancient treatises on this subject have been erroneously attributed to St. Augustine, St. Jerome and others; but the Catholic tradition does not depend, as far as its validity is concerned, on any such documents as these. Opponents of the universal tradition are wont to bring forward in their favor the condemnation of a certain book by an early Pope. This book, among other things, contained minute details of Our Lady's death and passage into heaven. But in reply to an objection of this kind it should be said that the condemnation of a particular book does not necessarily imply the condemnation of the independent, universal and primitive oral tradition which has ever received the full approbation of the Catholic Church.

From the apostolic age there has been in the Church a gradual development of the cultus of the Blessed Virgin; the history of the institution of her festivals is sufficient proof of this. The most ancient commemoration of Mary in the Liturgy was intended to honor the privilege of her divine maternity, defined in the General Council of Ephesus (A. D. 428). This celebration was, and is now, kept by the Greeks on the day following Christmas; in the West it found expression on the 1st of January. A glance at the present Office and Mass of the Circumcision sufficiently demonstrates this fact. One of the earliest notices of a feast of Our Lady in Gaul is to be found in the works of St. Gregory of Tours. He speaks of a feast of "the Virgin-Mother of Christ" in the middle of January, probably the 18th. When the Assumption festival was introduced into the West, the 15th of August was assigned as the date of its celebration; but it is curious to find an old martyrology of Gaul commemorating it on January 18. The change may be explained in this way. One special day in January already belonged to Mary; in France, and perhaps in other localities, a strong attachment to that day induced ecclesiastical authority to combine the two commemorations; therefore, instead of instituting a new feast in August, the Assumption, for a time, was fixed to the one day in January already sacred to the Mother of God. Rome adopted the feast during the sixth or seventh century; and from that period the universal date, both in East and West, has been the 15th of August.

* Pope Sergius, who flourished in the seventh century, ordained that "on the Annunciation of Our Lord, the Nativity and Falling Asleep of the Holy Mother of God, ever a virgin, a procession should go forth from St. Adrian's Church to that of St. Mary Major, where the people were to assemble." In the eighth century, in

the book of the ceremonial of the court of Constantinople, there is described the solemn procession made by the court and clergy of that famous city on the feast of the "Repose" of the Mother of God. The Emperor himself frequently spent the entire night of the vigil watching in the great church of Our Lady on the coast some miles below Constantinople, whither he went in great state.

In the martyrology of Gorman, written in Irish and recently edited by the Bradshaw Society, we read on August 15 the following: "The death of great Mary, Jesus' Mother, the true Virgin, whom surely I shall meet."

As to the place where Our Lady died, it is not certain whether her death happened at Ephesus—the city of the definition of her divine maternity—or at Jerusalem. When St. Willibrord made a pilgrimage to the Holy Places in the eighth century, the empty tomb of the Blessed Virgin was pointed out to him at the foot of Mount Olivet.

In monasteries during the Middle Ages it was customary to celebrate the Assumption in the same way as Easter, Pentecost, Christmas, and the Patron. These five festivals were generally known by the Benedictines as the *Quinque solemnitates precipue*, for which the greatest solemnity was observed both during Mass and the Divine Office. The importance of the feast was foreshadowed on its vigil. On that day the invitatory at Matins was chanted by two monks vested in albs; the lessons of the same office were allotted to the deacon of the week, the prior or the abbot. Bells were pealed before the office of Lauds, during which service incense was offered at the *Benedictus*, as on feast-days. It is usual at Prime every morning to announce from the martyrology the feasts of the following day; on this vigil, when Our Lady's Assumption was chanted, all the community prostrated themselves, out of

reverence for the mystery, and prayed for a time in silence. The vigil Mass was sung with unwonted ceremonial; the monks were all vested in albs; the deacon wore a rich dalmatic, and the subdeacon a tunic. The brethren assisted at the first Vespers wearing albs. About two o'clock on the morning of the feast the bells pealed for Matins; for the invitatory—which on this day was, "Oh, come let us worship the King of kings! This day was His Mother taken to the heavens above,"—four or even seven cantors stood at the great lecturn, vested in their richest copes. At the conclusion of each of the three nocturns of Matins the altars of the church and the whole community were incensed. All the other offices of the day were kept with becoming festivity.

The procession, which always followed Tierce, and preceded High Mass on festivals, was perhaps the most splendid rite of the day. The monks were vested in copes or dalmatics; and costly ornaments—shrines, crosses, and relics—were carried. This procession, during which appropriate antiphons and responsories were sung, passed through the cloisters to the place of the "Station"; it afterward re-entered the church, where the Introit *Gaudeamus omnes in Domino* was begun. The monks and lay-brothers communicated, and no one was permitted to start on a journey till the festival was over.

Martene also mentions that in many places large wax tapers were set up and lighted at first Vespers before the Lady altar and round about the high altar, and these tapers continued to burn until after Compline of the feast had been sung. This rite was copied, no doubt, from a similar practice observed in the Basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome. The two days following the Assumption were kept as are the two days which follow Easter and Pentecost. It is noteworthy that in recent times this pious custom

has been sanctioned for certain localities.

The observance of the vigil of the Assumption is of very great antiquity. Pope Nicholas I., writing in the ninth century to the Bulgarians, speaks of it as being celebrated long before his time. The Greeks are not content with merely observing one day of fasting as a preparation: they solemnize the "Lent of Mary," which begins on the 1st of August. It is a beautiful custom and must be most pleasing to our Heavenly Mother.

During the early ages octaves were rare. The celebration of an octave in honor of the Assumption is due to Pope Leo IV. (847), who instituted it in gratitude for the deliverance of Rome from a pestilence which prevailed during his pontificate. This favor was accorded on the Feast of the Assumption, after the picture of Our Lady had been carried in procession.

On August 15 processions are almost universal throughout France. This is perhaps in fulfilment of a vow made in 1638 by Louis XIII., who at the same time consecrated himself and his entire kingdom to the Blessed Virgin.

In Germany and elsewhere there takes place on this feast a blessing of herbs. The Roman Ritual provides a special benediction for the occasion. Durandus, who was acquainted with this rite even in his time, says it commemorates the fact that from the thorns and briars of this world there germinated that pure lily, our Blessed Lady. When a church is dedicated with the simple title St. Mary, the Feast of the Assumption is to be considered as the titular feast.

The 15th of August has also been consecrated by the death of some of Our Lady's greatest servants; among these may be mentioned St. Stephen, King of Hungary, and St. Stanislaus Kostka. In the breviary lessons for St. Stephen's Day we read that Blessed Mary, to whom the Saint was very devout, "received

him into heaven [in the year 1038] upon the day of her own Assumption, which the Hungarians, after the example of the holy King, call 'the great Lady Day.'" St. Stanislaus, when he was seventeen years of age, had asked St. Lawrence to obtain for him the grace of dying on the Assumption.

With regard to the Mass of the festival, its keynote is joy. We find this expressed in the opening words of the Introit: "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for whose Assumption the angels rejoice and praise the Son of God." The Gospel chosen refers directly to the reception given to Our Lord by Mary and Martha at Bethany. The Church, however, has selected this passage chiefly on account of the concluding words, "Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her." These words may most fittingly be applied to that great Mary who on this day entered into the blessed rest of paradise. The plain chant melody for the Alleluia and its verse ("Mary is assumed into heaven, and the angelic host rejoices"), which follow the Gradual, is exceedingly beautiful and expressive.

Of the various portions of the Divine Office itself much might be written; suffice it to say that it excels in expressing that spirit of gladness which befits the highest of all Our Lady's festivals. Illustrative of this spirit, these notes on the Assumption of the Queen of Heaven may be suitably concluded by the words of the antiphon appointed to be sung at the *Magnificat* of the second Vespers: "This is the day whereon Mary went up into heaven. Rejoice, for she reigneth forever with Christ!"

THE soul that talks with God upon the heights,
Hath secrets voiceless to the alien ear;
To him who is of God, the things of God are clear.
—Mary W. Plummer.

Genevieve's Romance.

V.

EARLY in July Genevieve received another letter from Dominic. She herself could not understand the impatience she felt concerning its contents, as, hurriedly tearing it open, she read:

TEMPLETON, June 30, 18—.

DEAR GENEVIEVE:—I have obliged you and turned diplomat, and now you shall hear the result of my diplomacy. The *young* man who has taken your house is, I should judge, in love with some one who does not return his affection. Still, you must not think him a lackadaisical, pining fellow; for he is nothing of the kind. While his manner at times is characterized by what might be called in romantic parlance "a gentle melancholy," he is by no means an unhappy-looking person. Probably he has resources within himself which prevent him from giving up his entire thoughts to brooding over his unrequited passion. He is indeed a healthy creature, who, while he may never recover from the blow inflicted upon him by reason of an attachment not responded to by its object, is able to take much good out of life and all it affords. He is fond of gardening, fishing, boating, swimming, and (from what I know of him) all other athletic sports. It is only about his personal feelings that he is non-communicative; this, of course, you will find natural and proper. Therefore, I fancy I have told you all about his *affaire du cœur* which I am likely to learn. I had almost forgotten to say that his name is Wilfrid Jernyngham.

Now, as to his personal appearance. He is tall—about my own height—and inclined to be dark. The other day I chanced to hear some one make the remark that he had very fine eyes. As to that, I had not noticed them particularly,

and do not consider myself much of a judge; but I give you the encomium for what it is worth. On the whole, I am of the opinion that you would not think him good-looking.

He has altered nothing; will not, I am confident, make any radical changes. I am sending you a portfolio which we found in your father's study. Mr. Jernyngham saw it first; and, observing that it bore your monogram, suggested that I send it to you, as no doubt it contained letters and souvenirs which you would be pleased to have in your possession. I hope it may reach you safe.

Faithfully yours,

DOMINIC.

That night Genevieve sat a long time in her room reflecting. At length she opened her writing-desk and began to write rapidly, never pausing until she had folded and sealed a letter, written on the heaviest cream-laid paper in her possession—and she was a connoisseur in such things. A week later the tenant of the Bigelow house might have been seen reading one which very much resembled it, as he sat after dinner in the shade of the large elm-tree which had been the favorite outdoor retreat of Genevieve and her father. It ran thus:

SANTA FÉ, New Mexico,

July 5, 18—.

DEAR SIR:—It is as unusual a circumstance for a young girl to write to a stranger of the opposite sex as for that stranger to display a delicacy of soul and kindness of thought toward one whom he has never seen and will never see. But I can not refrain from thanking you for the kindness which prompted you, first, to offer to leave undisturbed the private apartments of my darling father and myself; and, later, the sending me, through my friend Dr. Anderson, the writing-desk, which I value very highly, as being the gift of my loved one who is gone. I meant to bring it with me, but

overlooked it in the hurry of packing. It is full of the nameless little treasures dear to the heart of every young girl; and to-morrow I shall be afforded an exquisite, though somewhat melancholy, pleasure in examining its contents, the collection of many happy years. May God reward you for your kindness to a poor sick exile, who is languishing far from the home to which she is forbidden to return, but who often feels as though she were actually *dying* for a breath of the sea! Her heart is overflowing with gratitude to her unknown friend.

Sincerely,

GENEVIEVE BIGELOW.

During the days which followed this letter, Genevieve's aunt was surprised at her unwonted animation and cheerfulness. She had not shown nearly so much interest in ordinary affairs since the death of her father. One afternoon they went for a drive. On their return Genevieve found a letter awaiting her. When she saw that the address was typewritten, pleasant anticipation suddenly gave way to a revulsion of feeling. Her fastidious mind shrank from the thought that one so refined as Mr. Jernyngham, whom she did not doubt her unknown correspondent to be, could have used such a method of communication in a private letter to a lady. But as she read her brow cleared, and the involuntary sigh which escaped her lips was not one of disappointment but of satisfaction. Brilliant were her eyes and pink-tinted her usually pallid cheeks as she hurriedly devoured the letter. These were its contents:

TEMPLETON, July 15, 18—.

DEAR MISS BIGELOW:—What will you think of "an unknown friend" who replies to your delightful letter through the medium of a typewriter? But you have written *friend*, and I have so few friends that I can not but avail myself of the only means at hand to inform you as speedily as possible how fully I appre-

ciate the title. I am suffering at present from a slight paralysis of the fingers of the right hand, caused by an accident, and am thus obliged to make use of the convenient "machine." I trust you will be satisfied with this apology. But should this means of correspondence displease you—and it is possible it may,—the remedy is simple: you need not reply. That would also be the most natural thing in the world, as I have no claim upon you but that of loneliness; there exists no bond between us save the one of mutual good-will. I sought to give you a slight pleasure: you have responded in a measure out of all proportion with what I have done. It is I who am now your debtor; for you can not imagine how deeply your little letter affected me. You could only realize this if you knew how rare are such pleasant happenings in my monotonous life.

I have heard from your friend, Dr. Anderson, how hard your trial has been, and how delicate your health still is; and my heart has felt for you the deepest sympathy. What wonder, then, that I should have endeavored to do a slight thing to show that sympathy? It is a certain as well as a comforting truth that our own sorrows are always lessened by a comparison with and alleviation of those of others. To one so young and inexperienced as yourself it may not seem so; but, although not old, I have lived longer than you, *and I know it*.

In conclusion, I beg that you will accept the assurances of my deepest respect, and believe me to be ever

Your grateful friend and servant,

WILFRID JERNYNGHAM.

If Genevieve had waited, it is probable that she would have answered this letter in a much more guarded manner than that which characterized her reply. For she was naturally discreet, not given to express herself freely to strangers. But she was also unsophisticated in many

respects; had never known a mother's care; and had, moreover, as has been before stated, a romantic strain in her nature to which the present conditions strongly appealed. On the impulse of the moment she wrote as follows:

SANTA FÉ, New Mexico,

July 20, 18—.

DEAR MR. JERNYNGHAM:—I should have preferred to receive a letter in your own writing, of course; for I believe one's chirography to be indicative of one's temperament, even character. Still, I would hesitate to pronounce myself a judge of either through that medium; and your kindly letter, particularly under existing circumstances, was very welcome. It is strange that Dom (Dr. Anderson) wrote nothing to me of your accident. Doubtless he thought it of no importance. Doctors very often become indifferent to trifling ailments; although Dom is exceptionally kind-hearted and sympathetic, considering his occupation. The only fault I have to find with one who has been to me all my life as a brother is that he is too matter-of-fact. He has absolutely no sentiment. I could not possibly fancy Dom in love. If he ever does marry—which is hardly probable,—ten to one he will choose some widow with a couple of nice children, for the sake of the children. He is *so* fond of all helpless things, and is adored by all the little boys and girls in Templeton. But no doubt you have discovered this already,—that is, if you are at all intimate with him.

Now, I am sure that *you* are full of sentiment; and I believe I have detected an undercurrent of sadness in your letter, which betrays a vein of melancholy in your disposition. It may be some hidden sorrow for which you can find no alleviation. Believe me, there is *no* sorrow but the death of one whom you love. I know it, for I have experienced it. One may fancy there are other sorrows, but they are only imaginary.

I thank you for pitying my solitude, as I do yours. Although you may have suffered, your trials have rendered you only patient and compassionate, instead of cynical and selfish, as is the case with most men under sorrows of any kind,—at least, so I have read. My dear father had also suffered, but it did not change his nature in the least. Everyone thought him amiable, while to me he was indulgence itself. How he would have appreciated your thoughtfulness! I am sure you would have been friends. Whatever your wound, may it soon be cured; and may you live to see that fabulous and fantastic thing, a happy old age, which I neither expect nor desire to attain!

With kind regards, sincerely yours,

GENEVIEVE BIGELOW.

After the letter had been dispatched, Genevieve was seized with a sudden qualm of regret for having written it. She had been too expeditious, had opened her heart too freely, just as she might have done to Dom. What would this stranger think of her? On reflection, also, she remembered that it was from what Dom had told her concerning him that she had based her conviction that some hidden sorrow had affected his life. This thought caused her to blush with chagrin. She felt as though she had been presumptuous and unmaidenly. And if he should show or speak of the letter to Dom, the latter would be justified in thinking her unworthy of any further confidence. Altogether, she felt uncomfortable; her new friend almost ceased to interest her; and when a fortnight elapsed without a letter, she began to hope that he would not write again.

One morning she received a letter from Dominic, which she eagerly opened, being most anxious to learn if Mr. Jernyngham had communicated to him anything of what she had written. "If he has," she thought, "Dom will scold me dreadfully." But she was relieved to find nothing in

the few hastily written lines which could warrant such a conclusion. A feeling of relief succeeded the one of anxiety; she could not but be flattered, moreover, that he had respected her confidence, if such it might be called,—that he had not shared her letter with Dom, who, well as she liked him, could never have appreciated the emotion which prompted it.

(To be continued.)

Beyond the Opal Gate.

(In Memory of Sister M. L.)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.—*Malherbe.*

SHE stood beside the closed gate,
Where the great Sun is dimly seen
Through the cloud-opal of the screen
That shuts out heaven from us who wait.

She, through the mist at break of day,
Saw tintings of the sunrise glow,
Like ruby lights on banks of snow
Where all auroral glories play.

The Sun arose; He drew His bride
Beyond the clouded opal gate;
Her patient soul, in love elate,
Draws close unto His wounded side.

His Heart is hers; and His, her heart;
She sees not dimly through the cloud;
The life she to the Bridegroom vowed
Was bound to Him by pain's keen smart.

As through the summer fields they bore
This virgin to the place of peace,
He spoke the words of sweet release:
"Thou art all mine; we part no more."

She lived, as summer roses live,
A little space in shade and sun.
The petal fell; her day was done,—
"She gave Me all, and all I give."

We through the opal dimly see;
We on the shut gates beat our hands;
She in the Sun's full splendor stands,
Where never pain or death shall be.

In Wonder-Land.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—AN INLAND VOYAGE.

THE eastern-bound train on the Northern Pacific Railroad was now nearing Livingston. We had run through Oregon, Washington, and a good half of Montana, and were shortly to drop off from the main line and run due south into Wyoming and the National Park. As the hours waned the excitement increased; for all that we could learn of the Yellowstone Valley was more or less conflicting, and legendary to a degree. One visitor recounted Indian adventures that would have inspired Mayne Reid; another could remember nothing but his hair-breadth escapes from storm-clouds of gnats and mosquitoes. He assured us that the valley was habitable only at certain seasons of the year in consequence of the ravages of these pests. We knew that there was ample space for all the world of tourists, since the park is 55 miles in width from east to west, 65 miles in length from north to south, and contains 3575 square miles. The guide asserts that this gives an extent about 200 square miles greater than the States of Rhode Island and Delaware combined—all of which is entirely satisfactory to us. We know also that the number of visitors to the Yellowstone is enormous; that it increases annually at an amazing rate; and that the accommodations—poor enough at best—are scarcely keeping pace with the growing necessities of the case. Therefore we felt a trifle nervous as we neared Livingston, and silently prayed that we might find somewhere to lay our heads that night in the great valley we had come so far to see; and that for this day, at least, the rush might not be greater than we could bear.

At last we came to Livingston, one of

those scattering, wind-swept, treeless, far-western towns, with a few handsome buildings, looking uncomfortable and out of place among the first growth of shanties; and over all an air of blighted ambition quite pitiful to behold. Here we changed cars: there was still a run of nearly threescore miles over the National Park Branch Line before we fairly entered the Yellowstone Valley. The train on the Branch Line awaited us, and of course we sprang for it. No doubt the exercise did us good,—but that was the only good it did us; for we were speedily informed that we must await the arrival of the train from the East (a special train with an excursion party of the Yankee type) before we could quit the station. We had seats, at all events. We had also ample time to contemplate the spruce little building, which, we were informed, was intended for a bank, but has given up its ground-floor to a taxidermist, and its upper rooms to lodgers.

A small company of fellow Alaskan voyagers, who thought to gain a day on us, but missed it through some unavoidable detention of the train, had the happiness of passing the night at Livingston in the handsomest apartments of the bank-that-was-to-be-but-missed-it. They assured us that the attractions of the town are limited to a bountiful supply of particularly fresh air. Anon the excursion party swooped down upon us in all its pride. It stormed the train, but we held our own in spite of superior numbers and an evident disposition on the part of the legion to sweep all before it. Other cars were added, and we started with deep satisfaction for the Yellowstone.

Our route lay through Paradise Valley, a land apparently flowing with milk and honey, to judge from the evidences of thrift everywhere visible. The Yellowstone River rushed close beside us, a few feet below. Indeed, the gate which this wild flood opened in the mountain wall

was just wide enough to admit us upon one shore of the tumbling torrent, and thus we entered Paradise Valley. Here the banks of the stream are tree-fringed; its mountain heights on the two sides of us—about twelve miles apart—rugged, with sometimes a snow-peak glistening in the sun; and always big, brawny outlines cutting the cloudless sky from 3000 to 4000 feet above us. For thirty miles the flocks are grazing up and down the valley. The comfortable log-cabins—called “shacks” hereabouts—are in some cases provided with watch-towers, from which many a bullet has been sped at the Indian marauders.

One does not go to the Yellowstone to see and admire Paradise Valley. Quite the reverse, so to speak; and I think we were tired of the Branch Line before we came to the terminus, and stopped short in the wildest wilderness. Here was a small station, and beyond it the motliest collection of traps and conveyances that eye ever beheld. The coaches considerably the worse for wear; wagons of every possible description; vehicles, light and heavy, new and old, picturesque and homely; and the buckboard in all its glory,—these, each and all, dragged by animals who were not in the least proud of their harness, and certainly had no reason to be; but it was evident that most of them “meant business,” and were a great deal better than they looked. It was with a kind of horror that we said to one another, “Are there enough of them to go round?”

The excursion party naturally monopolized the attention of the drivers, who for the most part owned their teams, and were in hope to strike a bargain on the spot for a five or six day tour in the valley. Imagine the hubbub. Heaps of luggage lay upon the platform; everyone was in a wild state of excitement. To get a good team was the first thought; at a reasonable price, the second; and

one with a driver who was likely to be intelligent and obliging, the third. But each must have a conveyance of some sort; and a first choice was of great importance, for the last one might result in misery and a series of misfortunes. Tourists and drivers rushed madly into each other's arms and bargained briskly. My friend, who had the address of a guide with a capital outfit, went in search of the chosen one, while I remained apart, standing guard over the luggage, and enjoying the general confusion.

While quietly taking mental notes, and wondering if my comrade would find the guide he was in search of, a young fellow of the refined cowboy type approached me. A very trim figure was his; the broad-brimmed, gray felt hat of the plains hung upon the back of his head like a Byzantine halo; his features were clean-cut, his complexion fresh and fair; his eyes calm, yet earnest—in brief, he was the embodiment of philosophical repose. I believe we were the only two who were not the victims of disgraceful haste. "Would you like to engage me for a tour of the park?" asked he. His voice harmonized with all the rest of him. "Yes, I would," said I; "but my friend is looking for some one who has been recommended, and I don't know what arrangements he may have made."—"Where is your friend?" he asked, his well-bred self-possession not in the least disturbed. I could not see the gentleman in all that mob; but I described him, and the lad walked leisurely toward the scene of action and disappeared.

Anon my friend approached me in deep distress—his guide was in the valley making the regular round with a wagon-load. I said to him: "Fear not; leave it all to me." Probably I added a silent prayer after that; for if my cowboy did not return—if he had been snapped up by some one else,—there was prospect of our being left in the lurch. My

companion, who puts less trust in first impressions than I do, and has probably been sold ten times as often as I, was about to plunge into the thick of the fight and capture some one at all hazards, when the cowboy reappeared. He was not in the least ruffled. On the contrary, upon his face was a smile of recognition, which seemed to imply that everything was settled, and we need not trouble ourselves any further—and we didn't.

He had the buckboard of buckboards and the spankingest team in the valley. His horses were groomed and netted and betasselled, and in two minutes we were seated and bowling along over the seven dusty mountain miles that lay between the terminus and the Hot Springs Hotel. We were the very first to take to the road, and we gave all followers our dust. There was time enough on the way up to strike a bargain, to test the quality of his team, to see whether six days of buckboard intimacy with the lad would be likely to prove agreeable. I would have staked my salary on it at first sight—for that is the way I do business,—but my cooler-headed comrade, without sentiment or intuitions, was shy, and deplored the sorry fate that deprived him of a guide of eminent respectability, but wanting in the picturesque and romantic elements—as I discovered later when we met.

All this time we were ascending by a road that wound through a succession of narrow vales. It was midsummer and it was dusty, but it was not hot. It must be borne in mind that the lowest elevation of any of the numerous valleys of the park is 6000 feet above the sea level, while several of them are from 1000 to 2000 feet higher. The nights throughout the year are seldom free from frost, and during half the year the park is snow-bound. All about us we saw unmistakable evidences of volcanic origin; while below us, among the foothills as we were approaching the park, the ice

lines of the glacial period were plainly visible. Hereabout the rock-debris is common. Often one comes upon pools of discolored water which were perhaps once the craters of volcanoes; indeed, the park is full of volcanoes, which, during their intermittent activity, spout boiling water instead of lava.

At this point we were all wonderment and expectation and delight—and dust. We were hurrying forward in advance of the caravan, resolved to secure a bed at the hotel before the crowd should have relegated us to a cot in the corridors. Thus when we turned the last corner and saw before us the grassy plateau of the Mammoth Springs, and in the dim distance, under the cliffs, the Mammoth Hotel, we dashed forward with a triumphant “Whoop la!” and never paused till we had buried the great veranda of the swell establishment, with its immense swarm of curious swells, in a cloud of unmitigated dust.

Let it be borne in mind that we are now in the wilds of Wyoming, at the threshold of the world's wonder-land, surrounded by mountain peaks and hemmed in by pine-mantled ranges, the haunt of the nobler forest game. Yet here we lifted our eyes and filled them with a vision of verandas diminishing in dim perspective; of turrets, towers and gables, and Juliet balconies. The Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel is in very truth mammoth. The rotunda, the parlors, dining-hall, corridors, and chambers are mammoth; but, like most mammoths, hollow, hollow, hollow! The deep veranda was the promenade of those who had already been some days or some hours in the park and had taken possession of it and of everything, feeling it to be theirs by prior right. These were numbered among those superior tourists who receive every new arrival with a glance of severe reproof, as much as to say, “And, pray, who gave you leave to

follow?” The world is full of cads, and these are chief among them. Of all barns for the stalling of human bipeds, this hotel is the barniest. One instinctively cries upon entering the colossal caravansary: “Oh, for a hunter's lodge of good, honest logs, with a bear-skin in the corner, and a flitch of bacon upon the coals, and the bean-pot simmering hard by!”

In twenty minutes from the moment of our arrival the new party had swarmed in. We did manage to find a bed, but, alas! not without having lost our temper into the bargain. It was a tolerable bed, in a gloomy, half-furnished room, full of waste space and shallow pretence. It was a Sabbath day's journey to the dining-hall; and once there the great cloud of colored waiters—fresher, yes, far fresher, than the mountain air—overwhelmed us with their broadcloth and superior style. Yet the spectacular effect was not to be disparaged, hungry and weary and disgusted though we were. The doors at the lower end of the hall fly open as if struck by a cyclone. In skips a gay retinue of blacks, each flirting a spotless napkin in one hand, while with the other he daintily poises upon his head a dish of viands. With many a graceful step and pirouette, the fantastical fellows distribute themselves among the diners, and at a given signal drop their airy burdens and flit away. This figure is repeated at intervals with increasing flourishes and accessory surprises. The diners call in vain, and threaten and wring their hands; but it avails them nothing, the dishes having held, each of them, but a fair portion for a fly; yet the dancers do not suffer an interruption until the curtain falls. Then, and not till then, we, one and all, depart, with stomachs full of scorn; and so ends the ballet of the cuisine at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, Yellowstone National Park,—or so it ended when I was there. It was a clear case of style and starvation.

The Mystery of Tressallen Hall.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

WHEN Mark returned from his walk he found that the house had been locked for the night. Early hours were the rule at Tressallen Hall; and the old butler who saw to the fastenings of the doors and windows had probably thought that Mark was in his own room.

When a boy Mark had often found a means of admitting himself into the house from the ruins; and, after a moment's reflection, he sought a small door that led into the habitable part of the mansion, and tried to open it by pressing a secret spring. The door did not yield to his touch.

"My grandmother has possibly had it securely fastened," said Mark. "There's nothing to do but ring them up."

He was about to seek the front door again when a faint sound made him pause and draw back into the shadow. The next moment the cloaked figure he had seen the previous night entered the ruins, and passed by him so closely that he might have touched the heavy cloak by which the figure was shrouded. The form passed on toward one of the walls and vanished.

Mark stood transfixed for some seconds; but his reason told him it was no ghostly figure he had seen, and he walked to the place where it had disappeared.

"I shall have a look at the place to-morrow," he said to himself. Tressallen Hall stood at a short distance from the sea, and Mark recalled many of the strange stories of smugglers and their doings that he had loved to listen to when a boy.

A vigorous knock brought the old butler to the door, and Mark entered the house with a smiling protest against the early hours kept at the Hall. The next morning he took an opportunity

of examining the spot where the figure had vanished on the previous night. The enclosure in which he stood had evidently been the great hall of the ancient building, and was flagged by large, square stones. The grass was growing luxuriantly through the interstices between them, but Mark noticed that none grew around the one on which he stood. He was also certain that a stamp of his foot produced but a hollow sound; yet all his efforts to move the flag were fruitless for a considerable time. Finally, a vigorous push on one side caused the stone to move inward, and Mark had a momentary glimpse of a flight of steps before the stone returned to its position. He gave an exclamation and looked round him.

"I am on the brink of a discovery!" he said aloud. "I wish I had some one I could trust to inquire with me into this. Frank Carlyon is the man!" he cried, as the thought struck him.

It did not take Mark long to find Father Carlyon's nephew. He was spending a holiday with the priest, and listened to Mark's story with undisguised wonder.

"Wait!" he said, as Mark was turning hastily away. "We had better get a lantern; and I may as well take one from here, as you don't wish to make a fuss at the Hall."

The two young men were soon standing on the steps beneath the stone. Frank Carlyon was the cooler of the two, and it was he who suggested a means of keeping the stone in a perpendicular position.

"We may as well leave ourselves a mode of exit," he said; "and now for our adventures. We may, perchance, find a treasure-trove. Did any of your ancestors store jewels or gold away?"

Mark made a negative reply. They were descending a narrow, tortuous flight of steps, and the light from above soon became dimmed. Suddenly Mark, who was in front, paused.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"What?"

"A moan."

"Oh, nonsense! The twilight gloom is making you nervous," Carlyon replied, with a laugh.

"No indeed. Hark! There is the noise again. Didn't you hear it?"

This time the sound was audible to Carlyon, and he stopped for a second and lit the lantern in his hand.

"We may as well have a full view of whatever we have to encounter," he said, cheerfully.

The object that met their sight when they descended a half dozen steps farther was by no means alarming. A man, whose continual moans testified to the pain he was enduring, lay in a huddled-up heap in the dungeon. Mark bent over him.

"It is Griffith Dunstable!" he cried.

"Griffith, is it?" Carlyon said. "What unholy task has he been engaged in?"

Mark did not reply. Griffith Dunstable was a well-known character in the neighborhood. What his means of living were was a problem. He was variously accused of being a smuggler, a coiner, and a burglar on a small scale. What was known was that he lived well without any apparent employment; that his blow was ready and his tongue bitter. It was also understood that his parents had been Catholics, though he himself professed no religious belief. Father Carlyon had visited him on several occasions, and had been met with a demeanor sufficiently repellent to leave him doubtful of Griffith's belief in his ministry.

"Are you hurt?" Mark inquired

The man muttered some incoherent words in reply.

"What are we to do with him?" he questioned, turning to Carlyon. "We could scarcely carry him up the steps."

"No," replied Carlyon. "But see! he is trying to say something."

The injured man was making efforts to speak, and Carlyon bent his head and

tried to distinguish the muttered words.

"I fancy he is saying there is another way," he remarked, with a glance round the chamber in which they were. It was easy to guess, from the casks and boxes lying about, that it had been used as a storehouse for smuggled goods.

"Yes," said Mark; "but where?"

"We'll see," replied Carlyon.

The young man made the round of the chamber, and behind a pile of old lumber an opening was revealed that led to a wide passage.

"Here's the way, I don't doubt," he said. "However, I'll push on myself for a bit and see where it leads to."

It was a considerable time before he returned—or so it seemed to Mark, as he listened to Griffith's moans.

"The passage leads on to the rocks by the sea," Carlyon explained when he re-entered the chamber. "I did not go the whole way, but I'm sure it does. Hadn't we better make a stretcher and carry the poor fellow out?"

Mark assented; and an oaken board that seemed to have served as a table was improvised as a stretcher, on which Griffith was laid. It was a work of great difficulty to carry him along the rough passage; but once he felt the breath of the fresh morning air, he revived a little. A side gate gave admittance to the grounds of the mansion, and soon the suffering man was established in a comfortable bed in the Hall, with the dispensary doctor standing by his side.

"Recover!" the medical man said in reply to Mark's question. "I doubt it. His term of life is almost spent. He has evidently fallen from a considerable height, and is injured internally. Besides, he is suffering from heart disease."

"Send—send for—" Griffith paused. He had heard the doctor's words.

"For whom?" the doctor asked.

"For the priest," the man at length said; and Frank Carlyon, who had

remained with Mark, went off without further bidding for his uncle.

When Father Carlyon arrived Griffith Dunstable was propped up in the bed. A powerful stimulant had given him a fictitious strength, and he was able to speak clearly and distinctly when the priest took a chair by his bedside.

"You wish me to hear your confession, my son?" the priest asked.

Griffith nodded toward the doctor.

"He" says I am dying,—I fell down the steps."

"Yes," the priest said, gently.

"And I want you to make me ready for death," Griffith went on, fearfully; and the other occupants withdrew, leaving the priest and the penitent alone.

A half hour elapsed before Father Carlyon opened the door. Mark, Frank, and the doctor were at the farther end of the long corridor. The priest went up to Mark.

"Bring Mrs. Tressallen to the room where Griffith is, and tell her he has a strange disclosure to make. She knows he is hurt, does she not?"

Mark answered in the affirmative.

"Bring her immediately. Doctor, you will take down the man's statement," the priest said.

In a few minutes Mrs. Tressallen (who looked very nervous), Mark, Frank, and the doctor were seated near the bed where Griffith Dunstable lay. The ghastly hue of death was on the man's face, and his breath came in thick, short gasps. The priest had taken up his position on the opposite side of the bed.

"Now, Griffith," he said, encouragingly. At the doctor's signal, he held a glass near to the mouth of the dying man.

"I wish to state that I am the person who caused Mr. Tressallen's death," said Griffith, slowly.

Mrs. Tressallen sprang to her feet with a horrified cry. Frank Carlyon laid his hand on her arm.

"Pray sit down. He has little time to tell his story," he said, gently. And, with an effort, the lady obeyed him.

"It was by accident that we—I don't say who was joined with me, mind!—found out the passage that led from the sea to the vault under the ruins. It served us well; for no one would expect to find smuggled goods at Tressallen Hall. Well, Mr. Tressallen saw me (as I understand his son has seen me) descending from the ruins. He was a bold man, and he dashed after me and seized me on the stone steps. I was the stronger man, and I threw him off and he fell."

Griffith paused to regain his breath.

"He was dead when I went to him," he continued,—“dead! And I and others removed the body to a smaller vault on the opposite side of the passage, and buried it. You will find it there. There is an iron box in that room also. Mr. Tressallen's watch and papers are in it."

The doctor had written down the dying man's words, and he read them over when he ceased to speak. It was with some difficulty Griffith Dunstable signed his name for the last time; the necessary signatures of the witnesses present were also affixed to the sheet of paper; and then Mrs. Tressallen, whose agitation was extreme, rose to go.

"Does she forgive me?" the dying man said to Father Carlyon. "I don't think I really meant to kill her son."

The priest looked toward the lady with an unspoken entreaty; and, after a natural hesitation, she approached the bed and laid her trembling hand on the dying man's.

"I *do* forgive you, and I earnestly pray that God may be merciful to you!" she said brokenly, then hurried away.

A fortnight after Griffith Dunstable's burial, Mrs. Tressallen and her grandson were guests in the villa where most of Beatrix Penruddock's life had been spent.

There had come a reply to a letter Mark dispatched to Beatrix on the day when her father's name had been freed from all suspicion. Beatrix invited Mrs. Tressallen and himself to their Southern home. Mr. Penruddock had returned from his wanderings when they reached it, and the meeting that took place between them held much of pain.

"I had my faults," Arthur Penruddock said, "and they were serious enough; but I was hurt and angered when I was suspected of being a murderer—a cowardly murderer,—and I resolved never to see Cornwall again."

Mrs. Tressallen gave a sob, and he hastened to say:

"Then I married. My wife, you should know, has been compelled to live out of England—she has been more or less of an invalid all her life long,—and I soon grew fond of this place. The steward at the priory has been able to send me my rents pretty regularly."

"But you will return now?" inquired Mrs. Tressallen.

"I think not; but—" Arthur Penruddock smiled,—*"Beatrix should see the country to which she belongs. Is it not fortunate that the priory is unentailed? At one time, according to tradition, the two estates were one, and must become so again—that is, if my little girl is disposed to accept your grandson's offer,"* he added.

"I hope she will," Mrs. Tressallen said.

"And I am *certain* she will," Arthur Penruddock observed, smilingly; though in his heart he sighed. "The love of father and mother is not always enough. Yet, thank God, the mystery of your son's death has been solved, though I am to lose my girl."

"Thank God, indeed!" Mrs. Tressallen said, reverently.

A City of Confusion.

THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS.

BY THE REV. HENRY G. GANSS.

(CONTINUED.)

THIS query inspired the present attempt to prove that Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism were really interchangeable at the birth of the English Reformation; that Protestantism and Episcopalianism were not only convertible terms, but that the ordination to which Dr. Briggs will submit was seldom exacted; that Anglican orders, as now understood, were nothing more than a repristination of pre-Reformation doctrine; and that if ancient Episcopalian precedent were followed, Dr. Briggs would be admitted to exercise the functions of the ministry with as much alacrity as he was to share the privileges of Episcopalian membership.

What makes the status of Dr. Briggs different from that of Saravia, Travers, Calendrin, Allix, Du Moulin, De Laune, De Beauvais, Primrose, the De l'Angle brothers, the younger Du Moulin, and many other Reformed ministers, all of whom were admitted to benefices, treated as "priests," and universally recognized by the primates, bishops, theologians, and universities of the Church of England at its very establishment?

The subject as here treated may form a supplementary chapter to a controversy that has for years aroused much discussion—we mean Anglican orders. But, strange to say, the phase here treated, and which Dr. Briggs' case will revive, was almost totally ignored.

The questions which the following anthology proposes to answer from a purely historical point of view, availing itself of *exclusively Protestant testimony*, are: Was the Anglican Church Catholic or Protestant in its origin? Was the

LET us prefer, let us not exclude.

—Abbé Roux.

absolute, indispensable necessity of episcopacy, or episcopal ordination to the ministry or priesthood, enjoined by canon, observed by precedent, or uniformly acknowledged in practice?

The evidence adduced represents the verdict of Protestant historians, the consentient opinion of the Anglican hierarchy, and its authoritative exponents contemporaneous and immediately subsequent to the so-called Reformation. The citations are given without note or comment.

MACAULAY.

"The English reformers were eager to go as far as their brethren on the Continent. They unanimously condemned as anti-Christian numerous dogmas and practices to which Henry [VIII.] had stubbornly adhered, and which Elizabeth reluctantly abandoned. Many felt a strong repugnance even to things indifferent which had formed part of the polity and ritual of the mystical Babylon. Thus Bishop Hooper, who died manfully at Gloucester for his religion, long refused to wear the episcopal vestments. Bishop Ridley, a martyr of still greater renown, pulled down the ancient altars of his diocese, and ordered the Eucharist to be administered in the middle of churches, at tables which Papists irreverently termed oyster-beds. Bishop Jewell pronounced the clerical garb to be a stage dress, a fool's coat, a relic of the Amorites, and promised that he would spare no labor to extirpate such degrading absurdities. Archbishop Grindal long hesitated about accepting a mitre, for dislike of what he regarded as the mummery of consecration. Bishop Parkhurst uttered a fervent prayer that the Church of England would propose to herself the Church of Zurich as the absolute pattern of a Christian community. Bishop Boner was of the opinion that the word *bishop* should be abandoned to the Papists, and that the chief officers of the purified

church should be called superintendents."*

"The Church of Rome held that episcopacy was of divine institution, and that certain graces of a high order had been transmitted by the imposition of hands through fifty generations, from the eleven who received their commission on the Galilean mount to the bishops who met at Trent. A large body of Protestants, on the other hand, regarded prelacy as positively unlawful, and persuaded themselves that they found a very different form of ecclesiastical government prescribed in Scripture. The founders of the Anglican Church took a middle course. They retained episcopacy, but they did not declare it to be an institution essential to the welfare of a Christian society or to the efficacy of the Sacraments. Cranmer, indeed, plainly avowed his conviction that in primitive times there was no distinction between bishops and priests, and that the laying on of hands was altogether unnecessary."†

"The King—such was the opinion of Cranmer, given in the plainest words—might, in virtue of authority derived from God, make a priest; and a priest so made needed no ordination whatever.‡... In the reign of Elizabeth, Jewell, Cooper, Whitgift, and other eminent doctors, defended prelacy as innocent, as useful, as what the state might lawfully establish; as what, when established by the state, was entitled to the respect of every citizen;... they regarded the Protestants of the Continent as of the same household of faith with themselves.... An English churchman—nay, even an English prelate—if he went to Holland, conformed without scruple to the established religion of Holland.... It was even held that Presbyterian ministers were entitled to place and voice in œcumenical councils.... Nay, many Eng-

* "History of England," vol. i, p. 39. Lippincott, 1878.

† Ibid., p. 41.

‡ Ibid., p. 43.

lish benefices were held by divines who had been admitted to the ministry in the Calvinistic form used on the Continent; nor was reordination by a bishop in such cases thought necessary or even lawful."*

GREEN.†

"England became the common refuge of the panic-stricken Protestants. Bucer and Fagius were sent to lecture at Cambridge. Peter Martyr advocated the anti-sacramentarian views at Oxford.‡ Even the episcopal mode of government which still connected the English Church with the old Catholic communion was reduced to a form; in Cranmer's mind the spiritual powers of the bishops were drawn simply from the King's commission, as the temporal jurisdiction was exercised in the King's name. They were reduced, therefore, to the position of royal officers, and called to hold their offices simply as royal favors."||

"Hooper, who had been named Bishop of Gloucester, refused to wear episcopal habits, and denounced them as the livery of the 'harlot of Babylon'—a name for the Papacy, which was supposed to have been discovered in the Apocalypse. Ecclesiastical orders almost came to an end. Priests flung aside their surplices as superstitious. Patrons of livings presented their huntsmen and gamekeepers to the benefices in their gift and kept the stipend."§ "The government, however, was far from quailing before this division of the episcopate [rejection of the new liturgy]. Dowdall was driven from the country; and the vacant sees were filled with Protestants like Bale, of the most advanced type."¶

* Ibid., p. 59.

† John Richard Green was himself an Anglican clergyman, and for a time vicar of an East London parish.

‡ "History of the English People," vol. i, p. 158.

|| Ibid., p. 162.

§ Ibid., p. 163.

¶ Ibid., p. 164.

FROUDE.

"The position of bishops in the Church of England has been from the first anomalous.... The method of episcopal appointments instituted by Henry VIII. as a temporary expedient, and abolished under Edward VI. as an unreality, was re-established by Elizabeth,—not certainly because she believed that the invocation of the Holy Ghost was required for the completeness of an election which her own choice had already determined, not because the bishops obtained any gifts of grace in their consecration which she herself respected, but because the shadowy form of an election with a religious ceremony following it gave them the semblance of spiritual independence—the semblance without the substance,—which qualified them to be instruments of the system which she desired to enforce. They were tempted to presume on their phantom dignity, till the sword of Cromwell taught them the true value of apostolic descent; and we have a right to regret that the original theory of Cranmer was departed from; that, being officers of the Crown, as much appointed by the sovereign as the Lord Chancellor, the bishops should not have worn openly their real character, and received their appointments by letter patent without further ceremony.

"The Presbyterians did not resent authority as such, but authority which assumed a divine origin, when resting on nothing but a *congé d'élire*.... No national object was secured by the transparent fiction of the election and consecration. The invocation of the Holy Spirit either meant nothing and was a taking of sacred names in vain, or it implied that the Third Person of the Trinity was, as a matter of course, to register the already declared decision of the English sovereign.... The wisest and best of its bishops have found their influence impaired, their position made equivocal, by the element of

unreality that adheres to them. A feeling approaching to contempt has blended with the reverence attaching to their position, and has prevented them from carrying the weight in the councils of the nation which has been commanded by men of no greater intrinsic eminence in other professions. Pretensions which many of them would have gladly abandoned have connected their office with a smile. . . . The latest and most singular theory about them is that of the modern English neo-Catholic who disregards his bishop's advice and despises his censures; but looks on him, nevertheless, as some high-bred, worn-out animal; useless in himself, but infinitely valuable for some mysterious purpose of breeding."*

HALLAM.

"It is evident, by some passages in Strype attentively considered, that natives regularly ordained abroad in the Presbyterian churches were admitted to hold preferment in England; the first bishop who objected to them was Aylmer. Instances, however, of foreigners holding preferment without any ordination may be found down to the civil wars."† "Cranmer and some of the original founders of the Anglican Church, far from maintaining the divine and indispensable right of episcopal government, held that bishops and priests were of the same order."‡

CHILD.

"It can be proved beyond reasonable doubt that Episcopal orders were not insisted upon in practice in the Church of England as an indispensable condition to the ministry down to the Rebellion, or in one or two instances after it. . . . We may trace a perfect tradition in the English Church to the effect that the validity of non-Episcopal orders to a whole line of bishops, from Jewell, in the com-

mencement of Elizabeth's reign, through Whitgift, Bancroft, Andrews, Overall, Mirton, and Cousin."*

FISHER.

"There is no trace of such a doctrine [apostolic succession] in 'The Apology for the Church of England,' and in 'The Defence of the Apology,' by Jewell, which has been regarded by Anglicans with just pride as a masterly refutation of Roman Catholic accusations against their system."†

"Near the end of Elizabeth's reign, Hooker, in his celebrated work in defence of the Church of England [Ecclesiastical Polity], fully concedes the validity of the Presbyterian ordination. . . . Even as late as 1618, in the reign of James I., an English bishop‡ and several Anglican clergymen sat in the synod of Dort, with a presbyter for its moderator. . . . The episcopal constitution of the English Church for a long period put no barrier in the way of the most free and fraternal relations between that body and the Protestant churches on the Continent. . . . Ministers who had received Presbyterian ordination were admitted to take charge of English parishes without a question as to the validity of their orders."||

BREWER.

"A bishop may make a priest by the Scripture, and so may princes and governors also, and that by the authority of God committed to them. In common with other reformers, Cranmer looked upon all spiritual functions as absolutely dependent on the will of the King, as temporal commissions, like those of any other magistrate."§

(To be continued.)

* Child (Gilbert W.), Exeter College "Church and State under the Tudors," p. 293, et seq.

† "History of the Reformation," p. 334.

‡ Bishop Hall: "My unworthiness was named for one of the assistants of that honorable, grave and reverend body."

|| Ibid., pp. 333-335.

§ "English Studies," p. 333.

* "History of England," vol. xii, pp. 557, 558.

† "Constitutional History of England," vol. i, ch. vii, p. 386.

‡ Ibid., 388.

An Important Subject in Its True Light.

THE PROOF OF MIRACLES.

IT is unquestionable that miracles constitute one of the greatest difficulties that beset unbelievers who, realizing the meagreness, the nothingness of unbelief, feel drawn to Christianity. This difficulty is rendered all the more insurmountable to them from the fact that so many Christian apologists waive the objections to the proof from miracles, or fail to discern their full force. The subject is of the highest importance, especially when so much is written against miracles, and so little, truth to tell, that satisfactorily explains and defends the argument drawn from them. Assuming that miracles are held by believers to be a revelation of God—a revelation of His intention regarding mankind,—it is natural that those who have not the gift of faith should find this evidence insufficient. Many persons sincerely desirous of believing, wrongly suppose that the firm, undoubting faith professed by Christians rests on the miracles recorded in the New Testament; whereas they were wrought not as the revelation, but as a witness to the revelation.

The objections which reason could urge against the belief in miracles are nowhere, we think, more frankly stated or more ably refuted than in the newly published life of Dr. Brownson. These objections are presented in a work entitled "Charles Elwood," the purpose of which was to induce the unbeliever to look upon Christianity with more favorable sentiments, and ultimately influence him to seek admission into the Church. The book is not, as some readers have thought, the author's profession of faith at the time when it was written. Dr. Brownson's biographer has done well to analyze this work. Besides vindicating the memory of his illustrious father, he affords an able

refutation of the objections to miracles one so often hears urged. We give the passage entire: it is too important and too well constructed to admit of the slightest abbreviation.

It is too much to hope that what follows will be widely copied by the Catholic press; though it is calculated to remove an obstacle encountered by thousands of non-Catholics mysteriously drawn to the Church, sincerely wishing to believe in her creed. If the subject of miracles is treated in any doctrinal work just as it is treated here, we can say that we do not recall the name of the book.

* * *

"The objections to miracles made by Charles Elwood are reducible to three: 1. The miracles are not proved; 2. They can not be proved to have been really miracles; 3. They are valueless as proofs of divine revelation. All actual or conceivable objections to the argument from miracles come under one or another of these three heads.

"The miracles in question are those recorded in the New Testament, which are said to have been publicly performed, and to have been publicly appealed to by our Blessed Saviour and His Apostles in attestation of His divine mission. The first objection alleges that these miracles, or the facts alleged to be miracles, are not proved to have taken place 'You allege,' says Charles, 'miracles in proof of revelation, when, in fact, nothing about your revelation, or in it, is more in need of proof than your miracles themselves.' This is no doubt true; for when the miracles are proved all is proved. But the intention of Charles was to assert that what evidence there is of the facts called miracles is insufficient.

"The reason why the evidence in the case is regarded as incomplete is, I apprehend, in the assumption that the miracles being extraordinary facts can not be sufficiently evidenced unless by extraor-

dinary proofs. The evidence we actually have in their favor, all who have examined it at all admit, is equal, to say the least, to that which we have in the case of the ordinary facts of history, which no one ever thinks of doubting. No one can deny that the actual amount of testimony we have that there was such a person as Jesus Christ is much greater than that which we have that there was such a person as Julius Cæsar, and that the testimony in favor of any one of His miracles is equal to that which we have in favor of any one of Cæsar's battles. How happens it, then, that men may be found who believe the latter and not the former? The answer is in the nature of the facts asserted. Cæsar and his acts, it is felt, lie in the order of nature and belong to the ordinary course of events; while Jesus Christ and His acts lie out of the ordinary course of things—are extraordinary in their nature, and therefore demand extraordinary evidence to warrant us in believing them. But is this true? Can any man assign any reason why the evidence which would warrant us in believing that Cæsar invaded Britain should not warrant us in believing that Our Lord fed five thousand persons with five loaves and two fishes?

"No man can say that miracles are not possible,—nay, we all know they are possible; for we know that God can work a miracle if He chooses, since He is omnipotent, and a miracle implies no contradiction. Before He works a miracle we, of course, can not say He will work one, nor can we say that He will not. We have not the least reason for presuming against a miracle, if indeed we have no ground to presume in favor of one. God can as easily raise the dead as create the living; and there is nothing more absurd in supposing He does raise a dead man to life than there is in supposing that He creates a living man. If it be alleged that He has on a particular occasion, for an end worthy of His character as known

by the light of natural reason, actually done so, there is no reason *a priori* why we should not believe it. It becomes a simple question of fact, and is to be believed the same as any other question of fact, on sufficient testimony.

"The miracles, furthermore, recorded in the New Testament as simple facts to be proved are by no means extraordinary facts, but wholly within the reach of our ordinary faculties. Their cause, or the agency by which they are wrought, is not the point to which the witnesses are required to depose. Of that we can judge as well as the witnesses; and it is determined, not by the testimony, but by reason operating on the facts testified to. These facts, as facts to be observed, do not lie out of the order of nature; require no extraordinary powers to recognize them, and therefore no extraordinary evidence to establish them.

"Take as an illustration the feeding of the five thousand persons with five loaves and two fishes. The points in this extraordinary act which require to be proved are very few, very simple, very obvious. Who did the act? How many were fed? How many loaves and fishes were used? How much remained after the multitude had eaten all they wished? Here are all the interrogatories it is necessary to put to the witnesses. The first is a simple question of personal identity, the others are simple questions of numeration, and all are questions of a very ordinary kind, the true answer to which it is by no means difficult to ascertain.

"Suppose the fact to have actually taken place, why would it be more difficult to prove it than it is to prove Leonidas and three hundred Spartans defended the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persians, or that the city of Jerusalem was taken by the Romans under Titus, son of Vespasian? If miracles are possible, if we can presume nothing against their actually being wrought, and if what in

regard to them requires to be proved is as easily and as certainly ascertainable, and as susceptible in its nature of proof, as the ordinary facts of history, it must be conceded that the proof which suffices to prove the ordinary facts of history is all that is needed for them, and we are unreasonable when we demand more. It is not true, then, that reason demands extraordinary proof in the case of the miracles, and that we can not prudently assent to them unless they are sustained by more than the ordinary degree of historical evidence.

"Moreover, this extraordinary evidence is supposed to be necessary because it is also supposed that the faith we are required to elicit by its means is of an extraordinary character. Say there is as ample evidence of the genuineness of the Four Gospels as there is of Virgil's poems or Cicero's orations, it amounts to nothing, it is alleged, because the faith we are required to elicit in the latter case is only of the ordinary kind, and no great harm can result if we chance to be deceived; but with the Gospels it is different. The faith we are required to have in what they record is of an extraordinary kind, is to be a faith without doubting, and to be made the basis of our whole theoretical and practical life. This faith, it is evident, must have a higher degree of certainty than we can possibly have in any remote historical facts; supported only by historical proofs.

"If we were required on the historical evidence of miracles to believe the Scriptures to be written by divine inspiration, and to take whatever they allege as the word of God, no historical evidence would or could suffice. If, again, the faith we are to yield the miracles on the strength of the historical testimony were to be that firm, undoubting faith which we must have in order to be true Christian believers, the testimony would unquestionably be insufficient; and this is the

difficulty on this point felt by many sincerely wishing to believe. They see clearly that they can not get from the historical evidence in the case anything like that degree of certainty that the miracles were actually wrought, which they feel they must have in the Christian doctrine in order to be true and firm believers. In this they are right. They must believe the Christian doctrine with a firmer faith than they do ordinary historical facts. This is the reason why Charles Elwood considers the evidence of the events called miracles not sufficient to authenticate them as actual facts.

"But it is not required that this firm faith be elicited on the strength of the miracles. It is not required to believe them with any firmer faith than the ordinary events of authentic history. If the historical evidence of the miracles is such as to warrant, in the prudent exercise of reason,* taking them as actual facts, it is all that is required. Reason, in such case, requires us to take them as true; and to act, in all ordinary action, on them as true is perfectly reasonable. That this is enough for faith, I do not pretend; but that it is enough to warrant prudent action, I do pretend; and this is all that in the case is needed. For the faith that is required to be elicited, the religious faith, that is to come by and by, and by another agency. That faith does not depend on the assent given to the miracles or the strength of the historical testimony. That would be asking too much. But because the historical testimony does not suffice for religious faith, we must not conclude that it does not suffice for simple intellectual belief, and the removal of the objections which reason could urge against believing.

"The Protestant takes his faith professedly on the authority of the Bible; the Bible on the authority of the miracles; and the miracles on the testimony of history; and therefore has for his faith

only the degree of certainty that testimony is capable of giving; which, if sufficient for one or two points, is evidently insufficient as it regards the main body of Christian doctrine, and therefore inadequate for full religious faith. But this is a mistake. The faith, the absolute certainty of faith, does not rest on the miracles; nor depend, in the last analysis, on historical testimony. It comes from another source, and is the gift of God. It can come only through the supernatural elevation of the creditive subject by the infused habit of faith. The belief we seek to produce by means of the miracles is of a different order, and for the purpose of removing the intellectual obstacle there may be to the operations of divine grace. For such purpose all that is required of the historical testimony is the simple, ordinary faith which we yield to historical facts in general.

"I will not enter into any detail of the historical evidence, but merely remark that the Church—that is to say, the whole body of Christians—has, by a uniform tradition from the first, asserted that the facts actually occurred: they were asserted by those who could not have been deceived, and by their lives and martyr-deaths prove they could not have wished to deceive; the gentile enemies of the Christians conceded the facts; and so did and so do still the Jews, as we learn from their own writings; and in point of fact no ancient events have a tithe of the historical testimony in their favor which the miracles of the New Testament have in theirs. This, it seems to me, removes the second difficulty, and allows us to assert that the events called miracles are both provable and proved.

"But the great difficulty lies further back, and consists in the doubt whether the events called miracles can be really proved to have been miracles; and if miracles, whether they really prove that

God has made us a revelation. A careful examination of the facts enumerated proves that if they were real facts, they were miracles. They are evidently superhuman, and require superhuman power for their production; and as they are all obviously for a good and holy end, they can have been produced only by a good and holy power.

"The argument of Charles Elwood is founded on a false assumption. He makes Mr. Smith admit that man, independently of revelation, supernatural revelation, is in total ignorance of God. He had no right to put this admission into the mouth of his antagonist; for man by natural reason can know something of God. 'His invisible things, even His eternal power and divinity, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.'* This fact overthrows his whole argument, because it leaves to us the power by natural reason to know enough of God to be able to recognize His seal in the miracle.

"Charles objects to miracles, that we must know as much of God in order to know that the miracle is a miracle and wrought by Him, as the miracle itself can teach us of Him; and therefore the miracle is superfluous. The antecedent is true; the consequent is illogical and false. The miracle can teach us no more of God, in Himself considered, than we knew before, and it is not intended to. The miracle is not wrought as the revelation, but as a witness to the revelation. We must know as much of the character of God before we can recognize Him in the miracle as the miracle can teach us; and yet the miracle may not be superfluous; for it may, though it in itself teaches us nothing new of God, accredit His messenger.

"A minister presents his credentials to a foreign court sealed with the seal

* Romans, i, 20.

of his government. This seal reveals to the foreign government nothing of the intentions of his government; but it authorizes the minister, and proves that he speaks by the authority of his own sovereign, and that whatever he says is to be considered as said by his sovereign himself. The fallacy of Charles was in assuming that the miracle was intended to be a revelation of God, that is, a revelation of His intention in respect of us. This it undoubtedly is not. If the miracle accredits the miracle-worker as a divine messenger, it accomplishes its purpose; for, by proving him to be from God, it authorizes us to assume that what he says is said by divine authority—that is, by God Himself through him, and therefore that his doctrine is from God.”

**

The Life of Dr. Brownson contains much else of the highest interest and importance. It seems to us that when a book like this appears, it is the bounden duty of Catholic editors to examine it and let their readers know what it contains. If instead of filling columns with accounts of persons and things of no consideration, with narrations that neither interest nor edify, space were devoted to such extracts as the foregoing, Catholic papers would be more widely read than most of them are, and have stronger reason even for existence than not a few of them can at present offer. We will say further that no Catholic library is worthy of the name which does not contain such standard books as the Works and the Life of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson.

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GOD attracts us to Him by instincts and desires and aspirations after a happiness higher than sense, more enduring, more changeless, than this mortal life. He speaks to us articulately in the stirring life of nature and the silence of our own being.—*Manning*.

Notes and Remarks.

Bismarck has followed Gladstone to the tomb, and of the three grand old men of Europe Leo alone remains. What was once cynically said of Gladstone may be more truthfully repeated of the Iron Chancellor; “In his public policy he always followed the dictates of his conscience, but he had a way of making his conscience dictate whatever he wanted to do.” Bismarck persuaded himself that the German people had a providential mission, and his queer conscience told him that his duty was to instigate the Austrian and the Franco-Prussian wars, because the Empire would thus be unified and strengthened, and its enemies humbled and weakened. With the same conscientious purpose, seemingly, he established the Kulturkampf—so he said, at least, toward the close of his life. There is a lesson for statesmen in the fact that not only did this man of blood and iron go to Canossa against his own public declaration, but the Centre Party, first organized to resist the Kulturkampf, is to-day dictating the policy of the Empire which Bismarck created.

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As it is probable that the army will remain on a war footing for some time to come, the importance of the question of chaplains is not lessened. It is well to state that in the case of volunteer regiments chaplains are appointed by the governors of the different States, not by the President. Two of our bishops had no difficulty in having a Catholic chaplain assigned to regiments recruited in their respective States, the majority of the soldiers being Catholics. We are assured that steps in the right direction will secure the same result everywhere; and that if so many regiments composed largely of Catholic soldiers have been deprived of the ministrations of priests, it is the fault of—those who should have seen to the matter.

We are still of opinion that in the case of regular troops the government must be ‘bombarded with protests’ until the requisite number of Catholic chaplains is appointed. There are plenty of Protestant ministers acting in this capacity, but at least three-

fifths of the soldiers and sailors are Catholics, who have no use whatever for the services of a Protestant clergyman. As far as they are concerned, he might as well be behind a haystack drinking buttermilk as in the very jaws of death. If there were entire willingness to give Catholic soldiers and seamen their rights, it remains to be explained why formal offers of priests to serve as chaplains in the army and navy have been ignored. The war had hardly begun when these offers were made to the authorities in Washington.

Some of our exchanges at home and abroad have announced that Father Willms, the American director of the Association of the Holy Childhood, was one of the passengers who went down with the ill-fated *Bourgogne*. We are glad to contradict this report, all the more so because Father Willms owes his preservation to a rigid interpretation of his duty. When about to start for Paris to attend a general meeting of the directors of the Association, he wrote to a friend asking him to secure second-class passage on the *Bourgogne*. His friend discovered that a second-class passage could no longer be procured, and on his own responsibility arranged to have Father Willms travel first-class. The good priest did not feel justified in using the funds of the Association for his own comfort; and, cancelling the arrangement at the last moment, took cheaper passage on another steamer. Father Willms thus owes his life to his strict adherence to conscience in what most people would regard as a very trifling matter.

Long before the war broke out, United States Minister Phelps declared that most of the insurgents in Cuba were mere guerillas, and evidence is accumulating to corroborate this assertion. The account of the destruction of Cervera's fleet written by Ensign Powell, of Admiral Sampson's flagship, contains a reference to the Cuban patriots that seems to have been overlooked by their admirers,—"a nice little example of Cuban bravery."

Those sweet, kind, considerate, gentle, abused Cuban soldiers whom we are fighting for, were on

the beach, shooting every Spaniard that came within range; so that swimmers and boats had to turn back to the burning ship [the *Viscaya* from which they had escaped]. And that ship blew up early! We saw a dozen small explosions, and finally one big one that tore the after-part of the ship to bits. The *Iowa* sent a boat, and a torpedo boat also went in; and I'll bet those Cubans stopped their butchery in short order under the persuasion of their guns. And, by the way, that mutilation story about our marines is untrue. One was killed with a machete, and naturally had a couple of bad-looking cuts. The other was shot thirty or forty times; but neither was mutilated, as was given out.

One account has it that the *Iowa* actually fired a shell at the Cubans, so great was the indignation excited by their savagery. It is not known how many of the Spanish sailors perished in the water. Many of them were already wounded. We have no taste for war, but we acknowledge that we should have been glad to see the shell fired that persuaded those noble Cuban patriots to retire.

The southern division of the Methodist Church has had a standing claim before the Senate for damages inflicted on church property by our army during the Civil War. Some months ago Brother Stahlman was authorized to "railroad" the matter through, the reward for his services to be thirty-five per cent of the spoils. When questioned as to the part played by Stahlman, the church people returned a misleading answer, on the strength of which the Senate voted \$288,000 to the Methodist Church, South. The truth afterward came out, however. The Senate demanded an examination, but adjourned before any important action could be taken; and Uncle Sam has only to "grin and bear it." We have no desire to ventilate this scandal further, but we should like to ask any honest man what would be the state of the public mind if Catholics instead of Methodists had been guilty of this fraud?

Yet once again the hard word of Mr. Gladstone seems to be justified—that "England never did anything for Ireland out of a pure sense of justice." After all the brave talk of statesmen and churchmen, the present government, after long deliberation, has decided against the endowment of a

Catholic University for Ireland. If Ireland gets nothing else out of these debates, however, she has at least secured a new argument in favor of Home Rule; for the world has been shown conclusively that the imperial government is not willing to redress an Irish grievance even when it is proved such and the wrong might easily be righted. The *Weekly Register*, which has excellent opportunities for knowing the truth, states that Lord Salisbury's government could carry the measure through with much more than its usual majority; and that, though nearly all the members of the Cabinet were personally in favor of the measure, they feared to arouse the ire of the loyal Orangemen of the kingdom. Thus politicians are much the same the world over; and when the great Anglo-Saxon Federation comes to unite us to our long-lost cousins, Lord Salisbury and his colleagues will have had such a training as will justify them in aspiring to be aldermen in Chicago.

If the worldly success of the late Mr. Banigan, who came to this country a poor boy and died a millionaire, is an encouragement and inspiration to the poor man, the noble use he made of his wealth may serve as an example to the wealthy. He built a home for the poor and aged, and another for working girls; gave a valuable site for an infant asylum, and contributed large sums of money to churches and educational and charitable institutions. There have been a good baker's dozen Catholic millionaires in America, but Mr. Banigan seems to have been among the very few who were constantly offering to God the millionaire's mite. May he rest in peace!

Nothing can be more certain than that the Roman Catholic Church is one of the strongest bulwarks of our nation for the protection of property and life and the prevention of anarchy and crime; and that innumerable millions of the human race have, on the whole, lived better lives and died happier because of its teachings and ministrations.—*Geo. T. Angell*.

Thousands of our intelligent Protestant countrymen know this as well as Mr. Angell, but not all of them would be tempted to

express themselves so unreservedly. The venerable humanitarian has the courage of his convictions. A good many other men never say anything in favor of the Catholic Church until they are persuaded that it will pay to do so. When it is an advantage to them to vilify Catholics, they speak and write with as little scruple as they hold their tongues on occasions when manliness and a sense of justice should prompt them to speak up. We have in mind one public man who is a bigot among bigots, and who pretends to be liberal-minded when associating with persons whose rebukes he has learned to fear.

Two Protestant missionaries engaged in evangelical labors in Spain inform the *London Outlook* that they suffered neither insult nor injustice during the late war. They have been permitted to distribute hymn books and Bibles without let or hindrance,—a trait in the "bloodthirsty Spaniard" which surprised them. We commend this testimony to those pious church-wardens down in the barrens of Indiana who recently petitioned the President "not to lower the American flag from any spot of territory until absolute equality is guaranteed to men of all religions." The first name signed to this petition, we observe, is that of Mr. Z. T. Sweeny, whom President Harrison appointed consul-general to Turkey. If Mr. Sweeny is zealous for absolute religious equality, why doesn't he campaign for it right here in the United States?

Another Canadian prelate, Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, has passed to his rest. Born in 1830, he was ordained at the age of twenty-four, and thirteen years later was consecrated Bishop of Sandwich, Ontario. He soon secured the transfer of his see to London, Ontario, where he erected a magnificent cathedral. Later, on the death of Archbishop Lynch in 1889, he became Archbishop of Toronto, where his ability and his sterling character won encomiums even from the Orangemen. Rome also approved of him. "I like Archbishop Walsh," Pope Leo XIII. observed once; "he is a man

of prudence and moderation,"—a judgment in which all his contemporaries will doubtless acquiesce. Mgr. Walsh had many of the qualities of the ideal ecclesiastic: he was pious, learned, eloquent, affable, and full of resources. His death, which was sudden, has deprived the hierarchy of Canada of one of its strongest members. *R. I. P.*

We are moved to pay tribute to the Protestant ministers acting as chaplains at the different camps in the South. They are liberal-minded, well-meaning men, seemingly eager to do all the good in their power. Their kindly acts are not confined to co-religionists: Catholics as well as Protestants share in the favors they are constantly bestowing. Some of these reverend gentlemen go so far as to distribute Catholic periodicals, and one of them rode several miles to summon a priest to attend a dying soldier. This is noble conduct. The bigots among the Protestant clergy are not conspicuous since the war broke out; they hate danger as much as they do Catholics. The chaplain of the First Ohio Volunteer Infantry who said, "Though at home a Methodist, I am here the servant of Him who bore the cross for our salvation," was just a trifle ambiguous; however, we hope that when this cruel war is all over and good Brother Henderson returns to his home, he will not be less liberal-minded than he was while in camp.

The *Literary Digest* continues to deserve censure for its anti-Catholic policy. It does not froth at the mouth or rave about popish abominations—it is too enlightened for that,—but it has a way of going to unfriendly Protestant papers for "information" about things Catholic. The issue of July 30, for instance, quotes from a German Protestant journal an account of the bread riots in Italy; and, of course, the Church is represented as conspiring with the socialists against law and order to embarrass the government of Humberto. There is no assertion of facts, but there is a column and a half of insinuation and inference, and then two brief squibs from Catholic journals. The

department headed "The Religious World" in the *Literary Digest* has been unfair to the Church and Catholics as a rule from the beginning.

If the truth were known, two classes of persons especially are heartily sick of the war—the newspaper correspondents at the front, and the men of the army and navy who have done most of the fighting. It wouldn't do just yet to publish some of the private letters that have come from Manila and Santiago. However, it may be said, on the authority of those who are capable of judging, that "the glory of the thing was played out long ago." There wasn't much of it, any way.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis X. Andries, S. J., of the Montana Mission; the Very Rev. Michael Brennan, Archdiocese of Baltimore; and the Rev. Francis J. Nelson, Diocese of Middlesborough, England, who lately departed this life.

Brother Ambrose, of the Christian Schools, who perished in the *Bourgogne*; and Sister M. Columba, Sisters of the Incarnate Word, San Antonio, Texas, who was called to the reward of her selfless life on the 23d ult.

Mr. John M. Frederick, of Baltimore, Md., who died a holy death on the 19th ult.

Mr. Edward Short, whose happy death took place on the 5th of May, in Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Francis Hoover, of Ebensburg, Pa.; Mrs. Mary, Steelsmith, Waukon, Iowa; Mrs. Monica Graf, St. Joseph, Ind.; Mr. Thomas O'Hanlin, Chinook, Mont.; Mr. James Rourke, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. Alice C. Donovan, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. Ellen Cassin, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Mary Brady, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Joseph Feenan and Anna Flanigan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Bridget Noon, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. Christopher McAvoy, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Creely and Mr. James Foley, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Daniel Callahan, Borden, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Cassidy, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Mary McManus and Mr. John McManus, Davenport, Iowa; Margaret Ross, Baltimore, Md.; and Mrs. M. Tansey, Alton, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Fairer than Lilies.

WHITE lilies grew within the tomb
Where Mary's form had lain,—
Meet emblems in that place of gloom
For her who knew no stain.

Each lily was a voice of love
To magnify her name,
Thus joining with the hosts above
Who chant our Mother's fame.

But fairer are the lily-hearts
That gather round her throne;
Their purity new joy imparts
The more 'tis like her own.

The Young Marauders.

BY MARY E. KELLY.

III.

JIM had no time for serious reflection over the Squire's conduct. When he reached home, his aunt set him to work potting some of her rarest plants for winter. Anna Louise trotted about him as he worked. Her chubby hands were smothered in red and gold nasturtiums, which she had plucked from the long box on the piazza. Her brown eyes were peeping out shyly from her tangled yellow curls, and there was a thoughtful expression on her round baby face. It was a dirty face, and her pinafore was in much the same condition; for dirt and Anna Louise seemed inseparable. She was "indigenous to the

soil," as one might say. She was talking to herself in baby fashion, and as Jim passed to and fro between the beds he heard her mutter:

"O Mrs. Tuart, how bid your baby is dettin'!"

"Who is Mrs. Tuart's baby?" laughed Jim, throwing himself for a moment on the veranda steps to rest.

Anna Louise placed one of her flower-filled hands about his neck and with the other patted the front of her soiled pinafore, as she said:

"I is."

"You are a dear little baby, but you have been picking mamma's flowers," added the boy, opening her hand and disclosing a mass of bruised stems.

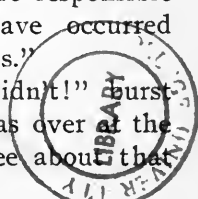
The little one scarcely heeded this admonition; for she ran from him to her father, who was entering the gate.

"Come into the house, Jim," said Mr. Stuart, as he passed. "I have something to say to you."

Jim followed, wondering not a little at his uncle's grave face.

"Jim," began Mr. Stuart, seating himself, "I am obliged to speak to you very seriously to-day. Squire Leighton sent me word this morning that you, in company with Bob Cootes and the Ward boys, were in his grounds last evening and carried off four of his largest melons. He is convinced that you are responsible for all the thefts that have occurred during the past three weeks."

"I didn't do it—no, I didn't!" burst out Jim, vehemently. "I was over at the Squire's this morning to see about that



position, and I told him what I tell you now—I didn't do it!"

"Jim, Jim!" remonstrated his uncle. "Do not add falsehood to your already great offences. How often have I warned you and Joe against associating with those roughs!"

The boy threw his head back, with a look so like his dead father that for a moment it quite unnerved his uncle.

"I was never in his chicken park in my life," he stoutly declared; "and his melon patch may be in Halifax for all I know. I never told you a lie, sir, and I am not going to begin now."

"But he saw you," feebly persisted Alec Stuart. "He followed you to the Bend and identified every one of you; and the Squire is a man whose veracity is not to be doubted."

Jim was silent for a few moments; then he brightened up and exclaimed:

"Why, I was over at Voight's drug-store last evening until nine o'clock. I left Joe there when I came away, and—" he stopped suddenly, all the animation dying out of his face; for he remembered that it was nearly eleven when he aroused Hannah. The faithful old servitor had grumblingly admitted him; and his uncle, who was returning from a business engagement, had sharply reprimanded him for his late hours.

"It lacked a few minutes of eleven when I met you in the hall," said Mr. Stuart. "Joe was in bed and asleep; for I looked into his room as I passed."

"I let Joe in the front way," quickly interposed his wife. "I do not remember the time, but it was before I retired."

"Your father, lad," his uncle went on, pathetically, "was the most honest man that ever lived. Just before his death he told me he would rather leave you a beggar than a millionaire with ill-gotten gains. Since you were placed under my care I have tried to do my duty both by precept and example. It grieves me more

than I can tell; for it seems"—here his voice faltered—"that I have failed."

Down deep in his heart Alec Stuart had terrible misgivings, which he would not mention even to the partner of his joys and sorrows.

"You may go now," he said, quietly. "If you are innocent, you will have an opportunity of proving it. I will investigate the matter when I've done with this week's heavy cares. The Squire estimates his loss at forty dollars, and I have promised to settle for your share. Out of consideration for me he has declined to prosecute, and I have begged him to keep the matter quiet."

As Jim left the room, his uncle looked after him in troubled silence.

"Why don't you threaten to send him from home, if he does not promise to do better?" inquired his wife.

"I could not do that," was the sad reply. "And he looked so like his dead father then that it startled me."

"Nonsense!"

"He has always been a good boy; it is bad company that has influenced him for the time."

"He takes good care of Anna Louise," admitted Mrs. Stuart; "but, then, he is so hasty and quarrelsome with Joe, and Joe has such a sweet disposition."

At which her mild-mannered spouse held his peace.

IV.

Joe was at the river fishing, whither he had gone early in the morning, taking a lunch with him. Directly after dinner Jim stole away from the vigilant eyes of Anna Louise and went down to the grassy spot near the Bend. Joe was seated on the bank, with his feet dangling against the sides, and his eyes riveted upon a long pole that extended far out over the water. He looked up quickly at the other's approach, and said in a low tone:

"What do you make such a plaguy noise for, Jim Stuart? I've got a beau-

tiful nibble. You'll frighten him away."

"Joe," said Jim, plunging abruptly into the subject he had come there to discuss, "sneak thieves were in Squire Leighton's grounds again last evening and carried off some of his prize melons. He followed their boat to this place, and discovered them to be Bob Cootes and the Ward boys; the fourth, he declares, was I. But you know—you know it wasn't."

"I!—how should I know?" inquired Joe, innocently. "You left me at Voight's, about nine. Didn't you come home?"

"That's the trouble," said Jim. "You know I told you I was coming home to work at my perpetual motion machine. I worked there until nearly eleven; had it almost complete—only it would stop every now and then. I had no idea it was so late until I came up to the house."

"That's bad," commented Joe. "And if the Squire says it was you, it will have to stand, I suppose. His word is as good as his bond, they say."

Joe's attention was now directed to the line, which was rapidly moving in an opposite direction. At the proper moment, when it began to sink, he scrambled to his feet and with a mighty effort landed a large catfish.

"Ugh, beauty!" he cried, shrugging his shoulders in disgust. "I wonder what I will do with you? If I bring you up to the house, old Hannah will have spasms, and we'll all probably choke to death on your bones. But you'll make a good showing, any way."

So saying, he detached the hook and strung the fish on a long line in the water; then he rebaited his hook.

Jim watched these movements mechanically. It was evident that his thoughts were far away.

"Well," resumed Joe, seating himself in the same position, "the Squire is an old screw, and I don't blame you, Jim, for filching from him when you had the

chance. He paid fifty dollars for that St. Bernard dog when he was a puppy. He eats as much in the day as you and I, and they lock him up at night for fear he will be stolen."

Here Joe chuckled.

"I am going right down to Ward's house now," said Jim, decidedly. "I will persuade the boys to tell who it was that the Squire mistook for me."

"The boys have gone," answered Joe, sententiously.

"Gone!" echoed Jim. "Where?"

"Don't know,—somewhere in Wood County, I believe; went to visit their uncle; passed by here early this morning. Cootes was with them."

Jim experienced a sinking of the heart. He was left to fight his battle alone.

"Better confess," urged Joe. "Make a clean breast of it and be forgiven."

When Joe turned around again to offer another bit of cousinly advice, he found himself alone: Jim had vanished.

The Squire had also presented his bill for damages to Jonas Ward, father of the other two culprits. Not that he expected to reap any material benefit from this proceeding, but he merely wished to guard against a repetition of the offence. Bob Cootes being an orphan, who usually made his home with Jonas, the latter was considered his natural guardian, and expected to redress all wrongs committed by that young marauder.

Jonas met the Squire's messenger at the door of his blacksmith shop and detained him in a long harangue, while some one slipped from the rear of the building over to the house and warned the trio of their danger. When the Squire's man finally tore himself away from old Jonas' arguments, and sought out Mrs. Ward, that lady informed him of the departure of the boys for Wood County, and gave him what he knew to be a false address.

Two Versions of an Old Story.

One day the courtiers of William the Conqueror, noticing that he was in a deep study, begged to know the cause of it.

"I have been wondering," said his Majesty, "as to the career of my sons after my death."

"Sire," answered the most learned of those about him, "if you will permit us to ask a few questions of your sons, and if they will answer us frankly, we shall have no difficulty in foretelling all that you wish to know."

The princes, who were quite young, made no objection, but willingly entered the presence of the wise men.

Robert came first.

"Fair sir," said one of the learned men, "if God had made you a bird, what bird would you wish to have been?"

"Of all birds," answered Robert, "I would choose to be a falcon, because it most resembles a gallant knight."

"I would choose to be an eagle," answered William Rufus in turn. "The eagle is king, and other birds fear it."

"I would be a starling," said Henry. "It is a happy, gentle bird that injures no one, and gains its living without trespassing upon the rights of its neighbors."

Then the wise men went to the King.

"We can make our prediction now," they said. "Robert will be brave and the world will honor him. As for William, he will be powerful and strong like the eagle he admires, but he will not be loved. He will be cruel and quarrelsome, and, after a wicked life, he will have a violent death. With Henry it will be different. He will maintain peace whenever it is possible; he will acquire wealth and be an honor to your name."

Time went on, and King William lay dying. But he had not forgotten the sayings of his advisers; so he left Normandy to Robert, England to William,

and his own private treasures to Henry, who succeeded his brothers and had a long, prosperous and happy reign.

There is an old Latin manuscript, dating back to the thirteenth century, in which we find a tale strangely like the one we have been telling.

A nobleman in England, it goes on to relate, was about to die. He was a wealthy baron, possessing large estates in Wales as well as in England, and the disposition of his property caused him great anxiety. He called no wise men to him, as did the king in the other version of the story, but interrogated his sons himself. To the eldest he said:

"If compelled to become a bird, what one would you choose to be?"

"A hawk, father," answered the young man. "It is fierce but it is noble."

"And I," said the second son, "would choose to be a starling, on account of its social qualities."

"I think," then observed the youngest, a grave and quiet lad, "that I would be a swan on account of its long neck. Having that neck, if there was anything in my heart to say I would have ample time for reflection before it got to my mouth."

The baron dismissed his sons, sent for his scribe and made his will, certain clauses of which ran in this wise:

"To my eldest son I leave my estates in England; for that is a peace-loving land, and in it he can not imitate the hawk, which lives by robbery. To my second son I give my lands in Wales. The Welsh are always at war: he who would be a starling will be a peace-maker and help to quiet the tumult. As for my youngest son, I leave him nothing; for he has shown that he is wise enough to gain wealth for himself."

What became of the elder sons is not recorded, but the youngest one rose to be Lord Chief-Justice of England, which in those days was the next thing to being king.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Perhaps the oldest living author is Madame du Bos d'Elbhecq, who still writes and publishes at the age of ninety and nine. The list of her books is astonishingly large, the best known being "Le Père Fargeau."

—The address delivered by the Rev. Dr. Barry in Hope Hall, Liverpool, on the 21st ult. ought to be published in pamphlet form and spread broadcast. It is an appeal to Catholic parents that ought to be heard and heeded wherever our language is spoken.

—A new cheap edition of "The Four Gospels," printed from clear type on good paper and bound in cloth, is welcome. It is afforded by the Benzigers. Round corners and a linen cover of some pleasing color would not have increased materially the cost of this booklet, while rendering it much more attractive. May there be a demand for many editions of it!

—Apgar's "Birds of the United States" (American Book Co.) is worthy of all praise. It aims at enabling the student to recognize any bird at sight by familiarizing him with the distinguishing features of each. Two keys are offered,—one to be used for birds in the hand; the other, describing only the coarser features discernible at a distance, for birds in the bush. The author has aimed to avoid technical language as much as possible. The numerous illustrations add to the interest as well as the helpfulness of the work.

—Catholic children, teachers also who have felt the need of a book containing simple explanations of the Catechism and of Holy Scripture, will be grateful to Winifride Wray when they see the little book she has prepared for their use. It is entitled "Catholic Teaching for Children," and is published, with numerous illustrations, by Mr. R. Washbourne. A more attractive or desirable volume has not lately come to our table. Who does not feel the truth of what Bishop Bagshawe says in the preface? 'Too frequently it unfortunately happens that, for want of simple explanation of Christian Doctrine, our children, leave school with very imperfect ideas of religion; and thus,

forgetting the sense, forget also quickly and entirely those words of the Catechism which they had so diligently studied. Thus, though they have seemed to do well at school, they grow up very ignorant of their religion.'

—It is said that the letters which passed between Manning and Gladstone during their long friendship are about to be published. Only a few of them have ever been printed, the others having been, since the death of Manning, in the possession of Cardinal Vaughan. The interest attaching to this correspondence may be inferred from the fact that Gladstone himself intended to publish them had not Manning requested that all his own letters be returned to him. The Grand Old Man became very indignant when it was reported, falsely, that Manning had destroyed the correspondence.

—Thackeray's devotion to his wife even after she lost her reason is one of the noblest facts of his life. Two years after his marriage he wrote her such a letter as a lover might write, adding: "Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness He has given me!" Long after Mrs. Thackeray had to be placed under restraint, an old groom in Trollope's stable said to Thackeray: "I hear you have written a book that makes great fun of the Irish. You don't like us?" Thackeray's eyes filled with tears, and he turned away as he answered: "God help me! all that I have loved best in the world is Irish." The novelist's wife was Isabella Shaw, of the parish of Donerail, County Cork. The facts brought to light by the publication of some of his letters are so honorable to him and so pleasant to read that we can not but regret Thackeray's command that no biography of him be ever written.

—If the people have to wait as long for the facts of the present war with Spain as they have waited for the facts of the Civil War, only the youngest will ever ascertain them. Meantime it might be well for those who really value the truth not to place too much reliance on what they see in print. All men,

but particularly newspaper men, are liars. The current number of *McClure's Magazine* affords a striking illustration of how hard it is to get at the facts even of events that are current. It will be remembered that at the close of the Civil War there was a grand review of the armies of the Potomac and Tennessee in Washington. Gen. Sherman relates in his "Memoirs" that as he passed the reviewing-stand, Secretary Stanton—with whom he was at enmity—offered his hand and that he refused to take it. Mr. Charles A. Dana in his "Reminiscences of Men and Events of the Civil War," just concluded in *McClure's*, declares that Sherman was entirely mistaken. "I watched both men closely, for the difficulty between them was at that moment known to everybody. The Secretary made no motion to offer his hand, or to exchange salutations in any manner." The incident is of no importance, of course, except as an illustration of how hard it is to get at facts, though fakes of all sorts are easily accessible.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 75 cts.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau,* S. S. 50 cts., *net.*

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett,* C. S. S. R. \$1.60, *net.*

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots,* O. S. B. \$1.25.

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick,* O. M. I. 50 cts.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net.*

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Stang.* \$1, *net.*
Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler,* O. P. 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams,* M. A. 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, *net.*

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan,* O. S. A. \$1.50, *net.*

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon,* S. J. \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine,* C. P. \$1.35, *net.*

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani.* 50 cts., *net.*

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Maas,* S. J. \$3.50, *net.*

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier,* M. S. \$2.50, *net.*

For a King. *T. S. Sharwood.* 95 cts., *net.*

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan.* \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net.*

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson.* 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon.* \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts., *net.*

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net.*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Alone.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

PEACE, wavering soul! What is it thou dost fear?

The hollow storm of rumor stirs not thee,
Nor may the poisoned winds of calumny
Fleck thy pure white. Shed, then, no trifling
tear.

Must thou account to starveling mortals here
For thy immortal treasure? Must thou flee
Before their selfish scowls? Pick timidly
Thy furtive steps, with God so very near?

Lift up thy head. Look placidly out o'er
The impotent babble of censorious lips,
As the calm beacon lights for evermore
The darksome waves, ahungering round
the ships.

Others be as they will, they shall atone;
But thou, at last, must meet thy God—alone.

A Sermon by a Saint.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE ON THE DEATH OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN.*

THE memory of the just takes place with rejoicing, said Solomon, the wisest of men; for precious in God's sight is the death of His saints, according to the royal† David. If, then, the memory of all the just is a subject of rejoicing, who will not offer praise to justice in its source,

and holiness in its treasure-house? It is not mere praise: it is praising with the intention of gaining eternal glory. God's dwelling-place does not need our praise; that city of God, concerning which great things were spoken, as holy* David addresses it in these words, "Glorious things are said of thee, thou city of God!" What sort of city shall we choose for the invisible and uncircumscribed God, who holds all things in His hand, if not that city which alone is above nature, giving shelter without circumscription† to the supersubstantial Word of God? Glorious things have been spoken of that city by God Himself; for what is more exalted than being made the recipient of God's counsel, which is from all eternity?

Neither human tongue nor angelic mind is able worthily to praise her through whom it is given to us to look clearly upon the Lord's glory. What, then? Shall we be silent through fear of our insufficiency? Certainly not. Shall we be trespassers beyond our own boundaries, and freely handle ineffable mysteries, putting off all restraint? By no means. Mingling, rather, fear with desire, and weaving them into one crown, with reverent hand and longing soul, let us

* Θεῖος.

† ἀπεριγράπτως.

* Translated from the original Greek by Mary H. Allies.
† Θεοράτωρ.

show forth the poor first fruits of our intelligence in gratitude to our Queen and Mother, the benefactress of all creation, as a repayment of our debt.

A story is told of some rustics who were ploughing up the soil when a king chanced to pass, in the splendor of his royal robes, and surrounded by countless gift-bearers standing in a circle. There was no gift to offer at that moment; but one of the rustics was collecting water in his hands, as there happened to be a copious stream near by. Of this he prepared a gift for the king, who addressed him in these words: "What is this, my boy?" And he answered boldly: "I made the best of what I had, thinking it was better to show my willingness than to offer nothing. You do not need our gifts, nor do you wish for anything from us save our good-will. The need is all on our side, and the reward is in the doing. I know that glory often comes to the grateful."

The king, in wonder, praised the boy's cleverness, graciously acknowledged his willingness, and made him many rich gifts. Now, if that proud monarch so generously rewarded good intentions, will not Our Lady (ἡ ὁμοιωσ ἀγαθῇ ἐξέσπειρα), the Mother of God, accept *our* good-will, not judging us by what we accomplish? She is the Mother of God, who alone is good and infinite in His condescension, who preferred the two mites to many splendid gifts. Our Lady will indeed receive us, who are paying off our debt, and make us a return out of all proportion to what we offer. Since prayer is absolutely necessary for our needs, let us direct our attention to it.

What shall we say, O Queen? What words shall we use? What praise shall we pour upon thy sacred and glorified head, thou giver of good gifts and of riches, the pride of the human race, the glory of all creation, through whom it is truly blessed? He whom nature did not contain

in the beginning was born of thee. The Invisible One is contemplated face to face. O Word of God, do Thou open my slow lips and give their utterances Thy richest blessing! In flame us with the grace of Thy Spirit, through whom fishermen became orators, and ignorant men spoke supernatural wisdom; so that our feeble voices may contribute to Thy loved Mother's praises, even though greatness should be extolled by misery. She, the chosen one of an ancient race, by a pre-determined counsel and the good pleasure of God the Father, who had begotten Thee in eternity immaterially, brought Thee forth in the latter times,—Thou who art Propitiation and Salvation, Justice and Redemption, Life of life, Light of light, and true God of true God.

The birth of her whose Child was marvellous was above nature and understanding, and it was salvation to the world; her death was glorious and truly a sacred feast. The Father predestined her; the prophets foretold her through the Holy Ghost; His sanctifying power overshadowed her, cleansed* and made her holy, and, as it were, predestined her. Then Thou Word of the Father, not dwelling in place,† didst invite the lowliness of our nature to be united to the immeasurable greatness of Thy inscrutable Godhead. Thou who didst take flesh of the Blessed Virgin, vivified by a reasoning soul, having first abided in her undefiled and immaculate womb, creating Thyself, and causing her to exist in Thee, didst become perfect man, not ceasing to be perfect God, equal to Thy Father; but taking upon Thyself our weakness, through ineffable goodness. Through it Thou art one Christ, one Lord, one Son of God, and man at the same time; perfect God and perfect man, wholly God and wholly man; one substance (ὁμοουσιος)

* ἐκάθαρσεν τε καὶ ἡγίασεν.

† ἀπερὸν ὁρατῶς καὶ ὁψήσας.

from two perfect natures, the Godhead and the manhood.

And in two perfect natures, the divine and the human, God is not pure God nor the man only man; but the Son of God and the Incarnate God are one and the same: God and man without confusion or division, uniting in Himself substantially the attributes of both natures. Thus He is at once uncreated and created, mortal and immortal, visible and invisible, in place and not in place. He has a divine will and a human will, a divine action and a human also; two powers of choosing (*ᾠτεξουσία*) divine and human. He shows forth divine wonders and human affections; natural, I mean, and pure. Thou hast taken upon Thyself, Lord, of Thy great mercy, the state of Adam as he was before the fall—body, soul, and mind, and all that they involve physically,—so as to give me a perfect salvation.

It is true indeed that what was not assumed was not healed.* Having thus become the Mediator between God and man, Thou didst destroy enmity and lead back to Thy Father those who had deserted Him,—wanderers to their home, and those in darkness to the light. Thou didst bring pardon to the contrite, and didst change mortality into immortality. Thou didst deliver the world from the aberration of many gods, and didst make men the children of God, partakers of Thy divine glory. Thou didst raise the human race, which was condemned to hell, above all power and majesty; and in Thy Person it is seated on the King's eternal throne.

Who was the instrument of these infinite benefits, exceeding all mind and comprehension, if not the Mother, ever virgin, who bore Thee? Realize, beloved in the Lord, the grace of to-day and its wondrous solemnity. Its mysteries are not terrible nor do they inspire awe.

Blessed are they who have eyes to see; blessed are they who see with spiritual eyes. This night shines as the day. What countless angels acclaim the death of the life-giving Mother! How the eloquence of Apostles blesses the departure of this body which was the receptacle of God! How the Word of God, who deigned to become her Son, ministering with His divine hands to this immaculate and divine being,* as His Mother, receives her holy soul! O wondrous Lawgiver, fulfilling the law which He Himself had laid down, not being bound by it! For it was He who enjoined children to show reverence to their parents. "Honor thy father and thy mother," He says. The truth of this is apparent to everyone calling to mind even dimly the words of Holy Scripture. If, according to it, the souls of the just are in the hands of God, how much more is *her* soul in the hands of her Son and her God! This is indisputable.

Let us consider who she is and whence she came; how she, the greatest and dearest of all God's gifts, was given to this world. Let us examine what her life was, and the mysteries in which she took part. Heathens in the use of funeral orations most carefully brought forward anything which could be turned to praise of the deceased and at the same time encourage the living to virtue; drawing generally upon fable and fiction, not having fact to go upon. How, then, shall we not deserve scorn if we bury in silence that which is most true and sacred, and in very deed the source of praise and salvation to all? Shall we not receive the same punishment as the man who hid his master's talent? Let us adapt our subject to the needs of those who listen, as food is suited to the body.

Joachim and Anne were the parents of Mary. Joachim kept as strict a watch

* ὧτως γὰρ. τὸ ἀπρόσληπτον ἀθεράπευτον.

* τῇ παναγίᾳ ταύτῃ καὶ θειστάτῃ.

over his thoughts as a shepherd over his flock, having them entirely under his control. For the Lord God led him as a sheep, and he wanted for none of the best things. When I say *best*, let no one think I mean what is commonly acceptable to the multitude, upon which greedy minds are fixed: the pleasures of life that can neither endure nor make their possessors better, nor confer real strength. They follow the downward course of human life, and cease all in a moment even if they abounded before. Far be it from us to cherish these things; nor is this the portion of those who fear God. But the good things which are a matter of desire to those who possess true knowledge, delighting God and fruitful to their possessors—namely, virtues bearing fruit in due season: that is, in eternity—will reward with eternal life those who have labored worthily, and have persevered in their acquisition as far as possible. The labor goes before, eternal happiness follows. Joachim ever shepherded his thoughts. In the place of pastures dwelling by contemplation on the words of Sacred Scripture, made glad on the restful waters of divine grace, he walked in the path of justice.

And Anne, whose name means grace, was no less a companion in her life than a wife; blessed with all good gifts, though afflicted for a mystical reason with sterility. Grace in very truth remained sterile, not being able to produce fruit in the souls of men. Therefore, men declined from good and degenerated; there was not one of understanding nor one who sought after God. Then His divine goodness, taking pity on the work of His hands, and wishing to save it, put an end to that mystical barrenness—that of holy (θεόγονος) Anne, I mean,—and she gave birth to a child whose equal had never been created and never can be. The end of barrenness proved clearly that the world's sterility would cease, and that the

withered trunk would be crowned with vigorous and mystical life.

Hence the Mother of Our Lord is announced. An angel foretells her birth. It was fitting that in this, too, she who was to be the human Mother of the one true and living God should be marked out above everyone else. Then she was offered in God's holy temple, and remained there, showing to all a great example of zeal and holiness, withdrawn from frivolous society. When, however, she reached full age, and the law required that she should leave the temple, she was entrusted by the priests to Joseph, her bridegroom, as the guardian of her virginity, an observer of the law from his youth. Mary, the holy and undefiled (παρήμενος), went to Joseph, contenting herself with her household matters, and knowing nothing beyond her four walls.

In the fulness of time, as the holy Apostle says, the Angel Gabriel was sent to this true child of God, and saluted her in the words: "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee." Beautiful is the Angel's salutation to her who is greater than an angel. He is the bearer of joy to the whole world. She was troubled at his words, not being used to speak with men; for she had resolved to keep her virginity unsullied. She pondered in herself what this greeting might be. Then the Angel said to her: "Fear not, Mary; thou hast found grace with God." In very deed she who was worthy of grace had found it; she found grace who had done the deeds of grace and had reaped its fulness; she found grace who brought forth the source of grace and was a rich harvest of grace; she found an abyss of grace who kept undefiled her double virginity—her virginal soul no less spotless than her body.

"Thou shalt bring forth a Son," he said; "and thou shalt call His name Jesus." Jesus is interpreted Saviour. "He shall save His people from their sins."

What did she who is true wisdom reply? She does not imitate our first mother Eve, but rather improves upon her incautiousness; and, calling in nature to support her, thus answers the Angel: 'How is this to be, since I know not man? What you say is impossible, for it goes beyond the natural laws laid down by the Creator. I will not be called a second Eve and disobey the will of my God. If you are not speaking godless things, explain the mystery by saying how it is to be accomplished.' Then the messenger of truth answered her: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." That which is foretold is not subservient to the laws of nature; for God, the Creator of nature, can alter its laws. And she, listening in reverence to that sacred name which she had ever desired, signified her obedience in words full of humility and joy: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done to me according to thy word."

"Oh, the depth of the riches, of the wisdom, and of the knowledge of God!" I will exclaim in the Apostle's words. "How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways!"

(Conclusion next week.)

It would be no extravagance to say that all the joys of the angelic world could make no joy that should compare, either for quantity or quality, with the single joy of Mary's motherhood. She had many joys besides that; although, whether we look forward to her Assumption or backward to her Immaculate Conception, the Maternity was the fountain of them all. But, considering exclusively the direct joy of her Maternity, it overtops and outshines the entire joy of the angelic creation.—*Faber.*

Genevieve's Romance.

VI.

NEARLY three weeks had elapsed since Genevieve's letter to Mr. Jernyngham. By turns she had reproached herself severely,—one time for having written at all, another for expecting that her frankly-spoken thoughts were sufficiently welcome to the recipient to produce any lasting effect of interest, much less friendship. She was in this condition of mind when one morning her aunt brought her a letter. As she recognized the typewritten inscription, she suddenly realized that she had been hoping and expecting to a degree of which until then she had not been aware. The letter ran thus:

MY DEAR MISS BIGELOW:—I was absent in New York when your last letter arrived. Let this be my excuse for not having acknowledged it sooner,—if it be that you wish an excuse or desire an answer. I know that I am presumptuous in continuing to write to you; but I have neither friends nor family, and seldom receive a letter except on business. For a week I have been seeking an excuse for my presumption, and can find but one—the pleasure it gives me to receive and reply to your letters. Selfish, you will say. Well, perhaps so; but all men are selfish.

The weather at present is delightful, and I enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine, the music of the birds and the bees; for I am a great lover of Nature. Still, I have many a lonely hour,—many a moment of keenest anguish. Do you know what it is to go through the daily duties of life with a big cross tugging away at the heart-strings? May a merciful Providence ever preserve you from so painful an experience!

Having heard from Dr. Anderson that yesterday was the anniversary of the death of your mother, I accompanied him

to the Mass which he had said for the repose of her soul. Later, on the monument above her grave—which some one had covered with flowers,—I read the date of her death and that of your father. We spent the evening talking of you,—rather, I did the talking and he listened.

As you say, the Doctor is an excellent man—that is, he is honest and practical, but is lacking in sentiment. It jars one a little at first, this matter-of-fact manner; but his real goodness of heart and devotion to your interests reconcile one to it after a while. I agree with you that it is doubtful if he will ever marry—even ‘a widow with a couple of nice children.’ I think he has all the indications of a confirmed old bachelor.

I have been making acquaintance with the humble folk of the village. You seem to be a great favorite everywhere, especially among the fishermen’s wives. An impression seems to have gone abroad that because I am a dweller in your former home I should be also advised of your movements, state of health, and so forth. Yesterday a woman asked me: “And how is Miss Genevieve these days? Getting better, I hope?”—“She will get better fast if you all pray for her,” I replied. And I meant it. I believe the prayers of those good people avail much.

This evening I was feeling somewhat depressed, and I went to the cemetery, stretching myself on the turf close to the grave of Dr. Anderson’s uncle, who must have been a grand character and a fine priest. What penetration of mind must be yours to have guessed that I had a melancholy secret! You are right. Yet it does not embitter my life, nor shall I suffer it to do so. Something prompts me to tell it to you, though our friendship is so young and the tie between us so slight that perhaps you may not welcome the unsolicited confidence. But your sympathy has drawn it from me. Here it is, then.

Since my early boyhood I have loved some one who can never love me in return. As it is, we are friends; but were she aware of the extent of my devotion, I feel sure she would withdraw her friendship. A continent separates us; her health is precarious—they tell me she is slowly dying. For her sake I would wish to be kind to all women. I meant to say more, but I can not. Probably when this letter is out of my reach I shall regret having said so much.

Dr. Anderson is here. I have promised to go with him to the island at five, and it now lacks but seven minutes of the hour. I must close abruptly.

Sincerely yours,

WILFRID JERNYNGHAM.

Some days later Genevieve penned those lines in reply:

DEAR SIR:—If you have been less lonely than usual since writing to me last, if your thoughts have been pleasant, it is because from this solitude I have been sending *my* thoughts to keep you company. What kindness in you to share Dom’s remembrance of my dear mother! And how thoughtful of him to have thus kept the anniversary! He never mentions anything of the kind in his rare and brief letters, but I am as deeply grateful to him as if he did, perhaps more. Something tells me it was you who placed the flowers on the graves of my father and mother,—you, a stranger. The best of brothers, the most devoted of sons, could not have shown more affection for the living and the dead. Oh, continue to visit those dear graves, to join with me in prayerful recollections of them! I thank you from my exile, they from their home in heaven.

Your letters are a joy to me. Since I have begun to receive them, my soul has risen from the stagnation into which it had fallen. And, on my side, I long to console you in some manner for the disappointment you have experienced,

while not willing to believe that your cause is utterly hopeless. Perhaps you lack courage; but in matters of this kind I am utterly ignorant of what advice should be given. Anyhow, I sympathize with you. At least you will have this consolation: she will never belong to another. Can you not take great comfort from the thought? It seems to me you should, though possibly it may be a very selfish one. Or could you not go to her and console, as a friend, her mournful situation?—for mournful it must be if her health is precarious. I know this by sad experience. A melancholy pleasure it might be, but it would have its compensations. If she does not love some one else, it seems scarcely possible she could be as indifferent to you as you think. Take your heart in both hands, as St. Francis de Sales was wont to say,—take it in both hands and go to her. What if there were a chance and you should miss it? I can not bear to think of it.

Sincerely,

GENEVIEVE BIGELOW.

Mr. Jernyngham promptly responded as follows:

MY DEAR MISS BIGELOW:—There is no possible chance. The situation is precisely the same as though Dr. Anderson were in love with yourself. From my knowledge of both, slight as it is, I fancy there could be no prospect of a favorable conclusion to such a suit. We are as utterly unlike as you and he. My one consolation is that I have succeeded in keeping my secret. She has never had a suspicion of it. Not knowing her, you can not understand. If she had an idea of my feelings, it would result in destroying the bond of friendship which unites us at least by a link, however frail. But I do not wish to harp upon this subject, on which I feel that I never should have touched. Do not let it distress you; that would cause me the keenest pain. Only believe me, things must remain as

they are: there is no other possibility.

Since I last heard from you I have seen your picture. Dr. Anderson showed it to me. You are like what I have imagined; and—pardon me—you suggest *her* as she was when I saw her last. The resemblance is something for me to dwell upon with pleasure, and it has affected me strangely. Yes, you are she without her aloofness. I never looked into her soul as I do into yours. She is far more secretive than you are; and yet there is a wonderful likeness in many respects, even apart from the physical resemblance. I must confess something. I tried vainly to possess myself of the photograph, even going so far as to tell the Doctor why I wanted it—because it reminded me of some one I loved. But he would not give it to me, nor even leave it with me for a single day. He is something of a prig, in spite of his stalwart virtues.

I must mention again that the neighbors are very anxious about you, and wonder whether you will ever return to your old home. The little orphan girls at the beach are especially persistent in their inquiries; as are also several poor women from the suburbs, who seem to miss your many kindnesses more than words can express. Indeed they are quite inconsolable. But I assure them that you are recovering rapidly, and give them a hope of seeing you some day; for it is probable you may visit Templeton any way, even though it may not be advisable for you to reside there again—though I trust it may. God holds the future in His hands. May He shape it as is most pleasing to Him and most beneficial to us!

Dr. Anderson and I have been planting myrtle on the graves of your dear parents, and it is growing nicely. I have made a design for a low iron fence, after one I saw in Italy. We think it will be beautiful when completed. The turf all about the graves is so green and velvety

it would delight your heart. In the house, in the back parlor—or sitting-room as the Doctor calls it,—I have trained ivy over the pictures of your father and mother. When you return—for I believe you *will* return—and I put the house in your hands again, you will find them framed in the darkest green. Having a knack of gardening, with the assistance of my man-servant I have contrived to keep everything in the most flourishing condition.

Sincerely yours,

WILFRID JERNYNTHAM.

This letter had a peculiar effect on the girl. It assumed a tone of familiarity which, try as she would, she could not help resenting. He wrote of having looked into her soul. All her maidenly pride took alarm. Was it possible that anything in her conduct had warranted him in expressing himself thus? She could not think so. And he had asked Dom for the picture which he thought resembled the girl whom he loved. "Dear Dom, how fine of him to have refused it!" But she would have expected nothing else. She could even fancy how he threw back his shoulders when he said that emphatic "No."

And now the thought of Mr. Wilfrid Jernyntham became wearisome to her; she grew ashamed of the impulse which had prompted her to take the initiative in writing to him. How could she have done it! What would her father have thought of it! Gradually the offence began to assume a worse color from the assumption that Dom was ignorant of the correspondence. If Mr. Jernyntham had not felt it to be an imprudence he would not have concealed it from her only friend. Her cheeks burned, her eyes smarted with tears of vexation. With a sudden impulse she threw the letter from her. Then she remembered the little acts of thoughtful kindness he had shown; they, at least, must have been prompted

by a generous spirit. She began to accuse herself of ingratitude, and ended by sitting down and writing a long letter to Dominic—something she had not done for a considerable time. In it she did not once mention Wilfrid Jernyntham. This done, she felt much relieved, and went to take a long walk with her aunt in a happier frame of mind. Indeed all her anxiety and fears had disappeared from that moment.

For several days after this she hesitated between her disinclination to write again to Jernyntham and her desire not to be rude or discourteous, finally arriving at the conclusion not to write. This resolve once formed, she proceeded to dismiss the subject from her mind as though it had never had place there. At the same time she began to reproach herself for what she felt had been indifference to the kindly attentions of her aunt,—though, so far as that good lady was concerned, she need not have done so. From that time she endeavored in every way to follow her advice and to do all she could to please and oblige her. Her health showed such improvement that the doctor no longer feared the decline which had threatened to shorten her life. She fully realized the change herself; and, whether as an effect or a cause, it continued to be a source of hopefulness and renewed ambition for a possible future.

Some two or three weeks after she had received Mr. Jernyntham's last letter another came, making very particular inquiries as to whether he had in any way offended, or if she was ill and unable to write. She reflected for some days and finally replied:

DEAR SIR:—I am growing steadily better every day, but this lazy climate incapacitates one from writing. I am sorry to see that your hand is not yet well, With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

GENEVIEVE BIGELOW.

After this she heard from him no more. She now became possessed of the desire to return home, directing all her efforts to the perfect restoration of her health. With much difficulty she persuaded her aunt to rent her house and accompany her, at least for a short visit. The elder lady, nothing loath to see her native State once more, promised to do so on condition that they should return to Santa Fé before the severe winter set in. To this Genevieve agreed, but as yet wrote nothing of her intention to Dominic, wishing first to be sure that she could accomplish her purpose. She immediately began to make preparations for the journey, and her aunt entered heartily into the plan.

(To be continued.)

Derelect.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

DRIFT on a trackless ocean,
The toy of wind and tide,
A battered old hulk is floating,
Once the sailor's joy and pride.
She was launched with shouts and laughter,
'Mid cheers of the bold and brave,
And she spread her snow-white pinions
As the swan glides over the wave.
She brought back spices from Ceylon,
She brought back silks from Cathay;
Now cradled on tropical waters,
Now flung back the ice king's spray.
But a tempest arose in the nighttime—
A tempest sullen and black,—
He crushed her and despoiled her,
Then flung her away in his track.
Dismantled, lost, forsaken,
Accursed of the storm king's wrath,
She drifts on her perilous voyage,
A peril to all in her path.

Afar is a tranquil haven,
The port of the soul's release,
Where battered old hulks drop anchor
In the sunlit harbor of peace.

A City of Confusion.

THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS.

BY THE REV. HENRY G. GANSS.

MILLER.

THE theological professors at Oxford and Cambridge were Calvinistic for fifteen years from Elizabeth's accession. Bucer and Peter Martyr were called by Cranmer to the chair of divinity in Oxford and Cambridge during the reign of Edward. Cranmer, too, in 1552, invited Calvin, Bullinger, and Melancthon to England to aid in drawing up a confession of faith for Protestant churches.*

GAILLARD.

"The Cranmers, Riddleys, Latimers, Hoopers, Jewells, and Hookers, of the days of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, though persuaded in favor of episcopacy and zealously attached to it, cordially embraced Lutheran churches as sisterly communions."†

NEALE.

"And here [the ordination of bishops, priests and deacons] it is observable that the form of ordaining a priest and a bishop is the same we [Presbyterians] use, there being no express mention in the words of ordination whether it be for the one or the other office.‡ This has been altered of late years, since a distinction of the two orders has been so generally admitted; but that was not the received doctrine of these times. The committee struck out most of the modern rites of the Church of Rome, and contented themselves, says Bishop Burnet, with those mentioned in Scripture—viz., the imposition of hands and prayer."||

Summing up the reign of Edward VI., Neale continues:

* Dr. Miller, "The Conflict of Centuries," p. 93.

† "History of the Reformation," p. 552.

‡ Burnet, Hist. of the Ref., vol. ii, p. 144; Collier's Eccles. Hist., vol. ii, p. 290.

|| "History of the Puritans," vol. i, p. 50.

"Thirdly, that they [the Reformers] believed in but two orders of churchmen in Holy Scripture: bishops and deacons; and consequently that bishops and priests were but two different ranks or degrees of the same order. Fourthly, that they gave the right-hand of fellowship to foreign churches and ministers that had not been ordained by bishops, there being no dispute about re-ordination in order to any church preferment, till the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign."*

"After these, Mr. Robert Blair came from Scotland to Bangor [1623], Mr. Hamilton to Bellywater, and Livingston to Kilinshy, in the county of Down, with Mr. Welsh, Dunbar, and others. Mr. Blair was a zealous Presbyterian and scrupled episcopal ordination; but the bishop of the diocese compromised the difference by agreeing that the other Scots presbyters of Mr. Blair's persuasion should join with him; and that such passages in the established form of ordination as Mr. Blair and his brethren disliked should be omitted, or exchanged for others of their own approbation. Thus was Mr. Blair ordained publicly in the church of Bangor; the Bishop of Raphoe did the same for Mr. Livingston; and all the Scots who were ordained in Ireland from this time to the year 1642 were ordained in the same manner; all of them enjoyed the churches and tithes, though they remained Presbyterian and used not the liturgy; nay, the bishops consulted them about affairs of common concernment to the church, and some of them were members of the convocation of 1634."†

BLAKENEY.

"No one of the Church of England in those days thought of calling into question the validity of the orders and sacraments of the Reformed churches."‡

* Ibid., p. 57.

† Ibid., vol. ii, pp. 89, 90.

‡ Dr. Blakeney, Book of Common Prayer, in its Hist. and Interpret., p. 630.

PRYNNE.

"In July, 1604, hee [Laud] proceeded batchelour of divinitie. His supposition when he answered in divinitie schooles for his degree, concerning the efficacie of baptisme, was taken *verbatim* out of Bellarmine; and hee maintained there could be no true church without diocesan bishops, for which Dr. Holland [then Doctor in the chaire] openly reprehended him in the schooles for a seditious person who would unchurch the Reformed churches beyond the seas, and sow a division between us and them who were brethren, by this novel popish doctrine."*

STRYPE.

"Cranmer 'sent letters to Bullinger, Calvin, Melanchthon, disclosing to them his pious design to draw up a book of articles, and requesting their counsel and furtherance... that Calvin' could do nothing more profitable to the church than to write often to the King."†

"When Archbishop Sandys endeavored to deprive Whittingham of the deanery of Durham because he received only Presbyterian orders, 'it fell to the ground; the lord president observing with some warmth, before the Archbishop and the other members of the commission, that he could not in conscience agree to deprive him for that; for it would be ill taken of all the godly and learned at home and abroad that we should allow of the popish massing priests in our ministry, and disallow of ministers made in a Reformed church.'"‡

SPOTTSWOOD.

"A question in the meantime was moved by Doctor Andrews, Bishop of Ely, touching the consecration of the Scottish bishops, who, as he said, must first be ordained presbyters, as having received no ordination from a bishop.

* Breviate of his Life, p. 2.

† Life of Cranmer, pp. 407-413.

‡ Strype's "Annals," vol. ii, p. 523.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Bancroft, who was by, maintained 'that thereof there was no necessity; seeing, where bishops could not be had, the ordination given by presbyters must be esteemed lawful; otherwise it might be doubted if there were any lawful vocation in most of the Reformed churches.' This applauded by the other bishops, Ely acquiesced; and at the day and in the place appointed the three Scottish bishops were consecrated."*

MACKAY.

"For a century and a half after the Reformation nearly all the most eminent sons of the church, including the High Churchmen, recognized Presbyterian and other orders as valid, though irregular. For one hundred and ten years after the Ordinal was drawn up and the Articles signed, men who had received no episcopal ordination were admitted without further ceremony in the English Church; and this was done by High Churchmen like Bancroft, Cosin, and Bramhall."†

KEBLE.

"Nearly up to the time when he [Hooker] wrote, numbers had been admitted to the ministry of the Church of England with no better than Presbyterian ordination; and it appears by Travers' supplication to the council that such was the construction not uncommonly put upon the statute of the 13th of Elizabeth, permitting those who had received orders in any other form than that of the English Service Book, on giving certain securities, to exercise their calling in England. If it were really the intention of that act to authorize other than episcopal ordination, it is but one proof more of the low accommodating notions concerning the church which then prevailed."‡

* "History of the Church of Scotland," p. 514 (ed. 1610).

† Angus Mackay, *Westminster Review*, Oct., 1896.

‡ Keble, "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," vol. i, p. lxxv.

GRIFFIS

"Indeed for a hundred years after the publication of the first English Book of Common Prayer, and for eleven decades after the Reformation, there was no denial in the Anglican Church of the validity of non-episcopal ordination. The highest preferments in that church were open to men on whom no chrism... or bishop's hands had been laid. Not only were the Reformers from the Continent welcomed, both as equals and teachers, and invited to assist in making the Church of England a true Reformed church, but large portions, probably two-thirds in all, of the form and language of the Book of Common Prayer are borrowed directly from the creeds and confessions of both Calvinistic and Lutheran churches, in which episcopal ordination was unknown and looked upon as an unreformed relic of popery....

"Indeed those who have studied the influence of Luther and Calvin in making the English standards, formularies, and prayer-books, would wonder how there could be any objection to the continental types of Christianity or to their exemplars in the ministry. Cranmer and Coverdale, and the men who compiled the Book of Common Prayer, who translated or adapted page after page and sentence after sentence from Luther's catechism and sermons, and from Melancthon's writings; from Brandenburg-Nuremberg Kinderpredigten, from Osiander; from the books of Calvin, Bucer, Alasco, and from the Strasburg liturgy,—would have smiled at the idea of excluding from the Church of England those to whom they were so much obligated. It would be like the debtor assailing the character of the creditor, or denying the quality of gold he borrowed. Hooker, the champion of the Anglican Church, practically surrendered the question, and joined with Cranmer, Calvin, Bucer, Alasco, and the common opinion of Reformed Christendom, when

he said: 'There may sometimes be very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination made without a bishop....'

"It was the boast of the Church of England that she was a true Reformed church. Her ambition was to be equal in scriptural character to the Reformed churches on the Continent, whose scholars and scholarship, learning and writings, she so freely borrowed that, in the Book of Common Prayer, probably two-thirds of what is not of Catholic origin or from the Bible is Lutheran or Calvinistic."*

POCOCK.

"Of the clergy who had been imprisoned or banished during the reign of her sister Mary, there were two classes who may be roughly designated as Zwinglians and Calvinists. Those who had been imprisoned had such violent altercations that one party refused to communicate with the others, whom they designated as free-willers because they would not commit themselves to all the horrors of an unmitigated Calvinism. They were also at issue about certain minor matters, such as the lawfulness of playing at bowls. Quarrels of a similar kind had originated amongst the exiles, who had been refused admission to all places where Lutheranism prevailed, being designated by the Lutherans as the devil's martyrs because of their supposed adoption of the tenets of Zwingli and Calvin. They had settled in various towns of Switzerland, and in considerable numbers at Frankfort. Here altercations arose, the moderate party being content to abide by the Zwinglian form of doctrine, which, as they thought, pervaded the Second Prayer-Book of the reign of Edward VI.; whilst the more fanatical considered the book as too papistical, and were for a further reformation of it, such as had been contemplated at the time of the premature death of the King. These latter retired in

a body to Geneva and Basle. Speaking generally, these were Calvinists and the others Zwinglians.

"The two systems may be sufficiently, though perhaps roughly, described as the one consisting mainly in the disparagement or denial of sacramental grace, the sacraments being regarded as symbols and not instruments of grace; the other pronouncing the sacraments as in some way efficacious, but only to the elect, by increasing the grace they previously possessed, and from which it was impossible for them entirely and finally to fall away.... Such were the parties from which bishops had to be chosen; and for the most part the preference was given to the Frankfort and Zurich exiles, who adopted the more moderate position, and were likely to give less trouble to the civil power.

"...As to a belief in an apostolical succession in the episcopate, it is not to be found in any of the writings of the Elizabethan bishops. Unmistakable evidence of this as regards Bishop Jewell, of Salisbury, exists in his correspondence with Archbishop Parker with regard to the interference of Lancaster, Archbishop-elect of Armagh, in ordaining priests in his diocese. It seems that Lancaster had taken upon himself to admit diverse persons into holy orders, and amongst them one whom Jewell had for eight years, for what appeared to himself good reasons, refused to ordain. He makes no complaint of the illegality, much less of the invalidity, of the act, but only of the indiscretion of the Archbishop-elect. Now, this letter is dated April 26, 1568; and June 13 in the same year Lancaster was consecrated by the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops of Meath and Kildare. If he is the same person who held the see of Kildare 1550-54, he must have either acted as bishop without being consecrated or else he underwent a second consecration in 1568. There is nothing

* Dr. Griffis, "Bibliotheca Sacra," Oct., 1893, p. 89, et seq.

more wonderful in the whole history of the Church of England at a time when probably not a single bishop was to be found who believed in his own divine commission or in the efficacy of the sacraments; when, almost without exception, they were indifferent to any other consideration than that of promotion and the providing for their own families.

"...Calvinism, which subsequently overran the whole church, was the dominant creed even at the very beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. For though Elizabeth first appointed bishops who were of the Zwinglian rather than the Calvinistic school, the laity, as well as the majority of the clergy who had fallen in with the new learning, were for the most part Calvinists, the tenets of the French Reformer having already been extensively adopted, though their great development in the country belongs to a later date.

"...At Oxford in 1559 a statute was passed—'The younger members of the University should be instructed either in Calvin's or in the Heidelberg Catechism; and they should afterward read the works of the Swiss divine Bullinger, who had succeeded Zwingli as a teacher at Zurich and the Institutes of Calvin.'"

SHORT.

"The Church of England first ceased to be a member of the Church of Rome during the reign of Henry VIII.,...but it could hardly be called Protestant till that of Edward VI....During the short reign of Edward VI. it became entirely Protestant, and in point of doctrine assumed its present form."†

* Pocock N. (editor of Burnet's Hist. of the Ref.) in *Guardian*, Nov. 9, 23, 30, 1892.

† "History of the Church of England," p. 593.—In our times Archbishop Campbell [Canterbury] substantially maintains the same: "Everyone knows that we of the Church of England, in the early times of our history after the Reformation, were much more connected with the non-episcopal than with the episcopal communions." ("Present Position of the Church of England," p. 90.)

"BRITISH CRITIC."*

"The immediate successors of the Reformers, as often happens in such cases, went further than their predecessors did, and were more deeply imbued with the feelings of the day. The episcopate in the first part of Queen Elizabeth's reign were successors of Hooper and Coverdale almost more than they were of Cranmer and Ridley; indeed it was only her strong Tudor arm that kept them within decent bounds. The greater part of them positively objected to the surplice—including Sandys, Grindal, Pilkington, Jewell, Horne, Parkhurst, Benthams, and all the leading men who were for simplifying our church ceremonial in that and other respects, according to the Genevan [that is Presbyterian] model."

(To be continued.)

In Wonderland.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—ON THE THRESHOLD.

HIS name was Alonzo Daw—the ideal cowboy with the felt halo who was to guide us through the misty mazes of Wonderland. It is his custom to pass the summer in the Yellowstone with his own turnout, pocketing the profits thereof at the end of the season; and returning to his ranch in Idaho, confidently looking to the day when he can call the cattle upon a thousand hills his own.

After dinner Alonzo hurried about amid all the confusion in the hotel rotunda. There were booths there for the sale of every catchpenny object imaginable, and especially for the exposition of Yellowstone souvenirs. From the walls the stuffed and handsomely mounted heads of deer, elk, bear, mountain sheep, buffalo, and other members of the aboriginal family,

* October, 1842, pp. 330, 331.

looked down upon us. All these were for sale at handsome figures, and the place fairly bristled with antlers. Nor was the local artist wanting. His easel stood in the corridor, and the evidences of his handiwork adorned the walls. These also were for sale. It seemed as if there was nothing the eye might fall upon but was to be had for money freely offered.

Balcony flirtations were going on in the gallery above the rotunda. In the parlor the grand piano was shaken to its very foundations. Bell-boys rushed madly to and fro. The rotunda was crowded with a motley throng. Various nationalities mingled with a freedom which gave a delightfully cosmopolitan air to the place. The youth from Harvard, whose well-turned calves were ample apology for the appearance of knickerbockers, well out of his "teens," hobnobbed with the trapper, who looked as if he had dropped out of a theatrical combination. The guide element increased. It seemed to be lying about loose, ready to be picked up at a bargain; but Alonzo was ours for the round trip, and we never for a moment had cause to regret our acceptance of his proffered services. In the most fraternal fashion he helped to secure an engagement for such of his craft as were still unemployed; and there seemed, on the whole, a very pretty sentiment prevailing among them—enough of professional honor and delicacy to prevent any intrusion during their negotiations with the fresh arrivals.

The rotunda was like a stock-exchange in pantomime; and we were glad to get out of it into the fine twilight, and to walk up to one of the wonders of the Yellowstone, the mammoth hot spring, which lies but a few rods from the hotel. There looms a pyramid almost as white as the driven snow; low terraces, one above another, climb the hill-slope to the height of two hundred feet. It is a giant stairway of alabaster, moist and warm. It is a frothing cataract turned to stone,

but still sweating over the subterranean furnaces, so that rivulets of hot water trickle everywhere and make the whole to glisten like frosted silver. At the summit is a crown of dark pines. A few of these weird, voiceful trees spring solitary among the terraces, as if they had begun the descent into the plateau, but had paused on a second thought and taken root in the midst of the tepid rills. Wonderful to behold are some of these vagabond pines. The water that boils in the basins among the terraces finds its way to the surface through cretaceous strata. Thin vapors, sometimes increasing to volumes of steam, float hither and yon, bearing with them a cloud of calcareous particles, and these are continuously deposited upon every object within reach. The thick boughs of the pines absorb this vapor, and in the course of time the trees have become so saturated with the flour-white mineral dust that they seem to be crusted with frost.

The trunks of the trees on the side next the springs have barks that look sugar-coated, and dead twigs that have been blown into the edge of the pools are like the twigs of midwinter—cased in ice; but it is an ice that forms in a tropical heat and never melts away. At the Cleopatra Spring, upon a terrace forty feet in height and covering three-quarters of an acre, the deposit is unusually rapid; and for this reason the spring is utilized for the purpose of encrusting the various articles that are sold as curios and souvenirs in the valley. The spring has a temperature of one hundred and fifty-four degrees at the edge; but in every basin that is fed directly by a hot spring the temperature increases rapidly as one approaches the source; and the streams that flow from the basins retain an agreeable warmth even at a considerable distance from the main terrace. At the Cleopatra Spring bottles are sunk or hung under the dripping water between

the shallow terraces, and in four days (ninety-six hours) they are covered with calcareous deposit to the depth of one-sixteenth of an inch. Ornaments made of twisted wire, after a suitable bath in this marvellous spring, emerge like bits of branch coral. The amuletic horseshoe is in great demand. Ragged, rusty, dusty, and with its nails still twisted, it becomes a thing of immaculate beauty and a joy forever. It is in truth the materialized ghost of a horseshoe.

If you are making the tour of the park, let me advise you to deposit your souvenirs in the Cleopatra Spring on the day of your arrival, and when you are departing you will find them whiter than snow. Every terrace of the mammoth hot springs is a ledge covered with pools, like fountain basins; most of them very shallow, but a few of them quite deep. Of all these basins no two are just alike. Out of their own waters they build up a rim which grows with the continuous deposit, and assumes shapes almost as delicate and varied as flower petals. And these are stained as flower petals,—all the most delicate tints of salmon, pink, brown, green and yellow; the esthetic shades are blended deliciously. It is as if wine had flowed from one chalice-like basin; as if fancy ices had melted and run down the beautifully molded brims of others, painting them with rainbow creams, making them appear exquisitely fragile and almost fairy-like. Now that New Zealand has lost her painted terraces (that terrible earthquake some years ago shattered them to atoms), the sight-seer must come to the Yellowstone Valley for a glimpse of nature so uncommon that it seems almost preternatural.

In certain lights, the mammoth hot springs terrace is as unearthly in its spectacular beauty as the transformation scene in a Christmas pantomime; and by moonlight it is the ladder of Jacob's dream minus the heavenly hosts—the angels

ascending and descending. Alas! it is the hardened globe-trotter, with bogus alpenstock, who climbs over the main terrace and hoots at his fellows from the summit thereof. He hears the subterranean torrents gurgling far beneath him; he leaps the chasms from which ascend blank, tottering walls of steam; he treads ankle-deep in warm water, and crushes beneath his feet many a fragment of lace-like texture with which the whole terrace is strewn. Surely he would bathe there if he dared; for the pools are natural baths, and the Maoris of New Zealand know the efficacy of such baths as these. But we are in an enlightened land, among the highly cultured; and for baths we must repair to the little wooden sweat-boxes nicely arranged in a row near the hotel, and there pay our quarter of a dollar for more limited artificial accommodations.

Coming down from the milk-white terrace—not knowing at what moment we might crash through the upper crust and plunge into the bowels of the steaming earth,—we heard music issuing from the great dining-hall of the hotel. The windows were open, the shutters folded back; and there, on a stage at one end of the hall which is used for concerts when professionals are in the valley (Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has sung there in her time), we saw the talented and versatile corps, escaped from the kitchen,—the prestigiatory crew who juggled with platters at meal-time, sitting in the conventional semicircle. Four and twenty blackbirds sang as if their hearts would break, to the accompaniment of bones and tambour; and the audience—barring the listeners at the windows—was composed of fellow-craftsmen, who applauded each number to the echo. No wonder that we fled the place next morning.

At an early hour Alonzo was at the door with his two-seated buckboard and as capital a span as we found anywhere in the park. There was room for our

luggage—a sack of fodder for the horses, a tin bucket with which to water them, and a tin cup for our own use; likewise blankets for Alonzo to wrap himself in when he should lie down at night in the hay; and an extra seat, which was unoccupied. Had we not one friend anxious to take it? His share of the expenses would have lessened ours. As it was, we were our own masters, and we thoroughly enjoyed having no wishes to consult save our own.

We leave behind us two rather ungainly monuments standing at the foot of the main hot springs terrace; these are called Liberty Cap and the Giant's Thumb, but they might just as well be called Jack and Gill. In the good old days before the fires began to burn low in the furnaces beneath us, the water boiled up over many an acre that is now an arid waste. Two fountains that were particularly active began depositing a sediment about their craters; as this sediment hardens when it dries, and the fountains, like all geysers, were no doubt intermittent in their action, the wall of sediment grew higher and higher, until a substantial funnel, as hard as adamant, was formed. The larger cone is forty-five feet in height and twenty feet in diameter at its base. The other is considerably smaller. Both are beginning to crumble from age and exposure to the elements and the tourists; and unless they can be artificially fed so that a new deposit may strengthen the old, they will some day go to pieces.

There is rare fishing in the Gardiner River, right down at the bottom of this valley. One has only to tramp a little way from the hotel, when he may cast his line into a trout pool; and having captured a fish, he has only to swing his rod a few feet from the bank, and he may drop the victim into a boiling spring without unhooking it. It is fifteen feet from the ice-cold stream to the boiling

spring. Perhaps it is a mercy to plunge a trout at once into the natural caldron, instead of suffering him to die by inches out of his element. At any rate, it is a form of the sport which would have astonished gentle Izaak Walton.

From the start in the morning was a climb of three thousand feet over Terrace Mountain—a very hard climb, too, with many a halt, in a dusty and stony road that winds through the most ghostly of forests,—a forest that springs from a hill-slope that is gray, like a bed of ashes. The trunk of every tree is black as soot, and the branches bristling with silver twigs. A combination of fire and steam has transformed the wood, and it is now strongly suggestive of one of Gustave Dore's illustrations in Dante's "Inferno." After this comes the greenest groves, the most limpid and sparkling waters, tumbling over their rocky beds; and lakes of crystal set in solitary places are framed by dense walls of melancholy pines.

By and by we reached the obsidian cliffs—a bluff from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in height and a thousand feet in length. As it was necessary to build a carriage-way under this cliff, and indeed I may say across it, Colonel Norris accomplished it by building huge fires upon the larger masses, and then dashing cold water upon the heated surface; which being suddenly cooled, the masses were shattered into fragments that were easily moved. The road-bed is composed of broken obsidian or volcanic glass. But one would never imagine he was driving over a glass highway unless he chanced to get a little beneath the surface, as I did, and found a bit of obsidian that resembles the bottom of a bottle. The glass oozes from the rocks like gum from a tree. It is almost black, quite opaque; and the edges of it, when chipped off at a proper angle, are as sharp as razors. Of it the Indians fashioned arrow-heads, weapons, and tools. The

supply seems inexhaustible, for it is found in many parts of the National Park; and these cliffs alone as a mine—or shall I say a fountain?—of glass are probably unequalled in the world.

By noon we were growing hungry, and soon we crossed a genuine rustic bridge and drove up onto a little plateau where there was a village of tents. Nothing could be more pastoral; for the village maidens looked like peasants fresh from the old country, and the accommodations for man and beast were almost equally primitive. We sat on rude benches—boards braced between the trees—until we were summoned to the larger tent, where a good dinner was served, piping hot. Had we chosen to spend the night at Norris Fork Crossing—the name of this station,—we could have been accommodated with one of the several tents that cluster there; but as we were only about twenty miles on our way, and one of the lions of the park was roaring just over the hill, we resolved to press forward.

So far nothing could have been more delightful, more varied or more surprising than the royal trail of the Yellowstone. It was a picnic quite out of the ordinary, and we had the inexpressible satisfaction of enjoying it at our leisure and in our own way.

(To be continued.)

To a Violin.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

NHINE is the voice of angels, Violin;
thine the wings
Of cherubs, that drop their tears in violets—
little things—

For love of the dark sod;
The cradle-song of lilies and the requiem of
the rose,
The first lisp of a baby and the love thy
master knows
For the patient, wounded God!

An Unfamiliar Saint.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

ROGER I., of that princely house which had so successfully combated the Saracens, was reigning over Sicily when a little girl of royal lineage was born at Palermo and named Rosalie. Her father, Sinibald, a descendant of Charlemagne, had married a sister of the King; whilst his sister, the Princess Beatrice, had, in turn, married that monarch.

Although Rosalie was very young when her royal uncle died, she remained at court, where William, son of Roger, with his consort, Marguerite of Navarre, then reigned. Both sovereigns were attached to their little kinswoman, though they shared somewhat in the feeling of awe and reverence with which the courtiers had learned to regard the child. Her beauty, not of earth, had the dignity and nobility of her long line of illustrious ancestors; but it had something more: a spirituality, a purity, a holiness, well in accord with the angelic virtues of the future saint.

Gracious and tender, charming in her affability, her natural and unaffected gayety, Rosalie's charity toward others, displaying itself in speech and action, early became proverbial. From the first she despised, as it were intuitively, the things of earth and fixed her mind upon those of heaven. She loved prayer, and forsook the most brilliant court festivals for solitary hours in the castle chapel; she had a passion for mortification, and in the luxury which surrounded her deprived herself of everything. Hers was one of those rare spirits which influence all about them and command the admiration even of the most depraved.

As Rosalie grew to womanhood a great grief befell her. William, the King, whom she tenderly loved, departing, at

the height of prosperity, from the glorious traditions of his race, uninspired by the mighty deeds of those Christian knights who had always drawn their swords in defence of the faith, suddenly showed himself contumacious toward the Holy See. The Pope had justly censured his harsh treatment of his subjects—for the Pontiffs of the Middle Ages were ever the bulwark of the oppressed,—and William had openly rebelled.

Rosalie, with the sure instinct of the Saint, foresaw the evils which such a course of conduct would bring upon her family and her country. She resolved to offer herself to God in expiation and in sacrifice. By the advice of her Benedictine confessor, and despite the opposition of her parents, she became a fervent novice in a Benedictine convent. God, however, called her elsewhere, and after a while she obtained her director's permission to retire into the wilderness. Tradition declares that she at first inhabited a cell situated near the gates of the city of Montréal and hard by the basilica. This retreat is still known as the Hermitage of the Nun.

It was probably the fact that her holiness attracted attention to the spot which drove her into the mountains of Quisquina, thickly wooded and remote from the haunts of men. There a rocky cavern, with a scarce perceptible opening, served her as a dwelling; roots which grew on the mountain side supplied her food; water which trickled into the cave quenched her thirst. Over the entrance to this cavern she carved the words which remained to all time as an evidence of her faith and her inspiration: "I, Rosalie of Sinibald, daughter of the lord of this domain of Quisquina and the Roses, through love of my Lord Jesus Christ, have resolved to live in this cavern."

From this retreat she was driven by the renewed hostilities of the Saracens, who began once more to devastate the

fair kingdom of Sicily, carrying many captives into slavery. Rosalie, therefore, sought the almost inaccessible heights of Monte Pellegrino, where in the days of old the father of Hannibal had kept the Romans at bay for three long years.

On those heights, covered by dense forests, whitened by perpetual snows, our Saint discovered a cavern of curious and tortuous form, and in its inner recesses took up her final abode. There she led a wondrous life of prayer and penance: her austerities were indescribable, her prayer unceasing, as was revealed to a holy soul after her death. There she was, visited by angels and crowned with the roses of paradise; whilst Christ Himself, in company with His Holy Mother, deigned to console her in various apparitions.

The life of Rosalie in the cavern is indeed one of those marvels of grace which confounds human wisdom and defies human speculation. In this age of ours, when the pure love of God and His high designs upon privileged souls are sometimes depreciated—for it is the fashion of the times to weigh everything by a humanitarian standard,—such a life is peculiarly repugnant to human understanding. But to the eyes of faith it possesses a rare beauty in its complete detachment, its absolute renunciation,—from a court to a cavern, from splendor to entire indigence, from luxury to the utmost privation and hardship, with the double motive of charity toward God and toward man.

Interior trials were not wanting—the temptation to doubt, discouragement, and despair; the contrast which the wicked tempter must often have presented to her between the brilliant life from which she had fled and this solitude, between the society of friends loving and beloved, and the awful isolation of the glacier. Most probably she was tormented by the thought that she might have done more good to country and kindred by laboring

amongst them. It is certain that she was sorely afflicted at times in body and mind, and was the sport of demons.

At last, miraculously informed that the hour of her release was at hand, she lay calmly down upon the rocky ledge which had served her for a bed. There she was found five centuries later; her flesh ivory white, preserved from corruption; her form intact and transfigured, as it seemed, into a statue of marble by the exhalations of the cavern. She seemed as one who had fallen into a tranquil sleep, dreaming of happy things.

Her death occurred on the 4th of September, and news of it spread rapidly over the surrounding country, probably through supernatural agency. But search as they might, no trace of her holy body could be discovered. Nevertheless, devotion to her became general amongst her own people. It was sanctioned by Pope Alexander III., who established a feast in her honor for the church of Palermo in the year 1180. Shrines were erected under her invocation at Palermo, Messina, and in other localities. Many images of the Saint were put into circulation; a road was made to the cavern, and the shrine established there became a place of pilgrimage. Cures were wrought and favors obtained through Rosalie's intercession. Her name was on every lip—then all at once fell the deep silence of oblivion, which lasted for centuries. The Church passed through a serious crisis; religious orders with saints for founders arose, and the humble recluse of Palermo was forgotten.

With equal suddenness the darkness which had enshrouded her memory was dispelled. A dying woman in a hospital at Palermo had a vision. She beheld the figure of a young girl resplendent with the glory of heaven. She was promised her cure if she would invoke Rosalie and visit her shrine.

The woman delayed a year in fulfilling her promise; but on her way to the shrine she saw Rosalie once more. She was so much impressed by this apparition that she inspired certain pious citizens of the town to attempt the apparently hopeless task of finding the body of the Saint. They might soon have given it up in despair, so great were the obstacles in their path, had not a pestilence suddenly broken out with fearful virulence. Ships from the Orient had brought the plague to Sicily, and the Cardinal Archbishop, Doria, ordered hospitals to be opened. He also instituted the Adoration of the Forty Hours, and exhorted his people to prayer and penance.

A solemn procession took place, which was attended by the citizens of Palermo in penitential garb, with the clergy and religious at their head. The patrons of the city, St. Christine and St. Nympha, were invoked. Two bands of choristers, in different parts of the procession, burst forth, by a providential inspiration, with the old invocation to Santa Rosalia, long disused. This circumstance gave courage to those who were engaged in the search for the body. Their efforts were crowned with success in the early part of July, when, guided by a delicious fragrance, they suddenly came upon the figure of the Saint, in a recumbent attitude, and perfectly intact, as already described.

The town went mad with joy. The governor, Philibert, son of the Duke of Savoy, had the precious remains brought to his house. The cavern became a holy spot; its stones, the very dust upon the floor, the moisture on the walls, were regarded as relics. Pictures of the Saint, long hidden, were brought forth. Some were fastened to the gates of the town, as a preservation against the plague. Solemn promises were made by the senate and the municipal officers to honor Rosalie in an especial manner.

A Protest to Parents.

NOW that the time for reopening our schools is approaching, we wish all Catholic fathers could read the earnest protest of the Rev. Dr. Barry against withdrawing children from school just when they are beginning to profit by it. Two paragraphs of his excellent address we must quote:

Just as their minds are opening out, they themselves will be taken and flung headlong into the crush where everyone scrambles for a living. At the moment when they require discipline and would profit by their books, education for them comes to an end. They are left to struggle as if they were grown men, while they have the untrained, feeble, defenceless habits of children. We lose thousands of them every year. And when I say "we lose them," I mean that they are lost to the Church, to their parents, to society; that they are condemned to sink because they get no chance to rise; and that if ever the chance does come to this or that one among them, he is commonly so ill-educated that he can not take advantage of it. Hence two things show which we see all around: The work of education is always beginning, only to stop before it has yielded fruit; it is a spring that has little harvest. And our lads, with their fine capacity for learning, for science, for what the modern world values and rewards, are thrown back into the mass of laborers, as if they were doomed to the lowest place by their own fault and beyond redemption....

Reckon it up and you will see that for the sake of, it may be, twenty pounds all told, you sell away your boy's chance of rising in the world; and by denying him an extra two years' training, you condemn him to be a common laborer, a mere Gibeonite, all the days of his life. And that twenty pounds I have supposed comes in such tiny dribbles, so little at any one time, that I do not shrink from affirming that thousands of parents sell their children's future for a handful of sixpences.

The position of a man at thirty and afterward usually depends on the sort of training he has at the age of twenty-one. One or two years are a small part of an ordinary human life, but the difference which one or two years of study make in a man's chances of success may be tremendous. The parent who needlessly takes his boy out of school for the pittance he is able to earn is, in the very worst sense, "penny wise and pound foolish."

Notes and Remarks.

The president of the New York city council is making a valiant effort to clear the moral atmosphere in public places. He has persuaded the council to pass a bill making it a misdemeanor to utter "profane, vile or obscene language" on any street, public place or conveyance within the city limits. The penalty proposed for each violation of this act is a fine of not less than two and not more than ten dollars. At the first blush, this looks like an attempt to make people virtuous by act of parliament—a foolhardy and impossible thing; but any one who has ever suffered from this particular nuisance will rejoice at any attempt to put it down. If Mr. Guggenheimer succeeds he will deserve a statue; and as his bill has already passed the council, it requires only the consent of Mayor Van Wyck and the board of aldermen for its complete validity.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, chief of the United States Department of Labor, lately addressed a note of inquiry to more than seven thousand business firms, asking whether they made any difference between total abstainers and others in choosing employees. More than half the number reported that they did make a difference in favor of total abstainers, and one-fifth of the whole number of employers declared that they hire no others. It is worthy of note, too, that the most desirable situations are those most closely hemmed in by abstinence restrictions. So the young man who contracts a taste for alcoholic beverages nowadays handicaps himself financially and socially as well as morally.

The superiority of American war-ships and the skill of American gunners are generally acknowledged. But the domineer who edits the *New York Evangelical Observer* has a way of his own to account for the annihilation of Admiral Cervera's fleet. The ungodly Spaniard, it seems, disturbed our men while at their Sunday morning devotions, deliberately selecting that solemn

hour for his dash out of Santiago harbor. He was horribly punished for Sabbath-breaking. "What a way to spend Sunday!" exclaims the pious editor of the *Observer*. "When the sun set on that Sabbath, its last reproachful beams slanted across the smoking hulks of the fleet of the proud Spaniard, who deliberately broke up religious meetings in the hope of gaining a strategic success."

This would make a lovely story for a certain sort of Sunday-school paper, if it were dressed up a little. It should be stated as emphatically as possible that nothing could excuse the dastardly conduct of the wicked Spaniard in thus "breaking up meeting"; that if he were not a son of perdition he would have waited until the prayers were over. There is danger, however, that the little Ingersolls produced by religion such as the *Observer* professes will ask themselves why the crews of the American ships didn't keep on with their devotions instead of immediately pursuing the wicked Spaniards and breaking the Sabbath all to smash themselves by firing big guns and things. But, seriously, the editor of the *Evangelical Observer* ought to will his head to some psychological laboratory in order to determine whether it really contained brain cells or only barnacles.

We learn that two Catholic academies in the far West also bestow on their graduates the regular collegiate degrees in course. It is probable that diligent search would bring to light still other institutions directed by an equally progressive spirit. The number of young ladies who undertake university studies is increasing every year. A collegiate degree is required as a condition of entrance into every worthy university; and it would be little to our credit if the graduates of our convent schools suffered by comparison with the graduates of Vassar, Bryn Mawr, or similar academies. Cardinal Vaughan took energetic measures last year to systematize and strengthen the work of Catholic schools in England; and though our country is perhaps too extensive, and its component elements too diverse, for the operation of so

simple a plan as the Cardinal's, *some* order could be introduced into methods which now have as little system as a jelly-fish. We have always believed that the multiplication of higher schools, like the multiplication of books, Catholic newspapers, and seminaries, is by no means an unmixed blessing; and it would be one step in the direction of progress if the religious orders, whether of men or women, would direct less energy toward founding new high schools and more toward perfecting those already in existence.

Private Joseph Prauke, of Company C, 16th Regular Infantry, is now in Bellevue Hospital, suffering from wounds received in the battle before Santiago. He is an unpromising Protestant, but he gives unstinted praise to the Catholic chaplains, who, he declares, "were here, there and everywhere, giving aid and comfort to the wounded, regardless of creed." Prauke's simple, manly statement deserves to go on record:

If it had not been for them [the priests] many more of our men would have lost their lives. I have seen them pick up wounded men in their arms and carry them out of the firing lines, while the bullets whizzed all around them. Then they bound the wounds and gave the sufferers food and drink. I did not see chaplains of any other denomination on the firing line.

It will be seen that the administration of the sacraments is only a part, though the most important part, of the chaplain's duty. Our priests have their full share of hardships and danger; and it is no surprise, but a great pleasure, to find that the opinion of them expressed by Prauke is universal among the returned soldiers.

Speaking of the strong religious influences which surrounded the early home life of Lord Russell, Chief-Justice of England, Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson once wrote in this magazine: "'The charity of Christ urgeth us,' might have been written as a motto along that nursery wall; for of the five children who played there, all except the Lord Chief-Justice dedicated themselves to God and the service of humanity in religion." One of these four who chose the better part is Father Matthew Russell, S. J.,

well-known for his services to Catholic literature. The three sisters entered the Order of Mercy. One of these, Mother Baptiste, has just passed away in San Francisco. The bond of affection existing between these brothers and sisters was so strong that the Chief-Justice travelled six thousand miles to visit her a few years ago. Yet this brave nun sundered all these ties to carry the work of her Order into what was then the wilderness of California; and for forty-four years she has labored in the hospitals, reformatories, asylums, and schools around the Golden Gate. Statistics and enumerations would ill represent the work of such a one as Mother Baptiste. It is not set down in monuments of bronze or marble; but in the hearts of the poor, the suffering, and the erring, is written the record of her greatness and goodness. God grant her noble spirit rest!

An invitation to address a society of Orangemen is commonly a badge of dishonor, the inference being that only a bigot would be called on to address the bigots. But the wrong man is sometimes invited, and then the Lodge celebration wears the emaciated appearance of a squeezed orange. There was a gathering of the yellow ones in Toronto last month, and the Rev. Morgan Wood, supposed to be good orange timber, was booked for the great speech. Among other things Mr. Wood observed that the chief impediment to the spread of Orangeism was the hot desire of the young members to put down the Catholics. "This I call patriotic rottenness," said Brother Wood; "for no better example can be shown our members than that of the Roman Catholic girl who goes to Mass at six o'clock every Sunday morning, when my people can't get here at eleven." And it is not too late to quote the words addressed to the Orangemen of Kingston, Eng., by the Rev. Peterson Smyth:

Before I left Dublin I heard many persons speak bitter and disparaging words about you and your institution. I heard them say that you show your Christian life by your hatred of Roman Catholics. Such things are said every day. Why? Because they are deserved. You do not want me to say smooth things to-day. I am looking into the faces of men accustomed to be spoken to as men. Some

of you are always ready to help the clergy, and go to church regularly; others never attend any church unless on the Sunday before or the Sunday after the "Twelfth." There are men among you who can not say a kind word about a countryman because he happens to be a Roman Catholic.

This was part of Dr. Smyth's oration on the Twelfth of July, and it is safe to say that the loyal brethren did less shouting and more thinking than they have on any other anniversary since the Battle of the Boyne.

If it were not for our readers, we should give up reading non-Catholic papers—and much else that we do—for the simple reason that we are sick of surprises, so many of which "beat Bannagher." One can never tell what awaits him in the pages of a Protestant paper nowadays, and so can never be prepared. We knew, of course, that most Protestants have an aversion for the crucifix, and that the vast majority of them still consider it a sign of "Popish superstition." As for making the Sign of the Cross, nothing could be more distinctively Catholic until a few years ago. Imagine our surprise, then, to see in a Protestant paper a stern rebuke to those who neglect the sign of salvation! It is administered by the bishop of Springfield in this wise:

It is among the most amazing phenomena in human experience that the religious revulsion at the Reformation should have thrown men so far off their balance as to lead them actually to hate the symbol of their salvation. Can anything be more illogical or more absolutely absurd than that votaries of the religion of the Cross (for so Christianity is described), should refuse it a place on tomb or spire, on altar or in window; and even grow mad with rage when they see man or woman or child making the sacred sign upon the breast!... Why should we not, with the first Christians, of whom Tertullian speaks in the year of Our Lord 190, make the sacred sign upon our persons when we lie down, when we eat our meals, or go forth to our daily round of duties? Why should we not thus remind ourselves of Jesus Christ by that which is the expression of His infinite love for us—the Cross on which He yielded up His life and shed His precious blood for sinners?

The bishop says furthermore that "he is better who sanctifies his home, his work, his play, his mornings and his evenings, his joys and sorrows, with the Sign of the Cross." This can not be questioned, but one

may doubt seriously whether any Protestant bishop in the United States would have ventured to make the assertion a few years ago. "The sign is on," and a good sign it is.

It is somewhat shocking to read the statement of Mr. Stephen Bonsal, who is a good American, that if he had to go to prison he would prefer Siberia to Sing Sing. Siberia, Mr. Bonsal seems to believe, is a penal paradise, where the humaneness of the officials and the cheerfulness of the prisoners are the two prominent facts. Many of the people who go there are men who had not the means to transport themselves, and who committed some harmless offence sufficient to secure transportation from the government. The convicts are usually men without families, but wives are permitted to accompany their husbands when they wish to do so. Thanks to the humane spirit of the times, cruel punishments are never employed except in extreme cases; the knout is hardly ever seen, and the horrible stories about the perpetual confinement of prisoners in the gold mines underground lose some of their horror when one is told that there are no underground gold mines in Siberia. There is a strong feeling in Russia, moreover, for the abolition of prison life in Siberia; and Mr. Bonsal ventures the prophecy that in five years the present convict system will have disappeared.

There was much genuine patriotism when the war began; but now, at the close, it is principally politics. Most of those who were simple enough to believe that our Congressmen were actuated by no other motive than the *liberation* of Cuba, and that the insurgents there were deserving of the support of this country, have probably modified somewhat their opinion by this time. Those who were so sure that the war would cover the nation with glory must realize now that there wasn't enough glory to go round.

The German historian Mommsen has delivered an opinion which will startle those amiable people who think that the private

life of a man of genius "doesn't matter." Discussing the proposed monument to Heine, he writes: "That Heine is one of our most eminent poets is beyond doubt. He was, however, not only an ill-bred darling of the graces, but a man of no honor. What I know about his personal character and political life is simply shameful; and even if genius makes up for all errors, it does not excuse infamous deeds. This prevents me from expressing myself in favor of the monument." Heine's life might have been different if he had honestly followed the direction of his great intellect. In his Confessions he has written:

I know too well my own intellectual calibre not to be aware that, with my most furious onslaughts, I could inflict but little injury on such a Colossus as the Church of St. Peter.... I was too familiar with history not to recognize the gigantic nature of that granite structure. Call it, if you will, the bastille of intellect; assert, if you choose, that it is now defended only by invalids; but it is, therefore, not less true that the bastille is not to be easily captured, and many a young recruit will break his head against its walls. As a thinker and metaphysician, I was always forced to pay the homage of my admiration to the logical consistency of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

Yet Heine only half believed the testimony of his metaphysics; and his mind remained to the last in rebellion against the Christian faith, as his heart remained in rebellion against Christian discipline.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. John Yall, of Dubuque, Iowa, who departed this life on the 24th ult.

Mrs. Jane Reynolds, who yielded her soul to God on the 28th ult., at Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Edward Carey, of the same city, whose happy death took place on the 3d inst.

Mrs. Michael Condon, who breathed her last on the 28th ult., at Peterboro, Canada.

Mr. Daniel Duffy, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Michael P. Nugent, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Daniel Flynn, Hartford, Conn.; F. J. McManus, Esq., Bathurst, Canada; and Mrs. Marguerite Horne, Prescott, Arizona.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Her Novel.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.



LETTER from an author,—from a real live author! And to me! Oh! oh! oh!”

Bessie danced up and down the room, flourishing her precious missive in the air.

“Let me see it, Bess—ah, do let me see it!” pleaded Mary, trying to catch her sister in her mad dance. Mary’s voice thrilled, too; she felt quite as much overcome as the more impetuous elder girl.

“From a real live author! Just think, Mary dear,—a *real live author!*” Bessie repeated the words ecstatically.

“Hem! Couldn’t very well come from a *dead* one; could it?”

It was Jack who spoke. Jack was of what is called “the hobbledehoy age.” It is an age at which the American youth’s naturally small bump of reverence is in its most undeveloped stage.

Bessie deigned his remark no notice; instead she paused suddenly before the high, old-fashioned mantel and took a deliberate survey of herself in the mirror which formed its more new-fashioned background. It was a pretty vision which looked back at her from the friendly glass. There were eyes of deepest, darkest blue, overshadowed by long and curling lashes; there was a short, rather *retroussé* nose; a round and dimpled, albeit very determined, little chin; a veritable Cupid’s bow of a mouth; two velvety cheeks, in which dimples and soft blushes played

hide-and-seek—all framed in an aureole of wavy chestnut hair.

Bessie, having placed both elbows on the mantel, framed her glowing cheeks in her hands, one of which still clasped the letter, murmuring under her breath, and with a queer catch in her voice:

“To me! to me!”

Jack slyly slid up to her side, assumed the same attitude, gazed at himself in the glass, murmuring in mockery:

“To *me!* to *me!*”

Bessie, sharply awakened from her trance, turned upon him.

“You impertinent, dirty-faced boy!” she cried. “I don’t believe you have a bit of respect for anything or anybody, even an author.”

And the girl moved aside with an expression of supreme disgust.

“Jack dear,” admonished Mary, in gentle accents, “do go wash your face; it is really quite dirty.”

Jack examined his reflected visage with attention; then he remarked calmly:

“It’s been dirtier.”

“Heaven knows it has!” ejaculated Bessie, with more force than elegance. “I’m sure I can’t imagine why most boys were made anyhow, except to—to disgrace their relations and bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. That’s what you’re going to do, Jack Bently, sure as I’m alive!”

Bessie was tragic and dramatic and esthetic. Jack’s hands, face, shoes, collars and cuffs were a constant source of trial to her. The eldest daughter in a large family of growing children, her mother

partially invalided, the charge of the younger ones frequently devolved upon her likewise young shoulders. Mary, her junior by but one year, and her four little sisters were easily managed; but that one and only brother was the poor girl's present problem. Jack strenuously objected to a personal wash more than once, or at the most twice, a day. It was ever a mystery to him why one set of cuffs and one collar shouldn't be made do duty for a week; he likewise had original views on the waste of time involved in a daily shoe-polishing. What was the use of wearing out a fellow's shoes by "polishing up" every morning, when five minutes later, on his way to school, the mud or the dust would be sure to adhere fondly to toes and heels? It was all "humbug," and Jack secretly cherished a wish that he were a savage, shoeless, collarless, cuffless, washless.

"Go it, old girl!" was his tantalizing rejoinder. "Blow off the steam; it'll do you good,—swelled head, you know."

And Jack pointed gravely to his own cranium.

Bessie had now thrown herself into a chair, and her attention was again riveted on the precious letter.

"I haven't a swelled head," she replied, indignantly. "Considering my talents, I'm a most unconceited girl. I just wish you had that stupid Alicia Taylor for a sister, Jack Bently; and then perhaps you'd have some respect for your own flesh and blood. I'm going to be a famous author after a time,—that's what I am; this letter says so."

And Bessie flushed and drew herself up with dignity.

"O gracious! gracious me!" put in Mary, in a little flutter. "Does it really say that, Bessie dear?"

And Mary reverently approached the chair which had the honor of holding the embryo "famous author."

Though Bessie was pleased at the awe

depicted on her sister's countenance, the point-blank question appeared slightly to disconcert her.

"Oh, well—oh, well!" she stammered, "of course she doesn't say it out plump and plain like that. You're so dreadfully matter-of-fact, Mary. *You'll* never be an author, anyhow. You haven't a bit of imagination."

"I know," acquiesced Mary, meekly. "You have enough for both, dear."

Bessie glanced up quickly and with some suspicion. But simple Mary had not meant any irony; did not even see the point, till a chuckle from the more astute Jack enlightened her.

"Good for you, Polly! That's one on Bess, and a good one."

Mary looked from brother to sister, bewildered. Bessie's cheeks were very red and Jack's eyes very mischievous. Then in a moment Polly understood.

"You *are* a horrid little tease!" she said, addressing Jack, the while a touch of indignation crept into her voice. "You know I didn't mean it that way. But you understand, Bessie; don't you?"

"Of course," replied Bessie, with her slightly superior air,—a manner which had won for her the sobriquet "Proudly Bently." "I know *you* at least have faith in me, Mary."

The future author's tones were now charged with affectionate and affecting pathos.

"May I see the letter?" Mary's hand was outstretched, her delicate face vivid with expectation. She certainly *had* faith in Bessie. She was, moreover, a hero-worshiper down to her finger-tips, this gentle, sensitive girl; and dreamed many a golden dream of her own, all unknown to those about her.

But Bessie's fingers closed rather suddenly and tightly over the precious missive. The flush on her rounded cheeks deepened; her manner was distinctly embarrassed as she said:

"Of course you may see the handwriting," considerably thrusting the envelope forward as she spoke. "But I will read you the letter myself."

"Hi, there! A coon in the corner!" exclaimed Jack the irrepressible.

Mary's hand dropped to her side; she fell back a step, and her brown eyes spoke the pained surprise which her tongue was too considerate to voice. She had already seen the envelope—had, in fact, taken the letter from the carrier. Could Bessie have forgotten so easily?

Bessie, quick to see the question in the glance, hastened to reply.

"It's—it's—well, you see it's this way, Polly. I wrote to Mrs. W——" (naming one of the celebrated authors of the day), "telling her how much I adored her poems, and asking her if she wouldn't please tell me how she became famous, and if her first poems were very much better than mine. And I slipped one of mine in the envelope and—and asked her to try and get it published for me."

Bessie's tones faltered somewhat over her concluding words.

"And will she—oh, will she, Bessie? And which one did you send?" Mary thrilled from head to foot as she put the momentous questions.

Bessie moved uneasily in her chair, and her eyes fastened themselves very persistently upon the letter.

"You see, I sent five," she admitted, after a momentary pause. "I thought I might as well give myself five chances as one; but—" And Bessie stopped again.

"Oh! will she publish the whole five? You'll be famous right off, Bessie dear."

Mary's eyes shone; her whole face was transfigured with her unselfish joy.

Bessie's color deepened painfully. In spite of her petty conceit, she was at heart an honest little girl; and, thus driven to bay, the truth burst forth.

"Polly, I wish you wouldn't take things for granted!" she retorted. "She isn't

going to get any of them published; so there—if you want to know!"

There was a whistle from Jack, a half-stifled exclamation from poor Polly, then profound silence. After a moment or so this was broken again by Bessie herself, who went on, in hurried tones and with a queer little choke in her voice:

"It's a kind letter, all the same, even if she doesn't think they're good enough to be printed. She says she herself wrote five hundred po—I mean verses—before one was ever published. And she does say" (here Bessie's tones gained more courage) "that if I work very, *very* hard, she does not doubt but I will be a success some day."

Polly clapped her hands softly; her sisterly ardor was not to be damped even by the appalling indefiniteness of delay.

"How beautiful it will be to have a poet in our very own family!" was her hopeful comment.

With a quick, sudden movement Bessie threw the precious letter from her and jumped to her feet.

"Mary Agnes Bently," she exclaimed, driven quite to desperate bluntness by the effusiveness of her sister, "you're the most terrible girl for making a person tell the downright truth! If you will know it, Mrs. W—— does not say that I'm going to be a success *as a poet*."

Poor Polly was again confounded.

"But—but," she managed to stammer forth, "you said, Bessie—you said—you remember you said that—that letter said you were going to be a famous author."

For answer Bessie stooped and regained the letter, toward which in the interim Jack's boot toe had been making sly advances.

"I will read you her words; I shall begin from here," turning to the second page. Bessie spoke slowly and with deliberateness, and her tones were firm and clear as she read:

"But if your little verses do not show

the talent or even the promise which you ~~gain~~ would have me see in them, your letter, the spirit which breathes in and through it, convinces me that you are already endowed with two qualities, simplicity and sincerity, which ever form two important factors in literary success. At your age I was far from being able to express myself on paper with the force and simple directness which have struck me in your letter. With time, patience, and hard study, with the lessons which life itself, alas! will bring you soon enough, I do not doubt that you may yet become a writer of strong and vigorous prose,—perhaps a novelist or essayist of note."

"Oh! oh!" Mary caught her breath, and her eyes almost flew out of her head.

Bessie, without betraying herself by even the quiver of an eyelash, though her heart was beating wildly, went on:

"Let me, however, add a word of advice which you, my honest-hearted little friend, will not, I am sure, take amiss. She who offers it is a woman who has seen many sorrows, tasted some joys; whose hair has whitened with the flying years, who knows whereof she speaks. Never work purely and simply for fame, my dear; it is not worth it. If, as you grow older, you find that you have within you a good and helpful thought, burning for utterance, pour it forth in the strongest and purest language and most alluring manner at your command. It may find some heart in this big world that will be the better for it. Your reward will be in the happiness which you have been privileged to bestow; look for no other. Fame and fortune may, undoubtedly will, come in time; but do not count on them too eagerly: the one never satisfies; the other may smooth your path, it will not, can not, bring you peace."

Bessie ceased, read the few remaining words in silence; then folded the letter slowly and returned it to its envelope.

"That part gives me a queer, high-up

feeling inside," was her quaint, characteristic comment. "It's an awfully solemn thing, after all, to be an author, Mary."

"Say, how much are you going to give me when you get paid for your first book?" demanded Jack. "I tell you it'll 'smooth my path' awfully if you give me a few 'fivers,' Bess."

"You—you little wretch!" cried Bessie, the "queer, high-up feeling" all gone in an instant. "You're a regular, regular unromantic, horrid boy!"

And Bessie's magnificent disdain and scorn "rode sparkling in her eyes."

Mary was too overcome to do more than faintly murmur:

"The dear, kind, noble author! I wish I could kiss her."

"You can kiss *me* instead," volunteered Jack, affably; adding as an afterthought: "Say, Polly, don't get to be a 'gusher.'"

Bessie's eyes rested for a full moment upon Jack—upon his undoubtedly saucy, dirty young face; upon his dusty boots, and a hole in his stocking which showed just below his knickerbockers.

"There is a postscript to this letter," she said, suddenly. "I'm going to read it to you; I suppose I might as well."

She pulled the letter hastily out of the envelope and turned to the last page.

"You ask me about my early life—"

Bessie stammered a bit and glanced deprecatingly at Mary; on sober second thought, she had a feeling that perhaps that had been an impertinent question. But loyal Mary noticed not; she never could see a fault in brilliant Bessie. The latter recovered herself and went on:

"When I look back to it now, I see how simple and happy it was, notwithstanding the fact that my parents were poor and had a hard struggle to make both ends meet. I had seven brothers, all younger than myself. I wonder do you know, my dear, what a care one small boy is? If not, then you can not even *imagine* seven. It seemed to me that outside of

school hours I lived in a perpetual round of patching trousers, darning socks, and washing soiled little hands. I believe I often rebelled. (Alas! I was not a model girl.) Yet I have lived to be thankful for the experience and the trials of those years; their memories have inspired some of the most successful, and what kind critics have called the sweetest, of my poems on child life. Fifty cents to buy two pairs of socks with which to replace the oft-darned ones would have seemed a fortune to me in those days. Now they give me as many dollars for a simple song of that time. I could not have written the songs had I not *lived* them first."

As Bessie finished reading there was only one remark.

"Old lady," commented that disrespectful Jack, standing in the middle of the floor and striking an attitude,—*"old lady, I say you're a trump. If I don't inspire Bess with a whole novel straight off, it won't be your fault nor—mine."*

The Young Marauders.

BY MARY E. KELLY.

V.

During the days that followed Mr. Stuart seemed most reluctant to pursue that investigation of which he had spoken; while Jim held proudly aloof, not caring again to assert his innocence. The boy trusted to time and to the favor of St. Joseph to establish his innocence. Like Mr. Stuart, he was not without his suspicions; but would not give them voice or so much as dwell upon them. He devoted himself assiduously to the numberless chores about the house, and spent his spare time in taking care of Anna Louise and working at his wonderful invention; for Jim had vague, undefined hopes of becoming a great inventor, and seeing his name one day

enrolled with Fulton, Morse, and Edison.

He had now entirely abandoned the hope of obtaining means for a collegiate education, as he was determined not to seek any employment while under this suspicion. The lad keenly felt the withdrawal of his uncle's confidence, and was grieved at the cold looks which his aunt frequently cast upon him.

Mrs. Stuart had always considered Jim as an intruder; and, now that she had some tangible evidence of his guilt, she harped upon this string, and made her husband miserable by her entreaties to send Jim away. Alec Stuart was a pale-faced, overworked little man, very much in awe of his exacting wife.

Things went on in this way until Saturday. Jim had been helping Hannah in the kitchen, when he remembered that his best coat needed mending. He had noticed a rip at the elbow when he wore it last; but, other matters claiming his attention, it was forgotten. Jim was very neat and orderly about his person, and had a great horror of a rip or tear in his clothes,—not so much from a sense of pride as a nervous fear of ridicule. Old Hannah's aid was now solicited; and, after the usual amount of grumbling, she consented to mend the garment.

Jim went up to the little closet where his clothes were kept, and taking down his coat examined it closely. It was very badly ripped, and stained down the front as if from some liquid. Strange, the lad could not remember of having been so careless, and he was certain that it was laid away in perfect order Sunday night. There were mud stains, too—deep, long, yellow streaks, as if from sticky clay. The trousers were next inspected. They were not so soiled as the coat, but both garments bore evidence of having received a hasty brushing.

Jim's perplexity deepened. He was annoyed; for the suit was almost new, and he dreaded his aunt's censure. He

stood motionless for awhile, following some train of thought; then turned the garments around, slowly, meditatively; and finally, from sheer force of habit, thrust his hands into the pockets. They were filled with all the odds and ends that boys' pockets usually hold. In one he found a few nails and curious brass bolts that he used in his invention; in another were bits of strings, buttons, and his silver statuette of St. Joseph; but in the bottom of the outside pocket his hand encountered, besides the usual variety of screws and nails, a mealy substance. With quick fingers Jim turned the lining inside out. A handful of loose tobacco fell to the floor.

"Ginger!" cried the lad, in amazement.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the sight of the weed called forth such surprise, for Jim never smoked; having tried it on two occasions and becoming so deathly sick that he gave up the attempt in despair.

He was dazed, bewildered. He passed his hand over his forehead and tried to think. Those mud stains must have been made since Sunday; for he had brushed his clothes and hung them carefully away on Sunday night. They might possibly have been soiled when he wore them Tuesday morning: he did not remember. Perhaps—some one had worn them since; and who could that some one have been except Joe?

A light broke over the boy's mind. The suddenness of it all made him dizzy. He threw himself into a chair. Presently he started to his feet, and, with the coat still in his hand, darted down the stairs.

Joe was seated in a wicker chair on the veranda, stealing a smoke. Hearing footsteps, he hastily concealed the pipe; but on seeing who the intruder was, again puffed away contentedly.

Jim flung himself into Joe's presence like a discharge from one of his own catapults, and stood before him like an

avenging god, holding up his torn, mud-stained coat.

"Do you see that coat?" he demanded. Joe turned his head lazily.

"I hope I am not blind," he answered.

"This coat has been worn!" exclaimed Jim, tragically waving his hand.

"I haven't a doubt of it," observed Joe coolly, crossing his feet.

"Come! no nonsense, now!" replied Jim, hotly. "This coat has been worn by some one in this house."

"Perhaps old Hannah has taken to masquerading in male attire," suggested the other lad, quietly.

"It was a great game," Jim went on between his shut teeth. "You wore my clothes and cap, and in the darkness the Squire mistook you for me."

Jim had guessed rightly. It was one of those strange resemblances that one sees in persons, in certain attitudes and clothing, that at other times bear no likeness to one another.

Joe was refilling his pipe. He looked up with an insolent smile and asked:

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," replied the enraged youth, "except to tell everybody that you are a coward and a thief."

Joe sprang from his chair. He raised his hand—the hand which held the pipe—and dealt Jim a terrible blow on the cheek. The attack was so cruel and unexpected that poor Jim was stunned. Recovering himself quickly, he dropped the coat and with the spring of a tiger was upon his cousin. Forgotten were the counsels of guardian and confessor. Backward and forward they swayed,—now to the edge of the veranda steps, now to the window, and ever and anon trampling the long box of nasturtiums and scattering the mould over the floor. Neither spoke a word, each fearing to give the advantage to the other. Jim was the slighter and younger of the two, but his brawn and sinew were more

fully developed in doing the many chores about the house, which Joe always managed to evade. Joe's strength was beginning to exhaust itself in the long wrestle. Jim perceived this, and in a moment of indecision on Joe's part, the other tripped him neatly and sent him sprawling on his back. In an instant Jim was on his knees beside him, pinioning his arms to the floor.

"I've got you now!" he said, in triumph. "I don't mind the blow, for I haven't any beauty to spoil; but it's the wrong that hurts. I'll take my satisfaction out of you first."

Joe's answer was a vigorous kick.

There had been only one witness to this disgraceful scene, and that was a very small one peeping through the screen door. It was Anna Louise, who had awakened from a nap and pattered downstairs in search of her faithful nurse. She had been too frightened during the combat to make any outcry, and the tears were making little streams down her plump cheeks. She toddled out, and, catching hold of Jim's arm, cried:

"Don't, Dimmy! You's hurtin' Dodie."

"Go away, Anna Louise! go away!" he commanded.

But the little girl clung closer to his arm. He took Joe's hands in a vise-like grasp, and, raising them, crossed them over his breast. Joe struggled and made an effort to bite his captor.

"Don't, don't!" screamed Anna Louise.

In order to carry out his intention of giving Joe a good pommelling, he would have to shake off Anna Louise's clasp or else hurt her in the struggle. For fully a minute the captor knelt eyeing his captive, who glared up at him, while Anna Louise begged and pleaded. Suddenly he released his hold on Joe, to the latter's great astonishment.

"I will not, Anna Louise," said Jim. "He's a cur, but he is your brother. I'll not hurt him."

Joe rose doggedly to his feet.

"Let my sister alone!" he said, spitefully. "Come here, Anna Louise. Come with me."

While Joe was in peril Anna Louise, like the rest of her sex, felt the deepest sympathy for him; but now that he was free from immediate danger, her interest flagged; and perhaps there flitted across her diminutive brain sundry hectorings and cuffs of which she had been the victim. She held out her two chubby hands to Jim.

"Come, Anna Louise," he said. "We'll go to meet papa."

After bringing his coat to Hannah, he tied on the little one's sun-hat and they went up the road. Joe stood looking after them, sullen and defiant.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Horn-Book.

This was the primer of our ancestors, and consisted of a single leaf, containing on one side the alphabet in large and small letters with a little army of monosyllables and a copy of the Lord's Prayer; this leaf being set in a frame of wood and covered with a slice of transparent horn. A handle was attached, which was held by a string to the girdle of the scholar. In one old poem of Shenstone, called "The Schoolmistress," these lines occur:

Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from fingers wet the letters fair.

The alphabet on the horn-book was always prefaced with a cross; and for that reason, after the quaint manner of the time, was called the Christ-cross-row; this afterward was corrupted into criss-cross-row, a name frequently used instead of horn-book. Before this, in England, a leaden plate containing the alphabet in raised letters was employed for much the same purpose.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A well-written biographical sketch of St. Martin of Tours, by Lady Amabel Kerr, is the latest addition to the excellent series of brief biographies published by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—Mr. James Britten, the honored head of the English Catholic Truth Society, must be very annoying to bigots of all sorts. Formerly these worthies used to roar or write without much restriction; now they are promptly taken to task and forced to retract or retire. Mr. Britten's latest arrest is John Kensit, secretary of the Protestant Truth Society, so called because its main object is to propagate lies about the Catholic Church. Many honest Protestants would be heartily ashamed of Mr. Kensit and his methods if they were to read a penny pamphlet just issued by the Catholic Truth Society.

—There are several daily papers in this country which are owned and edited by Catholics; and if these gentlemen only had a high sense of duty, the need of a Catholic daily would not be so pressing. Neither of two such journals that we know of betrays its religious proprietorship, either in the news columns or on the editorial page. Their point of view is always purely secular, never frankly Catholic. In *St. Peter's* magazine this month, appears a wise article by the famous dramatic critic, Mr. Clement Scott, who thus touches up Catholics who write from the purely secular point of view:

To attempt to stir up what has been called an "odium theologicum" in connection with any art or profession or set of people is, to my mind, to undertake the gravest of responsibilities. I can conscientiously say I have never done it and never wished to do it. As a public writer I have defended my faith as every Catholic is bound to do.... When I see a play, or discuss any subject as a journalist, I am bound to be guided by the faith that is in me, which is necessarily opposed to the indifference or doubt or agnosticism or scepticism that is in others; and I am bound to protect also those who might be wounded, pained, or receive a shock from witnessing that against which they can not protest....

I saw it seriously stated the other day that no Catholic as such had a right to criticise any work of art, be it pictures or music or drama. According to my experience, Catholic journalists have been, on the whole, very modest, unaggressive, and have per-

suaded by gentle unassailable argument rather than by dogmatic force. But in these days of liberality and fair play why should Catholic journalists alone be boycotted? If the atheist, the freethinker, the agnostic, the socialist and the school-board egotist are to sit on the critical benches, why may not a seat be found for the Catholic also?

The faith that is shy and sensitive and afraid to assert itself need never hope to win the day in a world where unbelief and immorality are bold and rampant. And the lawyer, the physician, or the editor who assumes the agnostic or merely secular viewpoint six days in the week surely does not "work hard" at his religion on Sundays.

—The text of Cicero's beautiful essay "On Friendship" has been annotated for the use of Latin classes by Prof. Lord, of Dartmouth. His aim has been to furnish all the information necessary to the clear understanding of points of grammar, history, biography, and ancient customs, and to arouse the student to a literary appreciation of the work. It is well worthy of examination by teachers.—Equally valuable is the edition of Plato's *Apology*, *Crito*, and a part of *Phædo*, prepared by Prof. Kitchel, of Yale. The introduction, which details the life and character of Plato and Socrates, can not fail to aid and stimulate the student. If the youth of to-day do not study the classics with more zest and profit than was common a generation ago, it can not be for lack of vastly improved and more interesting text-books. American Book Co.

—An examination of advance sheets of a new book on "Clerical Studies," by the Abbé Hogan, to be published next month by Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co., has confirmed our impression that it will be one of the most important publications of the year. It is made up of a series of papers originally printed in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. Though familiar to many readers as separate articles, in book form they will be as new, on account of being grouped into chapters, each completing a given subject. Indeed it is only in this more permanent form that the Abbé Hogan's wise and lucid observations on ecclesiastical studies can be thoroughly appreci-

ated. He has written especially for young men in training for the priesthood, but his work will be found of great assistance to those already engaged in the sacred ministry who are anxious to cultivate their minds and increase their power for good. The exact purpose of the work is to show how to pursue with the greatest advantage the studies referred to in every broad and comprehensive plan. To quote the author's preface: "Leaving to others what concerns the earlier or classical course, he takes up in succession the different subjects taught in our seminaries, not for the purpose of treating of them in any degree, but only to determine their object, to point out their practical value, and, through a knowledge of their nature, to reach the methods by which they may be most intelligently and profitably studied." We venture to say that a more enlightened and experienced guide in ecclesiastical studies could nowhere be found than the learned and beloved Abbé Hogan.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 75 cts.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., *net.*

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S. S. R.* \$1.60, *net.*

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net.*

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Slang.* \$1, *net.*
Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 89 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, *net.*

Orestes A Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, *net.*

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani* 50 cts., *net.*

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, *net.*

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, *net.*

For a King. *T. S. Sharowood.* 95 cts., *net.*

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan.* \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net.*

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson.* 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon.* \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts., *net.*

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net.*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Solitude.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

NOT where the seeding grass is tinged
with gold,
By sleeping waters, and the warm air still;
Not where I lie upon the sward at will,
To scan the blue hills or the browning fold;
Or weary of the Old Grange library,
And silent, close-clipped lawn, from which I
mark
The ever-shifting shadows of the park,
Does Solitude reign round about, on high,
But in the city's busy, well-thronged street
Strange faces ever hurrying to and fro,
Where none can mete with truth their
weal or woe,
When more than four conflicting currents
meet:
Where I read nought of what is passing
round,
And none can gauge my thoughts nor
tread my ground.

In Wonderland.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—WITHIN THE GATES.

LESS than a mile from the North
Fork of the Gibbon River—a
pleasant walk from the canvas
dining-hall—is the Norris Geyser
Basin. The tourist who has some leisure
vibrates between the geysers and the
village of tents for a day or two; and

would no doubt find entertainment for
a week or a fortnight, were he to tarry
for that length of time. A geyser is a
perpetual surprise as uncertain as a
coquette, of infinite variety, no two alike,
and numberless hereabouts; they are
likewise of every age and size and
eccentricity of action. Probably all the
geysers, hot springs, mud springs, and
medicinal springs of the world, were they
gathered together in some international
universal exposition, would hardly rival
the collection which is the pride of the
Yellowstone Park.

In Norris Geyser Basin the earth fairly
trembles with the pressure of the gases
and steam beneath it. We realize that we
are capering over the crust of a measure-
less boiler that is saved from instant
explosion by ten thousand escape valves;
that each one of these valves is constantly
altering its shape, and that new ones are
from time to time suddenly opened—
why not beneath our feet while we stand
there?—yet we seem to fear nothing. The
sense of danger, when not overwhelming,
is positively inspiring; and the recklessness
of some visitors has made them pay
very dearly. An amateur photographer,
whose head was buried in the curtain of
his camera while he focused the instru-
ment, found himself one day under a
douche of hot water; and he fled dis-
mayed, leaving his instruments and a
case of dry plates to be swept away by the

flood. An unnoticed geyser had begun to play only a few feet away from him.

It is with no little difficulty that one takes note of all the vents, for they are scattered everywhere. Some of them are extinct; others are so small that they may be easily overlooked, yet they are capable of throwing out a vast quantity of water in a few minutes. There are numerous fumeholes that breathe hot air and have hoarse, harsh voices. The "salfatari"—froth at the mouth, and spit sulphur viciously; the "frying-pans" sizzle and sputter; boiling wells gurgle far down in their red-hot throats; steam-whistles blow; and from time to time one fountain or another bursts into the air, and belches such volumes of boiling water and steam that in the confusion a fellow is lucky if he escapes from the vicinity without plunging into a worse predicament or scalding his flying feet. So regular is the action of many of these geysers that they may be timed by the watch; the Mute Man, for example, spouts once in sixty seconds; the Monarch, once in four and twenty hours. This Monarch is triple-mouthed; the dimensions of the three orifices are respectively two feet by twelve, two and a half by eleven, and five by six. Once started, the Monarch plays for about twenty minutes and inundates the place.

It is worth one's while to turn aside from the highway beyond Norris Geyser Basin and strike into the woods to the left, near the head of Gibbon Cañon. There are clouds of vapor visible above the tree-tops. One may keep the trail by following the blazed trees,—but must follow them closely, for the trail is rather a blind one. Getting through the thick of the forest, one comes upon Gibbon Paintpot Basin. What a name that is for a laboratory, the like of which one might search the globe in vain to find! Here are five hundred springs; any one of them would be sufficient to establish the

reputation of a European watering-place. Think of half a thousand springs in action, and most of them erratic to a degree! Mud springs predominate. They are fed, not with the black or brown marshy substance known as mud elsewhere, but with a paste of mineralized clay of about the density of molasses, boiling, splashing in caldrons that frequently overflow, and are therefore smeared and painted with the substances which are continually compounded within them.

It actually seems to be paint—paint of the finest quality and of the most varied and exquisite tints—that seethes within these caldrons. It is snow-white, with a creamy tinge gradually mellowing into salmon and flesh-tints. Orange, violet, green, purple, blue, and the more sombre shades, are all to be found there. The semi-liquid substance is heavy, and its elastic waves slop against the sides of the springs with a sound as of paddle strokes. Sometimes two or three colors are blended in one pot, producing a strangely beautiful cloud effect. There were water fountains flowing close at hand,—fountains in which the boiling streams are stained like the contents of the paint-pots. The green and the blue, like liquid emerald and turquoise, are pretty enough; but imagine the effect of a fountain of hot blood!

At the Mountain Geyser Basin there are screaming, steaming, hissing, whistling, smoking caves and caldrons of boiling sulphur and of mud also—in fact, there is a superabundance of almost everything that is advertised, save only hotel accommodations. There are waterfalls as well. You may crawl down the steep side of a cañon, hang on by your toes and gaze into the hollow depths where a stream falls like dead smoke; indeed, you must perform this feat if you would feast your eyes on the beauty of some of the wildest and most retired cascades. Fortunately, it will probably be many a long day

before the improvement committee will have succeeded in disfiguring nature in the National Park at the rate the work is progressing, which is as fast as it can progress on the very meagre annual allowance of the government. Please God you and I will hardly live to see results worth mentioning—if one may judge from present appearances.

One is almost always scenting the fumes of sulphur or hearing the boom of the explosive geysers in the Yellowstone Park. There are long reaches of fine, cool grass-land aloft among the hills, where the air is pure and sweet, the water-brook like crystal, the fir-trees clean, and the place so still that one is almost afraid to break the silence with a whisper. The hoofs of the horses strike softly in the well-trodden yet springy road; the wheels rattle a little, and there is a jingling of the harness that is quite a relief. On these celestial flats the whole earth seems below us, as we are close to the birds of the air. Some of them—big black ones—chatter by the wayside; now and again a hawk spreads his wings and scours the meadow for his game; thousands of chipmunks—sprightly little things—bob up their heads to look at us, especially when we strike into the dark road or toil up some stony hill.

It must be said there is not enough tedious climbing on the main routes of the valley for any one but a chronic growler to find fault with. Certainly it is wise to descend at a walk once in awhile, as the change is agreeable and beneficial. The trails are rough in places; the dust is thick and white and very ready to float; but on the whole the roads are well constructed, in pretty good condition, and they afford a variety of beautiful views between the acts—if I may be allowed the expression,—which would alone repay a visit to the park, even were all the infernal machinery to come to a sudden standstill.

There are deep cañons; the Gibbon Cañon, for example, so narrow that the carriage-way, under a wall two thousand feet in height, is sometimes crowded into the shallow edge of the little river that glistens there. These rivers are handsome if not majestic; they are icy cold; dark with the shadow of the trees that border them; but every ripple is as crisp as possible, and it sparkles like champagne. After two or three hours of restful driving through these upland meadows, down glens that are extremely wild, and along the grassy shore of lake and stream, one is ready to enter the sulphurous patches and renew his wonderment. As far as the eye can see in all directions, there are smoke or steam columns ascending above the tree-tops; the open may be as quiet as any bit of pastoral landscape, but among the woods that border it the geysers are in full blast.

In the lower geyser basin there are over seven hundred springs as hot as Tophet. Not all of them are spouters: a good proportion are very quiet, with only a little splutter now and again to ruffle their surfaces; some are never troubled, yet out of these rises a veil of vapor that increases or decreases in density according to the temperature of the air above them. Here is the fountain geyser. It is a spring thirty feet in length by twenty in breadth, hedged or rimmed by a bowl-like crust which stands in the centre of a pool a hundred feet in diameter; it is in very truth a double-basined fountain. The water of this immense basin is of a turquoise blue tint while in repose, but that in the outer basin is of an emerald green. About once in five hours the inner basin is suddenly agitated. The water begins to foam and rises tumultuously to a height of ten feet. From the centre of this seething mass jets shoot fifty feet into the air, rising and falling with the pulsations of a fountain, and playing sometimes for

an hour. The inner basin is partially emptied by the overflow, but it fills again; and when the basin is quite full one may look for a fresh demonstration.

Delightful as those aquatic displays are, I must confess I found more exquisite pleasure in standing upon the warm rims of some of the still pools and peering into their profound depths. There is color—pure, unadulterated color; color that is transparent, luminous, filled with light. It was as if the rock-roof had been lifted off from the blue grotto of Capri and the water had not yet had time to lose its marvellous and unearthly beauty. The walls of this pool are white, like coral; and the crystal purity of the liquid shows them to be white, even snow-white, as far down as the eye may dive. Yet the water itself is azure, and the walls shine white through the azure without losing anything of their own brilliancy or detracting from the intensity of the azure, that only deepens with the depth of the pool. The two tints are absolutely distinct and yet inseparable, and each heightens the loveliness and purity of the other. Within those depths are numberless fantastic encrustations. A submerged bough becomes a branch of coral, and every object is transformed and almost spiritualized.

Nor are the walls of the grotto to be described; for they take the tints of mother-of-pearl and sparkle as the snow sparkles when there is a frosted silver crust upon it. A sunbeam plunged into the delicious wave is transfused; and if it lasts long enough to strike bottom, it becomes a splash of light as glorious as the bright star of dawn. These are extinct geysers; they have been terrible; they have become lovely beyond compare. O Death, here is thy victory! One of the pools—the one which no eye should fail to find—is called the Morning Glory. It is a huge, flower-shaped chalice, that lays its moist lips upon the rim of the earth,

but springs from the mysterious beyond. It is a diaphanous cupful of limpid sky, once seen never to be forgotten. There is a long description of this sort of thing in the guide-book.

While I stood by these marvels and grew drunk with the phenomenal beauty, I heard a voice. It was a heavy voice, with a metallic business-edge, warranted to wear in any climate. I looked up, as waking from a dream. There stood the fat-stock proprietor of the voice, guide-book in hand, and book opened at the very place. In the great silence, which space and height emphasized, he cried out in a loud fashion, as the town-crier might cry, every line of the descriptive passage relating to the fountains, quick and dead, at our feet. He seemed to be addressing a great multitude of people, and was carried quite out of himself by his own suddenly developed elocutionary powers, until the words drew back, and the zephyrs stopped playing in awe.

When the reader had ended, his companion—a lantern-jawed, lank person, who looked as if he were a reformed subject of some description—made a windmill gesture and said, with a professional pulpit twang: "Now, if you want to see an illustration of immensity and eternity, look and be satisfied!" We looked and were just beginning to be satisfied, when he added, contemptuously: "Who can be fool enough to write of these things? Words are only words." Thereupon we worked back into our several conveyances and headed for the same hotel, which, fortunately, was not far distant. There I learned that these gentlemen were from Chicago. Probably I should not have attempted to write of these things; but, you see, there is no telling what a fellow will do when under the influence of an intoxicating memory.

So we came to the Fire Hole Hotel, and found it good. It is an unpretentious building, extremely countrified in appear-

ance, with a row of tin basins in the sink at one end of the office and a roller-towel hard by. There is a bar in a tent near the hotel,—a bar that reminds one of a fair-ground. There is plenty of good, wholesome food, but no attempt at style. As for the landlord, he was most obliging under rather trying circumstances; for his accommodations are limited, and there was a rush of travel just then. We secured beds in one of several log-cabins, where we retired early, and slept soundly in bedsteads built on the premises.

What fun it was, lying there under plenty of covering—for the nights are stinging cold all summer long,—looking up at the low canvas ceiling, the plaster-filled chinks in the walls, the one wee window with its small panes of glass, and the white cotton curtain strung across it. There was a bear chained just outside the door, a river flowing only a few rods away, and some fellows in the next room who seemed to know all about the secret workings of the ponderous committees at Washington, and who “gave the whole thing away” before morning. There is a bath-house at Fire Hole and plenty of fresh air; and at this point trails branch, and tourists congregate, and the charge for the whole is only \$4 a day.

(To be continued.)

IF you will obey God, there will come a moment when the voice of man, with all its holiest natural authority, will be raised against you. The friend and the wise adviser, the brother and the sister, the father and the master—the entire voice of your prudent and keen-sighted acquaintance, the entire weight of the scornful stupidity of the vulgar world,—for once, they will be against you, all at one. You will have to obey God rather than man. The human race, with all its wisdom and love, all its indignation and folly, on one side; God alone on the other. You have to choose.—*Ruskin.*

Genevieve's Romance.

VII.

GENEVIEVE and her aunt were in a flutter of preparation for their Eastern visit when a letter came from Dominic, which announced the departure of Mr. Jernyngham, who found that the climate of Templeton did not agree with him. It stated also that Dominic would be glad to take the lease off his hands and occupy the residence himself. The girl replied, informing him of her intention to revisit Templeton, and begging him to install himself there at once, as there would be room for all three in so large a house. In return, he entreated her to be prudent: not to risk her health for a temporary gratification, however coveted. In truth, he had not calculated on a tithe of the improvement which had really taken place. But again she wrote to reassure him; and before receiving another letter she was on her way, telegraphing the hour of their arrival from a station *en route*.

When they reached Newark, Genevieve leaned back with closed eyes, counting the miles and the moments which still intervened until home should be reached. Suddenly she felt a touch on her arm, and, looking up hastily, saw Dominic standing before her. She sprang to her feet, both hands extended.

“Dear Genevieve,” he said, “you are looking so well! I had not expected it.”

“O Dom,” she replied, almost sobbing, “I never thought of meeting you here! You were so good to come! It has made me think of everything, seeing you so suddenly.” Then, with her old bright, joyous smile, she continued: “And you have improved so much, too. Why you are positively good-looking!”

Being gently nudged by her aunt, she introduced Dominic, who seated himself, facing them; and the conversation went

on in the fragmentary way usual in such cases, until the clang of the locomotive bell gave warning that their journey was almost ended.

Half an hour later Genevieve was lying on her own bed, sobbing bitterly. Vainly had she tried to preserve her composure on entering once more the happy home, from which she now missed him who had made it so dear. She had gone first to her father's study, then to his room, which opened into hers, communicating also with the hallway by an outer door. That ordeal over, she felt that she must have some time to herself, and begged her aunt not to disturb her until supper-time.

She was glad to have Mrs. Darly reinstated in the kitchen, with the little maid who had formerly been her assistant also in her own place.

"Let Genevieve have her cry out in peace," said her aunt, in answer to an inquiry of Dom. "I have learned to know her very well. She is not a person for whom repression is beneficial."

"You are right, I believe, Miss Bigelow," answered Dominic. "She is usually so reasonable that she will not allow regret to overmaster her, and to-morrow she will feel better for having given way to her feelings this evening."

When they met at the supper table, the girl's eyes were red and her cheeks pale, but a faint little smile hovered about her lips.

"How delicious everything tastes!" she said. "Did you ever eat fish like this since you went to New Mexico, Aunt Sara?" she asked. Then, not waiting for an answer, she continued: "And everything looks so lovely and clean in the house; and the garden was never so beautiful. I saw it all from the window. Mr. Jernyngham must have been a very careful tenant."

It was her first mention of his name. She had felt a reluctance to allude to

him, which increased every moment. In the old familiar atmosphere, he began to seem like a myth, and the episode of their short-lived correspondence like a dream which it was not pleasant to recall. Sitting there, opposite Dom at the table, she was sure he would not have approved of it, if he had known. Engrossed in her own thoughts, with her eyes on her plate, she did not observe the dark flush which colored Dom's face for an instant; nor the swift, almost apprehensive glance he cast at the maid, who was in the act of placing a dish on the table as she spoke. But her aunt noticed, and at once drew the conclusion that there had been something disagreeable connected with the departed Mr. Jernyngham, of which Dom was desirous of keeping Genevieve in ignorance; and in her old maid's heart, which was not lacking its soft corner, she praised him for a thoughtful and sensible young gentleman.

As Mary left the room Dominic said:

"Yes, he was very careful. Have you noticed the ivy in the study?"

"Yes," replied Genevieve. "It is such a pretty idea; and it is growing beautifully. How lovely it will be when the walls are covered! Did Mr. Jernyngham originate that?" she inquired, innocently.

"The improvements are all his," said Dominic, laconically; and she fancied that he was not anxious to enlarge on the subject. This accorded with her own mood; but the elder lady asked:

"Where has he gone, Dr. Anderson?"

"I do not know," was the reply. "His going at this time was so fortunate that I did not feel any great interest in his future movements."

"He had an unhappy love affair, did he not?" asked Genevieve, not knowing exactly what to say.

Again Dominic's cheek grew crimson as he answered:

"I believe there was something of the kind. But it could not have amounted to

much, as he ate three good meals every day, and didn't 'moon' about any."

"Oh!" said Genevieve. "Perhaps the young lady recovered and grew kind."

She had hardly finished the words when she realized that she had betrayed a knowledge of Mr. Jernyngham's affairs which, from her listeners' point of view, it was impossible she could possess. But she was saved from embarrassment by a sudden movement of Dom, who, glancing out of the window, said: "Excuse me!" and hurried from the room.

"Probably a patient," said Miss Bigelow, in answer to Genevieve's look of surprise at his departure, which, however, afforded her a feeling of relief. Before they would meet again Dom would have forgotten her remark, even if it had impressed him for the moment; and she resolved to take very good care not to mention Mr. Jernyngham without deliberation as to what she should say.

Sleep rested lightly on Genevieve's eyes that night: the coming home had been too exciting to insure repose. She rose very early the next morning and went to Mass. She found Dom before her, kneeling in the old pew which he had been wont to share with her and her father. The priest was a stranger—a venerable old man, nearly superannuated, who had come to spend his declining days in Father Anderson's former parish, where the people were kindly and the labors not arduous.

When Mass was finished, they came out into the churchyard. Genevieve could not forbear glancing, with a sigh, at the piazza of the house adjoining, where Father Anderson had formerly lived.

"How often we have sat there together on the porch, Dom!" she said, slowly walking in the opposite direction. "And they are all gone but you and me. It is early yet: breakfast will not be ready. I am going to the graveyard. Will you come, Dom?"

"Had you not better wait till another time—this evening, for instance?" Dom asked, taking her hand within his arm and trying to draw her away.

"Oh, no! Let me, Dom!" she pleaded, looking up at him in the pretty, childish way he had always found irresistible.

"Very well," he said, as they continued to walk on.

"You know, Dom," she began, "it will be very hard—the first time. I want to have it over, and then I can feel almost a pleasure in going there. Do you not understand?"

"I think I do," he replied. "I have spent many an hour there myself; for I have been very lonely at times."

"You must have been—you must have been," she repeated. "It is only since I came back that I begin to realize how lonely. Sorrow, my own sorrow, made me selfish for a time, I am afraid," she went on. "But of late I have been different—at least I have tried to be. And now I mean to make up to you for what I have lacked. You will see, Dom, I have grown quite thoughtful and sensible."

"You were always both, I think," he said. "No one could call you selfish—in *my* presence, at least."

Their eyes met; he was smiling.

"But you were always partial,—of late, perhaps, a little 'stand-offish'; but no doubt that was because of your great learning. Knowledge is apt to make men abstracted—don't you think?"

"Not such savants as myself; not such prodigies of knowledge as are country doctors, whose ambition is bounded by the confines of a village like this."

"You are laughing at me now, Dom," she said; "but some day you will not be able to content yourself here. A sudden desire to live in the great world will come upon you, and then you will take wing and fly away."

But he shook his head.

They had reached the gate of the small

cemetery. Dom opened it, and they entered. Silently Genevieve followed him until they came to the spot where her parents and his uncle were buried. She threw herself upon her father's grave in a passion of sobs. He knelt quietly beside her until the anguish of her grief had subsided. When she could speak she remarked:

"How beautifully everything has been taken care of!"

"I thought you would like the myrtle," he replied. "I saw some in Greenwood one day, and it looked so appropriate, with its cool dark leaves, that I got a few plants. You see the result."

"And you planted it yourself?"

"Yes. How well I remember it! It was on one of my gray days."

"You have gray days, Dom? You shall never have any more, while I am here," she said, laying her hand softly in his.

After having said some prayers, they retraced their steps and walked for a time in silence. Suddenly Dom said:

"Did you notice, Genevieve, that the lot has been inclosed?"

"Yes," she replied. "I have never seen so pretty a fence, I think."

"It is a little design I brought from Italy," he rejoined.

"*You* brought from Italy!" she said, suddenly remembering a letter in which another had claimed the credit of that same design. At that moment, too, she recollected the incident of the planting of the myrtle, mentioned in the same letter.

Her exclamation seemed to affect him strangely. He stopped short for an instant, hesitated, and then said:

"Had you forgotten that I had been in Italy?"

Genevieve thought he looked very much annoyed, and she wondered at it.

"No, Dom," she answered; "of course not. It was something else that made me ask the question,—something you can

not understand and I can not explain very well."

"It is no matter," he said quietly, after a moment's thought. He seemed to have regained his usual self-control, but the girl had not. During the remainder of their walk home she could not divest her mind of the fact that Mr. Jernyngham had written of the fence as his own design, and she experienced a strong feeling of disgust at the thought. Not for a moment did it occur to her to doubt her old friend.

"Ah, what a simpleton I have been!" she said to herself. "And how he must have realized it! And what a villain he, to have taken to himself the credit which belonged to Dom!"

Slight though the matter was in itself, it gave an insight into his real character; and Genevieve would fain have blotted out the record of the few short weeks when she had allowed her fancy to make a hero of Mr. Jernyngham.

(Conclusion next week.)

Generosity.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

HAST thou sometimes wished for unbounded wealth,

For riches beyond all dreaming,
And planned the good thou wouldst do by stealth

With the gold in thy coffers teeming?
Has thy heart ached sore for the stricken throng

Crushed down by stern Poverty's forces,
And thy spirit yearned to help them along—
If only thou hadst the resources?

Muse not on the bounty that *would* be thine
Wert thou master of golden treasure:

Rather lavish the wealth of the richer mine
That each may own at his pleasure.

Give freely of kindness from day to day,

Let gentleness fail thee never;

Mere gold and silver soon pass away,

Kindly words will endure forever.

A Sermon by a Saint.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE ON THE DEATH OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN.

(CONCLUSION.)

INEXHAUSTIBLE goodness of God!
O boundless goodness! He who called what was not into being and filled heaven and earth, whose throne is heaven and whose footstool is the earth, a spacious dwelling-place, made the womb of His own servant, and in it the mystery of mysteries is accomplished (*τὸ πάντων καινῶν καὶνότερον ἀποτελεῖ μυστήριον*). Being God, He becomes man, and is marvellously brought forth without detriment to the virginity of His Mother. And He is lifted up as a baby in earthly arms, who is the brightness of eternal glory, the form of the Father's substance, by the word of whose mouth all created things exist. O truly divine wonder! O mystery transcending all nature and understanding! O marvellous virginity!

What, O Mary, is this mystery accomplished in thee? Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb! Thou art blessed from generation to generation, thou who alone art worthy of being blessed. Behold, all generations shall call thee blessed, as thou hast said. The daughters of Jerusalem—I mean of the Church—saw thee; queens have blessed thee—that is the spirits of the just;—they shall praise thee forever and ever. Thou art the royal throne which angels surround, seeing upon it their King and Lord. Thou art a spiritual Eden, holier and diviner than Eden of old. *That* Eden was the abode of the mortal Adam, whilst the Lord came from heaven to dwell in thee. The Ark foreshadowed thee, who hast kept the seed of the new world. Thou didst bring forth Christ, the salvation of the world, who destroyed sin and its angry waves. The burning bush was a figure of thee, and the tablets of

the law, and the ark of the testament. The golden urn and candelabra, the table and the flowering rod of Aaron, were significant types of thee. From thee arose the splendor of the Godhead, the Word of the Father, the most sweet and heavenly manna, the sacred Name above every name, the Light which was from the beginning.

I had nearly forgotten Jacob's ladder. Is it not evident to everyone that it prefigured thee, and is not the type easily recognized? Just as Jacob saw the ladder bringing together heaven and earth, and on it angels coming down and going up, and the truly strong and invulnerable God wrestling mystically with Himself, so art thou placed between us, and art become the ladder of God's intercourse with us; of Him who took upon Himself our weakness, uniting us to Himself and enabling man to see God. Thou hast brought together what was parted. Hence angels descended to Him, ministering to Him as their God and Lord; and men, adopting the life of angels, are carried up to heaven.

How shall I understand the predictions of prophets? Shall I not refer them to thee, as we can prove them to be true? What is the fleece of David, which receives the Son of the Almighty God, coeternal and coequal with His Father, as rain falls upon the soil? Does it not signify thee in thy bright shining? Who is the Virgin foretold by Isaias, who should conceive and bear a son, God ever present with us—that is who, being born a man, should remain God? What is Daniel's mountain from which arose Christ, the corner-stone, not made by the hand of man? Is it not thou conceiving without man and remaining a virgin? Let the inspired Ezekiel come forth and show us the closed gate, sealed by the Lord and not yielding, according to his prophecy. Let him point to its fulfilment in thee. The Lord of all came to thee,

and, taking flesh, did not open the door of thy virginity. The seal remains intact.

The prophets, then, foretell thee. Angels and Apostles minister to thee, O Mother of God, ever virgin! And John, the virgin Apostle, angels and the spirits of the just, patriarchs and prophets, surround thee to-day in thy departure to thy Son. Apostles watched over the countless host of the just, who were gathered together from every corner of the earth by the divine commands, as a cloud around the divine and living Jerusalem, singing hymns of praise to thee, the author of Our Lord's life-giving body.

Oh, how does the source of life pass through death to life? Oh, how can she obey the law of nature who in conceiving surpasses the boundaries of nature? How is her spotless body made subject to death? In order to be clothed with immortality, she must first put off mortality, since the Lord of nature did not reject the penalty of death. She dies according to the flesh, destroys death by death, and through corruption gains incorruption (*Φθορᾷ τὴν ἀφθαρσίαν καρπίζειται*), and makes her death the source of resurrection. Oh, how does Almighty God receive with His own hands the holy, disembodied soul of Our Lord's Mother! He honors her truly whom, being His servant by nature. He made His Mother, in the inscrutable abyss of His mercy, when He became incarnate in very truth.

We may well believe that the angels waited to receive thy departing soul, O Mary! What a blessed departure, this going to God of thine! If God vouchsafes it to all His servants—and we know that He does.—what an immense difference there is between His servants and His Mother! What, then, shall we call this mystery of thine? Death? Thy blessed soul is naturally parted from thy blissful and undefiled body, and this body is delivered to the grave; yet it does not endure in death, nor is it the prey of

corruption. The body of her whose virginity remained unspotted in childbirth was preserved in its incorruption, and was taken to a better, diviner place, where death is not, but eternal life.

Though the glorious sun may be hidden momentarily by the opaque moon, it shows still while covered, and its rays illumine the darkness, since light belongs to its essence. It has in itself a perpetual source of light—or, rather, it *is* the source of light, as God created it. So art thou, O Virgin! the perennial source of true light, the treasury of Life, itself, the richness of grace, the cause and medium of all our goods. And if for a time thou art hidden by the death of the body, without speaking thou art our light, life-giving ambrosia; true happiness, a sea of grace, a fountain of healing and of perpetual blessing. Thou art as a fruitful tree in the forest, and thy fruit is sweet in the mouth of the faithful. Therefore I will not call thy sacred transformation death, but rest or going home; and it is more truly a going home. Putting off corporeal things, thou dwellest in a happier state.

Angels with archangels bear thee up. Impure spirits tremble at thy departure. The air raises a hymn of praise at thy passage, and the atmosphere is purified. Heaven receives thy soul with joy. The heavenly powers greet thee with sacred canticles and with joyous praise, saying, 'Who is this most pure creature ascending, shining as the dawn, beautiful as the moon, conspicuous as the sun?' How sweet and lovely thou art, the lily of the field, the rose among thorns! Therefore the young maidens loved thee. We are drawn after the odor of thy ointments. The King introduced thee into His chamber. There Powers protect thee, Principalities praise thee, Thrones proclaim thee, Cherubim are hushed in joy, and Seraphim magnify the true Mother by nature and by grace of their very

Lord. Thou wert not taken into heaven as Elias was, nor didst thou penetrate to the third heaven with Paul; but thou didst reach the royal throne itself of thy Son, seeing it with thy own eyes, standing by it in joy and unspeakable familiarity. O gladness of angels and of all heavenly powers, sweetness of patriarchs and of the just; perpetual exultation of prophets, rejoicing the world and sanctifying all things; refreshment of the weary, comfort of the sorrowful, remission of sins, health of the sick, harbor of the storm-tossed, lasting strength of mourners, and perpetual succor of all who invoke thee.

O wonder surpassing nature and creating wonder! Death, which of old was feared and hated, is a matter of praise and blessing. Of old it was the harbinger of grief, dejection, tears, and sadness; and now it is shown forth as the cause of joy and rejoicing. In the case of all God's servants whose death is extolled, His good pleasure is surmised from their holy end, and therefore their death is blessed. It shows them to be perfect, blessed, and immovable in goodness, as the proverb says, "Praise no man before his death." This, however, we do not apply to thee. Thy blessedness was not death, nor was dying thy perfection; nor, again, did thy departure hence help thee to security. Thus thy words were true: from the moment of His conception, not from thy death, thou didst say that all generations should call thee "blessed."

It was thou who didst break the force of death, paying its penalty and making it gracious. Hence, when thy holy and sinless body was taken to the tomb, the choirs of angels bore it, and were all around, leaving nothing undone for the honor of Our Lord's Mother; whilst Apostles and all the assembly of the Church burst into prophetic song: "We shall be filled with the good things of Thy house. Holy is Thy temple, wonderful in justice." And again: "The Most

High has sanctified His tabernacle. The mountain of God is a fertile mountain—the mountain in which it pleased God to dwell." The apostolic band lifting thee, the true ark of the Lord God, on their shoulders, as the priests of old the typical ark; and placing thy body in the tomb, made it, like another Jordan, the way to the true land of the Gospel, the heavenly Jerusalem, the Mother of all the faithful, God being its Lord and Architect. Thy soul did not descend to Limbo, neither did thy flesh see corruption. Thy pure and spotless body was not left in the earth, but the abode of the Queen, of God's true Mother, was fixed in the heavenly kingdom alone.

O how did heaven receive her who is greater than heaven? How did she who had received God descend into the grave? This truly happened, and she was held by the tomb. It was not after bodily-wise that she surpassed heaven, for how can a body measuring three cubits and continually losing flesh be compared with the dimensions of heaven? It was rather by grace that she surpassed all height and depth; for that which is divine is incomparable. O sacred and wonderful, holy and worshipful body, ministered to now by angels, standing by in lowly reverence! Demons tremble; men approach with faith, honoring and worshipping her, greeting her with eyes and lips, and drawing down upon themselves abundant blessings. Just as a rich scent sprinkled upon clothes or places leaves its fragrance even after it has been withdrawn, so now that holy, undefiled and divine body, filled with heavenly odor, the rich source of grace, is laid in the tomb that it may be translated to a higher and better place. Nor did she leave the grave empty: her body imparted to it a divine fragrance, a source of healing and of all good to those who approach it with faith.

We approach thee to-day, O Queen!
And again I say, O Queen, O Virgin—

Mother of God, staying our souls with our trust in thee, as with a strong anchor. Lifting up mind, soul and body and all ourselves to thee; rejoicing in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, we reach, through thee, One who is beyond our reach on account of His majesty. If, as the Divine Word made flesh taught us, honor shown to servants is honor shown to our common Lord, how can honor shown to thee, His Mother, be slighted? How is it not most desirable? Art thou not honored as the very breath of life? Thus shall we best show our service to Our Lord Himself. What do I say to Our Lord? It is sufficient that those who think of Thee should recall the memory of Thy most precious gift as the cause of our lasting joy. How it fills us with gladness! How the mind that dwells on this holy treasury of Thy grace enriches itself!

This is our thank-offering to thee, the first fruits of our discourses, the best homage of my poor mind, whilst I am moved by desire of thee and full of my own misery. But do thou graciously receive my desire, knowing that it exceeds my power. Watch over us, O Queen, the dwelling-place of Our Lord; lead and govern all our ways as thou wilt; save us from our sins. Lead us into the calm harbor of the divine will. Make us worthy of future happiness through the sweet and face-to-face vision of the Word made flesh through thee. With Him, glory, praise, power and majesty be to the Father and to the holy and life-giving Spirit, now and forever. Amen.

CHARLES LAMB satirizes the man who vainly tries to persuade himself that he can eat garlic in secret and not smell of it publicly.

AH, if men but knew in what a small dwelling Joy can live, and how little it costs to furnish it!—*Emile Souvestre*.

A City of Confusion.

THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS.

BY THE REV. HENRY G. GANSS.

(CONTINUED.)

IT is to be feared that this taking of testimony will wear upon the patience of readers who are not controversially minded. But it is necessary to know the position of "the early fathers" of the Episcopal Church on the subject of Orders. Hence we continue the citation of the witnesses.

CRANMER.*

When in 1540 "The Resolutions of several Bishops and Divines" was submitted to the bishops by Henry VIII., Archbishop Cranmer gave the following replies: (10th question.) "The bishops and priests at one time were not two things, but both one office in the beginning of Christ's religion." (12th question.) "In the New Testament, he that is appointed to be a bishop or priest needeth no consecration by Scripture; for election or appointment thereto is sufficient."† (14th question.) It is not forbidden by God's law "if all the bishops and priests in a region were dead, that the king of that region should make bishops and priests to supply the same."

"The ministry of God's word under his Majesty be bishops, parsons, and such other priests as be appointed by his Highness to that ministration—as, for example, the bishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Durham, the parson of Winwick, etc.; all the said offices be appointed, assigned, and elected in every place by the laws and orders of kings and princes. In the admission of many of these offices be divers comely ceremonies and solem-

* Archbishop of Canterbury (1489-1556).

† Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. ii, app., p. 15; Burnet's *Hist. of the Reform.* (Records xxi).

nities; and which be not of necessity, but only for a good order and seemly fashion. For if such offices and ministrations were committed without such solemnities, they were, nevertheless, duly committed; and there is no more promise of God that grace is given in the committing of the ecclesiastical office than in the committing of the civil office."*

"Cranmer and Barlow affirm that the consecration [of a bishop] is unnecessary, and that the designation [or appointing to office] is sufficient."† Cranmer wrote "to Bullinger, Calvin and Melancthon, disclosing to them his pious design to draw up a book of articles, and requesting their counsel and furtherance." He also appointed John Knox and Grindal to examine it before its adoption; he submitted the prayer-book to Calvin, and wrote him that "he [Calvin] could do nothing more profitable to the church than to write often to the king."‡ (March 20, 1552.)

"For you, my Bucer, our kingdom will be by far the safest port, in which, by the kindness of God, the seeds of true doctrine are happily sown. Come therefore to us, and give yourself to us as a laborer in the harvest of the Lord."||

LATIMER. §

"Minister is a more fit name than priest; for the name of priest importeth sacrifice."¶

GRINDAL. **

He applied to the council for a contribution to Geneva "for the relief of that poor town, which had served for a nursery unto God's church, as well as for the maintenance and conservation of true

religion;* he sustained the orders of Morrison, a Scotsman 'according to the laudable form and rite of the Reformed [Presbyterian] Church of Scotland.'"†

WHITGIFT. ‡

"If it had pleased her Majesty with the wisdom of the realm to use no bishops at all, we could not have complained justly of any defect in our church."|| "Whitgift sanctioned a Calvinist formula of faith—the Lambeth Articles." §

"The essential notes of the church be these only: the true preaching of the worde of God and the right administration of the sacramentes; for, as Master Calvine sayth in his book against the Anabaptistes, this honour is meete to be given to the worde of God and to His sacramentes, that wheresoever we see the worde of God truly preached, and God accordyng to the same truly worshipped, and the sacramentes without all superstition administered, there we may without all controversie conclude the church of God to be. The same is the opinion of other godly and learned writers, and the judgement of the Reformed churches, as appeareth by their confessions. So that, notwithstanding government, or some kynde of government, may be a parte of the church, touching the outward forme and perfection of it, yet it is not such a part of the essence and being but that it may be the church of Christ without this or that kynde of government; and therefore the kynde of government is not necessarie unto salvation."

* Edward VI. in 1551 contributed to the 400,000 dollars raised to defray the expenses for continuing the war in Germany "for the preservation of the Protestant religion." He would "most willingly joyn in alliance with them that were of the same religion with himself." (Burnet's Hist. of the Reform., vol. ii, p. 187.)

† Strype, Life of Grindal, p. 271.

‡ Archbishop of Canterbury (1530-1604).

|| Quoted by Child, "Church and State under the Tudors," p. 293.

§ Child, "Illustrated Notes of English Church History," vol. i, p. 98.

* Burnet's Hist. of the Reform., vol. i, p. 201.

† Courayer "On English Ordinations," p. 147. (Ed. 1725.)

‡ Strype's Life of Cranmer, pp. 407-413.

|| Cranmer to Bucer, Oct. 2, 1548.

§ Bishop of Worcester (1490-1555).

¶ "Disputations at Oxford," p. 264.

** Archbishop of Canterbury (1519-1583).

JEWEL.*

Calls vestments "theatrical vestments—ridiculous trifles, relics of the Amorites"; satirizes their wearers as "men without mind, sound doctrine or morals, by which to secure the approbation of the people; and who therefore wished to gain their plaudits by wearing a comical stage dress."†

"Therefore we neither have bishops without church nor church without bishops. Neither doth the Church of England this day depend on them whom you often call apostates, as if our church were no church without them. Notwithstanding, if there were not one of them [the clergy who had received their orders from diocesan bishops] nor of us [bishops] left alive, yet will not therefore the whole Church of England flee to Louvain [for orders]. . . . Pious laymen might renew the succession."‡

The "Defence" was a reply to Father Harding. It "was composed," says Strype, "and written by the reverend Father as his public confession of the Catholic and Christian faith of all Englishmen, wherein is taught our consent with the German, Helvetian, French, Scotch, Genevan, and other Reformed churches."||

"But what means Mr. Harding here to come in with the difference between priests and bishops? Thinketh he that priests and bishops hold only by tradition? Or is it so horrible a heresy as he maketh it to say that by the Scriptures of God a bishop and a priest are all one? . . . As for matters of devotion, we have pared away everything to the quick, and do not differ from your doctrine by a nail's breadth."§

* Bishop of Salisbury (1522-1571).

† Quoted by Brown, "Puseyite Episcopacy," p. 38. Le Bas, "Life of Jewel," p. 74.

‡ "Defence of the Apology," pp. 129, 130 (ed 1609).

§ Strype's "Annals," vol. i, p. 251.

|| Letter to Peter Martyr, ap. Matthews, "Continuity Reconsidered," p. 26.

In a letter to Bullinger (April 10, 1559), "he laments the want of zeal and industry in promoting the Reformation; and that things were being managed in so slow and cautious a manner as if the word of God was not to be received on His own authority."*

BARLOW.†

"If the King's Grace, being supreme head of the Church of England, did choose, denominate, and elect any layman being learned to be a bishop, that he so chosen should be as good a bishop as he is, or the best in England."‡

PARKHURST.||

"Oh, would to God, would to God, that now at last the people of England would in good earnest propound to themselves to follow the Church of Zurich as the most perfect pattern!"§

LAUD.¶

"In Sweden they retain both the thing and the name; and the governors of their churches are, and are called, bishops; and among the Lutherans the thing is retained, though not the name. For instead of bishops they are called superintendents; and instead of archbishop, general superintendents; and yet even here, too, these names differ more in sound than in sense."**

COSIN.††

"If we renounce all the ministers of Germany, what will become of the Protestant party? If the church and kingdom of England acknowledged them, as they did, why should we, private persons, utterly disclaim their communion?"|||

* Neale, Hist. of Puritanism, vol. i, p. 72.

† Bishop of St. Asaph (—1568).

‡ Collier, Hist. of the Reform. vol. iv, p. 388.

|| Bishop of Norwich (1564—).

§ Letter to Gualter, Strype's "Annals," vol. ii, pp. 286-342.

¶ Archbishop of Canterbury (1573-1644).

** History of his Troubles, p. 141.

†† Bishop of Durham (1594—).

||| Letter to Cordel, Feb. 7, 1630.

"I conceive that the power of ordination was restrained to bishops rather by apostolical practice and the perpetual custom and canons of the church than by an absolute precept that either Christ or His Apostles gave about. . . . Therefore, if any minister so ordained [Presbyterian form] in these French churches came to incorporate himself in ours, and to receive a public charge or cure of souls among us in the Church of England (as I have known some of them to have done of late, and can instance in many others before my time), our bishops did not reordain him before they admitted him to his charge; as they would have done if his former ordination in France had been void. Nor did our laws require more of him than to declare his public consent to the religion received amongst us, and to subscribe the articles established. And I love not to be more wise and harder than our own church is; which, because it hath never publicly condemned and pronounced the ordinations of the other reformed churches to be void, I dare not take upon me to condemn. . . . Thirdly, if we renounce the French, we must, for the very same reason, renounce all the ministers of Germany; and then, we may ask, what will become of the Protestant party?"*

"I would that all the world should know it, I never refused to join with the Protestants. . . . Many of their people have frequented the public prayers with great reverence, and I have delivered the holy communion to them. Besides, I have been to pray and sing psalms with them, and to hear both the weekly and the Sunday sermons. . . . By the blessing of Almighty God, I have reduced some and preserved many others from communicating with the papists, defending the truth of our own religion."†

ANDREWS.*

"He is blind who does not see churches existing without it [Episcopalian church government]; and he must have a heart as hard as iron who can deny them salvation."†

USHER.‡

"I asked him [Archbishop Usher] also his judgment about the validity of presbyter's ordination, which he asserted, and told me that the King [Charles I.] asked him at the Isle of Wight wherever he found in antiquity that presbyters alone ordained any; and that he answered: 'I can show your Majesty more, even where presbyters alone successively ordained bishops.'"||

DAVENANT.§

"We account of them [the Scottish, Irish, and all other forraigne churches of the Reformation] as our brethren in Christ, and doe solemnly protest that we entertain a holy and brotherly communion with them."¶

MORTON.**

"The Archbishop of Spoleto, whilst living in England, asked Morton, bishop of Durham, to do some one who had been ordained in the churches beyond the seas the favor of reordaining him presbyter, in order that he might have freer access to ecclesiastical benefices. Morton wrote back to say that such a thing could not be done without very great offence to the reformed churches, a scandal of which he did not choose to be the originator."††

* Bishop of Winchester (1555-1626).

† Respons. ad Secund. Epist. Molinæi, app., p. 35.

‡ Archbishop of Armagh (1580-1656).

|| Sylvester, Life of Baxter, book i, §. 63, p. 206.

§ Bishop of Salisbury (1576-1641.)

¶ Drury's "Fides Catholica," p. 41.

** Bishop of Durham (1669.)

†† Hickman, Apologia pro Ministris, etc., p. 18.

(To be continued.)

HOPE is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—*Smiles.*

* Letter to Cordel, ap. Powel's "Apostolic Succession," p. 154.

† Ap. Bradley, "Ritualism," p. 145.

An Unfamiliar Saint.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

ALAS! the fine promises of the senate and the municipal officers to honor Rosalie were soon forgotten. The plague continued its dire ravages; and the king, amongst others, died. The frightened people now began in earnest to seek the protection of the Saint. A casket of solid silver was purchased by popular subscription, wherein the remains of Rosalie could be annually borne through the city's streets. It was resolved to dedicate to her a splendid chapel in the cathedral; to make a road to the summit of Pellegrino and build a sanctuary there.

A procession, which grew into a national custom and was repeated every year, was held. It was a truly magnificent demonstration; for, in addition to the wealth and costliness of its adjuncts, it was the heart-cry of a nation. The senators and magistrates, the cardinal, the clergy and religious, the people of every class and condition, attended. Knights in gorgeous panoply carried the body of the Saint in its exquisite casket; young girls, flower-crowned, sung and danced before it. The dwellings were hung with rare fabrics; statues and works of art, vases of costly material, gold and precious stones, were everywhere displayed. At the cathedral an imposing celebration closed the exercises. The amount of money expended, the gorgeous details of this ceremonial, and above all the universal faith and fervor which it called forth, belong to the Middle Ages. It was a part of that "heaven-high faith" of those times which evoked the wondering admiration even of Carlyle.

Every year this demonstration takes place. The early part of July is, in fact, a gala time in that city which took

Rosalie for its patron; for the plague declined from the hour of the procession, and in less than a month had entirely disappeared. Cures were wrought directly through the relics of the Saint, and joy and gratitude to this heavenly patroness became general.

The chapel in the basilica is, according to Baronius, unsurpassed by anything in Italy; so admirable is it in design and execution, so rich but harmonious in color; whilst the splendor of precious stones and of mosaics in marble is only saved from exuberance by the exquisite taste of the masters who devised it. A statue of solid silver surmounts the altar.

It has been remarked that perhaps no other saint has been represented in so many ways and by so many artists. The most celebrated of these productions is the series of paintings by Van Dyck for the Jesuit church at Antwerp, wherein Rosalie is seen under a variety of aspects.

One of the most remarkable monuments to the royal recluse, however, was the construction of a solidly built and terraced road called "the ladder," from the town to the cavern of Pellegrino, a distance of fifteen hundred feet. And this road was trodden by vast multitudes of people, soliciting favors or returning thanks.

"On the summit of Pellegrino," says Mrs. Jameson, "stands the colossal statue of the virgin-saint looking to the East over the blue Mediterranean; and seen from afar by the Sicilian mariner, at once an auspicious beacon and his celestial protectress."

Rosalie was canonized by Urban VIII. at the instance of the Sicilian Jesuits. This Pontiff wore upon his person a relic of the Saint which had been sent to him from Palermo, and the receipt of which he thus acknowledged:

"We have received jewels of paradise, which we prefer to gold or precious stones—the relics of St. Rosalie, chosen from the heavenly treasury of the church

of Palermo. Therefore our pontifical charity has been heightened by that heavenly dew. And we pray, in return, that virgin who is reigning with the Most High that, having driven the plague of pestilence from her native soil, as is justly believed, she may drive from Italy the woes by which it is afflicted."

Rosalie's name and fame gradually spread over the earth. The dwellers in the neighborhood of Quisquina emulated those of Pellegrino in doing honor to the virgin of their race. Anne of Austria procured a relic for her royal chapel, and introduced the devotion into France. The Jesuits exposed another relic to public veneration in their college of Louis le Grand. The devotion reached Portugal through the zeal of Francis Castiglia, a scholastic of the Society of Jesus, who at the point of death was inspired to invoke Rosalie and promise to propagate devotion to her. He induced the King of Portugal to consecrate his kingdom to her and to erect a church in her honor.

Ordered to India by his superiors, Francis applied the relic of Rosalie to the viceroy who sailed in the ship with him, and who was seized with mortal illness; making him promise, if cured, to build a church at Goa and to make known the Saint to the inhabitants of the Indies. Having thus bequeathed his mission to another, who performed it with great zeal, making Rosalie known and loved in those foreign lands, Francis was called to his reward.

Brazil, Peru—in fact, all the South American countries showed remarkable love for the recluse of Palermo. Southern California, threatened with plague, was taught by the Jesuit missionaries to invoke the powerful aid of Rosalie. In gratitude, a town was named for her, and she has ever since been held in honor there. In St. Hyacinthe, Canada, many favors were reported through her intercession. In the Yucatan district a plague

of locusts was arrested. In France, whole villages were saved from destruction. The army of Don John of Austria, that illustrious champion of Christendom against the Turks, was preserved from the plague, then raging within the walls of Barcelona, which the army was besieging, the statue of St. Rosalie being carried through its ranks.

Sicily was visited in 1693 by a terrific earthquake and eruption of Mt. Etna. Through prayers to the Saint, the pious inhabitants of Palermo were saved from destruction. The viceroy with his court headed a procession to the grotto of Pellegrino, where a *Te Deum* was sung; and a Mass at the cathedral was founded in perpetuity, to be offered upon that anniversary.

Indeed, miracles everywhere abounded. Sometimes they involved whole cities or peoples; again, they related merely to individuals, as in these two remarkable instances, which may be singled out from numberless others.

A child, born dumb, spoke distinctly as the statue of Rosalie passed him in a procession. After prayers said over it to the Saint, a dead infant was restored to life long enough to be conveyed to the church and baptized, dying on the way home.

This servant of God, who effaced herself during life, became in course of time known and honored throughout Christendom. She is one of those whose pathway "lies amongst the stars," out of the beaten road of humanity. Her life is a miracle amongst miracles, attesting, with so many others, the divine character of the Church. Her feast occurs on the 4th of September, the date of her death, and is a time of great rejoicing in her native city. Her figure, "crowned with the deathless roses of paradise," is shown in innumerable paintings, sculptures, and bass-relief; in each the same nobility of outline, angelic purity, and fervor of

piety. Each, in varying degrees of artistic excellence, is the "counterfeit presentment" of the lily which had grown up amidst the thorns of a court. And even as to its earthly part, it was preserved incorrupt during five silent centuries on the summit of Pellegrino,—an image of the immutability of the things of eternity and of the endless patience of God, to whom centuries are as moments, and who chose His own time to make known to the world at large the glorious inheritance it had received in the Saint of the hidden life, the royal virgin of Palermo.

All.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"I WOULD give up all and follow Him," she said; and even as she spoke the Angel of Renunciation stood by her side.

"You mean this? You would give up all?" asked the Angel.

"All."

"You will become poor for His sake? You will never wish for riches? You renounce ease and soft garments and dainty food and all comforts?"

"I renounce them all."

"You will give up the praise of the world, the desire to be heard by those who will flatter in return? You will be content with isolation, and, if need be, with neglect?"

"I will be content."

"Health—will you sacrifice it? If pain and disease come, will you bear them?"

"Gladly, for His sake."

"And your will?"

"I have no will but His."

"You are young. Will you welcome the years without repining, no matter if with them you wither and grow old?"

She sighed. Youth was sweet.

"Take my youth," she said. And she

thought in her heart: "My friends love me so much that they will not see how I have changed."

"Love?" said the Angel. "You have given up nothing if you have that. Can you give up your friends?"

She faltered.

"Dear Angel," she whispered, "let me give up life instead; for I can not live without my dear ones."

"You would make a bargain with me!" he sternly replied. "To give up life is not much. Do you give up your loved ones?"

"Yes," she answered, wringing her hands. "And now I have given all."

But as she spoke peace stole into her soul; still she knew there was something else that belonged to Him.

"There is something else," said the Angel, reading her heart.

"But what can it be?" she asked. "Am I not poor, humble, obscure, ill, old and friendless? What more have I to relinquish?"

"You have," he answered, "a little bunch of heart's-ease hid away."

And she knew then that she must lose it—or Him.

"Does He ask it?"

"'Forsake all,' is His bidding."

She laid the heart's-ease in his hand.

"I have now forsaken all," she said.

"What can I do more?"

"You can be glad."

"I will be glad," she cried, drying her eyes and smiling.

"Now you have given all," said the Angel.

THACKERAY sagaciously hints that there is a law of spiritual harvest: we sow a thought and reap an act; sow an act and reap a habit; sow a character and reap a destiny.

WHY this insatiable craving for riches? Does a man drink more when he drinks from a large glass?—*Attic Philosopher.*

Notes and Remarks.

Within the next few weeks the various Catholic colleges of this country and the neighboring Dominion will reopen for another scholastic year; and it behooves such of our readers as contemplate giving a collegiate training to their sons to weigh well the importance of patronizing such institutions. Years ago parents may have had reasons more or less plausible for sending their sons to non-Catholic universities; at present such reasons emphatically do not exist. Catholic colleges and universities, well equipped from an intellectual standpoint, and altogether unobjectionable from a moral one, are not wanting; and the custom (in which, it may be, there is a suspicion of snobbery) of sending Catholic young men to Protestant institutions will, it is to be hoped, go into a rapid decline.

Our country is so much indebted to the University of Louvain that the resignation of Monsig. Abbeloos from the rectorship of the University is an event of special interest. The retiring rector has directed the fortunes of that famous institution for nearly twelve years, with signal success; he has rejuvenated the teaching staff and developed the department of biology and the allied sciences. Dr. Abbeloos is himself an Orientalist of international reputation; and, curiously enough, another Orientalist, Dr. Hebbelynck, is regarded as his most probable successor.

We hear that the rector of the American College is also to be superseded, and the vice-rector to resign. It will not be easy to replace either of these efficient and devoted officers. Their withdrawal at a time when, it is said, the College is doing better than ever is to be deplored.

Writing in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., observes:

The most thoughtful non-Catholics recognize the incomparable worth of our convent school education, and gladly avail themselves of it in ever-increasing numbers. They thus put in relief the

folly of those Catholic parents who pass by the convent school to place their children in fashionable establishments, at the sacrifice, very often, of true life and form and grace for the bare bones of knowledge bobbing up and down in the caldron of social excitement. Even the mere worldly wise, provided they possess true parental instinct, know that the safeguards and discipline, the purity and sacrifice, that form the atmosphere of the schools conducted by nuns are the best environment to develop that activity and self-restraint, that gracefulness and reserve, which are the beau ideal, the charm of true womanhood.

The convent school deserves all the praise it has ever received, and more. It is a remarkable fact that while protests against sending our boys to non-Catholic colleges are many and fierce, no such complaint can properly be made regarding Catholic girls. The number of parents who risk the religious faith or practice of their daughters in non-Catholic schools is not worth considering; while Protestants, on the other hand, show a marked preference for convent education. Perhaps the Catholic college would no longer have cause for complaint if parents honestly considered a white life as necessary for their sons as for their daughters.

The humorous side of clerical life in the Church of England as depicted by Athol Forbes can not be said to be wholly mirthful. The wives of the bishops are no joke. Very often they are not "given to hospitality," though very much given to meddling; and it sometimes happens that a diocese is starved in order to insure that madam and the children shall continue to live in a palace, or the nearest approach. Mr. Forbes has evidently had unpleasant experiences with episcopal dames, and is of opinion that they as well as their husbands should be chosen vessels. "If we are to have married bishops," he says, "will those who bestow bishoprics have also a personal interview with the wife before making an absolute offer?"

If the clergy are often disappointed to find that their leaders are not fathers in God, the bishops, on the other hand, are sorely tried by members of their own order. We have often made fun of these worthies, but we were moved to compunction on reading a

letter written to the Episcopal hierarchy by the Archbishop of Canterbury, quoted by R. C. Gleaner in a recent number of the *Catholic Columbian*, from Dean Farrar's "Men I Have Known." It is a sad, sad letter, and the Dean intimates that the Archbishop's life was shortened by the vexations he endured. We wondered at the lack of sympathy between American and English bishops until we read these lines:

My house is always full of bishops at the Lambeth Conference: every American bishop comes with his family and stays three days. The work of it and the preparation for it, which is absolutely immense and incessant, begins months before, and deepens daily, and leaves one worn out and disgusted. . . . I wonder how many American bishops I can reach through this letter? I beg of them not to repair to Lambeth palace any more with their families, consisting for the most part of four or five unruly kids with two or three half-grown-up incumbences. If our bishops must go where they are not wanted, on the principle that they cease to be men when they become bishops, then let them go as bachelors, and thus lessen by one-fifth the toil of the Archbishop's hospitality. Besides, celibacy is the thing now. If each bishop brings his wife and say only four terrors of children, this would make a company of four hundred persons, for the most part disturbing and disorderly in character, to provide for and entertain during three whole days, the burden being scattered through one month—the Archbishop locking the gates on the blessed 1st of August.

There is a difference, which would be plain to the dullest Episcopalian, between this letter and any official circular emanating from a real bishop.

There are some social evils which it is always painful to speak or write about; but because a duty is painful is no reason why it should be shirked. When we are morally certain that tens and hundreds of thousands of human beings, whom God has given the right to live, are foully murdered before they have seen the light of day, we dare not allow the slaughter of these innocents to go on without a solemn protest, lest we be found guilty of a criminal silence before God.

The reverend editor of *The Pulpit of the Cross* (Episcopalian) thus guardedly introduces an article on the atrocious crime of abortion. The plain answer to his question, 'In the slaughter of the innocents, can it be that the women of our country out-Herod Herod?' is a word of three letters. This outspoken editor is by no means the first

to declare that "the destruction of child life between conception and birth is a common malpractice among American women, especially of the middle and upper classes; that it is too notorious to admit of denial; and that this terrible abuse is far more general than most people suppose."

And yet no practice could possibly be more pagan. One of the earliest Christian writers charges it upon the heathen as derived from the immoral teaching of their gods. Every Christian moralist considers abortion as a monstrous violation of the law of God. It is simply murder. Until this "dark and foul blot upon the escutcheon of American Christianity," as the editor of *The Pulpit of the Cross* characterizes it, is removed, let us not boast too loudly of our civilization. For months past the press of the United States has teemed with calumnies against a country where child-murder is almost unknown. In some respects we are a highly civilized people; in some others, truth to tell, we are as heathen as the Romans in the time of Nero.

It is said that one of the foremost advocates of the godless schools of Italy was lately converted into a zealous apostle of religious education by glancing at a book held in the hand of a schoolgirl who sat before him in a street-car. "If this is the fruit of secular education," he said, "then I want no more of it." The Rev. Josiah Strong, of New York, is only now, it appears, wakening out of a similar dream. His duties as secretary of the Evangelical Alliance have brought him into close touch with non-Catholic parishes in about forty cities; and from the report of his findings we quote these sentences, which are honestly the mildest we can discover:

In almost every city, pastors have spoken to me of the deplorable prevalence of vice among children and young people. Facts have been brought to light that are shocking in the last degree. I am not speaking of children of the slums, whose heredity and environment have both been vicious; but of children who belong to good homes, whose parents refuse to believe evil of them until confession forces conviction.

To quote further from the Rev. Mr. Strong would be both needless and unpleasant; let

it suffice that a secular journal is constrained to say that "if half the statements he makes are correct, the boys and girls in the public schools of the large cities are being very rapidly ruined." There is no joy in recording such testimony as this; for the teachers in our public schools are, as a rule, high-minded men and women, devoted to their work, and solicitous, so far as the law allows them, for the moral good of their pupils. The fault lies in the school system—in the pernicious theory that children have no need of strong religious influences during the most dangerous and impressionable years of their lives. If Brother Strong will cease bombarding the newspapers with useless complaints, and align himself with Catholics in the fight for Christian education, he will have taken the first step toward the improvement of the sad situation which he so sensibly deplors. Come out strong, brother!

The impression that Theosophy is a popular cult everywhere in the Orient is utterly false. It has made some noise in the Madras Presidency; but Bengal, Bombay, and the Punjab have regarded it with a heart of marble. *Sophia*, a journal published in Hyderabad by a converted Hindu, accounts for its failure in this way:

The fact is, with all its avowed sympathy for the aspirations of Hinduism, it is utterly inadequate to satisfy the spiritual hankerings of India. It may tickle the fancy of a certain class of people in Europe and America—among "long-haired men and short-haired women,"—who crave after ghosts, spooks, goblins, and the like. But its cult of an abstract god, and its consequent denial of Divine Providence and the necessity of prayer and *bhakti*, are utterly abhorrent to the Hindu mind.

In the city of Adyar, a solemn celebration was arranged to commemorate the late high priestess of Theosophy, Mme. Blavatsky. Seven speeches were reported in the press, but the attendance was thirty persons.

On the second day of his pontificate, Pope Leo restored their Catholic hierarchy to the people of Scotland; and now from his dying bed, if we are to believe the newspapers, he has addressed to the Scotch people an Apostolic Letter, urging the non-Catholics among them to examine the claims of the

Church founded on Peter, and exhorting the Catholics to "recommend the faith which they hold by edifying and stainless lives." The Holy Father also commends the Kirk for the love and reverence which it has ever shown the Bible, saying that in this the Kirk is in agreement with the Catholic Church. Commenting on this, the *Scotsman* says that the agreement goes much further; and that the need of a living, perpetual magisterium, once set down as one of the "damnable errors of popery," is now universally recognized among the Scotch. "That is pure Catholic doctrine," observes the *Scotsman*, "subject to the qualification in the mind of the Pope that this church is not the true Church. But once the position is established that the Scriptures must be understod in the sense of the doctrine of the Church, it may well seem to Leo XIII., as indeed it may seem to others, that it is but a short step to the recognition of that Church whose authority in the exposition of doctrine has been longest and is most universally acknowledged."

If the Holy Father is really as ill as the pressmen say, he seems to be a most energetic invalid.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. J. F. O'Hare, V. G. of the Diocese of Rochester, who passed to his reward on the 5th inst.

Brother Daniel, C. S. C., whose selfless life was crowned with a holy death on the 16th inst., at Notre Dame, Ind.

Mr. John Warnock, of St. John, N. B., who died suddenly on the 28th ult.

Mrs. Henry Burgoyne, whose happy death took place on the 24th ult., at Ashmont, Mass.

Mr. Charles A. Chamberlain and Mr. Thomas Carr, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Lyons, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Rose A. Dolan, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Margaret Shanley, Camden, N. Y.; Mr. Cornelius McAuliffe, Lexington, Ky.; Miss Helena F. Leary, Allston, Mass.; Mr. J. W. Daley, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Daly, Parnell, Iowa; Mrs. Catherine Cody, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mrs. M. J. Carney, Wheeling, W. Va.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

An Old Crucifix.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

ON the quaint cross above my bed
Is writ this scroll in vivid red:
"He blessed us with His latest breath;
True to the end—true unto death."

For me He climbed a weary road,
For me He bore a heavy load;
In tattered shreds His garments hung,
To bleeding wounds their remnants clung;
With brutal thrust and scornful shout
His way was compassed all about.

And can I, then, unmindful be
Of Him who died on Calvary?
No, Jesus; no! Thy love shall trace
Deep in my heart these words of grace:
"He loved me with His latest breath,
And I am His through life and death."

The Young Marauders.

BY MARY E. KELLY.

VI.

IT was Jim's intention to meet his uncle before he reached home, and acquaint him with the afternoon's happenings. He was filled with bitter resentment against his cousin, and meant to make him feel the full depth of his perfidy.

When he came in sight of the bridge that spans Turkey Foot Creek, he espied two men riding leisurely toward him. In the one on horseback he recognized the bulky proportions of Squire Leighton; the

other, a short, fair-haired man mounted on a wheel, was a stranger to him.

Jim had no dread of facing the Squire now: rather he rejoiced at so opportune a meeting. Here was an excellent chance to clear himself in the eyes of that important person; he would—he *must* believe him. Close upon this impulse came the thought that to exculpate himself he must condemn Joe; but what of that? Was it not just? He shrank from tale-bearing on any occasion, but especially when it might cause his uncle pain.

"Dimmy, Dimmy," said Anna Louise, tugging at his coat, "I's so hot—oh, so hot and tired!"

"Keep still, Anna Louise," he replied, not ungently. "I'll not carry you."

"Dimmy, I's so very tired!" pleaded the little girl once more, raising her rosy, soiled face to his.

"You shall not stop me, Anna Louise!" he said. "I am going to tell. You kept me from giving Joe a good trouncing, but I am not sorry."

The child felt that this was convincing. She gave a long-drawn sigh, and choked back the sobs that threatened to convulse her tiny figure. She was awed by the sound of Jim's voice.

The riders were coming nearer. They were now within a few paces of the children, the dust from the horse's hoofs settling upon Jim's coat and hat. The Squire was deep in the subject of stocks and bonds, and took no notice of them. The stranger, however, honored them with a passing glance.

Jim paused. He looked at Anna Louise.

There was a terrible struggle going on within him. The cruel mark on his cheek throbbed like a pulse, and his heart was beating in unison. His lips parted as if to speak. They closed again tightly; and, catching Anna Louise up in his arms, he hurried past.

When the riders had gone out of hearing distance, Jim chokingly gasped:

"It was awfully hard, Anna Louise,—only God knows how hard."

Anna Louise yawned sleepily.

"I say you—boy—you Stuart! wait a moment!" called a voice loudly.

Jim looked back. The Squire was coming in his direction, and the wheelman was riding rapidly away.

"O Anna Louise, the Squire is calling me! Must I tell him the truth? What shall I do?"

But Anna Louise didn't know. She laid her cool, plump fingers tenderly over the ugly bruise on his cheek.

The Squire came cantering up; and reining his horse into a fence corner, dismounted heavily.

"Sit down here, lad," he said, indicating a grassy spot beside a small stream. "I wish to have a talk with you."

"It's coming," thought Jim.

Anna Louise, who was greatly in awe of the Squire, placed the back of her hand before her eyes, much after the manner of the ostrich, and peeped out between her fingers.

"Well, my boy," began the Squire, flicking an imaginary fly from Cæsar's back with his riding-whip, "I've been thinking I was a little too hasty and rough with you the other day. I would not have known you passed me just now but my nephew (that was he on the wheel) noticed you and the little one, and asked me who you were. If you still want that position, why, you can have it,—that's all! I am an old man, Jim; but I am not too old to beg a little chap's pardon when I am in the wrong."

"Then you know, sir,—you know?" stammered Jim.

"Yes, I know," repeated the Squire; "and Almeda said it right along. She's real clever that way. 'There's not a bit of harm or confusion in the lad,' she would say; 'always trundling a baby past here, and never touching a thing. More likely it's that rascally cousin of his, who sits black idle all day long down on Turkey Foot bank.'"

"And how did you find it out?" inquired Jim.

"That's what I am coming to," the old man went on. "It's a great joke. Almeda and I talked it over before my nephew. He was rather inclined to Almeda's belief that you were innocent, so he resolved to do a little detective work on his own account. It was his theory that as the boys had taken Ward's old horse and cart, some one would have to bring them home. Accordingly, he and Dan watched the house three evenings, hidden in the long grass in the yard. They saw nothing unusual until last evening. There was a dim light in the kitchen; the blinds were closely drawn, and they could hear the murmur of voices, and see the shadows of three persons as they passed to and fro between the light. Dan stationed himself at the front entrance, and my nephew rapped loudly at the back door. There was great commotion within. Then he hurriedly slipped around the corner of the house just in time to catch Bob Cootes, who was crawling out of a window. He thought the house was about to be searched by officers of the law. Bob broke down and confessed everything; while the Wards stood by, abusing him and everybody in general. Cootes said Joe feared detection that evening, and was very reluctant to take part. But when you left him at Voight's drug store, and said you were going home to work at some contrivance you were making in the barn—"

"My perpetual motion machine," corrected the boy promptly.

"Well," continued the old man, "the plan occurred to him of dressing up in your best suit; so if he happened to be seen, he would be mistaken for you, trusting to the darkness and his own fleet feet to escape. He followed you out of the store, and kept a safe distance behind all the way home. He stole upstairs without any one's seeing him, and soon met the boys at the rendezvous they had appointed. Joe had not long to enjoy his plunder; for he was very anxious to reach home before his father, who had said that he would be detained in town until late that evening. It seems Joe saw the boys for a few minutes the next morning, and in that short time managed to tell them that his mother admitted him; but the hallway was dark, and she never noticed his clothes, but hurried back upstairs. They say she cloaks his misdoings. Both father and mother are far too indulgent with him, to my way of thinking. He had not retired when he heard his father returning. He jumped into bed, still wearing your clothes, and feigned to be asleep when Mr. Stuart looked in for a moment in passing. That's the story for you; and if I can make amends to you by letting you write my letters, run errands, and help Almeda in her thousand and one charitable schemes, why, you are most welcome to come Monday morning."

A dark look passed over Jim's face.

"But you said such dreadful things about my father, Squire Leighton!"

"Pooh!" said the Squire. "I never meant them. I was hasty, and can not see beyond my nose when I'm angry."

Anna Louise had fallen asleep, with her golden head pillowed on the boy's breast. Jim's glance rested for a moment uneasily on the healthful, innocent face.

"There is one thing more. Uncle Alec does not know. I feel that it is not right

to leave him in ignorance of Joe's actions, but I dread to pain him."

Jim's resentment was dying out, perhaps with the fever in the bruise on his cheek, which side of his face he kept carefully turned from the Squire's gaze.

"Very well," assented the old man; "we'll not tell him. And I dare say he will know fast enough when you start to work for me on Monday morning. After next year I intend to sell out my shares in the Overstock Mine to my nephew; he will take charge of all my business. And if your uncle can not supply the deficiency to let you attend college—well, I think some one else can," he added, with twinkling eyes.

"Here is Uncle Alec now," said Jim, catching sight of the familiar figure.

Squire Leighton mounted his horse, and, after a friendly nod to his neighbor, rode off.

"Have you and the Squire made up your little difficulty?" asked Mr. Stuart pleasantly, as he came up.

"Yes, sir," answered Jim. "And I am to enter his employ on Monday."

Mr. Stuart lifted the sleeping child in his arms, and he and Jim walked home together in silence.

There was great surprise manifested at tea when Mr. Stuart announced to the family that Jim had been hired by Squire Leighton. Joe evinced not only surprise but alarm at so singular an occurrence.

A little later Mr. Stuart signified his desire to walk with Joe in the garden; and Jim suspected, from their earnest talk and the emphatic gestures which his uncle used, that he was "laying down the law."

Mrs. Stuart did not object to Jim's acceptance of the Squire's offer, only stipulating that he should spend the night at home in order to rock Anna Louise to sleep. He was old enough, she said, to start out in the world; her "own poor boy" would soon have to do likewise.

The only one who expressed any great regret for Jim's absence was little Anna Louise. She literally watered the couch with her tears every afternoon, and would not be comforted.

Jim Stuart entered upon his duties with a light heart. Everybody was kind to him in his new home, and the Squire tried in every possible way to atone for his former harshness. He even went so far as to purchase a typewriter for the lad. The Squire's hand was so stiff some days that he fain must be content to sit idly by and watch Jim's rapid fingers.

It must be mentioned here that Jim, although rising to prominence, never became an inventor; and the perpetual motion machine was eventually converted to firewood by Hannah's ruthless hand.

Meanwhile Joe and Jim seldom met. Joe was doing very menial work in town for a mere pittance. A great change had come over him of late, and he appeared very quiet and thoughtful.

One morning, after Jim had learned all the intricacies of a correspondence with the Overstock Mine, he was seated in the library, ticking out addresses on some envelopes. The Squire was at his side, quietly looking over the morning's mail, when he presently uttered an exclamation and the letter which he held fell from his fingers.

"Well, that beats all!" he said, wiping his glasses. "There is honor among thieves. Read these, Jim!" he exclaimed, passing over to the boy two thin slips of paper. One was a post-office order for the amount of ten dollars; the other a letter, written in an irregular scrawl. The penmanship was unmistakably Joe's, but the composition was that of some one else. It ran as follows:

SQUIRE LEIGHTON:—Inclosed you will find a post-office order for ten dollars, one-fourth of the amount you claim to have lost by raids upon your vineyard, chicken park, and peach orchard. I earned

every cent of it honestly, as Schweinfelt, the butcher, can testify. It is my father's way of making me do penance. I think I deceived everyone but him, and I believe he suspected me from the first. I thank you for your lenity, and hope you will believe in the thorough reformation of

Yours truly,

JOSEPH STUART.

The Squire wiped his glasses again.

Jim laid down the letter and went on with his copying. When he had finished he looked up, smiling.

"I am glad Joe is coming to himself," was all he said.

(The End.)

Marie and the Roses.

There is a touching story connected with the old prison of St. Lazare in Paris, an institution in which only women were incarcerated, and one which has been called the saddest of all prisons. But although it was continually the scene of horrors which brought pain to the heart of every sympathetic person, now and then some bright beam shone through its darkness; for love and goodness existed even in St. Lazare, and where they are there must be hope and happiness. The sick were always tenderly cared for by their companions; and if an inmate died, it was no unusual thing for the other prisoners to club together and furnish means in order that there might be a decent burial.

One day a young peasant girl was brought to the prison, having been tried and found guilty of the crime of stealing some roses which grew within the wall of a private garden. It was easy enough to see that she was insane, but she had no powerful friends; and when it was once proved that she had appropriated and carried off the flowers, the judge, who was too busy and careless to observe that her

brain was ill-balanced, merely sentenced her to a term in St. Lazare, and went on with the next case.

She entered the prison singing a song about a rose, and not appearing to realize the sad and disgraceful plight in which she found herself. At the first chance the other women coaxed her to talk, which she did readily enough.

"My name is Marie," she said; "and I love roses. They are about me in the air all the while, and whenever I go near a rose-bush it begs me to pluck its blossoms. Yesterday I looked over a garden wall and the pretty roses called me. I climbed over to see them, and the gendarmes thought I did wrong."

This simple little story excited the sympathy of the other prisoners, and it was a strange sight to see women steeped in the vilest crime consulting with one another concerning the best and quickest way to help this poor unfortunate child—for she was only that. Some of them who knew how to make artificial roses taught the secret to the others; and they gladly deprived themselves of their usual recreation and many leisure moments in order to fashion silk and paper roses for the adorning of Marie's cell.

Soon a man whose business it was to direct the labor of criminals saw these skilfully made flowers and established a suitable work-room for their manufacture within the prison walls. Here poor Marie was introduced as an apprentice, and before long became an expert. From morning until night she sat at her task; and, best of all, her reason began to return. When the end of her sentence arrived she was completely cured; so her arrest, which had seemed so sad an evil, was a disguised blessing, as apparent evils very frequently are. Her story was known to many kind people, and they asked her what she wished to do for a livelihood, saying that they would be glad to help her. "I will raise roses," she said. Her

success with the natural flowers was as great as with the artificial ones, and she soon became one of the most successful florists in Paris.

So we see that even in a prison there are chances for doing good; and that even in the heart of criminals there are divine impulses upon which the angels must look with approval.

An Indian's Shrewdness.

The Indian of the plains, on account of his trained powers of observation, has the qualifications for an excellent detective. Charlevoix has recorded for us a remarkable event which proves this.

An Indian returned to his wigwam one day and found that a piece of meat had been stolen. He looked around for a few moments, and then set out in search of the thief, asking of every person he met the following question:

"Have you seen a little old white man with a short gun, who had with him a small dog with a short tail?"

When asked how he was so sure as to the personal appearance of the culprit, he answered:

"I know the thief is a little man by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison; that he is an old man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark off the tree on which it leaned. That the dog is small I know by his tracks; and that he has a short tail I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

The Indian finally caught the thief, as he deserved to.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Tissot's wonderful "Life of Our Lord" has been described as "one of the greatest achievements of the age." The work is now completed. The spirit in which it was executed may be judged by the great artist's devout appeal to his readers:

Ye who have read these volumes written for your benefit, and have perhaps been moved by what they contain, as ye close them say this prayer for their author: "O God, have mercy on the soul of him who wrote this book; cause Thy light to shine upon him and grant to him eternal rest. Amen."

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. announce for early publication "The World's Unrest and Its Remedy," by James Field Spalding, formerly rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass. Dr. Spalding's learning and candor, so conspicuous in his valuable essay on "The Teaching and Influence of St. Augustine," will win many readers for his new volume. It was written after his conversion to the Church and is calculated to fill a distinct need in our literature.

—"The Story of Cæsar," which forms a new addition to the American Book Co.'s Eclectic School Readings, is in every respect an admirable text-book. The author, M. Clarke, has studied his subject thoroughly, and affords what is probably the most satisfactory account in our language of one of the greatest men of antiquity. It was a happy idea of the editor to quote the opinions of eminent writers ancient and modern on the character of Cæsar, and to show his inferiority to Washington in nobleness of character.

—The Delegate Apostolic to India has issued in pamphlet form the life of Father Vaz, the apostle of Ceylon, first published in an East Indian journal. Father Vaz was a name to conjure with in the Orient at the beginning of this century, and even so late as fifty years ago a writer of marked anti-Catholic sympathies pronounced him "worthy to rank with Xavier." The first steps in the process of beatification have long since been undertaken, and the number of striking miracles attributed to Father Vaz marks him as one of God's great servants. The biography is interesting and edifying in an unusual

degree, despite certain rhetorical lapses. The Catholic Orphan Press, Calcutta.

—"Ordinarily," says the London *Quarterly Review*, "it is the task of a critic to notice any error into which an author may have fallen. But in the case of Mr. Froude the problem ever is to discover whether he has deviated into truth." This is one of the hardest and happiest judgments ever recorded against the smooth historical romancer by so high a tribunal. It is apropos of a paragraph by Froude regarding Johann Reuchlin which contains sixteen statements, fifteen of which are patently incorrect and only one correct.

—If all the blood ever shed by the "cruel Spaniard" were gathered into one ocean, it would not balance in iniquity the cowardly and calumnious anti-Spanish utterances published in America in one single week. And of all these lies none are more bland and none more barefaced than those circulated by Mr. John B. Alden, the New York publisher, through the *August Book Worm*. Bigotry is written in capital letters over every page of it; and a low, scurrilous kind of bigotry at that. Mr. Alden evidently does not expect Catholics to purchase his publications.

—The authorship of that wondrous little book, "The Imitation of Christ," was settled ten years ago, when Dr. F. R. Cruise, of Dublin, published his excellent treatise on the life of À Kempis. This learned work may be said to contain all that will probably ever be known concerning one of the most remarkable ascetics of the Middle Ages. It has been reproduced in condensed form and published by the Catholic Truth Society. Those who have not read the original treatise will welcome this epitome—by Dr. Cruise himself,—which is all the more acceptable on account of the "Rosary portrait" of À Kempis given for frontispiece.

—Before his death, the late Prof. Dana undertook the revision of his excellent text-book of geology. He was not able to complete the work before the end came, however; and the unfinished task was taken up and carried through by Prof. Rice, his friend and

pupil. Many changes have been made in the book, the most notable, perhaps, being the adoption of the theory of evolution, in accordance with Dana's later views. As set forth by Dana and Rice, the theory is in complete harmony with the views of Mivart and Zahni, as the concluding paragraph of the work will show:

The upward progress, from Protozoan simplicity, through Fish and Amphibian and Reptile and Mammal, has culminated at last in Man himself, the crown of creation, sharing with the animal kingdom a place in nature, but asserting by his intellectual and spiritual endowments a place above nature. While it is the work of science to trace the method of this twofold evolution, science, as such, knows nothing of efficient cause or of purpose; but it leaves full scope for faith that the Power, whose modes of working science may in part reveal, is intelligent and personal, and that the whole process of the evolution of Man and his dwelling-place has been guided by Infinite Wisdom to the fulfilment of a purpose of Infinite Love.

We know of no better text-book of geology than Prof. Dana's. American Book Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 75 cts.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau,* S. S. 50 cts., *net.*

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* \$1.60, *net.*

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Virgo Praedicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net.*

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Stang.* \$1, *net.*
Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, *net.*

Orestes A Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, *net.*

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani* 50 cts., *net.*

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Mars, S. J.* \$3.50, *net.*

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylav.* \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, *net.*

For a King. *T. S. Sharowood.* 95 cts., *net.*

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan.* \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net.*

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson.* 75 cts.

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Bornier-McMahon.* \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts., *net.*

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net.*

HYMN FOR THE REPUBLIC.

(Domine Salvum fac Rem publicam.)

SOLO & CHORUS.

Alla marcia.

H. G. GANSS.

f

BARITONE SOLO.

Con nobilita.

p

Do - mi-ne Do - mi-ne sal - vum fac sal - vum fac rem pu - bli - cam
 Gra - cious Lord, oh, gra - cious Lord, save the Re - pub - - lic,

p legato.

sempre con 8va.

Do - mi - ne Do - mi - ne sal - vum fac rem pu - bli - cam
 Gra - cious Lord, Gra - cious Lord, save the Re - pub - - lic,

THE AVE MARIA.

Do - mi - ne Do - mi - ne sal - vum fac sal - vum fac rem pu - bli - cam
 Gra - cious Lord, oh, gra - cious Lord, save the Re - pub - lic,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Ave Maria'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'Do - mi - ne Do - mi - ne sal - vum fac sal - vum fac rem pu - bli - cam' on the first line and 'Gra - cious Lord, oh, gra - cious Lord, save the Re - pub - lic,' on the second line. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Do - mi - ne Do - mi - ne sal - vum fac rem pu - bli - cam,
 Gra - cious Lord, gra - cious Lord, save the Re - pub - lic,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Do - mi - ne Do - mi - ne sal - vum fac rem pu - bli - cam,' and 'Gra - cious Lord, gra - cious Lord, save the Re - pub - lic,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. There are some dynamic markings in the piano part, including a crescendo hairpin.

riten.
 Do - mi - ne Do - mi - ne sal - vum fac rem pu - bli - cam
 Gra - cious Lord, gra - cious Lord, save the Re - pub - lic.

riten.
a tempo ff

The third system of the musical score. It begins with the instruction '*riten.*' (ritardando). The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Do - mi - ne Do - mi - ne sal - vum fac rem pu - bli - cam' and 'Gra - cious Lord, gra - cious Lord, save the Re - pub - lic.' The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand, marked '*riten.*'. The system concludes with the instruction '*a tempo ff*' (allegro fortissimo).

THE AVE MARIA.

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CHORUS.

Poco più lento.



et ex - au - di nos in di - - e
and hear us, O Lord, hear us, Lord,



ff et ex - au - di nos in di - - e
and hear us, O Lord, hear us, Lord,

Poco più lento.



qua in - vo - ca - ve - ri-mus te qua in - vo - ca - ve - ri-mus et ex -
in the day we call un-to Thee, in the day we call un-to Thee, and



qua in - vo - ca - ve - ri-mus te qua in - vo - ca - ve - ri-mus et ex -
in the day we call un-to Thee, in the day we call un-to Thee, and



poco riten.

au - di nos in di - e qua in vo - ca - ve - ri - mus
hear us, Lord, in the day we call, *poco riten.* we call un - to

au - di nos in di - e qua in vo - ca - ve - ri - mus
hear us, Lord, in the day we call, we call un - to

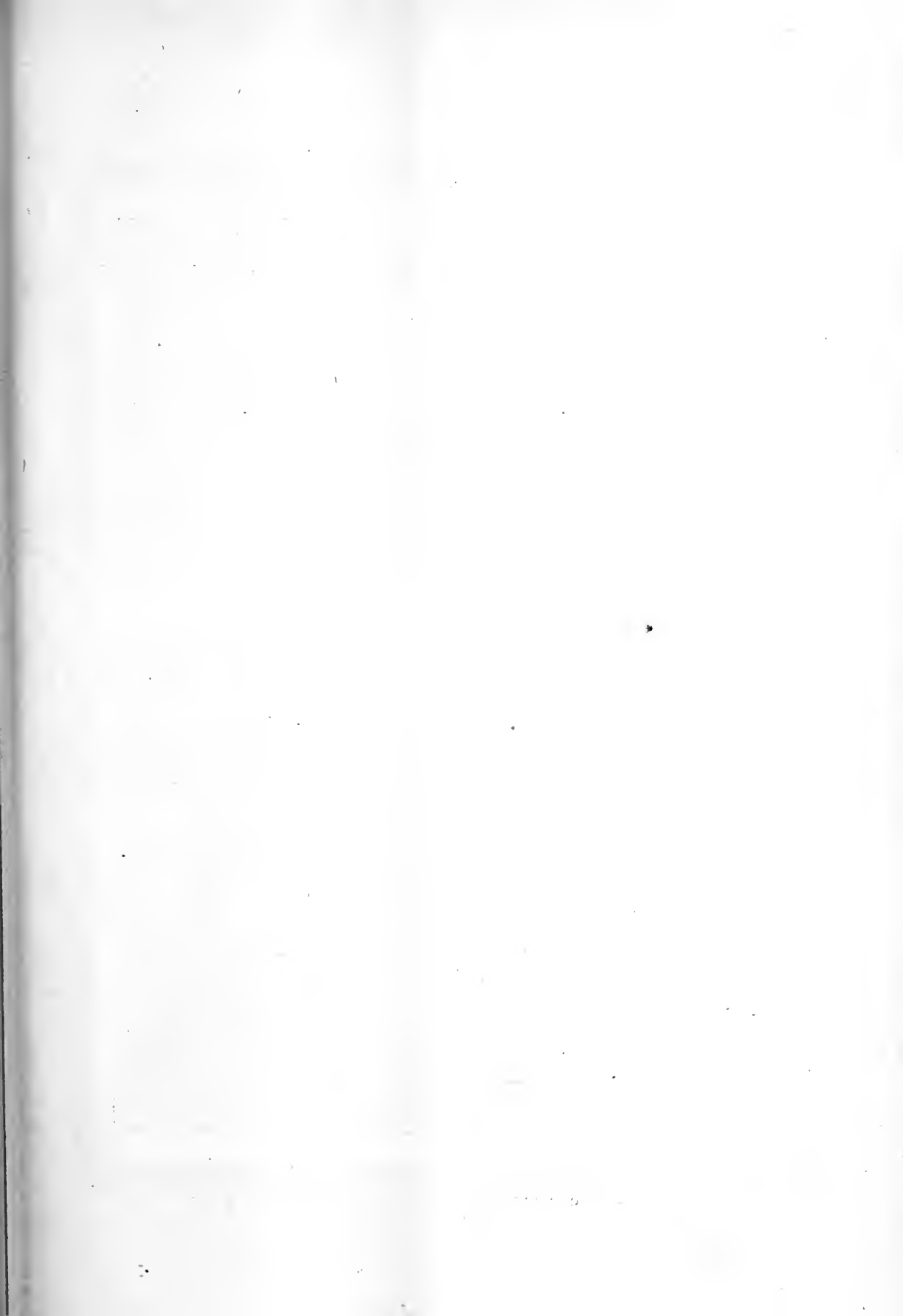
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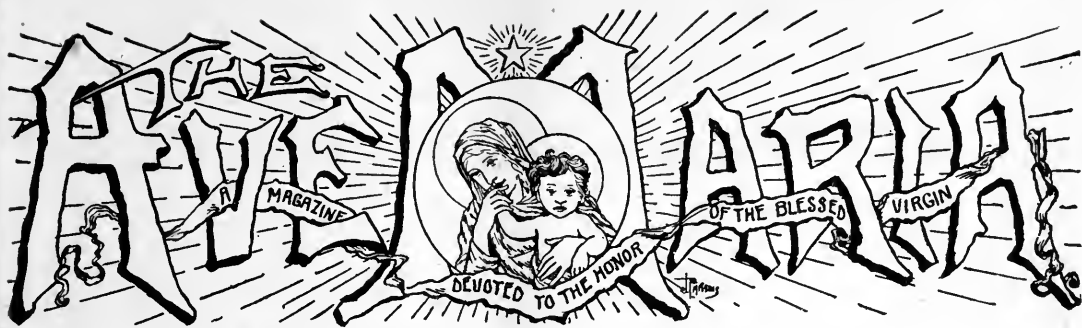
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CHRIST THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN.
(F. Overbeck.)



HEÑCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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The Shepherd Divine.

‘SUFFER the children to come unto Me,’
Thus said the dear Master of old;
And eager they gathered around at His word,
Those spotless white lambs of the fold.

Loving the hand that was lifted to bless
The little ones dear to His Heart,
And gentle the touch of the Master’s caress,
Wherein pity and love had a part.

And you who are burdened, and weary of soul,
May share in that blessing of old,
If, cleansing your hearts in the laver of love,
You are pure as the lambs of the fold.

The Birthday of Mary.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

THE Nativity of our Heavenly Mother is the most important festival we meet with after celebrating, on August the 15th, her glorious assumption into heaven. This day deserves some attention, as it is one of those four great feasts of Mary which have been solemnized in the Church from early times.

Only three birthdays, properly so called, are kept in the liturgy; one being in honor of Christ, another in honor of Mary, and the third in honor of St. John the Baptist. In these three nativities there

was no sin, hence their joyful annual commemoration by the Church. Some writers see in the birth of St. John a resemblance to the star which precedes the dawn; in Our Lady’s, the aurora which betokens the approach of day; whereas our Divine Lord’s was the rising of that bright sun, enlightening every man coming into the world.

In liturgical language, the term *dies natalis* is not usually to be understood as referring to a birthday according to the flesh, but it invariably designates the actual feast of the saint—in other words, his birth to a new life in heaven. This is particularly the case with the holy martyrs. The supernatural idea of death expressed by this term is pre-eminently Christian.

On the 8th of September, when the Church celebrates the Nativity of Mary, we commemorate the happy dawn of our redemption; for it was by means of Our Lady that a Redeemer was given to the world. This thought finds expression in the office of the day: “Thy birth, O Holy Mother of God, has made gladness to be known to the whole world!”

Since the day when Adam fell, the curse of sin has made even the very first moments of human life a veritable beginning of death; but in Mary’s birth sin had no place: there was no curse, no cause for sorrow; on the contrary, there were many reasons to rejoice. This joy was

not confined to earth: it was participated in by the choirs of angels, and doubtless, too, by that expectant throng of souls detained in the Limbo of the Fathers.

Of the details of Our Lady's Nativity very few facts can be set down with any degree of certainty. In former ages the Proto-Evangelium and the Book of the Birth of Mary circulated legends of no great authority; the tradition, however, embodies the following story:

St. Anne was the daughter of Nathan, a priest of Bethlehem. She had two sisters: Mary, the grandmother of St. James the Greater and St. John the Evangelist; and Sobe, the mother of Elizabeth. Anne married somewhat late in life; her husband Joachim being a man of position and a native of Sephoris, near Nazareth; he was, moreover, of the tribe of Juda. These two holy souls owned a house at Nazareth and another at Jerusalem. Their property was so divided that part was devoted to the Temple, part to the poor, and the rest served for their own wants.

The marriage of Joachim and Anne was not blessed with offspring; this fact caused them to be regarded by their neighbors as cursed by God. After some twenty years of reproach of this kind, Joachim and Anne went to Jerusalem to celebrate the Feast of the Dedication. Even in the Holy City the priest who received the offering of Joachim reproached him as one whom the Lord had not blessed. Having returned to his home, in anguish of spirit, he betook himself to the tents of his shepherds, and there he led a life of fasting and prayer. St. Anne devoted herself to a similar life in her home at Nazareth.

At length Joachim was favored with a vision, and an angel declared that he was about to become the father of a daughter whose name should be called Mary. He was then admonished to repair to the Golden Gate, where his spouse awaited

him. St. Anne had been also favored with an apparition of the angel of God, who foretold the birth of a daughter Mary. She likewise was directed to repair to the Golden Gate at Jerusalem, where she would meet Joachim.

The holy pair met; and, after mutual congratulation, returned home to await in prayer the fulfilment of the promise. In due time all things were accomplished as predicted, and Mary was born. Baronius asserts that this took place on a Saturday, at daybreak, in the year 734 of the Roman era.

It is not certain in what year a special day was first set apart to honor the nativity of the Mother of God. As was the case with similar festivals, this feast was celebrated locally many years before it became of universal obligation. St. Augustine of Hippo has been improperly quoted as an authority for the keeping of this feast in his day, because of the sermon bearing his name which is read in the Matins of September 8. This sermon, however, was originally composed for the Annunciation, and it is only by a process of adaptation that it has found a suitable place in the liturgy of Our Lady's Nativity.

In Gaul the festival was certainly observed as far back as the ninth century. Walter, Bishop of Arles (871), mentions it as a feast which was celebrated with great solemnity. In the East it was known still earlier, as we learn from the writings of St. John Damascene. Rome seems to have recognized the day during the pontificate of Sergius I. (695); for we find that Pope enumerating the Nativity with those other feasts of Our Lady on which a solemn procession of clergy and people was to be made from the Church of St. Adrian to the Basilica of St. Mary Major. Baronius, the famous historian, would have us go back to a still more ancient source, and suggests that the origin of the feast may be traced to

the time of the Council of Ephesus (A. D. 431), when devotion to the Mother of God received an impetus which has been felt through all succeeding ages.

It may be remarked that special Masses for the Nativity of Mary exist in the sacramentaries bearing the names respectively of St. Gelasius and St. Gregory. The English Pontifical of Egbert (A. D. 900) also contains special forms of episcopal benedictions for this particular day.

As to the fixing of the date, Pope Benedict XIV. says that there have been divergences; but, by the common consent of both East and West, the 8th of September has been assigned. The city of Mary's birth is not altogether certain. According to St. John Damascene, it took place in Jerusalem; Baronius, however, suggests Nazareth.

This may be a fitting place to refer to the cultus shown to the parents of our Blessed Lady. As long ago as the eighth century, the traditional history of St. Joachim and St. Anne was depicted on the walls of the Basilica of St. Paul at Rome, by order of the Pontiff Leo III. But to St. John Damascene must be given the credit of making known, in an eminent degree, devotion to Our Lady's holy parents. Portions of his writings in praise of St. Joachim and St. Anne have been incorporated into the Breviary and are read as lessons in the office of Matins. Devotion to these two saints is extremely ancient in the East. In the time of the Emperor Justinian (A. D. 550), a church in honor of St. Anne was dedicated in Constantinople. The following extract, from an Alexandrian chronicle of the seventh century, is an interesting proof of the antiquity of the same devotion: "On the 6th of the Ides of September, Monday, the 15th Indiction, Our Lady the Virgin was born of Joachim and Anne."

This cultus, as far as the observance of general festivals is concerned, did not find expression in the West until the

sixteenth century. Pope Gregory XIII., in the year 1584, appointed July 26 to be kept as a feast in honor of St. Anne; while Pope Julius II., in 1510, inserted the name of St. Joachim in the Roman Martyrology on the 20th of March, where it still remains; he, moreover, ordered that on this date the office and Mass of the saint should be observed as on a double feast. Later on, at a time when alterations were made in the calendar by St. Pius V., the name of St. Joachim was removed from both Missal and Breviary; but it was shortly afterward restored again, during the pontificate of Gregory XIII., in the year 1584. The reformed office of the saint dates from 1622; and during more recent times the feast has been transferred from the month of March and is ordered to be celebrated on the Sunday within the octave of Our Lady's Assumption. The present Holy Father, whose patron is St. Joachim, raised the festival to the dignity of a double of the second class.

But to return to Our Lady's Nativity. The octave, now universally observed, dates from the time of Innocent IV., in the thirteenth century. It originated in the conclave in which Celestine IV. was elected Pope. On that occasion difficulties arose concerning the freedom of the electors, and fears were entertained that Frederick II. might interfere with the liberty of the cardinals. The members of the conclave, therefore, had recourse to the intercession of our Blessed Lady. They vowed that if all things came to a successful issue, they would obtain the addition of an octave to the solemnity of her Nativity. Celestine was elected without difficulty; but, as his pontificate was of short duration, it was reserved for his successor, Innocent IV., to carry the vow into effect. Local celebrations of the octave, however, existed anterior to this date; as, for example, at Canterbury during the episcopate of St. Anselm.

Some important churches which are dedicated in honor of the Blessed Virgin, that of Chartres in particular, regard the Nativity as their titular feast. Fulbert, the learned Bishop of Chartres, composed certain responsories for the solemnity.

The Order of St. Benedict has ever striven to excel in worthily celebrating the feasts of the Mother of God. The monks during the Middle Ages carefully observed the vigil of preparation. The constitutions of one famous monastery legislate that "we ought to fast on this vigil, as on all other vigils of the Blessed Virgin Mary." It was also customary in those days to sing the Mass of the Vigil. The feast itself was called "a principal solemnity," and was observed with almost as much magnificence as the Assumption. While Tierce was being solemnly chanted the sacristan was directed to prepare the sacred relics, presently to be borne in procession. When the office terminated, the abbot, vested in cope, incensed the high altar and afterward the relics. The procession then started for the Lady-chapel and wended its way through the cloisters, the monks meanwhile chanting appropriate responsories and antiphons.

The long defiles of monks, vested in rich copes, presented a solemn and glorious spectacle, not altogether unworthy of the honor due to so great a day. At intervals in this procession it was usual to carry crosses of gold and silver, as well as precious texts of the Gospels. After the procession came the Solemn Mass, during which the brethren retained their copes. Much attention was paid to the chanting of the anthem *Nativitas tua*, its execution being committed to nine of the most accomplished singers of the brotherhood.

In our present calendar the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Mother ranks as a festival of devotion, which implies that until comparatively recent times the double precept of hearing Mass and resting from servile work was attached to it.

The modern edition of the "Ceremonial of Bishops" classes this feast with those special days when the bishop, vested in cope and mitre, is invited to assist at Solemn Mass in the cathedral.

The Mass given in our present Missal begins with the famous Introit, *Salve sancta parens*, composed in ancient times by Sedulius, who is said to have been an Irish poet of the fifth century. The Gospel recounts the genealogy of our Blessed Lord, and ends with the words, "Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called the Christ."

In certain countries there takes place on this day the blessing of seed destined to be committed to the earth during the following season. The Roman Ritual contains the form of blessing to be used on the occasion. By customs of this kind the faithful are encouraged to attach to the various festivals, during the course of the year pious practices which tend to associate the ordinary duties of daily life with the more sublime life of holy Church.

As a rule, the collects of the liturgy contain a petition for some particular favor appropriate to the season or feast. The gift prayed for on Our Lady's Nativity is peace. Mary was the harbinger of that perfect peace concerning which the angels sang on Christmas night at Bethlehem. Joy and peace go together. The Church rejoices on Our Lady's Nativity because she is to be the Mother of the Prince of Peace.

I WILL not say that it has never to be done, but I am certain that a good deal of the energy spent by some devout and upright people on trying to understand themselves and their own motives would be expended to better purpose, and with far fuller attainment even in regard to that object itself, in the endeavor to understand God, and what He would have us do.—*George Macdonald*.

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

I.—PILGRIMS.

IN the days when the Desmond castles, in ruins now on the banks of the Blackwater, were alive with war and merry-making, travel was difficult, and the miles between Waterford seaport town and the river were a serious journey. Therefore Katherine of Desmond, having run away from the court of France, for what reason none knew but herself, was tired enough when the great mountains had been crossed and the water-side was reached amid the glories of an Irish August sunset.

"We are pilgrims to the shrine of St. Declau," said the old Irish retainer who had managed the flight of his young mistress, acting as her courier. Pilgrims were plentiful in those times, and the travellers were saluted with reverence as they passed along,—Katherine, her faithful Murrough, and also the French waiting-woman, who had been her devoted attendant for years; all in their palmer gowns of woollen brown, their crosses and their scallop shells, their sheltering hoods and their staves.

"Nearing home at last!" exclaimed Katherine, as the boat got well out into the stream. "Murrough, I shall never forget this service."

"I would rather be at home in France," whimpered the waiting-woman.

"Very well. You shall go back, then. Queen Blanche will readily forgive you. Meanwhile, is not God's Ireland lovely? Never can grief or danger follow us to this enchanting retreat."

"It is good to see you smile again, Lady Katherine," said Murrough. "It was for this that I risked the Queen's displeasure."

"We are at home, and we can live by

our own leave. We will have no more courts nor kings, no knights nor ladies; we will be all children together in our castle of Temple Michael."

A rosy fire burned on the low hills which held the river and the woods in their midst,—woods draped in tender purple, fringed by the willows and sedges skirting the stream, and breaking the splendor of the flood with their cool reflections. Groves of sombre green, interpenetrated with flame, stood solemnly at the feet of the Waterford mountains, whose peaks and sides were clothed with a mysterious blue: cool as forget-me-not and deep as sapphire, but incomparable to the hue of either flower or jewel. Here an entire headland, with its sumptuous coloring and crown of darkling firs, was repeated in the water; and there the shadows swept thick and heavy under the overhanging rocks, blotting out the sunshine and obscuring every detail within the area of its gloom.

The orphan heiress of a Desmond, Katherine had been reared under the protection of Queen Blanche of Castile; and it had been expected, both at home and in France, that she would hardly return to take possession of her lands till she had become the wife of some noble husband, who would help her to wield the power which an unusual fortune had placed in her hands. Was it obedience to some high authority, a scare of some secret danger, or merely the freak of a woman's wayward will, that had caused her sudden return to Ireland without permission from or warning to her royal guardian?

"Murrough, I begin to recall many things," she said. "How old was I when I last fared on this river?"

"Seven years, Lady Katherine. I rowed you myself toward Affane to meet the traffickers on their rafts, floating the pears and apples to Toghel for the market, even as far as the water-stairs of your cousin

Strancally. But your lady mother would be like to faint when I kept you long—”

“If she had lived, I should have grown up here with nothing in my mind beyond the whispering of these willows or the legends that hang around these oaks. I should never have known anything of courts or the life that belongs to them.”

“Heavens!” interposed the waiting-woman, “you would never have worn your gown of silver cloth, Lady Katherine, nor learned to dance—”

Here Affane was reached,—a vale of gentle slopes, chequered with the pale yellow of corn and the fresh green of pasture; laid bare by the mutual consent of two parted woods, where the moon was beginning to appear in mild fire, like roses burning, her gold disc rising slowly from a fold of the undulating land.

“She reddens confronting the sun!” cried Katherine. “Look your last, sweet-heart; for he will soon be out of sight. As he sinks she grows white. Queen, can not you reign in your own right? As beautiful, if colder, when his smile is turned away. How her silver fire is darkening the throng of these fir woods!”

But the waiting-woman shrugged her shoulders and drew her wraps around her.

“Row a little faster, Murrough,” she said, petulantly. “Our lady will have us bewitched before ever we reach a Christian shelter.”

“Slower, rather,” said her lady. “See, we are nearing Dromand. Ah, Murrough! I remember Dromand, its woods trailing in the flood and brushing the clouds; its castle that is all rock, and its rock that is all castle. There was a feud between my father and a kinsman of his, a lord of Dromand; but later they were reconciled. He came to our board, and I sat on his knee and I played with the hilt of his sword. He had a long white beard, breaking on his coat of mail like the foam of the sea on the rocks. I remember my nurse saying that the peace was but half

a peace till my little hand took the liberty of playing with his sword hilt.”

“All your kinsmen will now be your friends, Lady Katherine. We are coming to the castle of your cousin of Strancally. See it against the late red of the heavens, a lion’s front on yonder point!”

The moon hung high above a headland black and bristling with firs. All the centre of the flood was silvery; and the wooded shores, with their high serrated outlines repeated in the water, made walls of darkness between which the boat followed the current. The darkness grew, the stars thronged the upper blue. The river flowed with a stronger current as the sea wrought in it, pouring from the Broad of Toghel, as yet unsighted. Lights sprang up on the verge of the water at a distance, like torches carried hither and thither.

“The lights of Molanna!” Murrough cried. “The monks are chanting Vespers. In a moment we shall have Temple Michael. See that black line extending far into the water bearing a haughty tower, square against the stars? Lady Katherine, you are a daughter of the great Luralth, and there is your noble father’s Irish castle.”

The boat passed St. Molanna’s, pursued by a solemn song from behind the trees where, on its small island, locked up in Druidic oaks, stood the stately abbey and church of St. Molanp-de, more usually called Molanna.

The walls of the fortalice were soon discerned: the lower building extending backward among the trees, and the tower dominating the river. One large resplendent star burned right above the dark mass of the castle and the clumps of magnificent surrounding woodland; and all was mirrored in the water under the scarcely discernible verge of the shore.

Arrived at the water-steps, Murrough took up a horn which was chained to a stone, and blew a blast that set the lights

dancing behind the deep-set windows. The next moment the door in the lower part of the tower flew open, and a crowd of torch-bearers appeared hurrying down to the water.

At a word from Murrough a ringing cheer broke from the kerns. Figures ran hastily to and fro; and the names of "Desmond" and "Lady Katherine" flew from one mouth to another with such wild acclamation as startled the owls in their trees, and set the herons crying among the salallows half a mile away. In the midst of the tumult a distinguished figure was seen making for the shore with rapid movements.

"What means this audacious prank?" began Desmond of Strancally. "The Lady Katherine, with whose name you make such freedom, is safe under the Queen's guardianship in distant France."

"Was so, cousin!" replied Katherine, recognizing Strancally by his likeness to herself; rising as she spoke, and standing with her golden head and exquisite face bare and visible in the moonlight. "Yet it is true that I have come home. Give a welcome to your kinswoman."

"There is no mistaking the fair Desmond," said Strancally, after a pause of astonishment. "Sweet cousin Katherine, let me lead you into your home. It would have been better prepared for you had we known of your intent. Give me your little hand, and let your foot touch the grass that grows the shamrock."

(To be continued.)

In Wonderland.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—THE GIANT GEYSERS.

OF the three so-called geyser basins—namely, the lower, the middle, and the upper,—the last mentioned is the most interesting. Here is a hotel, situated on a terrace that commands the whole basin; and from the front veranda one sees one of the grandest sights in the world. The hotel, were it large enough, would be the chief centre of attraction, inasmuch as some one or another or half a score of the multitudes of geysers within walking distance of it are to be seen in action at almost any hour of the day; and I know from experience that one's interest increases rather than diminishes the more one sees of this extraordinary display.

We arrived in good season at the Upper Basin Hotel; but a herald had preceded us, and bespoken most of the available space for an excursion party due there somewhat later in the day. We were well fagged out; for there is nothing more fatiguing to body and mind than pure, unadulterated and almost uninterrupted sight-seeing. But mine host promised us a siesta, and that we thoroughly enjoyed in smallish rooms, roughly boarded, and having cracks between the boards that reminded one of a chicken-coop. The beds were good, and the sleep excellent in spite of constant interruptions. The house is a kind of whispering gallery; a fellow sneezes at one end of it and wakens a baby at the other. Domestic confabs, certainly never meant to be overheard, are like stage asides—audible to the least voluntary listener on the premises; and but for the general character of the conversation, which makes the hotel as noisy as a beehive, a sensitive soul would find the situation quite painful.

People were in and out of doors every

WHAT a life! We serve God by fits and starts; we have cold fits and hot fits, like those that are struck by fever; sometimes we are in earnest, sometimes we give up; we are carried away by gusts of temptation; a frown of the world will kill off all our good resolutions. Such is our life—perpetually tossed to and fro like waves of the sea.—*Manning.*

moment. The halls were full of baggage; ominous rolls of blankets and bolsters were heaped in one corner of the office—no doubt some pilgrim would thank his stars that he had been fortunate enough to secure this much of comfort in the cold night that was coming on. Every little while a shout went up from the veranda, and this was invariably followed by a stampede that emptied the building in a few moments. We alone retained our couches, and wondered in our half sleep what ailed the people and the place; but we were too drowsy to make inquiries. Later we discovered that the occasion of these demonstrations was the sudden eruption of a geyser, and all hands were rushing to see it.

After our siesta we went forth refreshed. In the great basin below us fountains were playing,—natural fountains tipped with plumes of steam. These fountains sprang gaily into the air, crowned themselves with spray, and after a time subsided. Some of them were active for a few minutes only; but some towered like columns that crumble while they stand, reeling and tottering, wreathed in thin draperies of mist, for twenty minutes or more. We could hear the rumbling in the earth, the hoarse growl in the throats of these fountains, and the splash of the descending flood. We could see the torrents that poured from their basins and cascaded over the bed of the valley—it was like a bed of cement kept moist and warm,—and tumbled headlong in boiling waves toward the river which received them all.

Old Faithful, the pet geyser of the upper basin, is situated only a few rods from the hotel. You hear him splashing in the night; and, if you have kept your reckoning, can actually tell the hour—he is so regular in his action. Never was a geyser better named. Once every sixty minutes, without fail, he asserts himself. The mouth of Old Faithful protrudes

somewhat, as if he were always ready to spout. His is a generous mouth, six feet by two, and twelve feet above the level of the plateau; but the face of him is also distended, as if fixed in the act of blowing; and the slope to the lips covers an area of one hundred and forty-five by two hundred and fifteen feet.

You may walk up to the mouth of Old Faithful and look down his throat if you like. There is nothing visible but a passage full of water. You may drop in a handkerchief or any bit of cloth, and watch it become saturated and sink from view; then you can walk a few rods away and sit down under the bushes; and, if it is near the hour of eruption, your wisest way is to do this immediately. Not that there is any particular danger in delay; for even had Old Faithful begun operations, there would be time to run out of reach. But it is so pretty to watch him at a safe distance; and it is only from a distance that one gets any idea of the height of the geyser column.

Now by looking at your watch you will note that it is time for the old fellow to begin; he does not vary ten minutes one way or the other during the four and twenty hours. With watch in hand you listen for the preliminary rumble. There it is!—a kind of choking sound in his throat, and a moaning as of intestinal disturbances. This is followed by a splutter and a slopping over, that is like a futile attempt.

For a moment you lose confidence; you begin to fear that his day is over—for every geyser has his day, and sooner or later that day comes to an end; and so you fear this eruption is to be a failure. His reputation is at stake, and he knows it; for after a half dozen abortive discharges—abortive when compared with what he has done, and can do when he is in good form, but such as would make fame and fortune for a spring outside of the Yellowstone region,—after fuming

and fretting and catching his breath and retching for some minutes, he gets mad and—bang! he is off, with a column of water that curls outward on every side in a magnificent capital and veils itself in clouds of whirling vapor. Higher and higher it climbs, as if endeavoring to outdo himself. You see, he is redeeming his reputation, until at last its topmost wave seems actually to catch an azure beauty from the sky and to leave part of its diamond dust aloft, there to be absorbed by the sunshine.

In five minutes he is satisfied: he has exhausted his enthusiasm and his resources at the same moment; and he quietly, but majestically and with great dignity, subsides with an audible sigh. He steams vigorously for a little while and pants as from sheer fatigue; but shortly he is as quiet as if he had never done anything out of the common, and he does it so easily and so naturally that it is hard to believe that he has.

Just before the eruption the water in Old Faithful's throat stood at a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit; now it is down to 170 degrees. That little freshet yonder is the surplus, the overflow from this small mouth hastening to the river at the head of the valley. Here is the handkerchief you dropped into the geyser before the eruption. It has been thrown thirty feet from the lips of the crater; had the wind been blowing, it might have lodged fifty or a hundred feet farther yet away. It looks a tangled skein; but for the knot you thoughtfully tied in it, perhaps there would not have been threads enough of it left together to warrant identification. Notwithstanding the regularity with which Old Faithful attends to his duties, he is seldom twice the same in appearance. The slightest wind sweeps the descending water to a considerable distance, and spreads it in many a graceful and beautiful pattern. Sometimes he resembles a colossal ostrich

plume of the most dazzling whiteness. And certainly the real feather is not any lighter or more susceptible to the influence of the winds.

There are many geysers within range of Old Faithful. Sometimes it seems almost as if a rivalry must exist among them; for one will start off with a grand flourish; and no sooner has it got under good headway than another—which, perhaps, has been anxiously watched for some hours and seems to be obstinately refusing to do its duty,—no sooner does the one call for admiration, than the other bursts magnificently upon the sight and fairly outdoes itself in the brilliancy of its action.

The Beehive, with its hive-shaped cone, is a pretty creature. It jets steam and water at intervals; but there is such a small proportion of water that, though the column ascends from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet in the air and expands like a cloud, very little water falls from it—a mere shower that sparkles like brilliants in the sun, and is often dashed with a rainbow that greatly heightens its singular beauty. There are rainbows attached to almost every geyser of any consequence; indeed, one might almost say that no geyser is complete without at least one of them. Happy is the man who has seen the Giantess in action. She plays but once a fortnight; but having got started, she continues to play for twelve hours without intermission.

A complete drop of the water occurs after each eruption. She exhausts herself, and no wonder; for when she is ready to begin again she begins almost without warning; and having raised a column of water from six to fifteen inches in diameter to a height of sixty feet, out of this mass she jets snowy rockets two hundred feet higher, and continues this extraordinary display for twelve hours. The Lion, Lioness and Cubs are chiefly

famous for their growling. Certainly they spout—the Lion, at least—a stream about seventy-five feet in height. But one soon grows so accustomed to the phenomenal in this region that a mere seventy-five footer does not attract much attention.

The Sawmill buzzes in good sawmill fashion. It is interesting for a change. The Castle pretends to look like a castle until it covers itself with white-hot foam, and then it looks like any other geyser. So the Fan is fanlike and the Giant gigantic; the Splendid, quite so; and the Oblong just what you would expect it to be. Perhaps they are a little tiresome because there are so many of them, and because some of them won't go off when you most want them to, or some go off when you are not expecting them to; and the result is that you miss seeing the sight.

There are tourists who make a boast of having seen the Giantess—please remember she makes her appearance but twice a month,—and every other geyser in the National Park, each and all of them in full action. Such a state of things is possible; but they are rarely fortunate who, in a visit of a day or two at the Upper Geyser Basin, don't miss three or four of the swell sights of the place. Some who have time and patience watch day after day for the tardy spouters, resolved that they will not travel so far to see an object without seeing it at its best. Campers can do this easily; for their time is their own, and they are not crowded for room, nor fretted by the perpetual influx of perfectly fresh arrivals, whose enthusiasm annoys you, because you have outgrown yours and are become a trifle *blasé*.

It was refreshing to lie down under the trees near the camp of some emigrants; they were not travelling for pleasure, but were on their way South or North—I don't know and I don't care which,—and were making a short cut through the

park. They had broken a wheel, and some days were likely to pass before they succeeded in mending it; but that didn't matter to them. There was a weather-stained tent pitched down in the shade; a camp fire, and a pot of beans hanging over it. The old man said the beans were a little scorched, but that didn't matter either. The mother and the baby had gone a-visiting the geysers down the road. A young girl and a lad tidied up the scanty grass-plot in front of the tent, and brought water from a hot spring close at hand. I talked with the old man, who seemed to be an uncle of the party and looked as if he had never seen a town of above a thousand inhabitants. There was an old-fashioned "Sabbath" feeling in the air of the camp, and it was restful after the flurry up at the hotel.

I ate with the campers, and played a puzzling game with pebbles and a diagram drawn in the dust by the roadside; while the camp dog—he looked countrified also—lay with his head in my lap. As we sat there, not caring a fig for any geyser under the sun, one after another of the most famous of them burst forth and climbed to the very skies, or seemed to. They were all in full sight; and as we lay in the shade of the camp, and cared nothing for the children of Mammon fuming and fretting and doing the valley dutifully, and distressfully also, we had more solid satisfaction, without asking for it or even expecting it, than we are likely to have again very soon.

If you would know something about these geysers, let me clip a few items from a table before me:

NAME OF CRATER.	Interval between erupt'ns.	Time of eruption.	Height of columns.
Old Faithful ...	1 hour.	5 min.	75 to 150 ft.
Beehive	7 to 25 h.	3 to 18 m.	200 to 220 ft.
Giantess	14 days.	12 hrs.	250 ft.
Giant	4 days.	1½ to 3 h.	130 to 200 ft.
Splendid	3 hours.	4 to 10 m.	200 ft.
Castle	48 hrs.	30 min.	100 ft.

Many others there are which are classified in the table as "very frequent," "several times a day," or "every fifteen minutes"; the duration of the action ranging from three minutes to half an hour, and the height of the column from ten to sixty feet. Were I to camp in the upper basin, I am sure that I could watch the variations in these geysers for a whole week without growing weary. But I am not camping.

Returning to the hotel, we found that the excursion party had taken it by storm. Chaos had come again: we were shut out of our rooms, nor could the distressed landlord give us hope of any better night accommodations than might be found between blankets in the office or dining-room. The tumult was exasperating, and we were kept in a state of suspense bordering on the hall floor. Alonzo had offered me his blankets in the barn, and they would have been preferable to the sleepless night in the corridor; but by and by some one succeeded in finding a room for us, and in the small hours we retired to ruminate.

Eight young fellows were bunking on the floor of the windowless chambers above,—eight hot-blooded youths bound to have a good time at any cost, and they had it at the expense of many of the other lodgers. But why not make the most of everything in the Yellowstone? One is not obliged to go there; and why go unless one is willing to put up with the best the valley affords?

We were away in the morning to fresh fields and pastures new. Just as we were upon the order of going, there came a shriek from the mouths of a score of tireless watchers, and lo! at the farther end of the basin was a geyser overdue, now climbing the skies in a frenzy of dazzling foam. Everybody started on the double-quick—men, women, and children. Alonzo touched up the animals and away we went with a buckboard load of guests.

Before we had reached the scene of action another geyser had burst forth, and then another and another, and yet another. We sent up a cheer that was audible above the almost deafening roar of the waters and the stream. Women screamed hysterically, children cried with fright. It was glorious—it was terribly glorious. It seemed as if the deluge were about to cover the mountains once more. The spray fell upon us like summer rain; the horses were enveloped in shrouds of vapor; again and again we were driven hastily from our vantage-ground by cloud bursts that threatened to engulf us.

The hair of the scientists stood on end. They moved their arms wildly, as if they were directing the orchestra of the elements; and it was thus that we bade adieu to the Upper Geyser Basin, really with our hearts in our throats and our jackets sparkling with moisture. The horses stood it pretty well. Alonzo was at their heads in a moment; and then after a horse has got used to uncommon demonstrations, nothing can touch him further. As we drove away out of the whirlwinds we remarked to one another: "Surely there is nothing left in the whole Yellowstone Park worth seeing after this." Why, the Sunday splurges of the favored fountains of Versailles are as child's play and a penny-squirt in comparison.

(Conclusion next week.)

THINKING leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear and read and learn whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; he will never know any of it except that which he has thought over,—that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it, then, saying too much if I say that man by thinking only becomes truly man? Take away this power from man's life, and what remains?

—Pestalozzi.

The Mendicant.*

BY DAWN GRAYE.

IN the strength of youth and the pomp
of state,

Don Manuel rode through the castle gate;
With a frown his brow was unused to wear,
As he marked the mendicant kneeling there;
Pale from the scourgings of pitiless Fate,
Wasted with fasts at Plenty's door,
Bowed 'neath burden of age he bore;
For now *he* was lord of that vast domain,
There creature so vile must ne'er come
again.

With jewelled hand its speed to check,
Scarce touching the Arabian's neck,
The grandee sat on his living throne;
From its height surveying with lofty air
The lowly figure shrinking there,
And thus, in angry, scornful tone,

Don Manuel De La Vega:

"It paineth my sight, thy foul array:
Hence from this portal forthwith away!
What dost thou here from day to day?"
Answered soft the wretched beggar:

"My lord, I watch and pray."

Where the tortuous road creeps up the hill
To the ancient church, which crowns it still,
In every unincumbered nook
Charity reareth a wayside shrine,
Which the many pass and make no sign:
There, 'mong others as wretched, to stand,
The beggar each morn his sad course took,
Ever on Manuel's castle grand
Casting a wishful, lingering look.
But harsh the words of the youthful knight,
And loathsome this beggar in his sight.

Soon dawns a day, a day of woe,
When, molten in the red sun's glow,
A leaden stretch of sky looked down
On the gasping breadth of the plague-doomed
town;

O'er many a corse, as steps to reach
The height of Don Manuel's lofty tower,
Fiercely Death's riotous host hath sped.
Ah, none may shield that haughty head,
And he lieth low, despite youth and power!

"Fly! There is hope beyond the walls!"
Friend to friend and brother calls,
"Fly for life; for life is dear!
Let the stricken perish here!"

Unnoticed by the hurrying mass,
Stands the beggar in his place,
Just at the turn of the winding pass,
Reading the tale in each fear-struck face.
First and fairest Don Manuel's bride,
Scores of false courtiers by her side;
Next menial throngs and guards speed by,
All leaving their lord alone to die.

Then swiftly down the winding way,
Amid shadows shrinking, hiding,
Came, spectre-like, that figure gray,
Ghostly toward the castle gliding,—

Faster—faster—

To the death-bed of its master,
The young and cruel De La Vega,—
Till at length he paused; through an open
door

Saw a writhing form on the marble floor,
Calling wildly for those who would not hear.
Then close, still closer, the beggar drew near
And fearless stood by the plague-struck
knight,

Don Manuel De La Vega,—

Who erst, in pride of youth and state,
Had spurned him from his castle gate.

Moistened are the parched lips now,
Soothed the pain of fevered brow;
The pallid lids unclosed again; at last
The beggar's sleepless, faithful watch is past.
No more the fires of olden days
Flash from the young knight's wond'ring
gaze,

As slow his languid, questioning eyes
Turn from the silence everywhere
To the silent beggar kneeling there.
"Where are those who here should bide,
Where the white vision of my bride?
Tell me wherefore didst *thou* stay?
What dost *thou* here by night and day?"

Thus Don Manuel De La Vega.

Answered soft the wretched beggar:

"My lord, I watch and pray."

How quickly, in our day, notoriety
ends, and what a poor cheat it is!

—R. W. Alger.

* After the Spanish.

Genevieve's Romance.

VIII.

WHEN Genevieve discovered that Dominic intended taking up his abode once more in the little house which had formerly been occupied by Dr. Moore, she would not permit him to do so. The presence of her aunt in the house rendered such a proceeding unnecessary, and Dominic was not unwilling to remain. The old intimacy soon became entirely re-established, augmented on the part of Genevieve, who seemed to give Dominic some of the affection which had formerly been lavished on her father.

For a time she could not shake off the melancholy feeling which oppressed her,—a feeling often reasserted in days to come; but, with the elasticity of youth and the joy of being at home again, she gradually began to revisit the old haunts, with the delight the continual out-of-door life had always afforded her. Never did weeks pass more quickly. Miss Bigelow, a semi-invalid, spent the greater part of her waking hours on the veranda; while Genevieve, whenever Dom could spare time from his patients, resumed her former walks and water excursions.

One day, after having returned from a long walk, she said to her aunt:

"I never thought Dom good-looking until this year. Either he has improved greatly or my eyes see differently."

"Probably both," answered her aunt. "But, with his physique and splendid health, I do not see how he could be thought otherwise than good-looking."

"He has such an admirable disposition, too!" continued Genevieve. "Did you ever know any one more thoughtful or unselfish?"

"I do not believe I ever did," said the elder lady. "What a fine husband he will make for some appreciative girl one of these days!"

"I am sure Dom will never marry," replied Genevieve, confidently. "I am sure of it, Aunt Sara."

"And why?" queried her aunt. "Has he told you so? Even if he had, it would make no material difference in the end. He is certain to marry—that is, unless the girl he loves should not find him as attractive as I do."

Genevieve laughed as she answered:

"No: he has never said a single word of love or marriage. Somehow, the theme never enters into our conversations. It would seem absurd, he is so practical."

"And you so romantic."

"Perhaps," said Genevieve. "But not nearly so much so as formerly, Aunt. I am a great deal older in many respects than I was two years ago. I remember once having a conversation in this very room about Dom. Papa thought him quite handsome; but I could not understand how any one could consider him so. In those days my ideal had fair skin, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and chestnut hair—or something like it."

"And now?" inquired her aunt.

"Now I have no ideal: I never think of such things. I am just content to live from day to day here, at home with you and Dom."

"But when I am gone, Genevieve, you can not live here alone with Dom."

"And why not, pray? Is he not like my own brother—a sort of guardian?"

"We must regard appearances," said the elder lady. "I thought and hoped you would be willing to return with me; but I have come to believe that your native air is best for you, and I can not stay."

"No," replied Genevieve, mournfully. "I know that. You could not live in our winter climate. Of course I *could* go back with you for the winter, if you would promise to return with me in the spring."

"I am too old for these migrations, dear. You will have to get some respectable, middle-aged woman for a companion;

and Dom will be obliged to go back to his little cottage."

"Pshaw! no such thing!" said the girl. "Dom will not think so."

"He will, unless he is as free from conventionality as yourself."

"I should die living with a middle-aged, respectable companion!" cried the girl, springing to her feet. "There is Dom! I am going to ask him this moment."

"Wait, Genevieve dear," said her aunt. "You will embarrass him, perhaps."

"Embarrass Dom!" she exclaimed, laughing merrily as she ran from the room. But when she reached the garden Dom had disappeared and she could not find him. Returning to the sitting-room, she sat thoughtfully rocking for a few moments; at length she said:

"I think it is ridiculous!"

"What is ridiculous?" asked her aunt.

"Everything. Why, as Dom never intends to marry, and I do not either, can't we go on living together comfortably, just as we are doing?"

"I think Dom will marry eventually," said her aunt, dryly. "When he does, you might resume your domestic relations."

"There is no one here," answered Genevieve,— "that is, no one to whom he ever pays the least attention; and he appears to be utterly unconscious of the crowds of summer girls, who would all jump at him if he gave them the slightest encouragement."

"Yes, I have observed that; but I think it is because his affections are already engaged," said Miss Bigelow, taking up her work, which she had just laid down.

"What! You think Dom is in love with some one?" exclaimed Genevieve, hastily leaving her chair and standing in front of her aunt.

"That is what I think," replied Miss Bigelow, slowly beginning to rock, at the same time attentively regarding her work. "That is exactly what I think," she repeated, with still greater emphasis.

"Where is she? Has he told you? What do you know about it, Aunt Sara? Tell me, please."

"He has told me nothing, my dear," was the prompt rejoinder. "But I have lived a long life, and have some powers of observation. I am convinced of the truth of what I have said: Dr. Anderson is deeply in love."

"He is never sad or abstracted, Aunt Sara," pleaded Genevieve, in a voice unlike her own. "He eats well; he never receives love-letters. If he did, we should see them some way—sometimes. He is always so happy and jolly. Now, why do you think it, Aunt Sara?"

"Why should the state of being in love be one of melancholy and idiocy in general? A healthy love is an ideal condition, it seems to me, who have never experienced the feeling so called."

"Then he *will* marry—if you are right, Aunt Sara."

"I feel confident he will."

Genevieve went to the window.

"Here he comes again!" she said, in an unnatural voice. Presently his quick, light step was heard on the gravel walk. Turning suddenly to her surprised aunt, she cried passionately: "If it is true, Aunt Sara, oh, what will become of *me*!" And she fled from the room.

The next moment Dominic entered. Miss Bigelow, who was quietly knitting and rocking, looked up at him and smiled placidly.

"You look comfortable," he said, sitting beside her. "But where is Genevieve? I saw her at the window a moment ago."

"She is probably crying in her room," said the lady, with great equanimity.

"Crying!" he exclaimed. "What has happened?"

"I have been telling her that you were likely to marry some day."

"I likely to marry! Not at all, I assure you. But even supposing such a remote contingency, why should she cry?"

"For the same reason that you are likely to marry."

He knit his brows with a puzzled look.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"Well, no riddle could be more easily solved," she responded, looking at him with a curious little smile. "Some one had to do something, or this thing would probably go on in the same fashion forever. *I* am going away, you know,—*I must* go. Genevieve can not remain here with you as conditions are. You have been absurdly quixotic; she, unconscious. Partly without meaning to do so, I have set the ball rolling this morning. The field is yours: you have no rivals; so improve your opportunity, Dr. Anderson. That is all I have to say."

The grey eyes twinkled beneath her spectacles, and the pale cheeks were tinged with the first color Dominic had ever seen in them.

"How pretty she must have been once!" he thought. Yes, positively there was a resemblance to Genevieve in that small, delicate, deeply wrinkled face. But he only said: "Thank you, Miss Bigelow! I shall not be home to dinner," and abruptly left the room.

About eight o'clock that evening the young girl came out on the piazza. At the farthest corner a red spark gleamed intermittingly. Without a moment's hesitation she went forward.

"Dom, have you come back?" she said. "I want to ask you something. I have been so unhappy all day—at least since morning."

"What has troubled you, Genevieve?" he asked gently, throwing away his cigar and motioning her to sit down. Sinking into the deep veranda chair, she replied:

"Aunt Sara says you are going to be married—some day. Is it true?"

"I have been thinking of it," he answered, calmly. "But that has not troubled you, Genevieve, I hope?"

"It has and it does," she said, scarcely able to control her voice. "Not that you ought not to marry if you wish, but it was a shock, and it made me feel *so* lonely. And besides—" she hesitated.

"Say it all, Genevieve."

"Oh, it seemed so cruel, Dom," she gasped—"if you *could* be cruel—not to have told me anything about it, or even hinted that there *was* any one. It must be some one in Paris, I think, Dom?"

"Why in Paris, Genevieve?"

"Because you have never, never shown the least inclination to marry any one in America, unless something happened while I was away."

"No: I have concealed my inclination, as you call it, Genevieve. But it is much more than that. She whom I love has been my idol nearly all my life."

"Nearly all your life!" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes. But I shall not marry her even now unless you will give me leave to do so."

"Unless *I* give you leave! O Dom, I knew I was right! You can not, can not love and talk that way; and I don't think it very nice of you to joke about such a vital thing."

"You have named it rightly, Genevieve," he replied. "To me it has been and is so vital a thing that I never had courage to risk being refused, as I have feared I should be."

"But where is this—girl?" she asked meekly, getting up and standing beside him, near the piazza railing.

"Here!" he answered simply, taking her hand in his.

"Not I, Dom!—not I!" she cried, shrinking back in utter bewilderment. "You do not want to marry me!"

"If not *you*, no one else," he said, solemnly. "Never, never while I live."

"Do you *love* me, Dom?"

"I have always loved you, Genevieve. If at one time I had a spark of hope, a

brief conversation I inadvertently heard between you and your father extinguished it quite. You were describing your ideal. It is enough to say I did not answer the description."

"I remember it," she said. "But I have changed since then. I like dark men now. And Aunt Sara this morning—though she did not know it—made clear some things I did not know before. O Dom, I could not bear to see you married!"

"Not to Genevieve?" he asked, in the softest of whispers, a joyful hope shining in his clear, honest eyes. She made a feint of withdrawing from him, but he turned her face toward him; and then, shyly smiling and blushing—

"Rather than have you marry a strange girl," she whispered. "I only found it out to-day, Dom. Will that content you?"

And so the strange wooing was done.

Some time afterward Genevieve said:

"Dom, I have a confession to make. It may not have been very wrong, but it has bothered me a great deal. I knew Mr. Jernyngham better than you were ever aware of. I wrote him several letters."

"Yes: I saw them all," said Dom.

"*You* saw them! He showed them to you! Then he was even meaner than I had imagined."

"I saw the answers also."

"Dom!" she exclaimed, drawing away from him. "You did that!"

"I have a confession to make as well as you, Genevieve," he said. "There never was a Mr. Jernyngham. I invented him."

"Dom, are you dreaming?"

"Not now, though I was then, I think. You were so ill, Genevieve; the doctor said you could not get well. He wrote that anything to take your thoughts from yourself would be beneficial. I had been reading 'Marjorie Daw.' She originated Mr. Wilfrid Jernyngham—for, remember, I thought it was all over with you then. At first I meant by degrees to weave a

romantic history for your amusement. Later, when you wrote that first letter, circumstances set my plans adrift."

"But it was a wonder you did not hate me when you saw what silly letters I could write."

"It is a wonder you do not hate me now that I have confessed," he said.

"No," she replied. "When one thinks of the motive, it was lovely on your part, Dom. But I tired of him dreadfully after awhile."

"I knew you would. I was tired of him myself; and thought I would disgust you, and so end it."

"Do you know, Dom, it was the way he wrote of you that made me tire of him finally?" she said.

"I saw that, and it pleased me," replied Dom. "It was the first bead on my rosary of Hope."

"Dear, good Dom!" she said fervently, nestling closer to his side. "You shall never have any but bright moments hereafter, if I can help you to content and happiness. I mean to be so good and kind,—we shall be good together, Dom. See the stars, how they shine! Were they ever so bright before? And beyond them our loved ones are looking at us, rejoicing with us. Don't you feel it?"

"Yes: it is a foretaste of heaven—this evening, this happy evening, Genevieve."

For some moments they sat in blissful silence. The clock struck eleven. Genevieve sprang to her feet, saying:

"It is time to go in. Aunt Sara must have gone to bed hours ago."

"Aunt Sara is wide awake still," said a voice from the parlor. "I have been sitting here like a mouse for hours, afraid to move lest I should disturb your conversation. I have not heard a single word of it, I assure you; but I think I am safe in saying that I may start for New Mexico whenever I please, in entire peace of mind concerning both of you."

A City of Confusion.

THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS.

BY THE REV. HENRY G. GANSS.

(CONTINUED.)

THERE are other witnesses whose testimony is no less clear and striking than what we have already quoted. Let us hear:—

HALL.*

"It is notorious that the English Reformation uniformly treated the non-Episcopal foreign churches [Lutheran and reformed] as true churches and ministers."†

"Blessed be God, there is no difference in any essential point between the Church of England and her sister reformed churches."‡ "We unite in every article of Christian doctrine, without the least variation, as the full and absolute agreement between their public confessions and ours testifies. The only difference between us consists in our mode of constituting the external ministry; and even with respect to this point we are of one mind, because we all profess to believe that it is not an essential of the church (though in the opinion of many it is a matter of importance to her well-being); and we all retain a respectful and friendly opinion of one another, not seeing any reason why so small a disagreement should produce any alienation of affection."||

"But for those ordinary callings of pastors and doctors (intended to perpetuitie), with what forehead can he deny them to be in our church? How many have we that conscionably teach and feed,

or rather feed by teaching? Call them what you please, superintendents [that is] bishops, prelates, priests, lecturers, parsons, vicars, etc. If they preach Christ truly, upon true inward abilities, upon a sufficient, if not perfect, outward vocation, such a one (all histories witness) for the substance as hath been ever in the Church since the Apostles' times, they are pastors and doctors allowed by Christ. We stand not upon circumstances and appendances of the fashion of ordination, manner of choice, attire, titles, maintenances; but if for substance these be not true pastors and doctors, Christ had never any in His Church since the Apostles left the earth."*

"Why, like a true make-bate, do you not say that our churches have so renounced their government? These sisters [the Church of England and the reformed churches] have learned to differ, and yet to love and reverence each other; and in these cases to enjoy their own forms without prescription of necessity or censure."†

STILLINGFLEET.‡

"Thus we see by the testimony chiefly of him who was instrumental in our Reformation [Cranmer] that he owned no Episcopacy as a distinct order from Presbytery of divine right, but only as a prudent constitution of the civil magistrate for the better governing of the church."||

"Then let succession know its place, and learn to vaile bonnet to the Scriptures. The succession so much pleaded by the writers of the primitive church was not a succession of persons in apostolic power, but a succession in apostolical doctrine."§ "The election of pastors by the people is the true and only ordination which

* Bishop of Norwich (1574-1656).

† Hall's "Puritans and their Principles," p. 279.

‡ Bishop Heber: "Were I to return to Germany, I would again, as before, humbly and thankfully avail myself of the preaching and sacramental ordinances of the Lutheran Evangelical Church." ("Indian Journal Correspondence," vol. ii, p. 249.)

|| "Peacemaker," Hall's Works, vol. iii, p. 560.

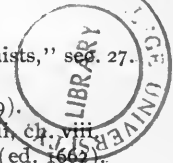
* Hall's "Apology against Brownists," sec. 27.

† Ibid., sec. 31.

‡ Bishop of Worcester (1635-1699).

|| Stillingfleet's "Irenicum," pt. ii, ch. viii.

§ "Irenicum," pp. 297, 303, 322 (ed. 1662).



God approves of, unless the people do extend their power above the civil magistrate; that notwithstanding, this election can not be made without their consent."*

BURNET.†

"Not only those who penned the Thirty-Nine Articles, but the body of the church for about half an age after... did acknowledge foreign churches to be true churches as to all the essentials of a church."‡ "Neither our reformers nor their successors for near eighty years after those Articles were published, did ever question the constitution of such churches."|| "Those coming to England from foreign churches had not been required to be reordained among us."§ "No bishop in Scotland, during his stay in that kingdom, ever did so much as desire any of the presbyters [Presbyterian ministers] to be reordained."¶

FLEETWOOD.**

"We had many ministers from Scotland, France, and the Low Countries who were ordained by presbyters only and not bishops, and they were instituted into benefices with awe... and yet were never reordained, but only subscribed the Articles."††

ABBOT.‡‡

"There lived in the Church of England many reverend and worthy men which did not reject the Presbytery."|||

DOWNAM.§§

"The Popish is farre different from that which I hold; for they hold the

* Dr. Lewis du Moulin's "Short and True Account," p. 52.

† Bishop of Salisbury (1643-1715).

‡ "Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles," Article xxiii. || Ibid.

§ "History of His Own Times," vol. i, p. 183.

¶ Bishop of Sarum's Vindication, pp. 84, 85.

** Bishop of Ely (1655-1723).

†† "Judgment of the Church of England in Case of Lay Baptism" (Fleetwood's Works, p. 552.)

‡‡ Bishop of Salisbury (1560-1618).

||| "Eleutheria," p. 90.

§§ Bishop of Chester (1661-).

order and superiority of bishops to be *jure divino*, implying thereby a perpetual necessitie thereof. Insomuch that where bishops are not to ordaine they thinke there can be no ministers or priests, and consequently no church. I hold otherwise. Wherefore my opinion being so different from the Popish conceit, who seeth not that the judgment of our divines which is opposed to the doctrines of the Papists is not opposed to mine."*

TOMLINE.†

"In like manner we often speak of the Church of England, of Holland, of Geneva, and of the Lutheran church; and all these different churches are parts of the visible Catholic Church. It is well known that the Church of Rome considers itself as the only Christian church; but, on the other hand, we extend the name to any congregation of faithful men in which the pure word of God is preached and the sacraments duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same. The adherence, therefore, to the fundamental principles of the Gospel is sufficient to constitute a visible church... Upon the same principle we forbear to inquire what precise additions or defects in the administration of the sacraments ordained by Christ annul their efficacy."‡

WHITE.||

"The true visible church is named apostolical, not because of local or personal succession of bishops (only or principally), but because it retained the faith and doctrine of the Apostles. Personal or local succession only and in itself maketh not the church apostolical, because hirelings and wolves may lineally succeed lawful and orthodox pastors."§

* Ap. Brown's "Puseyite Episcopacy," p. 42.

† Bishop of Winchester (1750-1827).

‡ Tomline's "Elements of Theology," vol. ii pp. 325, 326.

|| Bishop of Ely.

§ Bishop White's Works, p. 64 (fol. ed.)

The Teaching of Anglican Theologians.

HOOKER.

"For my part, I dare not deny the salvation of the Lutheran churches, which have been the chiefest instruments of ours."* "Where the church must needs have some ordained, and neither hath nor can have possibly a bishop to ordain, in case of such necessity the ordinary institution of God hath given oftentimes and may give place. Some do infer that no ordination can stand but only such as is made by bishops which had their ordination likewise from other bishops till we come to the Apostles of Christ themselves.... To this we answer that there may be sometimes very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination made without a bishop."† "Touching the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the whole body of the church being divided into laity and clergy, the clergy either presbyters or deacons."‡ "Seeing that sacrifice is now no part of the church ministry, how should the name of priesthood be thereunto rightly applied? Surely even as St. Paul applieth the name of flesh unto that very substance of fishes which hath a proportionable correspondence to flesh, although it be in nature another thing?"||

WHITTAKER, DR. §

"I confess that there was originally no difference between a presbyter and a bishop. Luther and the other heroes of the Reformation were presbyters, even according to the ordination of the Romish Church; and therefore they were *jure divino* bishops. Consequently, whatever belongs to bishops belongs also *jure divino* to themselves. As for a bishop

being afterward placed over presbyters, that was a human arrangement (*ordo humanus fuit*) for the removal of schisms, as the history of the times testifies."* "Providing their election be lawful, we do not concern ourselves about the ordination of our bishops. Where ordination can not be had, the same persons that have authority to name bishops have also authority to ordain them. Therefore, since all the bishops of those times refused to ordain them [Parker *et al.*], they were forced to seek ordination by some other means."†

WILLET.

"Here is the difference between our adversaries the Papists and us. They say it is of necessitie to be subject to the Pope, and to the bishops and archbishops under him, as necessarily prescribed in the word; but so doe not our bishops and archbishops, which is a notable difference between the bishops of the Popish Church and of the reformed churches. Let every church use that forme which best fitteth its state; in external matters every church is free, not bound one to the prescription of another, so they measure themselves by the rule of the world."

BACON.

"I, for my part, do confess that, in revolving the Scriptures, I could never find but that God had left the like liberty to the church government as He had done to the civil government, to be varied according to time and place and accidents. The substance of doctrine is immutable, and so are the general rules of government; but for rites and ceremonies, and for the particular hierarchies, policies, and disciplines of churches,—they be left at large."‡

* Serm. on Habak. I. 4, app. to "Ecclesiastical Polity" (Complete Works, vol. ii, p. 307).

† Eccles. Pol., bk. vii, xiv; sec. ii.

‡ Ibid., bk. v, sec. 78.

§ Ibid., v, ch. lxxviii (vol. ii, p., 471, Keble's ed.)

|| Head of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1595.

* Whittakeri Opp., vol. i, pp. 509, 510 (Geneva, 1610).

† Ap. Bradley, "A Gentle Remonstrance," p. 141.

‡ "Considerations Touching the Pacification of the Church," etc. Bacon's Works, vol. iii, p. 150.

"Yea, and some indiscreet persons have been told in open preaching to use dishonorable and derogatory speech and censure of the churches abroad, and that so far as some of our men (as I have heard) ordained in foreign parts have been pronounced to be no lawful ministers. Thus we see the beginnings were modest but the extremes are violent, so as there is almost as great a distance now of either side from itself as was at the first of one from the other."*

BRIDGES.

"The difference of these things [orders, offices, ceremonies] concerning ecclesiastical government is not directly material to salvation; neither ought to break the bond of Christian concord."†

FULKE, DR.‡

"You are highly deceived," says he, addressing Catholics, "if [you think] we esteem your offices of bishops, priests, and deacons better than laymen.... With all our hearts we abhor, detest and spit on your stinking, greasy, anti-Christian orders."||

(Conclusion next week.)

* "Advertisement Touching the Controversies," etc. Bacon's Works, vol. iv, p. 426.

† Bridges' "Defence of the Government of the Church of England," p. 87.

‡ Pembroke College, Cambridge, 1589.

|| Ap. Bradley, "A Gentle Remonstrance," p. 141.

BOSWELL asked of Dr. Johnson, "What do you think, sir, of purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics?"—"Why, sir," replied Johnson, "it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and therefore that Almighty God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this."

—Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

The Noble Life of Mother Russell.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

IN San Francisco a noble and virtuous life has gone to its reward, and the last chapter of a notable history has been closed. Mother Mary Russell, sister of Sir Charles Russell, Lord Chief-Justice of England, rests from her long and faithful labors in the service of God and humanity.

Catherine Russell was a girl of nineteen, beautiful, spirited, accomplished, with a brilliant social career opening before her, when she chose to renounce the world's vanities and assume the humble garb of the Sisters of Mercy. In November she would have completed a full half century in the service of the Most High; and they laid the tired body to rest, clad in the sober raiment of the Order, with the yellowed profession of vows, so faithfully kept for nearly fifty years, clasped close to the pulseless breast.

Mother Russell came of a distinguished family. She was born in Newry, Ireland, April, 1829; her father being one of the Russells of Killough, whose brother, the Very Rev. Charles William Russell, was the professor of Ecclesiastical History and for more than twenty years president of Maynooth. Mother Mary was one of a family of six—four girls and two boys, all but two of whom consecrated themselves to the service of God. The career of Sir Charles Russell is too well known to require rehearsal here. The remaining brother, Father Matthew Russell, of Dublin, is editor and founder of the *Irish Monthly*. One sister died in early girlhood; another was a Sister of Mercy, dying a few years ago; and the third survives, a member of the same holy sisterhood.

In 1854 Mother Russell (whose religious title was Mary Baptiste) obeyed a call from the far West and came to San Francisco with six other Sisters of Mercy.

Society in California at that time was in its most disorganized state. The immigration of pioneers of 1849, which had been for the most part composed of courageous and intelligent men of education and standing, had been swelled by a rush of adventurers from all parts of the earth; deeds of lawlessness were common, while the orderly element of the population was in the minority. Family bonds were carelessly broken; Vice and Crime stalked the streets with unblushing faces; speculation was rife; the spirit of selfishness and greed possessed the community; and when a brother fell by the wayside, there was no hand stretched out to succor him. Into this tempestuous conflict of all that was base in human nature, into this unformed settlement so barren of tender sympathy and spiritual comfort, came the little band of Sisters of Mercy to take up their appointed work. They were at first received by many with open insult and loud reviling. The appearance of their distinctive garb upon the street was the signal for covert sneers or rude laughter.

The gentle Sisters never hesitated in their work. They rescued little children, forsaken by parents whom domestic dissension or selfishness had abandoned to the rude mercies of the community. They stretched out a helping hand to their erring sisters, penitent as Magdalen of old. They started a hospital in the old county jail, situated on the wind-beaten slopes of what is now known as North Beach; and when a scourge of cholera fiercely swept the city, as if resolved to wipe out at one stroke the busy, populous, wicked young community, and a large proportion of the population fled in terror before the phantom foe, their courage never swerved: they gave faithful attention, day and night, to the sufferers until the pestilence lifted its hand. From this date San Francisco no longer reviled the Sisters of Mercy, but greeted them with love and reverence.

Mother Russell was blessed with the unflagging energy and keen intelligence of her gifted brothers. While others were planning great commercial enterprises, organizing a great city's civic government, and rearing substantial buildings to accommodate the growing needs of the young metropolis, her far-seeing eye descried the avenues through which religion and philanthropy must work their ends of protection to the poor and helpless, and the reform and redemption of the erring. St. Mary's Hospital, soon expanding into a mammoth institution, was housed, through her efforts, in its present commodious quarters on the southern slope of Rincon Hill,—an ideal situation for such an institution, exposed to the south sun and protected from the raw trade-winds which at certain seasons sweep the greater portion of the peninsula.

She founded academy upon academy and asylum upon asylum. There are now in San Francisco and in its close vicinity no fewer than a dozen institutions offering constant shelter to as many as one thousand souls—and in times of emergency to a great many more,—all of which have been founded and sustained in successful operation through the unresting efforts of this holy woman and her little band. The Magdalen Asylum, where erring girls find a safe refuge, and by means of which a multitude of unfortunates have been restored to society penitent and purified, owes its existence to her individual efforts. So long ago was St. Mary's Orphan Asylum founded that there are now men and women living in San Francisco, and surrounded by happy children of their own, who owe to Mother Russell and this institution their salvation from lives of vice or misery. A multitude of the living bless her name, and in the land whither she has gone there were waiting a legion of shining faces to greet her with love and gratitude.

Death approached slowly and peacefully. Only during the last few weeks of her life did her physicians suspect the fatal nature of the disease which was overpowering her—a clogging of the arteries of the brain. After bodily prostration came, her bright mind was still undimmed. Thus we find in a recent letter to relatives a touch of the originality and literary grace characteristic of her family, when she says, referring to the departure of troops for Manila from San Francisco, as they were starting from the dock, just opposite to the hospital:

"The soldier boys have climbed as high as they can go, to take a last look at the land they love so well. Some of them may never see it again. The whistles are blowing louder than ever. To me they sound like the wail of the *banshee*."

No death that has occurred in San Francisco has created such a profound sensation or brought a personal sorrow to so many homes. During the three days that her body lay in the chapel of St. Mary's Hospital—that narrow casket was the most luxurious couch on which her tired limbs had reposed for half a century—a constant tide of visitors flowed and ebbed through the little church, asking only one last look at the loved features.

The Pontifical High Mass on the day of the burial was celebrated by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by fifty priests, many of whom came from far-distant parishes to pay this last tribute to one whom they revered. The small church was incapable of holding one-tenth of those who came that day; and thousands of people were gathered on the street outside, content to catch an occasional strain of music floating down from the Sisters' choir, or the murmur of the sermon which did eulogy to the dead.

Interment was made in St. Michael's Cemetery, a small plot of ground attached to the Magdalen Asylum and in the rear

of the buildings, where an open space in the centre of the burying-ground received all that was mortal of Mother Russell. Here the waiting crowd had increased to many thousands of people. It was noticeable that few rich garments were to be seen among these: shabby clothes and old-fashioned millinery marked the mourners. Deep and heartfelt were the sobs that broke forth as the first handful of earth fell on the coffin.

Around the outer line of this cemetery stands a row of plain wooden crosses, marking the repositories of the mortal raiment of other Sisters who have likewise gone to their reward. In one corner, under the solemn cypress trees, there is a group of crosses with inscriptions that at once impress the visitor. "Mary of the Seven Dolors," "Mary of the Cross," "Mary Magdalen," "Mary of the Holy Name," are a few of the titles that gleam out through the shadows. These crosses indicate the resting-places of penitents who, rescued from lives of shame by the good Sisters, chose to abide with them until the merciful years brought relief from their burdens. The green sod is levelled above the tombs of the religious and the penitent alike.

No just judge or jury would render a verdict after hearing only one side. In a court of justice the representative of the defendant and his witnesses always have the same consideration as those of the prosecution. Therefore, no sane man or woman should condemn—in thought, word or action—an accused person after hearing only one side of the story; and as there is only about one chance in a thousand that the other side will ever be heard, one should forever hold his peace, and not let his respect for an accused person be diminished a particle. This is the duty not only of a true Christian but of every rational being.

A Lesson from Leo XIII.

THE letters of the Pope, though often addressed to the bishops of particular countries and written for special occasions, always contain words of counsel and exhortation applicable to the whole world and deserving of constant remembrance. This is a characteristic of all Apostolic Letters. We have often thought that Catholic preachers and publicists could not do better than to familiarize themselves with the contents of these important documents, which contain so many arguments in support of Christian principles and so much timely instruction on the Christian life. It is to be hoped that a collection of the letters of Leo XIII., in an authorized English version, may be published in book form, with a careful analytical index, for the benefit of those whose duty it is to instruct the people or to defend and expound the doctrines of the Church.

In his latest letter, addressed to the bishops of Scotland, after expressing his hopes that the ancient faith may soon be restored to a people who held it gloriously for over a thousand years, the Holy Father exhorts the Catholics of Scotland to co-operate with him in realizing what he has so much at heart; reminding them that Christian charity obliges each one to labor, according to his opportunities, for the salvation of his fellowmen. Says his Holiness:

"We therefore call upon them first of all constantly to offer prayers and supplications to God, who alone can give the necessary light to the minds of men, and dispose their wills as He pleases. And, furthermore, as example is most powerful, let them show themselves worthy of the truth which through divine mercy they possess; and let them recommend the faith which they hold by edifying and stainless lives. 'Let your light so shine

before men, that they may see your good works.' (Matt., v, 16.) Let them at the same time distinguish themselves by the practice of virtue in public life; so that it should be more and more clearly shown that Catholicism can not be said, without calumny, to run counter to the interests of the State; but that, on the contrary, nothing else contributes so much to the honorable and successful discharge of social duties."

Here is a lesson that can not be too often repeated. Living as we do in a material age, we are all more or less possessed of the idea that it is chiefly by erecting costly churches that we can promote the honor and glory of God; and we persuade ourselves that we have done all that is incumbent upon us for the conversion of unbelievers when, once a year, as a rule, we have contributed something to the Propagation of the Faith. There are many Catholics to whom it never occurs that they are bound to promote the salvation of their fellowmen, or that they should feel the same zeal for the conversion of unbelievers with which missionaries are inflamed.

No life is so obscure as not to be without influence; and it frequently happens that the greatest spiritual benefits result from the slightest sources. A most zealous convert in a parish of our acquaintance—one whose zeal in every good work is indefatigable—was led into the Church by means of a prayer-book found among the effects of a poor laborer who, faithful to the practices of his religion, had died among strangers, little thinking that any of them would ever embrace the faith against which they were so prejudiced. There is no one who can not offer prayers for the enlightenment of those who sit in darkness; none that can have any valid excuse for not setting an example to his fellows of a truly Christian life. These duties are incumbent upon every one of us; and, as the Father of

the Faithful points out, it is chiefly by supplications to Almighty God, who alone can enlighten minds and captivate hearts, and by the example of a life unspotted from the world—the most persuasive of arguments,—that the faith can best be propagated and the glory of God most surely promoted on earth.

Notes and Remarks.

Paul Kruger, the sturdy old president of the Transvaal, is one of the most picturesque characters on the stage of public action. His utter fearlessness, his physical strength, his nerve-power, his religious earnestness, and his diplomatic sagacity have received the attention they deserve from the public prints. The latest Kruger story, however, illustrates the Dutch president's mode of administering justice. Two brothers who were unable to divide their father's property equally after his death, called on Kruger to settle the matter for them. The old man listened to the evidence, and after a moment's reflection directed the elder son to make the division of property, announcing that the younger son should then have his choice of the two portions. Needless to say the estate was divided as evenly as possible, and the case goes on record with the famous judgment of Solomon respecting the two women each of whom claimed the new-born child for her son.

There were very few Hawaiians present when their national flag was lowered at Honolulu and "the United States garnered the first fruits of the Spanish war." (That is a nice way of expressing it.) The natives have been represented to our people as clamoring for annexation; but, somehow, they had no heart for the solemn ceremony by which "one nationality was snuffed out like a spent candle and another was set in its place." The deed was done during a shower of rain: the very clouds wept over it. It was a day of gloom for the gentle Hawaiians, and no doubt the sentiment of ninety-nine hundredths of them was

expressed by the private secretary to Queen Liliuokalani when he said a few days before: "We realize that all is lost. We have loved and trusted the stranger who came to our shores not at all wisely but too well. The Americans have taken away from us our national existence. In the trouble with Spain the paid friends of annexation saw their chance to force the islands upon the States as a 'war measure,' and Congress was harangued into perpetrating one of the greatest national crimes of modern times."

It was an ill day for Hawaii when sectarian missionaries set foot on her shores. Robert Louis Stevenson has told the world of their worth, and others have described their work. It is not surprising that one of the pious men in question was found to offer a prayer at the ceremony of annexation—appropriation it should be called. The end of a century of high civilization has been signalized by national crimes without parallel in modern history. The seizure of Hawaii is one of them.

It will be remembered that we published some weeks ago the statistics of Masonry throughout the world. The figures were a great surprise to many persons, and doubts were expressed regarding the accuracy of our estimate of the strength of the fraternity. The editor of the *Catholic Citizen* has taken the trouble to make inquiries of the grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, who says in reply: "I have every reason to believe the figures are substantially correct, having been compiled by the most reliable statistician of the order."

Even in our own age, how many thousands of educated Christians regard the burning and the burial of a corpse as opposed not less vitally than right and wrong, and for no other reason than that resurrection and future bliss are considered compatible with the one process, not with the other!

—*Quarterly Review.*

No educated Christian believes any such thing, and certainly not for any such idiotic reason. The burning and the burial of corpses are not vitally opposed as are right and wrong; and though the Church has condemned cremation as a general practice, she

permits it when demanded by some good reason; as, for instance, the danger of pestilence. And there must be something seriously the matter with the "intellectuals" of any one who deems resurrection incompatible with cremation. Any amateur chemist could inform the *Quarterly Review* that the rapid oxidization of a human body by fire is essentially the same as the slow oxidization by decay. The burning of dead bodies is wholly a question of taste and decency; and the men who legislate for the Catholic Church, in perfect accord with all people of fine susceptibilities, have declared against cremation because it shocks the Christian sentiment of reverence for the dead.

James Russell Lowell was not very clear in his religious beliefs, but he didn't "cotton to" the school of writers who in his day tried to injure Christianity, as they try still more desperately to-day, by asserting that conscience was wholly a cultivated feeling, and that the "natural sense of right and wrong" is a myth. "They go about," said Lowell in a letter to Leslie Stephen, "to prove to me from a lot of nasty savages that conscience is a purely artificial product, as if that wasn't the very wonder of it. What odds whether it is the thing or the aptitude that is innate? What race of beasts ever got one up in all their leisurely æons?"

The Rev. Dr. McSweeney, who has been visiting Camp Chickamauga, reports that the organized Protestant societies are "kind and brotherly to the priests." He also asserts that the Methodist Book Concern publishes "some of our best Catholic books of devotion," and circulates them at a nominal price among the soldiers. We regret that Dr. McSweeney has not told us what these books are. It is known that whole editions of Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" have been bought up and eagerly circulated by various sectarian organizations. This was not surprising, because Father Lambert could silence agnostics when sectarians were powerless; but the circulation of "some of our best Catholic books of devotion" among the soldiers of Chickamauga is a surprising

act on the part of the Methodist Book Concern. It indicates that bigotry is on the wane; also that the Methodist Church is not what it used to be in the eyes of its devout members. Whether it be weakening of faith or the growth of liberalism among the followers of John Wesley in this country, a mighty change has come over them.

In the olden time, as our readers will recall, the Puritans used to carry their guns to meeting as a precaution against an Indian attack; and Mr. Julian Ralph, the popular American traveller and magazinist, thinks it is "only a matter of time" when the Christian folk of England must resort to the same practice. The "Romanizing movement" has become so strong, and vicars and bishops are so deaf to remonstrances, that Englishmen who want to perpetuate the old Protestant forms of worship see no other course open to them but disturbing Anglican congregations in a way that we should call rowdyish. The Protestant-minded Protestants hire a dozen leathern-lunged disturbers to shout public disapproval during service; and the Catholic-minded Protestants hire a half hundred "bouncers" to eject the disturbers. And so the merry war goes on. During Mr. Ralph's first Sunday in London there were four such disturbances, men and women being arrested and taken to court, or "thumped and hustled and ejected from the house of worship to which they resort in search of their troubles."

The flag of Cuba floating with the Stars and Stripes is not a welcome sight to our soldiers just returned from Santiago, and more than once they have taken it upon themselves to tear down the colors which our citizens have been honoring so highly for the past few months. And there are many other indications of a change of sentiment toward those noble patriots whose cause we so eagerly espoused. In fact, unstinted praise has given place in many quarters to unqualified censure. The editor of the *Cincinnati Post* publishes a private note from his correspondent in Santiago, who before the war began was an editorial writer on

The World, of Kansas City. "I would be ashamed," he writes, "to look over its files for the past year and read my editorials in behalf of a 'noble, enlightened, liberty-loving and oppressed people.'... The Cubans in this province are a treacherous, lazy, dirty, thieving lot. They will neither work nor fight, and are utterly incapable of self-government. I did not come to these convictions: they came to me, strongly against my own desire.... I have had the good fortune to be with an interpreter of the government ever since I landed at Siboney. We have tramped over the mountains for two weeks, and I have interviewed more than five hundred Cubans. I have talked to more than that number of American soldiers, and have seen a great deal with my own eyes. I can not be mistaken, and it will not be long before the whole American nation will be convinced of the true state of affairs."

There are many other newspaper men in the United States in precisely the same box, but our faith in human nature is not strong enough to persuade us that more than a tithe of them will ever retract their innumerable misstatements about Cuba or their atrocious calumnies against Spain.

One of the calumnies most industriously circulated by the jingo journals of this country during the war was the statement that the Spaniards purposely and repeatedly fired upon representatives of the Red Cross Society while caring for our wounded soldiers. The report is denied by Dr. Senn, of Chicago, who went to the front as chief of the operating staff of the army, and who lately returned to the United States. In an interview granted to a reporter in New York, Dr. Senn stated that the Spaniards at Cuba and Porto Rico were in thorough sympathy with the Red Cross organization. "They never purposely fired at its members; and if any of these were injured, it was entirely due to the fact that the red badge of the Order could not be easily distinguished at a distance."

Another infamous lie—there are many of them—circulated by the press of the United States was to the effect that the Arch-

bishops of Santiago and Manila issued pastorals exhorting the people to resist the "Yankee pigs" to the utmost, and declaring that the slaughter of them was a service rendered to God. It turns out that these prelates deeply deplored the war, and did all in their power to avert it. They were naturally indignant when told of the alleged pastorals. The depravity of most of our newspapers is plain from the fact that very few of them now take the trouble to correct the innumerable false statements which they made during the war.

The first Coptic council of Cairo, whose solemn opening was announced some months ago, has been brought to a most satisfactory conclusion. Summarizing its labors, Mgr. Macaire said at the closing session: "Our council has accomplished its task. It has drawn up a whole Alexandrian code. It reunites tradition with the past, encourages the present, illumines the future, and awakens in the Orient the love of apostolic unity. This is the ardent hope of Leo XIII.; it is the fervent prayer of his great paternal heart."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. H. Mertens, of the Diocese of Louisville; the Rev. Eugene M. McDermott, Diocese of Buffalo; and the Rev. James A. Canevin, Diocese of Pittsburgh, who departed this life last month.

Sister Philomena, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Luke, Sisters of Charity, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. John Deie, who yielded his soul to God on the 21st ult., at St. Henry, Ind.

Mr. John I. Whidden, of Brighton, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 6th ult.

Mrs. Margaret Caldwell, who breathed her last on the 4th ult., at Cheboygan, Mich.

Mr. Sylvester A. Topper, of Camden, N. J.; Mr. William Craney and Mr. Joseph P. Kerwin, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. John Ginnan, Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. Christiana Sheils, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. James Sweeney, Washington, D. C.; and Mrs. Mary Kelly, Manchester, N. H.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Flowers and Weeds.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

THE soil of my garden, where lilies and roses

And fair camelias unveil their bloom,
Full many a noxious seed encloses
Of plants that encroach on my flowers' room.

The weeds all spring up in a growth unsightly

That would soon mature in pernicious fruit,

Were I not concerned to destroy them rightly,—

Not cutting, but plucking up each by the root.

My heart is also a garden spacious—

And fairer than any in sunniest clime,—
Where purity, truth, and all virtues gracious,
Bloom native, to flower in manhood's prime.
Yet still from its soil there are weeds up-
rising

Of selfishness, indolence, envy, deceit;
Let me pluck them out, or their tyrannizing
My flowers will choke, as the cockle the wheat.

Leo's Adventures in the Country.

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

LEO has been such a good boy since his Confirmation," said his mother to her husband on the last Friday in July, as they sat together at a late breakfast, "that I think we ought to do something for him to show our

appreciation of the marked change in his conduct."

The father merely nodded his head, as much as to say, "I hear you"; for he is disposed to think that the mother is too indulgent toward their youngest son.

"Besides, he's not been looking well lately," she continued; "and probably the heat is telling on him."

"The heat plus too much bicycle-riding and baseball."

"Oh, well! boys will be boys."

"I'd like well enough to send him away, but money is very scarce."

"Yet, with Mary and Agnes at Annie's for the month of July, and Ferdinand and Carroll at Henry's for half the summer, don't you think that, in spite of the hard times, we could let Leo go away for a few weeks?"

Annie is the sister of Leo's mother, and lives in the hill country near Emmittsburg, in Western Maryland; and Henry is a brother of Leo's father, and conducts a hotel at Ocean City.

"I guess so," answered the husband, after a pause,— "if you wish it, Emily. But what about a vacation for Bessie?"

"She won't listen to any mention of it. Now that we have no servant, she says she prefers to stay and help me. She laughed gaily last night as she added: 'Baltimore is a good enough summer resort for me, and home is the pleasantest place in Baltimore.'"

"Bessie is a trump."

"She is an affectionate and unselfish girl," said the mother. "But what about Leo—where shall we send him?"

"We can't send him far from home."

"No, nor let him go to the seaside unattended; he's so very venturesome."

"Ah, I have it!" exclaimed the father. "We might get board for him at Bauer's in Howard County; two-hundred acre farm; boyhood friends of mine living near the old homestead. It would be a novelty for him; for he's never lived in the real country, away from hotels, or a byside resort."

"Are they Catholics?"

"No: but they're good people, according to their lights. I've known the old man ever since I was a boy, and he's always borne an excellent name. He's as honest as the day. His son Clement, who runs the farm now, is a chip of the old block. He married early, got a tiptop wife; buckled down to hard work, and has taken the burden off his father."

"Are there any children?" asked Leo's mother, as she poured some cream over a dish of blackberries.

"Yes, there are four: David and Daniel, the twins, who are about Leo's age; Bernard, who is younger; and Bertha, a delicate little thing of seven, hardly able to walk when I saw her a year ago, but the idol of her doting, horny-handed old grandfather."

"But what about church on Sundays? I don't want the boy to go where he can't get to Mass on Sundays, as so many of our people do in summer; or be far from a priest in case of accident, like poor Johnnie Raub."

"There's a church now at Ilchester, served by the Redemptorist Fathers, who conduct St. Alphonsus' Church here, where you like to go on Holy Thursday. It is about two miles away. There's another near Elkridge, three miles away. He could walk to either of them with one of the Bauer boys, or maybe Clem would let them use the buggy."

"Then please write to Mr. Bauer to-day, James, and see if he'll let Leo stay there

for awhile; and ask him what he'll charge; and specify that Leo must go to church; and beg him to take good care of him; and urge him to see that no harm happens—"

"Hold on, Emily,—hold on! If you're going to begin to worry about the boy even before you know whether he's to go or not, I'll drop the whole business."

The cloud on the wife's brow began to fade away as she admitted:

"It is foolish in me, isn't it? But, then, I suppose a mother can't help it—it's nature. However, I'll try not to fret about him, even if he goes."

"That's the talk! Then I'll write to Grandfather Bauer as soon as I get down town."

That same evening, when Leo's father returned home from work, he sought his wife the first thing and said:

"What do you think? I met Grandfather Bauer near Lexington Market on my way down town. He did not want to take Leo, as they have no extra accommodations; but I persuaded him, and because of a favor I did Clem last year he consented. He will board him for four dollars a week. He or Clem will be at Ilchester Station next Monday morning to meet the 6.40 train from Baltimore."

"You do things in a hurry, James, when you get started," said his wife, as she kissed him in token of her gratitude for his eagerness to grant any request of hers.

"That's the only way to get along these days," was the gratified response.

II.

When Leo was informed by Bessie of his prospective trip to the country, he was out in the back yard staking up a chrysanthemum. He first whistled the opening bar of "The Banks of the Wabash," then he turned a handspring; next he threw his feet up against the fence and walked on his hands to the spot where his sister was, near the stoop; and,

jumping up, he kissed her before she was aware of his intention to do so.

"That's good news, Bess! Who told you? When do I start? Where do I go? How long am I to stay? Aren't you coming along?"

"One question at a time, young man," answered Bessie. "Mother told me. You start next Monday. You go to a farm near Ilchester. You are to stay about a month. I'm not to go. Any more?"

"Yes, one: why aren't you going?"

"Because I prefer to stay with mother."

"Then I'll stay, too."

"No, you won't; you'll do as your parents decide. That's always the right thing to do. And you'll go in now, Leo dear, and thank them for planning this pleasure for you."

"All right, my Queen Elizabeth! What they say goes, especially when they pay the freight. I'll go in at once—right away, immediately or sooner, and make my best bow. But I say, Bessie, why can't you go, too?"

"Because times are hard; because, now that Jennie's left us and so few of us are at home, mother intends to do the housework herself until we get Jennie's sister from Pennsylvania in September; and she needs me to help her even though she does give out the washing; and because I just can't tear myself away from washing the dishes."

The fifteen-year-old beauty made a grimace at the memory of the dish-pan drudgery that is so irksome because it is unending.

"What must be *must be*," replied the boy; "but I won't enjoy the trip half so much as if you were along. And I'm sure I'll be awful lonesome among strangers."

"Awful lonesome! What does awful mean? I'm sure you'll not be so lonesome as you were with the gypsies the night that you tried to run away from them at Hyattsville. Besides, Ilchester is only about twelve miles away from here; the

railroad station is not far from Bauer's farm, and you'll have a return ticket in your inside pocket. And, then, there are two boys of your age on the place—so father says,—and it won't take you long to get acquainted. So go in and thank papa and mamma for the treat they are going to give you."

Leo went in and expressed his gratitude, like the well-bred boy that he is,—well-bred, notwithstanding an occasional lack of consideration for others, the impulsiveness of youth, and some harmless slang that he has picked up from his companions.

(To be continued.)

St. Cuthbert and His Beads.

Ages ago there were inhabiting the sea certain strange animals called crinoids, whose fossil remains are familiar to every boy who has hunted in soil or water for curious stone formations. These petrified fragments are composed of a series of round flat plates, like thick wafers piled one above another, which originally formed the vertebræ of the animal. The spinal marrow decayed instead of petrifying; so that each section, or series of sections, can be strung like a bead. These beads—if we may call them so—vary as to size, some being of the diameter of a pea, others larger. The fragments are also unlike as to the number of layers, but are usually about an inch in length, and contain several of these thick stone layers.

The crinoid was a strange being that belonged to the Silurian age. It consisted of a long stem with a head, out of which grew five arms. The base of the stem was firmly rooted to the bottom of the ocean, but the rest of the creature waved back and forth with the motion of the water.

If you find a piece of a crinoid and ask an American boy what it is, he is pretty sure to answer: "Oh, that's an Indian

bead!" There is a belief prevailing in the Western States that crinoids were used for money by the Indians; but they may have been confounded with wampum, strings of which were the universal medium of exchange.

If you should go to England, and in its northern counties should say to a little lad, "What are these queer flat stones that I find on the sea-shore?" he would, without doubt, make answer, "Oh, those are St. Cuthbert's beads!" And if you were to beg of him more information, he would say: "When the night is dark and the wind is high and the waves are angry, the good St. Cuthbert sits and makes beads for us."—"What does he make them with?" you may ask.—"He has one piece of rock for an anvil and another one for a hammer," the boy will tell you.

Scott refers to this legend when he says:

On a rock by Lindisfarne,
St. Cuthbert sits and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name;
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold
And hear his anvil sound:
A deadened clang—a huge, dim form,
Seen but and heard when gathering storm
And night were closing round.

In the seventh century a shepherd lad in the north of England, where Christianity existed only in a few religious houses, was drawn to seek the religious life. The name of the monastery to which he attached himself was *Muilros*, known to us as *Melrose*; and in due time—partly on account of his burning zeal for the conversion of the half-savage people around him, partly because of his great piety—he rose to be prior. After awhile the scene of his labors was changed to a similar establishment at *Lindisfarne*.

It is said the devotion of Cuthbert was so excessive that his brethren seriously believed he was an angel disguised, and not a man. He finally withdrew almost entirely from the society of his fellow-men, and died upon the island of *Farne*.

The story of the travels of the incorrupt body of St. Cuthbert after his death is thrilling and of great interest. Fearing incursions of the Danes, he charged his brethren to leave their island when danger threatened, and to take his remains with them. Eleven years after his death, being desirous of giving the body a more honorable place, they opened his coffin, finding that which they sought as perfect as when in life. In its new shrine it wrought many miracles; but its custodians, in order to escape the Danes, carried the remains of their Saint with them when obliged to lead a hunted and wandering existence. Once, as if by divine command, they stopped at *Duirholm* (the deer's meadow), and over their treasure was finally reared the great cathedral of *Durham*. This event is known as the Translation of St. Cuthbert, and is celebrated upon the 4th of September. For more than a hundred years the coverings were undisturbed; but some doubts having arisen as to the permanence of the miraculous preservation, upon the removal of the body to the new cathedral, its condition was once more ascertained, and the swathed remains found to be in a perfect state.

For the succeeding four hundred and twenty-six years the relics of St. Cuthbert were undisturbed; but at the end of that time the "reformers" irreverently opened the coffin, finding everything as before—quite intact and without decay. For some unknown reason these "reformers" forbore to commit further sacrilege, but added a new coffin and buried the body once more. In 1827 another examination was made, this time also by people of an alien faith; so for over a thousand years the mortal part of the gentle shepherd Saint was exciting the comment of enemies and the devotion of the faithful. Since 1827 no attempt has been made to exhume it.

Holy St. Cuthbert, pray for us!

With Authors and Publishers.

—Eight well-chosen stories by Catholic writers are comprised in "Catholic Tales, Vol. I."—evidently the beginning of a series,—published by St. Andrew's Press, Barnet, England. Four of the stories are by the Rev. George Bampfield. Among the other contributors is Mary Cross, whose work needs no recommendation, at least to the readers of this magazine.

—Colonel Henry Inman has written, and Crane & Co., of Topeka, Kan., have brought out in attractive book form, a baker's dozen of short stories dealing with Western life in the early days. While the literary art manifested in the majority of these "Tales of the Trail" does not call for any extravagant praise, there is not a little graphic narrative, an abundance of local color, and a general atmosphere of breeziness and stirring adventure, that will recommend the book to boys of all ages, from seventeen to seventy.

—Father Paul V. Charland, O. P., of Lewiston, Maine, has in press the first volume of what promises to be an exceptionally interesting and exhaustive work on the mother of the Blessed Virgin—"Les Trois Legendes de Madame Sainte Anne." This first volume deals with the hagiographical legend, and recounts such facts in the life of St. Anne as are vouched for by the most reliable history and tradition. The succeeding volumes will discuss the historical and iconographic legends, or the cult of St. Anne and her treatment in art. The work is being published in Canada.

—A peculiar complication has arisen around the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That scholarly and enterprising periodical having criticised a drama adversely, the playwright insisted on the privilege of answering the criticism in the *Revue*, for which the French law provides. The matter was taken to court, and the judge formally awarded the claim. Accordingly the playwright published an article of fourteen pages, tabulating the conflicting judgments of various critics, and commenting rather pungently thereon. The original critic now asserts his right to reply;

and, what is worse, each of the critics has an equal right to demand a hearing in the *Revue*. The laws allow them for this purpose just twice as much space as was occupied by the adverse criticism.

—It ought to be no surprise that certain Catholic periodicals are published at a low price, seeing that they contain little or no original matter, appropriating without credit all that can be taken, without danger of detection, from other papers and magazines. A certain periodical published in the United States under Catholic auspices—we will not name it now—has adopted this course of dishonor and dishonesty. Recent numbers contained several articles of considerable length stolen "body and bones" from this magazine. The proprietor may hear from us later on under circumstances that will render excuses unavailing.

—The passing away of Mrs. W. G. Ward deserves to be noted in these columns. She was the author of a life of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and was an occasional contributor to the *Dublin Review*. Her husband was the ever-to-be-remembered William George Ward—"Ideal" Ward, his friends called him,—and one of her sons is Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the biographer of his father and Cardinal Wiseman. Another son is Monsig. Ward, president of St. Edmund's College; and her daughter is the prioress of Oulton Abbey, in Staffordshire. Mrs. Ward was one of the last links between "the great going out" of '45 and the present day. *R. I. P.*

—There is a lesson of caution, as well as a striking illustration of the difficulty of ascertaining facts, in a story told of Sir Walter Raleigh. It has often been told before, but will bear retelling. We commend it to the perusal of one of our correspondents, who is displeased with us for questioning the accuracy of some statements regarding the war which he considers incontrovertible:

While engaged upon the second volume of his "History of the World," the attention of Sir Walter was attracted to a disturbance in the courtyard below his window. He saw one man strike another whom he supposed by his dress to be an officer; the

latter at once drew his sword and ran his antagonist through the body. The wounded man felled his adversary with a stick, and then sank upon the pavement. At this juncture the guard came up and carried off the officer, who was insensible, and the corpse of the man who had received the sword thrust. Next day Raleigh was visited by an intimate friend, to whom he related the circumstances of the quarrel and its issue. To his astonishment, his friend unhesitatingly declared that Sir Walter had mistaken the whole series of incidents which had passed before his eyes. The supposed officer was not an officer at all, but the servant of a foreign ambassador; it was he who had dealt the first blow. He had not drawn his sword, but the other had snatched it from his side and had run *him* through the body; whereupon a stranger from among the crowd knocked the murderer down with his stick, and some of the foreigners belonging to the ambassador's retinue carried off the corpse. "Excuse me," said Raleigh, "but I can not have been deceived as you suppose; for I was eye-witness to the events, which took place under my own window; and the man fell there on that spot where you see a paving-stone standing up above the rest."—"My dear Sir Walter," replied his friend, "I was sitting on that stone when the fray took place, and I received this slight scratch on my cheek in snatching the sword from the murderer. Upon my honor you were deceived in every particular."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 75 cts.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., *net.*

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* \$1.60, *net.*

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net.*

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Stanr.* \$1, *net.*
Letters of Mary Sibylla Hoiland. *Bernard Hoiland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, *net.*

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, *net.*

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani* 50 cts., *net.*

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, *net.*

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, *net.*

For a King. *T. S. Sharwood.* 95 cts., *net.*

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan* \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1.35, *net.*

The Romance of a Playwright. *De Börnier-McMahon.* \$1.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts., *net.*

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts., *net.*

The World Well Lost. *Esther Robinson.* 75 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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NO. II.

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The Chantry.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Qui nos præcesserunt cum signo fidei et dormiunt in somno pacis.

A LOYAL lady young; a knight for honor slain:

All beauty and all quiet sealed of old upon
Their images that lie in coif and morion.
A moment since, through rifts and pauses
of the rain,

The day shot in: the lancet window showed
again

Its moth-like play of silver, rose, and
sapphire; shone

What arms of warring duchies glorious,
bygone:

Lombardy, Desmond, Malta, suitored Aquitaine!

The while aloft in Art's immortal summer-tide,

Fair is the carven hostel, fortunate either
guest;

And men of moodier England pass, and hear
outside

Fury of toil alone, and fate's diurnal
storm,

Hearts with the King of Saints, hearts
beating light and warm!

To these your courage give, that these attain
your rest.

EVERY man is like the drunkard who reports an earthquake because he feels himself staggering.—*Emile Souvestre.*

A City of Confusion.

THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS.

BY THE REV. HENRY G. GANSS.

The Verdict of History.

FROUDE.



THE first step of the English Parliament was to break the spine of sacerdotal assumption. They allowed its ghost to hover about the service book, but on condition that it should never take substantial form again. Nor can England be separated in any real sense from the reformed States abroad. English, Dutch, French, Germans, fought side by side for the liberties of Europe, against an enemy which neither acknowledged, nor acknowledged that there is any distinction between them. If England was in any way singled out, it was as the country where the Protestant heresy had taken strongest and deepest root."*

BEARD.

"The refugees [Reformers], the color of whose theology was more Calvinistic than Lutheran, were Cranmer's trusted friends and counsellors; many of them lived with him at Lambeth, sitting at his table and sharing his secret thoughts.

* "Short Studies on Great Subjects," vol. ii, p. 142.

And it was while this foreign influence—the influence, be it remembered, of trained dogmatic theologians—was at its height, that the English Prayer-Book was shaped and the foundation laid of the Thirty-Nine Articles.* “There could be no question any more of the fixed Protestantism of the English people.”†

MACAULAY.

“A king whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism itself personified; unprincipled ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, a servile parliament,—such were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome. The work which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother; and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest. Sprung from brutal passion, nurtured by selfish policy, the Reformation in England displayed little of what in other countries distinguished it....”‡

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION.

From the foregoing we gather—

I. That “the evidence is simply overwhelming which shows that during the whole period, from 1552 onward, the English Church was considered, by friends and foes alike, to be for all intents and purposes one with the Swiss churches of Zurich and Geneva”;|| that “almost all the prominent Elizabethan bishops and divines were in doctrine Zwinglian or Calvinistic; and were at much pains to declare themselves at one with the Swiss reformers, especially with Bullinger and Peter Martyr”;§ that “the whole of the lives and writings of the Elizabethan divines, with the single and perhaps

doubtful exception of Bishop Cheney of Gloucester, agreed in doctrine with the churches of Zurich and Geneva.”*

II. That “the popular movement which inspired the enthusiasm of preachers and constancy of martyrs had always been eagerly Protestant, demanding doctrinal as well as disciplinary reform; adopting in early days the Lutheran, afterward the Calvinistic type of belief, and not sparing of dislike and contempt of Catholic usage and worship”;† that, “in spite of its episcopal consecrations and its pretended priesthood, it was a Protestant institution, and not a Catholic one. The body and appearance might be Catholic: the voice when it opened its lips to teach must be Protestant.”‡

III. That even if we do not concur with Dr. Arnold that “our church has ever borne the marks of her birth, the child of regal and aristocratical selfishness and of tyranny,”|| we can not deny that “the clergy of the Church of England are but ministers and stewards, not lords and masters, in a church which, so far as it is the English Church, because established by the English nation, is created by the law, upheld by the law, paid by the law, and may be changed by the law just as any other institution of the land”;§ that so absolutely is the Anglican episcopate the child and servant of the State that, in the withering reproach of one of its own apologists, an Anglican bishop, “blasphemously boasting of a power expressly given him by the Saviour of the world, found himself precisely in the position of a lunatic who may fancy that he is the monarch of the universe, but who can not pluck a flower or fill a glass of water

* “The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.” (Hibbert Lectures, 1883, Charles Beard, B. A., p. 311.)

† Ibid., pp. 315, 318, 320.

‡ Macaulay’s “Miscellaneous Essays,” vol. i, p. 199. (Appleton, 1879.)

|| Child, “Church and State under the Tudors,” p. 274.

§ Ibid., p. 278.

* Ibid., 222.

† Beard, “Hibbert Lectures,” 1883, p. 327.

‡ Froude, “Short Studies of Great Subjects.” Third Series, p. 21.

|| “Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold,” vol. ii, p. 386.

§ Dr. Elliot, Dean of Bristol, “Sermons on Some of the Subjects of the Day,” p. 11.

without the permission of his keeper. The spiritual authority they boast of is no better than a child's toy or a fool's rattle, until it is charged by the ruling force of society and armed with the sanction of civil penalties."*

IV. That when Gladstone, more in a tone of elegiac regret than of reproach, confesses that "nothing can be further from the ideal than the English Church has been in its practical development,"† he must have had in mind such confessions as that of the Master Rugby, that "churches should make their bond to consist in a common object and a common practice rather than in a common belief; in other words, that the end should be Good rather than Truth";‡ or that of the historian of American Episcopalianism when he declares that "after two hundred and eighty years the assembled bishops of the whole Pan-Anglican Communion have recorded their judgment that uniformity in discipline and worship [faith?] is not to be compelled nor expected."||

V. That as for apostolic succession and episcopal ordination, the Church of England "clearly repudiates it as a fiction altogether, that God has prescribed some action through which orders must be conveyed; or that He has annexed peculiar grace and authority to imposition of hands successively for the Apostles or to any other arbitrary form of ordination whatever."§

VI. Finally, in the words of an eminent American theologian, whose name is even more authoritative in the theological lecture halls of Europe than in those of his own country [we mean Dr. Nevin], we must come to the sad but logical conclusion that the Church of England "since

the Reformation has been what Cyprian graphically pictures as a 'sunbeam cut off from the sun, a bough torn from the tree, a stream sundered from the fountain.'"*

Et impleta est civitas confusione!—"And the whole city was filled with confusion."† *Non enim est dissensionis Deus, sed pacis: sicut et in omnibus Ecclesiis sanctorum doceo*,—"For God is not the God of dissension, but of peace: as also I teach in all the churches of the saints."‡

(The End.)

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

II.—AT HOME.

STRANCALLY led Lady Katherine through the Norman doorway into the castle, where they entered a noble hall hung with tapestry, and warmed by a wood fire burning on the flagged hearth, under a mantelpiece of the darkest oak. Supper was laid on an oaken table adorned with vessels of silver and gold. Torches flamed on their tall stands against the black wainscot; and a pair of magnificent wolf-hounds, following on their master's heels, stretched themselves on the deerskin on the floor in front of the hearth.

Katherine seated herself in a carved chair—slim and lovely in her brown woollen gown, her little feet on a footstool by the blaze,—and surveyed the noble hall, noting the various figures of the followers and retainers of the Desmond standing in the background with faces expressive of delight; and also observing the manly bearing of Strancally, who was of a strong, square build, with a fair complexion and hair interwoven with some of the gold that shone so purely in her own.

* Edinb. Rev., July, 1868, p. 135.

† *Nineteenth Century*, Nov., 1888, p. 784.

‡ Introductory Lect. on Mod. Hist., p. 50.

§ McConnell, "History of the American Episcopal Church," p. 12.

¶ Dr. Elliot, *Ut supra*, p. 105.

* Reformed Quart. Rev., 1874, p. 29.

† Acts, xix, 29.

‡ I. Cor., xiv, 33.

"Our aunt, the Lady Abbess, will presently greet you," said Strancally. "I had come here to meet her and have some words with her concerning certain of your affairs. We little knew, my gentle cousin, that we were to sup with the mistress of Temple Michael."

Two waiting-women lifted the tapestry from before a door, and an elderly lady entered the hall. She was tall, dignified, clad in the dress of a religious, black and white; with a silver cross on the breast, a rosary at her girdle, and a veil and a wimple of a delicate white fabric framing her countenance and draping her head and shoulders. Aunt and niece regarded each other earnestly for a moment, and then Katherine hurried into the shelter of the elder woman's arms.

"What have they been doing to my little one in France?" said the abbess, embracing her. "Why does she fly like a frightened bird home to her Irish mountains? Has chivalry left the world, that they have sent you across the seas with no better escort than poor old Murrough and a chit of a French waiting-woman?"

"No one is accountable save myself," said Katherine gaily, yet with a suggestion of tears in her voice. "I came without permission either asked or granted. I was tired of the court, and I dared to run away."

"And the Queen?"

"I left her a letter craving her Majesty's pardon. By this time they will have forgotten all about me."

"I pray your wild act may not have serious results, dear," added the abbess, anxiously. "I must send a dispatch to France at the earliest moment."

So, amid a thousand questions about Katherine's journey, supper was served. The abbess took the head of the table, her niece by her side. Strancally sat at the foot, as filling the vacant place of the master of the castle; and the most noble of those within the walls at the time also

took places at the board. Conversation was lively, as flavored rather with Irish wit and gayety than restrained by the stateliness of courts. Strancally and his friends had been hunting the herons all day, and had been bidden to supper by the abbess, who wished to take counsel of her young kinsman on sundry matters, including one or two concerning the Nunnery of St. Anne at Yoghel, of which she was abbess by right as a daughter of the Geraldines.

"Some workmanship is required on our beacon tower," she said to Strancally; and then, turning to the young girl, she explained that one of the works of the sisterhood was to tend the beacon fire on the rocks above the harbor of Yoghel. The Desmonds had built the nunnery and the light-tower on the rocks, and endowed the establishment to the carrying on of this useful service. The religious life of the Geraldine abbess did not hinder her from leaving her nunnery when occasion arose, to pay visits to her friends, for the purpose of arranging the affairs of the Sisters, who dwelt under the protection of her kinsmen.

"Is it not curious that women should have been commissioned to tend this light rather than men?" inquired Lady Katherine.

"The fact is a tribute to the fine nature of the people of this country," returned the abbess. "The Norman monks who held our place were unable to defend the light-tower from the Irish, who would bear down from the sea and seize it for their own uses. Seeing that they always kept a light on this rock since the third century after Christ, perhaps they had the best right to it. However, the Norman light is now safe in the hands of the nuns; for a woman is sacred even to the wildest of our Irish foemen."

"Do not heed our aunt too much, cousin Katherine," said Strancally. "She is bewitched on the subject of our Irish serfs and enemies."

"It seems to me that I am Irish myself," replied Katherine. "If I am not Irish, what am I? When I was in France it was found that I was not French. They called me the Irish Geraldine."

"*La belle Geraldine!*" exclaimed the young man, enthusiastically.

"You see we have heard echoes from France," said the abbess, not displeased to see the sudden devotion of Strancally to his young kinswoman. The noble pair before her, so much alike in smile and complexion, were not too near akin but that a dispensation from Rome might smooth the way to a perfectly desirable union of hearts and possessions. And if the girl had run away from the trammels of the court which would have provided her with a distinguished Norman husband, why not remedy the blunder of her caprice by wedding her to a man at home, who was as goodly a lord, if not as elegant a courtier, as the worthiest of the foreigners?

"They pay too many compliments in France," said Katherine, her brilliant smile suddenly extinguished under a shade crossing her face like the shadow of the passing wing of the Angel of Death. "It was one reason why I pined for wild nature and also for the friends and the home I could remember in my dreams and in my prayers. And yet," she went on gaily, "you must not think I am remarkable for humility. I am terribly spoiled with their flatteries, my aunt; and you must always give me my way, or I shall be unmanageable."

"You are the lady of Temple Michael," said the abbess, looking into the girl's eyes with love and pride. "You shall be as wilful as you please. Shall she not, my lord of Strancally?"

"If she treats her worshipers as flatterers," returned Strancally, "I fear we shall all be misnamed and abused. I pity the unlucky courtiers who so displeased her. She must teach us how to behave

to her, and we will not be slow to learn."

When the abbess reminded Strancally that his boat was waiting at the water-stairs, she softened his dismissal by taking her niece's arm in her own and walking with her out into the moonlight, accompanying him to the river's verge, where the wane of the swelling tide was lapping among the thick-set stems of the feathery sallows and bristling sedges. The moonlight whitened the neighboring promontory, the woods were black with night-shadow; while the silver flood of the river quivered under its burthen of light, like a soul thrilling with excess of unexpected happiness.

As Strancally said good-night to his kinswomen and stepped into his boat, another bark was seen to shoot along the water at some distance, half under the shadow and half in the gleam of the moonlight.

"Some of the Knights Templars from Rhincrew," remarked Strancally, as the women turned their eyes to follow the swiftly-gliding skiff, which had passed into the shadows like a phantom. "They have strangers at the Preceptory. I have promised them some heron hunting. Our fair cousin will name the day, and we shall make a merry entertainment of it."

Strancally departed, and the abbess conducted her niece to the chatelaine's apartments within the castle.

"They are your mother's rooms, my Katherine," she said; "and from the windows you can see the loveliest vistas adown the river. These are the tapestries sewn by our mother and grandmother and their ladies and women. See where Diana is hunting the stag just above the wainscot. And here is the golden crucifix sent your mother from Rome for her zeal in promoting the completion of the cathedral at Ardmore. Your counterpane is your great-grandmother's needlework, and the satin and embroideries are still unfaded. This angel with the sword and

outspread wings beside your bed is a present from Palestine in honor of our brother who was killed in the Crusades. You will pray for his soul, my darling, and that our hearts may be filled with some of his devotion in the cause of the Holy Sepulchre."

"It is a goodly cause, Aunt Ellinor. Why can not we women do something worth living for? Are we good for nothing but to dance and sing or stitch embroideries in turret chambers?"

"When you love a noble husband you will know that a woman's life is worth living," said the abbess. "Now tell me why is that shadow on your face? Ah, it has been some sorrow that has driven you from the court! A storm has swept you home into my arms."

Katherine raised her head and held it high.

"Had it been so," she said, "I should have left that sorrow behind me—should never have carried it here. It must have been drowned deep in the sea between France and England. In any case, the ghost of it could never haunt around Blackwater."

The abbess sighed and looked unsatisfied, but presently forgot her uneasiness again as Katherine's irrepressible smiles broke out all over the girl's countenance.

"Your heart is not much hurt, my darling!" she said. "And even if it were, we have herbs to heal all wounds, growing sweet and safe beside our beautiful river. Good-night, and sleep soundly; and may Our Lady and all the saints and angels be near you and watch over the daughter of many brave Geraldines, at home at last, among friends, in her fathers' stronghold!"

When her aunt had retired, Katherine dropped on her knees beside the window, gazing through the moonlight and the shadows of the wood, down to the glittering water, where the gannets and the gulls were riding on the waves from the

sea, and the herons were crying in the stillness, and the curlews piped.

"Yes," she soliloquized, "I spoke truly when I said that I had drowned it in the sea. I am young, I am brave, I have made my escape. My heart is bruised, but my head is steady, and my life is in my own hands. And the world is still beautiful to live in, and the God who made us is still good."

(To be continued.)

In Wonderland.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

FROM the Upper Geyser Basin we returned to the Fire Hole Hotel, and were actually glad to get back there. We bathed in the new bath-houses, and slept in our little log-cabin of pleasant memory. When one is on the go week after week, a second night in the same bed makes one feel quite at home. We felt at home; but the inseting tide of tourists banks up tremendously at Fire Hole station, it being a kind of head centre in the forks of the road; and we had a strange bedfellow thrust in upon us just as we were dozing off to sleep. The stranger was a fresh arrival who had friends in the next room; and for an hour or two they kept up an animated conversation in the dark, which didn't amuse us nearly as much as it did them. But these lively guests talked themselves to sleep in the course of time. The night came to an end; and in the morning, after a capital breakfast, we made an early start for the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone.

It is about twenty-nine miles from the hotel at Fire Hole River to the great fall in the Grand Cañon,—a delightful drive over a good road, through a beautiful

land interspersed with the wonders so numerous in this region. Would you look upon a lake that is lovely to the eye but whose waters are unpalatable? There you have it—Merry's Lake, more than eight thousand feet above the sea. One would think that at that altitude it should be as sweet as a cup of dew; but it is fed by fountains strongly impregnated with alkali, and no one drinks of it. Would your choice be a lake of sulphur? You shall have it,—a lake the very breath of which taints the air for miles. Perhaps you would prefer a stream of alum water, or a few springs of violet-tinted mud? All these are yours without the asking. Great mountains of sulphur, a hundred and fifty feet in height; hundreds of tons of the finest sulphur crystals. But in examining these you must be careful—the mountains are like huge ovens; a thousand rents jet hot air and steam from every pore of them. The whole mass is hot under foot and hollow, with a treacherous crust that crumbles and scales as you tread upon it. When it breaks through—as it has been known to do on many occasions,—volumes of sulphurous fumes break forth, and happy is the man who survives them.

There are vats of boiling mortar. An area of a quarter of a mile in diameter contains hundreds of small spouts of water, mud, and vapor. There the earth is like a saturated sponge under compression: it oozes at every pore. In one basin, measuring twenty by forty feet, is a fountain of black mud which jets clots of mortar seventy feet in the air. The heavy mass boils in the vat; and as the bubbles rise to the surface they break with a sound which can be imitated only by the smacking of human lips. In a ravine near by there are springs of alum water, and others tinctured with sulphate of copper; the latter are beautifully clear, and their basins are lined with brilliantly colored incrustations. Some of the mortar

of the mud springs is so strongly impregnated with sulphuric acid that a drop of it will burn the tongue like fire. The mortar is of various colors, and when moist can be molded easily into any shape. It dries without cracking; and once dry, is of so firm a grain that it resembles soapstone.

After this came leagues of sage-brush and bunch grass; rolling green meadows parted down the middle by trout streams; distant clusters of highly ornamental trees, and a background of royal heights, snow-tipped, superb in their mantle of sunshine and blue sky. Here we called a halt, unhitched the horses and turned them out to grass; built a small fire and toasted our luncheon, for which transgression we laid ourselves liable to a penalty. Then we meandered up and down the meadow stream; smoked, gossiped and dozed till it was time to start again. Sometimes a wagon passed us; anon, a few horsemen or a camping party, going or coming; but we took no note of them. We were our own masters: our time was all our own, and how we did enjoy it! About three miles above the upper fall of the Yellowstone we struck the river-bank, and kept it with all the pleasure in the world. It is the Yellowstone, a river like liquid emerald that flows swiftly between grassy shores, rippling around many a graceful curve that would delight the eye of an artist; and then flashing down beautiful green vistas, under dusky confines of pine.

Leaving the river, we proceeded, with many a twist and turn, in the deep wild-wood, up hill and down dale; through brake, through briar, and over a shallow stream or two that hissed between the spokes of our wheels, until we came to the prettiest imaginable camp—a veritable village, with a little street swept clean, and a little grassy square mown short, and every habitation in the place a snow-white canvas tent. Above the sough of

the wind in the dark boughs overhead we heard the deep roar of falling water. It was a profound bass note that seemed to issue from abysmal depths. Of course we could not long resist this; but started out on foot in search of the brink, where we might sit and gaze at the river, which here makes two of its most desperate plunges.

The wood is full of bridle paths, and it was not long before my companion and I parted company. Again and again we called to each other with voices that were deadened in the deafening roar of the torrent. But we came to the river-banks at last; and, climbing cautiously out upon the rocks that jut above the stream, looked down upon the boiling waters at our feet. We were at the upper fall, only a few rods distant from the camp. The cliffs were from two hundred to three hundred feet in height, and but eighty feet apart at the crest of the cataract. The river flows with such swiftness that it springs from the bluff into space, and falls in an arch that is buried in a chaos of foam and mist. It is a perpetually falling avalanche of snow-white waters, crowned with a magnificent rainbow that stretches even from dawn to dark.

More than a hundred feet below us was a horseshoe basin tinged with the liveliest green—the green of amphibious grasses damp with perpetual spray. Our voices were now quite lost in the tremendous boom of the flood. We were ourselves rather spectral, being dumb and swathed in vapor; but we could beckon to each other, and with a wildly extravagant gesture centre our admiration upon one point of sight or another; and thus share an enjoyment which, though silent, was very far from being quiet. It is almost a pity that there are two waterfalls at the Grand Cañon, where one might easily have sufficed. The attention is distracted, the interest divided, the common stock of

exclamations exhausted; and, as enthusiasm seldom repeats itself, one soon begins to saunter to and fro, hither and yon, half aimlessly, wondering in a quiet way which feature of the landscape most pleases him.

We could not stop long at the upper fall, because the lower fall—which is called the finer—was not far distant. Then there was the Grand Cañon, into which the lower fall plunges; and it was the fame of the Grand Cañon that had brought us thither,—the falls are but accessories. So we footed it down the slopes by mountain trails that are unaffectedly rustic, striking now and again toward the lip of the cañon, and always with new surprises that served only to heighten our expectations. We drifted apart again and delicately ignored each other. It is the proper resort of the solitary; hermits might burrow there and worship God in His works. As a site for monkish cliff-builders, it is far ahead of Mar Saba, in the wilderness of Judea.

There were few guests in camp when we arrived. There was a kind of spell over the place. The picnicking spirit of the summer tourist was chastened; his best friends would hardly have recognized him as he hung upon the edge of the precipice and peered over into its depths, while he held his breath with awe. Certainly there was an exception to the rule. One stalwart youth, of the bicycle cut, who looked as if he ought to have pulled stroke-oar for Oxford or Cambridge, trudged up and down the trail with his hands behind him. He had hold of one end of a natty cane, while he towed a willowy young creature in a tailor-made walking-suit, who had hold of the other. They were ridiculously happy and honeymoonish, and their own society was all they sought.

After our visit to the cañon and the waterfalls came dinner. The dining-tent was as neat as a pin. Hospitable

sentiments were wrought upon the canvas in leaf letters, and the place had quite a festive appearance. There was a good table, and good-temper abounded. What was lacking in formal service was made up in the fun of helping one another, as we sat at rough deal tables and satisfied appetites desperately sharpened by the fresh mountain air.

The camp was very restful. There was one large tent—the hotel parlor, it might be called, as there several of the guests assembled during the evening. It was floored and carpeted, and heated by one of those queer camp-stoves which look like huge extinguishers placed over a bonfire. A very slender pipe conveys the smoke out through a hole in the canvas roof. Many of the tents were provided with the stoves, but these tents were in most cases reserved for the lady guests. Alonzo busied himself in the edge of the camp reshoeing his horses. He can do anything, do it quietly, in a thoroughly business-like fashion, without saying anything about it. One's confidence in the competency and reliability of such a lad increases all the while.

There was nothing whatever to do in the evening but to wander about, staring at the watch-fires that glowed in the forest surrounding the camp; to sit in the reception-room and listen to the drowsy talk of those who were lounging there; to pace the little street of the village, dimly lighted by the illuminated tents that line the two sides of it; to watch the silhouettes that noiselessly cover the semi-opaque canvas: a shadow pantomime that is full of very funny situations; to listen to the rippling laughter that is heard at times, for everybody is amiable and in the best of spirits; to smoke a solitary cigarette, seated on a stump; and to regret that a recent run on the commissary department had reduced the supplies to an alarming extent, so that there was nothing to be had in the shape

of a nightcap—where nightcaps were sorely needed—save small beer in smaller glasses at 25 cents per glass.

One creeps into bed in short order at the camp on the Grand Cañon. The nights are bitter cold. Even in mid-August, covered with seven thick blankets, and with all my clothes on, little chills ran up and down my spine and kept me half awake until dawn, when I was glad to rise. The blankets seemed to weigh tons, and the outer one was sparkling with dew when the day broke. There was an early breakfast in the dining-tent. From the canvas at the two ends these leaf-wrought legends stared us out of countenance: "Eat, drink, and be merry!"—"Welcome!" Somehow they sounded slightly satirical as we repeated them to one another over the breakfast board, shivering the while. But I never did care much for a camp breakfast. Twilight rest after a day's sport, and an evening of unaffected laziness about a blazing and crackling fire that sends a fountain of sparks heavenward among the branches—these delight me.

In the morning the Grand Cañon was revisited, and was even then unparalleled in its unique beauty; but there can be no question as to the afternoon—perhaps the late afternoon being the best time for a first sight of it. Never shall I forget the hour in which I approached that marvellous gorge. A bridle path, not too well defined, hung upon the wooded slopes above the cañon and seemed to festoon it; for at intervals it dropped down toward the brink, and then drew away, to wind above a hillock that hid the brink from the river. At intervals I caught glimpses of the opposite walls, which were startlingly brilliant in color. Again and again I had half a mind to break away from the trail and rush to the edge of the abyss to dazzle my eyes for a moment. But, unguided, and a stranger to the topography of the place, I somehow

felt that there was a point above all points from which the supreme splendors of the scene must be viewed. I hoped that I might be blindly led to this spot before I knew aught of the vision that awaited my hungry eyes, save the appetizing, but only suggestive, glimpses that flashed upon me from time to time.

I found it at last, but shall never know how I found it. The trail plunged into a little hollow and twisted about among rocky angles,—writhed, I might say, as a snake writhes when it has suffered a wound. Then it climbed a sudden steep; and, having reached the top of it, came all at once to an end. There was a rock to sit upon, and a dwarfed, storm-tangled tree that made a kind of shelter over it. There was a ledge just large enough for a footstool; and there below me yawned the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. A painter may depict it; yet it seems to me that he should limn it upon a translucent surface with transparent colors, and that it should be lit with a strong light thrown from the rear. Possibly a poet may some day give you an impression similar to that which a sight of the original never fails to inspire—a companion piece to Coleridge's "Ode to Mount Blanc"; but the detail must be omitted, for detail only belittles it. It is, in truth, a picture for an impressionist to convey through a blaze of color—"a combination and a form indeed" altogether phenomenal.

No rugged walls here. Every height is finely, almost sensuously, molded; a few sharp, fir-backed ridges soften by the color, which seems fairly to stream from them—flamingo wings, or folds of scarlet satin, not handsomer. Remember that the eye is dazzled by a light which is peculiar to the Grand Cañon—a kind of permanent sunset, or afterglow; that all the richest and the most delicate shades of ochre are here blended and resolved into one another. On the top of the cañon a

waterfall plunges headlong into an abyss three hundred feet below, and fills it with so dense a volume of spray that the face of the cliff streams constantly. There are traces of green there—the loveliest green conceivable—the green of celery tips, moist and dripping.

Above this green the walls, otherwise bare, are clothed with small clusters of trees; their green is luscious and dewy. Then nothing but color—color upon color: umber and amber of every conceivable shade. There are rocks of the richest vermilion hue, and patches of softest pink—pale rose-tints as exquisite as a blush. There are spires and minarets, and stalagmites and crystallized peaks, all running the gamut of flesh-tints, and all bathed in loveliest light. The effect is dazzling. Such pale cream-colored walls, that seem to flush while you look at them, and to turn pale if you look steadfastly. Lustrous walls, filling the chasm with a radiant atmosphere, which is indescribable, incomprehensible and inconceivable; and at the bottom of them all a slim, green, frothing stream, that seems to be hastening to hide itself away out of the almost insufferable splendor of that ravishing ravine.

When I rose from that eyrie my brain reeled. I was ready to hurl myself into the abyss, and might have done so had I not hastened back into the wood; for upon the narrow top of a slender pinnacle towering some hundred feet above the stream below—yet I looked down upon it—was a nest of eagles, crying with a piercing cry as the parent birds sailed majestically to and fro. When I turned away, half fearfully, my eyes were full of blinding color and wild forms; and I could think of nothing but of some imaginary chasm in the planet Saturn; and of eagles nursing their young upon inaccessible heights, bathed in unspeakable glory.

On the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

PERHAPS thy mother shed a tear
That thou wert not a son,
Destined to rescue Jewish souls,
Messiah, Mighty One!

Yet, wondrous was thy destiny
Of perfect motherhood,
By God considered fit to bear
The Christ who bore the Rood.

A Soldier's Story.

BY JANET GRANT.

SLOWLY the outlines of the Skellig rocks grew fainter, until from the staunch *Cunardeo* steaming westward they appeared but as a fleecy white mist upon the eastern horizon. To the tearful eyes of the lonely emigrants in the steerage and second cabin, the cloud forms seemed like the figure of a mighty angel brooding over the dear, familiar scenes they were, perhaps, never to see again.

But although this was the last glimpse of land to be had until the transatlantic coast should be sighted, few of the first-cabin passengers cast so much as a glance backward. They were, for the most part, Americans returning from abroad, who paced the promenade deck with impatient strides, lolled resignedly in steamer-chairs, or from the bow of the ship watched with eager gaze the splendor of the sunset, beyond whose flaming gates of amber and methyst and beryl lay the fairest land of all the world to them.

Among them were as anxious hearts as any to be discovered in the less luxurious quarters of the vessel, however; or, less than two weeks before, the cable had flashed around the world the President's formal declaration of war between

the United States and Spain. Whilom pleasure-seekers were hastening home, because husbands or sons, brothers or *fiancés*, had been ordered into camp; men of affairs whom the news surprised upon the other side had hurriedly embarked, concerned for their business interests; some of the voyagers had feared there might be difficulty in "getting across" later; and others, during the conflict, did not wish to live anywhere but under the Stars and Stripes.

Of the group who stood on the forward deck, with their faces toward the west, was a man of fifty odd years, of erect carriage, robust physique, and an air of military precision. The gentleman beside him, who leaned against the gunwale and puffed indolently at a cigarette, was evidently a little past his prime also; for his fine hair, worn a trifle long, showed more than a few threads of silver; and a bit hoary, too, was the fierce mustache, as well as the Napoleonic "imperial" which, despite the passing of the mode quarter of a century ago, he still wore. His "Kossuth" hat withal, and a certain carelessness, albeit elegance, of attire, bespoke him a Southerner who still clung to the traditions, manners and customs of the good old times before secession.

Swiftly the steamer plowed her way; the great waves parting before her, and lifting up their white hands as though applauding her progress. Four bells sounded. The soldierly man pulled out his watch, compared it with sea-time, and, closing it again with a snap, said, turning to his new acquaintance:

"Six o'clock! I presume we may anticipate a fair run?"

"The captain expects to beat his record, if the weather is favorable, and we are not overhauled by a cruiser in quest of contraband of war, or 'held up' by the enemy," answered the Southerner, with an easy laugh.

"I wanted to catch the *Paris*, but was

compelled to remain to complete the arrangements which took me to London," said the first speaker.

"And what"—queried his chance companion by way of making conversation—"is your opinion of the political situation, Mr. — eh?"

"Moore," replied the tall man affably, at the same time handing the other his visiting card.

"My name is Genelette, sir,—Richard Genelette, of Alabama. I'll be hanged if I have a slip of pasteboard about me!"

"Pray do not trouble yourself to search," protested Mr. Moore. "As for the action of Congress—" *et cætera*.

And thus the two launched into the intimacy of steamer comradeship upon the tide of the all-important topic of the hour.

"You take more than a perfunctory interest in military matters," hazarded Mr. Genelette at length.

"Oh, I belong to the State Militia!" was the laconic response.

"One might surmise that you had been in the Civil War, were it not—"

"I'm older than I look," chuckled Moore, good-naturedly. "You are right: I ran away to the front when a youth of twenty, and served two years in the Northern army. And you?"

"Every son of Alabama who was as tall as a musket was in the struggle," rejoined Genelette, proudly. "Yes, I saw some deuced hard fighting. Those were terrible times, sir. Whatever comes, with God's help we shall never see their like again. To-day North and South are fired by a united patriotism."

Moore smiled sympathetically at the ardent speech.

"Our boys of to-day will have a chance to show their mettle," he said. "For myself, I confess, like an old war-horse, I can not keep out of the fray. I am going home to volunteer."

"By Jove, such is my own errand!"

exclaimed his erstwhile antagonist. "In fact, I have written ahead, offering to set about mustering a company as soon as my foot touches the soil of Dixie."

Silently, but with eyes for the moment dimmed, these veteran representatives of the Blue and the Grey clasped hands in the brotherhood of loyalty to the starry flag.

That great event of the day aboard ship, the call to dinner, separated them temporarily; but eight bells found them pacing the deck together. The moon shed its argent beams upon the tossing waters, as though a celestial spirit inscribed upon the sea in characters of light the omnipotence of the Creator.

On the section of the deck to which the second-cabin passengers were restricted, a little group of Salvation Army people intoned a hymn. Clear and distinct, if perhaps a trifle shrill, the treble of the zealous lassies in the quaint poke bonnets, aided by the captain's sonorous bass and a nasal tenor, floated upon the air, above the creaking of the cordage, the thud of the machinery, the swish of the waves against the vessel:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy refuge fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!

"That is my favorite hymn,—partly, I acknowledge, because of a certain reminiscence," said Mr. Moore thoughtfully, flecking the ashes from his cigar.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into Thy haven guide,—
O receive my soul at last!

"Yes," said the other. "'Tis hopeful and tender, and appeals to the heart. Curiously, for me, too, it has an association. But you were about to remark—"

"Nothing of consequence; yet, to speed the time, I will tell you the passing recollection. Let us rest on this settee."

They sat down; but, instead of proceeding with his story, Moore lapsed into

a reverie, following the music in an undertone. His fellow-countryman glanced at him inquiringly; but not until the last notes had been sung did he arouse himself with a hasty, "I beg your pardon!" and then went on:

"We have talked of our campaigning days. Having been wounded in a skirmish with a detachment of the Confederate forces, I was at home on furlough. The last night of my stay came soon enough. It was Sunday evening; our hearth circle was complete, and a certain pretty girl whom we will call Alice was also there. You know every 'bold soldier boy' had a sweetheart then as now."

"Two or three of them," interjected Genelette, humorously, rolling another cigarette.

"Well, I had reached the predicament when there was only one girl in the world for me," said Moore. "On this occasion the folk were 'all kind o' smily round the lips and teary round the lashes.' To cheer us, mother asked Alice to sing; and the latter—trusting, true-hearted woman that she was and is—chose this hymn. There are some scenes, forever enshrined in memory, upon which we can not dwell in words.

"The second day after, I was again with my regiment. Weeks passed; the boys of our company were wont to say my rollicking light-heartedness helped to keep up their spirits wonderfully. I mention this because I have never been able to account for the depression that took possession of me one particular night in the spring. I was on picket duty. Our outposts bordered on a pine thicket, and the prospect was a lonely one. At such times I was accustomed to keep alert by stepping briskly; and, if the hours dragged, I thought up amusing stories to tell around the camp-fire, or composed in my mind cheery letters to the dear ones at home. Nathless, now I was beset by the blue devils. It was not the physical shrinking from the

horror of the coming battle, which has appalled even the bravest—for we did not foresee a near engagement. Moreover, I was usually more inclined to lose my head and dash forward recklessly than to be daunted by the smell of powder; and, further, in the mood I found myself, it would have been a relief to fight.

"The scene before me, however, was as tranquil as though the universe knew no such relentless spectre as war, and the white tents of our army were but the mists of the valley. The moon was on the wane, and the stately pines cast their shadow into the open space between me and the wood. Once or twice, as I paced back and forth, I heard a crackling and again a rustling noise among the underbrush; and raised my rifle, prepared to challenge, and fire if need be. But the sound was caused only by the flitting of an owl or the rovings of a raccoon or opossum.

"Without the least reason for apprehension, somehow I could not shake off my dejection. The feeling grew upon me that I should never come out of the war; in fact, an eerie presentiment crept over me that death was very near. My watchfulness became more keen; still, there was nothing to reward my vigilance. Like the pictures of the biographer, my life passed before my mental vision, as is said to be the case in a man's last hour. It was not a vicious life, thank God! Yet in many instances I wished I had acted differently. And there, in the solitude, I prayed the Almighty to forgive my callous forgetfulness of His mercies. I thought of mother; of Alice, who had promised to be my wife. Again I heard her sweet voice singing to me a message of courage and trust, in the words of the simple hymn I had learned as a lad in the Catholic Sunday-school of my native town, where I first saw her, a little child, robed all in white. Half unconsciously I began to sing the words:

Jesus, Lover of my soul!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and strengthen me!

"There was that strange sound again. I peered into the shadow—nothing. It made the solitude less dreary to hear my own voice, and I sang on to the end. Scarcely had the last tones of the plaintive melody died away upon the soft breeze when, most singularly, the disquiet which had troubled my spirit passed away. I raised my head with renewed fortitude and a peculiar sense of deliverance. I have known a similar emotion twice while in action: once when a shell exploded with terrible effect not far from me; and again when a comrade was shot dead at my side.

"Well, Colonel, it is a story without a point, you may think; yet I have never forgotten that night. Was my depression a prescience of the conflict which occurred unexpectedly a few days later? It seems far-fetched to say so, especially as I came through the fight unharmed; but how explain the circumstance otherwise?"

Striking a match to relight his cigar, which had gone out during his recital, Moore glanced at the Southerner, who met his stern gaze, but seemed, abstractedly, to look through and beyond him. It nettles a man to discover that he has been discoursing to deaf ears, particularly when he is beguiled by the magic of old memories into a momentary revelation of his deeper nature.

"I have wearied you," concluded Moore, in a tone of cold apology.

His change of manner recalled his companion, who answered, although still somewhat absently:

"No, no! I can well understand that singing thus to yourself was a solace in your lonely vigil. I was thinking of the association which the beautiful hymn has for me also."

The other shifted his pose with ill-concealed impatience.

"Why do old soldiers bore one another with their retrospective anecdotes?" he asked himself. But, since his neighbor had affected an interest in his narrative, he must exercise a like forbearance.

"It was a tranquil night in April," began the ex-Confederate. "The Federal army was supposed to be encamped not far from us: we did not know the exact locality. A young lieutenant, eager to distinguish myself, I was sent out with a party of scouts to reconnoitre. It was not long before we came upon the Northern outposts. Screened by the younger growth of a dense grove, we could see a sentry pacing to and fro in the moonlight—"

The listener started; his assumption of courteous attention gave place to an expression of puzzled and incredulous interrogation.

"Promptly my men focussed their rifles upon the fellow, awaiting my word to fire," continued Genelette, apparently unobservant. "Nevertheless, instead of giving the order, as a second before I had intended, I deterred them by a gesture. Believing himself utterly alone, the man was singing—"

A low ejaculation of amazement escaped from his auditor, but the speaker took no notice.

"The men watched me in sullen discontent; but presently they, too, were heeding with bated breath. The sentry did not give out his voice in its full strength, but it was an exceedingly rich and clear baritone; and soon I comprehended that he had chosen a hymn to mitigate his loneliness. Now he was at the position nearest to us. Again my men mutely questioned me. I had but to nod my head and there would be a foeman dead at his post, and no one to tell how it had come to pass. At this moment my ear caught the words which the soldier sang with honest earnestness:

All my trust in Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

*Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.*

The men had heard it too; and now their glance, hitherto entreating, was irresolute.

"Whom the wings of Providence protects, to him shall no harm come," I whispered hoarsely. "Lower your rifles, boys; we have achieved our object and located the enemy's forces; now we will go back."

"My God!" came from the lips of Moore in a tense tone; while from the second cabin sounded the boom—boom of a drum; and the Salvation Army lassies, beating their tambourines, broke into a martial chant.

The Will-o'-Wisp of Heresy.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

SECLAR magazines find religious topics interesting, and more than one of them is giving to its readers special articles on various of the Protestant sects. THE AVE MARIA noticed some time ago an article on the Campbellites in *Leslie's Magazine*. *Godey's Magazine* has also taken up the subject, and its August number gives, from the pen of Mr. Charles Sherman Haight, an essay on the Shakers, to whom marriage is forbidden. The article opens solemnly with a quotation from St. Luke: "And Jesus, answering, said unto them, the children of this world marry, and are given in marriage; but they which shall be counted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead neither marry nor are given in marriage." And Mr. Haight adds: "The words of Christ would not seem fitting when the two whom God hath joined together appear before a smiling and congratulating world."

The perusal of this paper recalls to mind the statement of the Rev. Dr. Ambrose Monahan in his "Triumph of the Church"—that there is no article of Catholic faith or practice which is not admitted by one or the other of the sects of Christendom, and yet there is none which is not denied by the sects when considered as united. It is also true that sometimes a new sect selects a single feature of Catholic faith or practice and founds upon it the whole of its life. This has been done in the case of the Shakers.

Mr. Haight, in defining the Shaker methods, observes: "They do not say that those who live a married life are beyond redemption. But they do say that there is a holier state: the one of singleness and purity for which they strive." However this may be now, the Shakers at one time held a much more rigid doctrine in regard to marriage, following the Manicheans in declaring the married life to be really sinful. Prone to be carried off with one idea, the sects never realize the many-sided—nay, the all-sided life of the Church, sphering all things into completeness.

The Holy Father is said not long since to have condemned a French book for the single slip of the pen in which matrimony was spoken of as a snare. "Has the Church, then, six sacraments and a snare?" asked the Pontiff. Cardinal Newman, in noble English, repeats from St. Gregory Nazianzen's verses, in the antique tongue of the fourth century, two ideals of the Church. First:

Shone the glorious Celibate at length,
 Robed in the dazzling lightnings of its strength;
 Surpassing gifts of earth and marriage vow
 As soul the body, heaven this world below.

And then, with equal splendor of diction, second:

You shall hear the gifts of price that lie
 Gathered and bound within the marriage tie.
 What raised the town? What gave the type and germ
 Of social union and of sceptre firm?
 What the first husbandman the glebe to plow
 And rear the garden, but the marriage vow?

Some sects clip a single bud from the wide garden of the Church, and nurse and trim the tender flower until it reproduces itself in such a wonderful way that they see in that development a miraculous growth and make a cult of it, mistaking the natural for the supernatural. A single truth disconnected from its relations, while still remaining true, becomes by its false connection totally inefficacious and oftentimes practically false; as the light which makes the photograph at one angle, blurs, mars and destroys it at another.

The Shakers came out of France into England about the year 1706, "shaking at the wrath of God." In England, about 1756, Ann Lee, the daughter of an iron-worker of Birmingham, and niece of General Charles Lee, obtained control of the sect. She had lost her husband and children; and, finding that her marriage had been a failure, inspired herself to declare that marriage was sin, and so taught the Shakers whom she brought to America about 1774. For several years, while General Charles Lee, the disowned General of the Revolution, Washington's enemy, lived with his dogs for company near Charlestown, Virginia, a hundred miles away, at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, his niece, Ann Lee, grew to be the prophetess of the Shaker community.

Truth, used to float error, becomes itself waterlogged, and sinks undiscerned into the depths of fallacy. Yet while it lives it attracts; and to the modicum of truth which Ann Lee held when she saw the supernatural value of "a vocation to religion," her system has been able to maintain for a century and half a place in the hearts of an honest, industrious, sincere, God-fearing, but misguided people.

In fighting with a sweep you are blackened whether you win or lose.

—A. K. H. Boyd.

Biographies to be Popularized.

IT is a truism that one of the greatest dangers to faith and morals in this age of universal reading lies in the indiscriminate perusal of papers, magazines, and books. While it need not be claimed that the overwhelming bulk of the reading done by the ordinary citizen is positively bad, it is scarcely controvertible that most of it is, at least, indirectly injurious to ethical culture and the development of the spiritual inner life. Fiction is the intellectual diet of three-fourths of the reading world; and it is no exaggeration to say that not one novel in twenty exercises a beneficial influence on those who breathe its atmosphere of sensationalism, distorted morality, and erotic extravagance.

That of late years Catholic novelists have begun to furnish an antidote to the poison of pernicious sensational fiction is a blessing to be appreciated; and it is assuredly a good work for both Church and State to encourage the production of sane and clean stories, capable of replacing in the affections of young and old volumes that delight the imagination at the cost of sullyng the mind and unhealthily impressing the heart. But Catholic novels as yet are comparatively few, as are also the perfectly unobjectionable novels of non-Catholic authors; and were they tenfold as numerous as they are, it must be confessed that appetites that have been vitiated by the highly-seasoned pages of the typical nineteenth-century story can hardly be brought to savor the less spicy nutriment of novels that are really good.

It were superfluous to add that to the ordinary novel-reader a spiritual book makes no appeal whatever. To peruse a page or two of such a volume as "The Spiritual Combat" or "The Following of Christ" is to him a veritable task,—is

mental drudgery of the most irksome kind. Inveterate novel-reading, in a word, is an intellectual disease that grows by indulgence as inevitably as does the opium or the whiskey habit, and that eventually paralyzes the mental forces as thoroughly as do these habits the physical system. To cure the disease when once it has made considerable progress is a task of no little difficulty; to prevent its inception in the case of the young ought to be a very much easier undertaking.

It is probably no exaggeration to affirm that in this country the average Catholic parent is habitually guilty of culpable negligence in the matter of supervising the reading of his children. To allow them free access to the countless volumes of the cheap libraries, the illustrated yellow journals, and the would-be esthetic magazines, with a fondness for reproducing not the nude but the *naked* in art, is very certainly to be wanting in a serious obligation of Christian fatherhood. Indiscriminate devouring of "all the books he can lay his hands on" may be thought by some foolish parents to be an excellent sign of the future scholarship and culture of their precocious son; but it is tolerably safe to assert that the boy is in the meanwhile sowing seeds of unwisdom that will bear baleful fruit.

The direction of his children's taste for reading is a responsibility of which no Christian parent can well divest himself; and to neglect such direction is to expose the children to graver and more numerous dangers than the parent probably suspects the existence of. Now, one thing that all Catholic fathers and mothers may very well do is to interest their youthful sons and daughters in one species of biography that can not but be entertaining and profitable not only to their little ones, but to themselves also—the *Lives of the Saints*. The young, it need not be said, are born hero-worshippers, and the

world has seen no greater heroes or truer heroines than the canonized saints whom the Church has placed on her altars.

It is to some extent true, no doubt, that a more readable edition of these lives than any that as yet we have in English is desirable; but it is also true that no absence of literary art and no dry-as-dust manner of detailing incidents can rob these biographies of a genuine interest, that captivates the attention of all readers whose taste has not become depraved by feeding on the innutritious stimulants of purely imaginative and overwrought fictitious narrative. No healthy-minded boy, glowing with a love of the adventurous, and passionately fond of the heroic in word and deed, will fail to appreciate the story of the Fathers of the Desert, the early Christian martyrs, or the hundreds of saints of modern times. No young girl whose heart has not been sullied by erotic fiction can fail to be captivated by the story of such heroines of Christianity as St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, and a thousand others.

Let us have, by all means, a more popular series of *Lives of the Saints*; but in the meantime let us popularize the reading among Catholic young folk (and old folk) of the many readable *Lives* we already possess.

WE feel Christ speaking to us through our consciences and hearts; and we fancy He is assuring us we are His true servants, when He is but calling us to receive Him. Let us not be content with saying, "Lord, Lord," without 'doing the things which He says.' The husbandman's son who said, "I go, sir," yet went not to the vineyard, gained nothing by his fair words. One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge.—*Newman*.

The Legend of the Cross.

ADAM, being sick, sent his son Seth to the gate of Paradise for the oil of mercy, to heal him. But the Archangel Michael appeared to Seth and said it might not be; and gave him a branch of the tree whereof his father had eaten, telling him to plant it on Mount Lebanon, declaring that only when it bore fruit could the sufferer be admitted within the golden gate.

Seth returned; and, finding his father dead, he buried him and planted that branch on his grave. And the branch took root and became a mighty tree, and flourished till the days of Solomon. And Solomon, admiring the beauty of the tree, commanded that it should be cut down and used in building the house of the forest of Lebanon. But no fit place could be found for it; wherefore the builders threw it into a marsh, that it might serve as a bridge for those who passed over.

But when the Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and was about to cross the marsh, she saw in spirit the Saviour of the world suspended on that same tree; and so would not walk over it, but forthwith venerated it. Some indeed say that the Queen saw the tree in the house of the forest, and informed King Solomon that the Man was to be suspended on it through whose death the kingdom of the Jews was to be blotted out. Solomon, therefore, had the tree buried in the deepest bowels of the earth. And in aftertimes the Pool of Bethesda was there made; wherefore not only from the descent of the angel, but also from the virtue of the said tree, were the waters troubled and the infirm healed. And when the time of the Passion drew near, the tree rose up and floated to the surface. And the Jews took it and made of it a cross for Our Lord. And after the Crucifixion the tree lay buried three hundred years.

Notes and Remarks.

It is not likely, we think, that anything will come of the Czar's proposal to all governments represented at his court to hold a peace conference. The meeting may come off, and the delegates may all express approval of the theory of disarmament; but on returning home they will probably be as much in favor of war as ever. Meantime the different governments will continue to build warships, and try to make them bigger and better than Uncle Sam's. Considering its source, the proposal to unite the whole civilized world into a peaceful family is somewhat extraordinary. The Russian Bear has been rather ferocious heretofore, and it is natural that the announcement of its intention to be lamb-like henceforth should be received with some suspicion.

Every thinking man must foresee the calamities that threaten the world from growing armaments, and realize that war, besides being a crushing burden, is subversive of true progress; but Christian civilization is not yet far enough advanced to justify the hope expressed by the Czar that the time has come when wars can easily be rendered impossible. There must be further advancement along other lines before the blessings of peace can be understood or valued.

It ought not to surprise any one that instances of savagery should be cited in accounts of battles during the Spanish war. There were vicious men, no doubt, among the soldiers of both armies, and neither country is to be held responsible for individual acts of inhumanity. However, as the Spaniards have taken care to disprove the charges of barbarity made against them, our government should feel obliged in honor to order immediate and thorough investigation of certain reports put in circulation by the *Telegraph* of St. John, N. B., and the *Boston Herald*. The former states that a Spanish boy about seventeen years of age, wounded and helpless, was bayoneted by "a big brute of a soldier" at Santiago, while another of our men was giving him a drink. A cor-

respondent of the *Herald* ascribes extreme inhumanity to the colored troops of the Eighth and Ninth Regular Cavalry and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Regular Infantry. "These soldiers, it seems, would take no prisoners; and the story goes that occasionally, while burying the Spanish dead, a live specimen would be tossed into the trench, to make matters more interesting"! Let us hope that these horrible charges may be entirely disproved. Let them be investigated without delay. The honor of the nation is involved.

The convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union lately held in Boston, though not attended by as many leaders in the movement as it was hoped would be present, was in other respects a most satisfactory reunion. There was much enthusiasm over the steady growth of women's societies; and the election of Bishop Tierney as president of the Union caused great rejoicing. With so experienced and energetic a leader, the organization can not fail to become still more powerful and widely extended. Its beneficial influence has already been felt, and we hope that before the next convention is held the sympathies of thousands of new supporters will be secured for a movement which all must regard as one of the most important of the age.

An injustice was done to the late Archbishop of Canterbury in attributing to him a letter quoted in our last number. Only the first few lines were by his Grace, the rest being from the pen of a co-religionist in New York and published in the *Times* of that city under the heading "To the American Bishops." No doubt the writer expressed the sentiments of the Archbishop; however, that high dignitary would hardly have ventured to employ American slang even in an open letter to American bishops.

It is never an exhilarating experience to find writers or speakers declaiming against "science," as though, despite their own loud protestations, there were some mysterious enmity between natural and revealed

truth. These theological Don Quixotes have seemingly still to learn that there is a difference between the certain conclusions of science and the conclusions of certain scientists. The Rev. Dr. O'Reardon must have had these people in mind when he said in a late lecture:

There is a wide distinction to be drawn between the teaching of science and the opinions of scientists. These are two things incautiously confounded by many to their destruction. The teaching of science is, of course, always true; if it were not so it would not be science. But the teaching of scientists is quite another thing. They may be honest in their endeavors to investigate nature; nevertheless, the result of their inquiry may be, and often has been, to mistake error for truth. Moreover, there are, and there have always been, persons, wise in their own conceit, who, the moment a theory blossoms in their brains, label it "science" straight away, and send it forth into the world as the latest addition to the stock of human knowledge; and whoever has the independence to refuse to accept it, or to suggest that the proofs they give fail to make their conclusions certain, is at once set down as an obscurantist standing in the way of human progress. There are those who would have the world believe that mother Nature has given them a monopoly of scientific insight, as governments sometimes give merchants a monopoly for the sale of salt and tobacco. The conclusions of science, I repeat, are always of a certainty true. Theories which scientists have asked the world to accept as the teaching of science have often turned out to be worthless and false.

We suggest that the words *sciolist* and *sciolism* be employed where *scientist* and *science* are now so wrongly used. It is sciolism, not science, which antagonizes revealed truth.

The *Catholic Mirror* gives an interesting account of the rôle played by Catholic Sisters as nurses in the recent war,—a rôle which, by the way, they are still exercising in the various military hospitals of the country. President McKinley, says our Baltimore contemporary, was himself nursed, during the Civil War, by the Sisters of Charity; and his appreciation of their services manifested itself some months ago in his calling upon Mother Superior Marietta, of Emmitsburg, Md., for one hundred of her Sisters to proffer to the sick and wounded of to-day those ministrations which he had found so grateful and beneficent away back in the

Sixties. Mother Marietta at once furnished the desired number of nurses; and so speedily did they prove their efficiency that the President requested that another hundred be assigned to hospital work. This second request was also complied with, so that the Sisters of Charity are very fully represented in the ranks of the war-nurses of 1898. Volunteers from the Sisters of Mercy are also engaged in caring for the sick and disabled soldiers at Chickamauga; and if dozens of other communities are not represented in the same charitable work, it is simply because their services have not been sought. It is scarcely necessary to emphasize this point; for even the most crassly ignorant person among immature sectarians can not but know that, wherever humanity pleads for tender aid, the Catholic Sister will be found at hand to answer the call with promptitude and heavenly charity.

The extent to which the public is duped by the newspapers had a fresh illustration last week. That long letter, published in all the papers, over the signature of Admiral Cervera, expressing his gratitude to the American people for the kind treatment of which he and his fellow-prisoners have been the recipients, turns out to have been a deception. No such letter was written by the distinguished Spaniard. He repudiates it.

At the close of a book review which, we doubt not, would prove very interesting reading to a number of American readers, a French cleric thus delivers himself in the *Etudes* of Paris: "More than ever, in fine, we have reason to remain attached to the old faith and to old-time charity—Catholics without an epithet, and French without the slightest desire of becoming Americanized."

Timely as well as weighty and of general application are the admonitions of Pope Leo XIII. on the subject of education addressed to the bishops of Scotland:

It is of vital importance to defend most strenuously, to establish more firmly, and to surround with every safeguard, the Catholic education of youth.... Every effort must be put forth and every

sacrifice must be made so that Catholic schools may be second to none in point of efficiency. We must not allow our youth to be inferior to others in literary attainments or in learning, which the Christian faith demands as its accompaniments with a view to its defence and its adornment. The love of religion and country requires that whatever institutions Catholics already possess for the purposes of primary, intermediate, or higher education, should, by the due and proportionate co-operation of all, be consolidated and extended.

It ought to be plain to everyone by this time that the Holy Father is strongly in favor of the establishment, maintenance and perfection of Catholic schools. Compromises and low standards are equally discountenanced.

The Australian papers have a good story to tell about the late Archbishop Reynolds, of the diocese of Adelaide. His Grace was a man of marked likes and dislikes; and so not liking tobacco, he disliked it very much. Woe to the smoker who ventured to indulge in the fragrant weed within the domain of the cathedral. The Archbishop had warned his own workman against offences on this score, but one day John was caught in the act. It was not a pipe of peace, though the culprit was disposed to avoid unpleasantness. "Did I not tell you never to let me see you smoking on those premises?" said the offended prelate. "Sure so ye did, yer Reverince; but it rests wid yer Reverince whether ye see me or not. Sure ye can shmell the shmoke; but if Oi had seen ye, yez wouldn't have seen me at all." It was a keen suggestion that the offence be overlooked. From our own knowledge of the good Archbishop, we can say that no one could appreciate the situation more thoroughly than he did.

The large place that religion holds in the mind of the Irish people has not been understood by many whose sense of justice has influenced them to espouse the cause of that "most distressful country." It must have been a sympathetic friend of Erin, one with intimate knowledge of her past and her present history, that penned the following lines in a recent number of the *Athenæum*. Those who indulge the loyal but melancholy

pleasure of collecting tributes to Erin from strange sources can not afford to overlook this paragraph:

No wrong done to Ireland is more depressing than the injury inflicted on her by Fate, which has singled her out as the land of the Almost and the Might-have-been. Every cup held to the lip of Erin, save only the bitter draught of famine, has been dashed away ere she had time to drink. Again, again, and again she has almost rebelled almost prospered, almost had justice done her. If this, that, and the other event which was within an ace of taking place had taken place, if this bill had passed, and that patriot lived a year longer, something definite and great might have befallen her. But Ireland has, so to speak, no line of Saturn in her hand. Her fireworks do not go off; her idols break at the ankle; her events are a network of small failures and squalid miseries; and the historian who can interest his readers in them must be enough of a poet to understand the one great, perennial beauty that flowers in this poor soil—the living faith which is still the heart of Ireland, and lifts the mass of her children above the dreary prose of their surroundings. To the Irish the things of the spirit are as real as the things of the flesh. Thoughts, ideas, words, sentiments, beliefs, are as important as potatoes and acts of Parliament; and the histories which pay no heed to such things, which ignore the vast place that religion holds in the mind of the Irish, do not go down to the roots.

The faith of Ireland is her crowning glory. It still has power to uplift and ennoble her children. Adversity has never prevailed over it.

This latest and happiest application of a story too good ever to grow time-worn we find in *The New World*:

Christian Science, so-called, recently reminded a clever lecturer of the definition applied to a crab by a certain coterie of Frenchmen. It was a fish, they said, of red color, which walked backward. But when an old scientist was called in he remarked that this definition was a good one, but needed a little modification. For, in the first place, a crab was not a fish; in the second place, the color was not red; and, in the third place, it did not walk backward. And so the term Christian Science, as applied to the "ism" of that name, needs modification. It is not Christian and it is not a science.

One of the most refreshing experiences accorded to the Catholic reader of non-Catholic papers is the increasing frequency of sane criticisms of the Church by Protestant writers. The old-time vulgar tirades with which the zealous among the sects

apparently deemed it essential to assail Catholicism are no longer considered good form, and sectarian orthodoxy is deemed quite compatible with rational appreciation of some at least among Catholic doctrines. The following case in point—"a Protestant writing to the Southend paper"—we quote from our excellent friend, the *Indo-European Correspondence*, of Calcutta:

I have not the slightest sympathy with those who are never so happy as when reviling the Church of Rome. To me that Church is a portal to the abodes of bliss for millions of souls; and in its presence I am constrained to be respectfully silent when and where I can not understand. In its place, the Church of Rome has my fullest sympathy and good-will; its teachers and followers, my profound regard. But where in the Church of England everything of and from Rome is to be found except authority, then I lose patience with what seems to me deception; all the more cruel because it probes the deepest depths of our nature. Can any Baptist reader imagine a man being allowed to stand in a forum of his church and inveigh against baptism? Or a Wesleyan tolerate the idea of one of his pulpits being utilized for the promulgation of the distinctive features of Unitarianism? Yet in the Church of England doctrines are held which the Articles declare to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." Can inconsistency be raised to a greater height?

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. E. J. Ross, whose happy death took place on the 13th ult., at S. Farmington, Wis.

Mr. Louis T. Gormley, of Fall River, Mass., who met death in the discharge of duty on the 23d ult.

Mr. Joseph T. Otis, who yielded his soul to God on the 31st of July, at Lytle, Ga.

Mr. James R. Elliott, of Detroit, Mich., who departed this life on the 31st ult.

Mr. Nathaniel H. Warner, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick C. Dailey, Woonsocket, R. I.; Mr. Martin Halloran, Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. Barbara Dosch, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Felix Kennedy, New York city; Mr. James Curran, Manchester, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Tighe, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Augustine J. Costello, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Hogan, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Annie Mahoney, Mrs. Ellen Kelley, Mrs. Mary McQuaid, Mr. Patrick Flood, Mr. George W. Brosnan, Mr. John D. Sweeney, Mr. John Keaney, Mr. Michael Sullivan, Mr. John F. Nolan, and Anne McKenna,—all of Worcester, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Marion's Year at Madame Viardot's.

BY LOUISE WELLS.

THERE was a furious ring at the bell. Then a door opened, a gruff voice shouted "Express!" and Anne, followed by a workman, came hurrying upstairs to Marion's room, where the last things were being hastily tucked into a brand-new little trunk.

"There!" said Mrs. Fleming, as the man lifted the trunk upon his shoulder. "Now, dear, it really seems as if you were going. Why, Marion, where are you?"

Marion was nowhere to be seen; so Mrs. Fleming, busying herself about the room, succeeded in getting order out of the chaos that seemed to reign supreme. But her mind was set on other things; for her only daughter was on the eve of departure—so long coveted, dreaded, then coveted again—for a year at Madame Viardot's select school for young ladies. What wonder if the warm tears dropped silently on the worn, outgrown and unfashionable young girl's clothes, that were unsuitable for a fashionable school, and yet so fraught with tender memories to the maternal heart!

Ere Mrs. Fleming had finished her task Marion entered the room, suspiciously red-eyed; though neither mother nor daughter pretended to notice the fact.

"Well, dear, now it seems as if you were going."

"O mamma, I can't realize it yet—and I don't want to!"

"And yet you could hardly wait for to-day to come," laughed her mother, encouragingly.

"I know. But when I thought of boarding-school, I didn't think of saying good-bye to you, mamma darling, and to papa and Ned; and, then, there's Rex. Why, there he is coming up the road with his letter-basket!"

And Marion ran to the window to watch the large Newfoundland trotting steadily, solemnly, along the road, through the gate and up to the house. She ran to the stairs as Rex came lumbering up to the top and deposited his basket at his young mistress' feet.

"Only a letter for you, mamma; and with an X—— postmark. I do believe it's from Madame Viardot herself. Do hurry up and open it!"

Mrs. Fleming broke the seal and read aloud these words:

"MY DEAR MRS. FLEMING:—As I have another pupil coming to me the same day as your daughter, I thought it would be pleasant for the two young ladies if they could become acquainted and travel to X—— together; especially as Miss Sibyl Browne—the young lady in question—is one of my old pupils, and knows the way from the station to the institute. She is fifteen, about medium height; has brown eyes, short curly hair, and usually wears brown. However, she will keep on the lookout for Miss Fleming, as she knows she will board the train at Massaquot."

"Well, I am thankful!" said Mrs. Fleming, giving a sigh of relief as she folded the letter. "I did dread to have

you go to X—— all alone, and now you will have a companion."

"Oh, I hope she's nice! 'Brown eyes, short curly hair.' I do hope she is pretty; but, somehow, I never did like short-haired people."

"Never mind that now, my dear. The train goes at twelve o'clock; here it is nearly eleven, and you must dress and have a little lunch. I will take Rex downstairs with me. I do believe the poor dog knows you are going away; he has done nothing but watch every movement of yours since he came into the room. Come, Rex! Now hurry, dear."

Rex reluctantly followed Mrs. Fleming out of the room; and Marion, hurriedly arranging her heavy braid of golden hair, put on a neat little blue travelling gown, while a spot of unusual red burned in each cheek.

Five minutes before the express came in sight, she stood in the centre of a small group of her family and friends while Rex made repeated efforts to get to his mistress' side. To the young girl about to start out on her first journey it was an event of great interest, and she would gladly have prolonged the parting. Too soon sped were the minutes which brought the final parting words.

"Mamma first," said Marion, throwing her arms around Mrs. Fleming's neck, as the train whistle was heard in the distance.

"Now, dear," observed her mother between the kisses, "be a good girl and don't get homesick."

"And I say," put in little Ned, "don't forget a fellow, will you—or the skates you promised me? Here's the size," thrusting a dirty slip of brown paper into Marion's daintily gloved hand.

"Well, little daughter, don't forget the old farm and the dear ones at home," said Mr. Fleming.

"Good-bye all!" cried Marion, as the conductor shouted, "All aboard!"

Inside the car she looked in vain for her fellow-passenger, and had concluded that the curly-haired Miss Sibyl was not on the train, when the door opened and a saucy, brown-eyed girl looked directly into her eyes.

"You're Marion Fleming, I suppose?"

"Yes; and you are Sibyl Browne?"

"Not hard to remember, is it?"

They both laughed, and Sibyl took the vacant seat next Marion.

"I didn't think you were a bit as you are," said Sibyl at last, settling herself for a good talk.

"Nor I, you," replied Marion.

"That's funny," said Sibyl,—“both to be wrong. I thought you had a pug-nose, straight, light hair, combed right back, and freckles; and I do hate freckles—I suppose because I have them myself.” And she gazed out of the car window.

"Do you like Madame Viardot?" asked Marion.

"The old cat!" exclaimed Sibyl.

Marion sat bolt-upright and looked with wonder upon her companion.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing!" replied Marion. "Only it seemed—well, funny, you know, to hear Madame Viardot called 'an old cat.'"

Sibyl laughed.

"Well, that's what we call her. And it's because she always walks so softly, and always finds out when anything is going on. But, after all, she's really a nice old thing, and much better than 'old Madame,' as we call her. Old Madame takes care of the housekeeping, and is cross as she can be. She nearly starves us, especially mackerel Fridays—fish, fish, fish! It must be cheap; that's the only way I can account for it. But let's talk about yourself: we will get enough of both Madames later on."

And from this rather dampening prospect, Marion was led into telling this voluble, fly-away young Sibyl Browne of her home at Massaquot. It was far

from being the "farm" Mr. Fleming had called it. Situated on the principal street of the large college town, the Fleming house was a homelike, comfortable place; perhaps made more sombre than it really was by the new Queen Anne houses that sprung into existence from time to time. But Marion, and little Ned too, loved it far better than any other house in Massachuset. Then there was the large yard, which was a never-ceasing delight to the children. And Marion told how, when she was "a little bit of a girl," she had wanted to go to boarding-school. She had so many beautiful clothes then, and her mother said she should go some day. Then she remembered after a time she didn't have any more pretty gowns, and her mother taught her at home. And one morning her mother said:

"Marion, little daughter, you shall go away to school in another year. You and I will earn the money ourselves. It is this, my dear. Bit by bit, your father has been forced to sell off the land; so what is left is only the yard, as you children call it. Now, you, Ned and I will make the most of what is left, and raise chickens and grow flowers."

Into a little conservatory, therefore, was turned a small room on the ground-floor of the barn; the other rooms—for the carriages had long since been sold—were used for the raising of poultry. It was indeed a very hard struggle, and many, many tears were shed; but still hope was strong in all three busy workers, and by the following July enough money was raised to pay Marion's tuition for a year at Madame Viardot's.

All this was told so simply, unconsciously and sweetly by Marion—at one time her eyes brimming over with tears as she thought of some particularly hard experience; at another, shaking with girlish laughter at some funny happening or unexpected success—that Sibyl looked at her with admiration.

"Oh, you dear thing!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms about Marion's neck. "And do you mean to say that you have never been at school?"

"No; only to a kindergarten when I was very small."

"Goodness!" shouted Sibyl, "if there isn't X— now! Look quick!—that red brick building there is the school. See?"

Arrived at the station, Sibyl took full charge of Marion; and, after attending to the trunks, led the way to Madame Viardot's select academy.

Too sleepy was Marion that first night to be homesick, much less to pay any attention to her new companions; and all too soon came the clang, clang, clang of the large school-bell summoning her to the seven o'clock breakfast, from which she was sure there was no appeal. She counted herself fortunate to find herself placed next Sibyl Browne at table and also in the study-hall; for Sibyl seemed to be a general favorite; and Marion, in consequence, was received warmly by all the girls.

"Oh, have you heard?" cried one dark-eyed girl to a small group, in the centre of which stood Sibyl and Marion.

"What?" asked two or three at once.

"Why, Madame Viardot is going to give two prizes next June for—"

"Pooh! who cares for next June!" exclaimed Sibyl in disgust. "Now, if she'd give them at Christmas—"

Just then the bell rang for study; and soon afterward, all being seated, Madame Viardot rapped upon her desk for silence.

"Young ladies," she said, smiling upon the bright, young faces upturned to hers, "I am more pleased than I can tell to see so many of you here in your places upon the first day of the school year, and equally glad to see some new faces among us. The other teachers and myself have decided upon a new plan for the ensuing year, which we hope will be met with favor by all. One of the

patrons of the school has died, and he bequeathed five hundred dollars to be made use of to the best advantage of the pupils. Now, we have decided to give three hundred dollars as a prize to the student standing best in her studies for the year, and two hundred dollars to the one most excellent in deportment. We will now sing the seventeenth hymn."

Before the first bars of the hymn were played, however, and contrary to all rules and regulations, the girls indulged in such a round of applause as had never before been heard at Madame Viardot's.

And so began Marion's first day at boarding-school. Her companions, for the most part, were entertaining, bright girls; and with the continuous duties, together with regular hours for rest and recreation, she found but little time to be homesick or lonesome. To be sure, there were days when she longed to see the dear ones at home, especially during the holiday-season—for Mrs. Fleming had been forced to say that the journey was too expensive to be taken for so short a time; and, as the majority of the girls went home, Marion found much idle time upon her hands.

But toward the end of the vacation she had a little secret she was keeping all to herself. It was this: why should she not try for the three hundred dollar prize? She could not get the prize for deportment; for, although she was far from being one of the unruly girls at Madame Viardot's, she was rather mischievous, and several little things had occurred which put that out of the race. But the other? Yes, she would contest for it.

She knew that Sibyl Browne, in spite of her seeming carelessness and unconcern of books, was nevertheless the brightest girl in school, and that without doubt she could win the prize. However, she would try; it would fill up her time. And then—oh, best of all!—perhaps if she won, mamma and Ned could be repaid

for the loving sacrifice made for her. And so Marion studied and hoped. The holidays were at an end almost before she knew it. The girls came back to studies outwardly, but with minds set on the Easter vacation.

Marion greeted them warmly, and, to her surprise, did not envy the glowing accounts of the jolly times they had. How she hugged her secret to her heart! Well, she, too, was to have a jolly time, and she was willing to wait.

Soon the same daily routine at Madame Viardot's went on. Easter came and went, and Marion was almost sure of the prize. There was but one other girl who stood as high as she; it was her bosom-friend, Sibyl Browne.

One crisp, clear afternoon toward the end of May, Sibyl broke into Marion's room, exclaiming:

"O Marion, Madame Viardot says I may go down town to do some shopping! Isn't she an old dear? She says I may ask any girl I want to go with me; and, of course, whom should I want but you, Miss Studious?"

"I'd love to go," said Marion, looking up from her writing; "but, Sibyl, I must finish this essay."

"Oh, bother the old essay!" exclaimed Sibyl. "I declare, Marion, you are growing too stupid for anything: you do nothing but study all the time. If you were trying for the prize, now—"

"I am," broke out Marion, impetuously. "There! I didn't mean to tell; but, Sibyl, I hate to have you get mad at me, and you know I'm just dying to go down town and get a box of Huyler's. But if I finish this essay, and it's good, I may get the prize, only"—doubtfully—"I should hate to keep it from you."

"You silly thing!" cried Sibyl, sitting on the bed, which was, of course, against the rules of the school. "Why, it's an equal contest, Marion; but I didn't dream you were trying for it."

"Sibyl," said Marion, reluctantly, "I had hoped to keep it a secret even from you. Do you remember what I told you on the train the day I met you?"

"What?—you told me so many things."

"Well, about the state of things at home—the money, the chickens and the flowers, and all that."

"Oh, yes!"

"Mamma and Ned," continued Marion, gazing out of the window, while her eyes filled with tears, "did so much for me; and I thought if I could only win the prize—"

"You old dear!" exclaimed Sibyl, fairly flying across the room and giving Marion an enthusiastic hug. "I know what you are going to say. Well, how much longer will you be?"

"Half an hour."

"Very well; I'll be back for you at four o'clock."

And Sibyl left the room. She went softly downstairs into the deserted school-room, and took from her desk the essay she had worked over, not in the hard, painstaking way Marion had done, for hers was a quicker mind; still she had counted on this production to gain for her the prize.

"Well, here goes!" And the essay was torn into pieces.

Half an hour later she tapped on Marion's door.

"If you don't come quick, Marion, I shall have to go without you."

Marion, with a radiant smile, appeared at the door. The essay was finished!

Three weeks later Marion Fleming was awarded the first prize at Madame Viardot's, and no one was more happy over it than Sibyl Browne. The two girls had planned to leave the school together, as Sibyl was to make a little visit at Marion's home.

The day after school closed, therefore, found them once more seated together on the X—express. In Marion's trunk

were the precious skates for Ned, to treasure until frost came, and other gifts dear to boys' hearts; a new collar for Rex, a locket with her picture in it for her father, and nearly three hundred dollars for her mother. In Sibyl's trunk, besides a few little gifts for those at home, was the manuscript of Marion Fleming's prize essay. It was precious to her, but only she knew why.

Leo's Adventures in the Country.

BY L. W. REILLY.

III.

When Leo announced that night to his chums of the neighborhood that he was going into the country, and told them where and with whom he was to sojourn, and set forth all the other details of the expedition, Herman, who is in the class ahead of Leo at college, said:

"You'll have fun with those hayseed fellows, Leo. They don't know nothing. Why, I've got a cousin in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, and he goes to school only during the winter, 'cause he's got to help with the crops. He has to walk four miles to the schoolhouse, which is a hut at a cross-road, with a farmer's daughter for a teacher; and six classes in one room, boys and girls. Even the teacher don't know nothing. Henry says she keeps them in fractions, even the biggest children, all the time; and he believes she don't know no more herself. When I write to him that I'm studying Latin, Greek, German, algebra, etc., he just thinks I'm a wonder. That's 'cause he knows so little; he can hardly read. And spell? You just ought to see his letters. He spells big words by sound, and often it's a puzzle to make out what he means."

"Country boys don't know anything, anyhow," chimed in Stephen; "except how to plant cabbages and things."

"And they dress so shabbily," added William, looking down at his own new trousers with undisguised satisfaction. "They buy such poor, mean clothes, to begin with; and they get so dirty."

"Oh, well!" protested Joseph, who is a fair-minded chap, "it wouldn't do to wear nice clothes at farm work: they'd get soiled too soon. As for country boys not knowing anything, I'm not so sure of that as Herman and Steve are. Frank Kyne is a country boy. He comes in from 'way back on the train every morning, and only last month he swept the best prizes in his class; didn't he, Steve?"

This thrust caused a laugh at Steve's expense.

"Yes, he did; but he attends a city school. I mean boys that are brought up in the country."

"You're right, too," assented Herman. "Those bumpkins don't know a thing. Why, I'll bet that Leo can give those Howard County chumps points, and still beat 'em at—at everything."

Leo already felt like a conquering hero, and stiffened himself to do justice to his position.

"Well, Leo," said Will, holding out his hand, "I must be off. Good-bye! I hope you'll have a nice time."

"Thank you, Will. Good-bye!"

"We'll have to skip, too: it's getting late," said Herman. "Good-night, Leo!"

"Good-night, Herman!"

"Good-night, Leo!" echoed Stephen, taking Herman's arm.

"Good-night, Steve!"

"Don't fail to show those clodhoppers a thing or two," called back Herman.

"All right," laughed Leo, as he turned toward home, accompanied by Joseph.

All the way to the house Leo kept thinking of what Herman had said, that "country boys don't know nothing"; and he was persuaded that they would be awed by his superior wisdom. He liked the vain idea. The expectation of posing

as a walking encyclopedia of general information before a group of simpletons tickled his egotism. He could hardly wait in patience for Monday to come, so that he might begin to enjoy the pleasure of acting so rare a part. But for the poison injected into his imagination by Herman's remarks, he never would have thought of putting on any airs, or of placing himself in an attitude to patronize the country boys. He knew that he knew little; but if they knew less, why, then he could exult in his superiority and accept their homage as his due.

IV.

On Monday morning, August 1, at 6.38 o'clock, Leo was confided by his father to the care of the conductor of the train going to Ellicott City and way stations, to be put off at Ilchester; and two minutes later the cars pulled out of Camden Station.

The way is rather dull from Baltimore to Relay, except for the little sheet of water at Mt. Winans, and the cut at Halethorpe where the Pennsylvania line ducks under the B. & O. But along the mill-stream called the Patapsco River, from Relay to Ilchester, the scenery is picturesque.

Leo amused himself gazing out of the window, noting the "I-made-you-look" of the car-wheels passing over the breaks in the rails, and counting the number of telegraph poles between stations. So absorbed was he in these diversions that before he thought he was half-way to his destination, the brakeman called out, "Ilchester! Ilchester!" and the conductor came to see him safely off.

As soon as the platform was reached the conductor said: "There he is!" He gave Leo a gentle shove toward Clement Bauer, who was coming toward them.

"Is that you, Leo?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, sir; are you Mr. Bauer?"

"That's me. Come along to the wagon."

They hurried across the platform and

over to the far side of the road, where a horse harnessed to a buggy was hitched to a post. After the horse was freed, boy and man got into the carriage, and proceeded at a lively gait toward the farm, two miles away.

Now Leo could look about him and note the beauty of three converging hills, the mimic rapids of the shallow river, the graceful railroad bridge, the clustering houses of the ancient settlement, the unfinished power-house of the projected electric railway, the little church perched half-way up an eminence; and, towering above it, the celebrated House of Studies of the Redemptorist Fathers. To the lad who had been born and brought up in town, amid bricks and stone, the different views were a very kaleidoscope of rural loveliness; and the open, the green hills, the woods, the cool, sweet air, and the birds chirping in the trees, were an entrancing delight.

"This is a mighty nice place," he remarked.

"It's too hilly and rocky for my use," was the prosaic reply.

Mr. Bauer's idea that Ilchester is a poor place to plow prevented any display of enthusiasm over it by Leo; and from that on he was content to talk about the city and the crops.

The Bauer house stands an eighth of a mile from the county road. It is on high ground and commands a wide prospect. It is a small, low building, a story and a half high, with a sloping roof that is extended over the porch in front and over the summer-kitchen behind. It has two doors at the entrance, side by side; one opens into the parlor, the other into the sitting-room. Back of these apartments are a bedroom and a dining-room. A kitchen was added after the house was built; and joined on to this is a summer-kitchen, in which is the pump. There are five immense chestnut-trees near the house,—three of them in front, and two

on the west side of it. The barn, which includes the stable and the wagon-shed, is five times the size of the house; and near it are a corn-crib, tool-house, milk-house, and other out-buildings.

As Leo was driven up to the door he noticed suddenly that the house was painted maroon, the barn was maroon, the out-buildings were maroon, the fence was maroon, the wagons and implements were maroon, the running-gear of the buggy was maroon; the horse was a roan, and a bunch of kine grazing in a pasture to the left were red, spotted with white. A reddish Irish setter came barking out of a crimson kennel. Red flowers—roses, geraniums, scarlet sage, petunias, dahlias, and gladioli—were planted in beds along the walk. Two flower-filled tubs, standing on low posts and painted a vivid red, stood guard at the gate. A maroon settee and two maroon wicker rocking-chairs invited to rest on the porch.

"You must like red," observed Leo, frankly.

Mr. Bauer smiled.

"That's my wife's favorite color," he replied. "It was to please her that we've made this 'The Red Farm,' as it is called everywhere around here."

When the buggy stopped before the house, the sitting-room door opened, and the whole family, followed by a yellowish-red cat named Lucky, came out to greet the guest. Leo was introduced without formality, and felt quite at home among the plain, warm-hearted Bauer folk; and especially when Mr. Bauer's wife—who is called "mamma," while his mother retains the title of "mother" in the household—said:

"Come in at once and have something to eat."

The lad had been up so early to catch the train, and had been so excited at the thought of travelling alone, that he had not eaten a half-dozen mouthfuls at home; and now his boyish appetite was so-

sharpened by the drive in the bracing country air that he felt as if he had eaten nothing for a week.

He was taken first to the summer-kitchen, where there was a sink, a tin basin, and a roller towel; and after he had washed his hands and face he was brought back to the dining-room, and was invited to sit down to an appetizing breakfast of crisp bacon, scrambled eggs, lyonnaise potatoes, home-made half-rye bread, fresh butter, tea, milk, and buttermilk. It was a feast. Before attacking it he made the Sign of the Cross and said a silent grace. He noticed that David, who was in the sitting-room, was watching him curiously. Then he set to work, regardless of everybody.

When he had satisfied the first pangs of hunger he began to take note of his surroundings. He was struck with one thing—the plainness, almost the poverty, of everything. There was a rude plenty and some care for comfort, but the furnishings were cheap and coarse. The chairs, for instance, were all wood; only an oil-cloth was on the table; and no pictures other than two unframed chromos, with gaudy colors (premiums received from the tea-seller), hung on the walls. The parlor, however, had some evidences of refinement, and in it was again displayed the taste for red. The wall was oddly papered. The ceiling was gay with a profusion of red and pink roses. This design came down a foot and a half on the walls, which were then covered with a solid terra-cotta paper. The floor was laid with yellow matting dotted with circles of red. Two large plaques, bound in ruby velvet, adorned the wall on either side of the mantel. A mahogany organ stood on the other side of the room. A walnut what-not was in one corner, and on it were some books, shells, pieces of petrified wood, arrow-heads, and photographs.

Leo was strangely pleased with this quaint little room, that was furnished

with striking originality, even if with a touch of barbaric brightness.

Mrs. Bauer stayed in the dining-room to wait on Leo, and she chatted with him while he ate. Her little Bertha, flax-haired and wan-faced, held on to her skirts. The older folk had gone to their daily toil. Bernard was "sicking" Sport, the dog, at the cat under the chestnut-trees. The twins were excused from their late morning chores in order to make the boarder's acquaintance and keep him from homesickness.

As soon as Leo finished his meal, Mamma Bauer called out:

"Here, Dave! show Leo his bed."

David came in, and, carrying Leo's valise, preceded him up the stairs. There were only two rooms above,—one for Mr. Bauer, his wife, and little Bertha; and one for the three boys. The old folk slept in the bedroom downstairs. The roof fell obliquely to the edge of the floor front and back. There was little furniture in the boys' room. It contained only three iron bedsteads, a mattress on the floor for Daniel—who was to give up his place to Leo,—a *chiffonier*, and one heavy rush-bottomed chair. A board about a yard long and three inches wide, stuck full of wire nails half hammered in, was fixed to a beam and did service for a wardrobe. There was no covering on the floor. A small rag rug lay in front of each bed. The boys made their ablutions downstairs at the pump.

In the room across the passage-way there was a corner curtained off with chintz drapery for little Bertha, in which there was a crib; then outside of it there were a large bed, a bureau, a clothes-press, a toilet stand, two chairs, and an extra looking-glass. An ingrain carpet completed the equipment.

"Oh, this is jolly!" exclaimed Leo, as David showed him his bed near one of the windows. "It's just like a room in a story-book. And, gracious! how far you

can see!" he added, poking his head out of a window.

"It's nice enough in the winter," said David, "when the heat comes up from the base-burner in the dining-room; but in summer it is rather hot at night until about ten o'clock."

Leo opened his valise and took out his everyday suit. Seeing this, David said:

"I'll wait for you downstairs. Hurry down, and we'll go round and see the farm and the orchards."

"All right!" answered Leo, and he jumped out of his Sunday clothes and into his everyday garments in a jiffy.

"I like this," he whispered. "Nice place, pleasant people, good grub, and two bright fellows of my own age."

(To be continued.)

The Harvest Festival.

It seems to be an impulse of man wherever on this broad earth he reaps a harvest to celebrate the event by giving thanks to Almighty God. The consequent festival has various names. In America we call it Thanksgiving; in England it is known as Harvest-Home; in Scotland, as the Kirn; in the North Country, as the Mell-Supper. Around this feast of ingathering there have grown a vast number of legends and many quaint and curious observances, those connected with Great Britain being most closely woven with its folk-lore.

It was formerly the custom in the south of England for the laborers to elect at harvest time one of their own number as their leader. They addressed him as "My lord," and showed him as much respect as if they were his vassals in reality. No one sat down in his presence uninvited; no one ate until he gave the signal. He made all the arrangements with the farmers concerning the harvesting; and, best of all, usually exercised a

strict censorship over the behavior of his men, fines for lies and oaths being imposed with strict impartiality.

The Harvest-Home itself was a notable occasion in the days before Puritanism had smothered the laughter in Merry England. The grain last cut was brought home in what was called the hock cart; the musicians, with pipe and tabor, going ahead, and the reapers gaily dancing at the side; while the village children, happy with an abundance of plum-cake, followed after, singing. The supper was served in the barn, the master and mistress presiding. Everybody who could sing was expected to lift up his voice; and at a certain hour the "lord" of the harvesters would enter and cry "Largess!" and then pass round a plate for the purpose of collecting a little money to defray the expenses of the celebration.

There were, during the season, special religious services of thanksgiving, in which all joined. The whole time was for weeks given up to cheerful gratitude: the simple peasants of the old days, before commercialism became tyrant, seeming to consider that the God of the harvest was better honored by happy hearts than by long faces.

THE famous Abbey of Benzon at Seckau, in Germany, is celebrated as containing a large number of inmates who were of high degree in the world. There are among them two princes, a brilliant ex-cavalry officer belonging to an illustrious house, a baron who was a major in the Saxon army, a baron who ran away from court to don the Benedictine garb, a learned count, and many others. The Abbey is situated in a thick, wild forest among the mountains, and its rules are most rigorous; but it has seemed to possess a peculiar charm for those distinguished for nobility or wealth who wish to enter the religious life.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The learned and timely article, "A City of Confusion," just completed in these pages, will soon be republished in pamphlet form. It is a pleasure to state that it has already attracted the attention of many prominent ministers, one of whom expressed admiration for the pat quotations from Anglican authors.

—The Catholic Art & Book Co. have published a new edition of their "Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary." It is well printed from large, clear type, and flexibly bound, as all books of the kind should be. This manual is divided into two parts of equal size, the second of which contains the usual Catholic devotions. It is a sodality manual and prayer-book combined.

—The Rev. B. M. Skulik, D. D., of Brighton, Iowa, is bringing out a series of manuals which we should think would be very useful to ecclesiastical students and others who feel the need of handy compendiums. The series includes: "Compendio dei Primi Quattro Trattati della Theologia Dogmatica," in three volumes; "Ars Liberalis seu Rhetorica Politico-Sacra ex Probationibus Auctoribus Compendiose Collecta"; and other booklets already noticed in this magazine. Dr. Skulik is the founder and director of the Society Sedes Sapientiae.

—The American Book Co. have sent us a number of new text-books to which we direct the attention of teachers. "Natural Elementary Geography," by J. W. Redway, is rather skilfully prepared for small children; "Applied Physiology," for primary and intermediate grades, by Frank Overton, M. D., are books of unusual excellence; Prof. Murray's "Elementary Course of Integral Calculus" is well suited to the needs of students beginning this branch of mathematics. All these books are brought out in the best style. Cuts and diagrams are numerous and nicely printed. Some other text-books afforded by the American Book Co. demand more extended notice.

—The Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C. P., has written and set to music a touching morning hymn—an offering of the day to

the Infant Jesus. It is arranged as a duet for soprano and alto, and will, no doubt, be much in demand for junior choirs and for children at their Mass before school.

—A volume of "Easy Language Lessons" has been prepared for Catholic schools by Benziger Bros. The usefulness of this little book to teachers in primary schools is apparent at a glance, as it not only offers well-graded exercises in sentence building, but is crammed full of grammatical hints, rules for punctuation, abbreviation, etc. Considerable ingenuity has been employed to make this school-book attractive to children.

—The clergy of Mexico as a general rule are men of solid learning and high culture, whatever may be said by their maligners. A correspondent of the *Southern Messenger*, writing from Guadalajara, says: "In my visits to clergymen of this city, as well as in Morelia, Mexico City, Puebla, and Leon, I was agreeably surprised to find libraries ranging from two to ten thousand volumes, treating on theology, civil and canon law, and science, besides works of general literature."

—It is a long distance from Notre Dame, Indiana, to Siena in Italy, but it seems shortened now that our publications are being reproduced in Italian in that city. Canon Luigi Cappelli has translated a number of English works; but few, we think, are more deserving of the honor, or will find a greater number of interested readers in Italy, than "Mariolatry, ossia Nuove Fasi d'un'Antica Fallacia." Father Ganss is to be congratulated upon the unusual success of his book; it is likely to be translated into other European languages.

—Once upon a time the appearance of a new almanac suggested the closing month of the year, and the volume was in season when the sleigh bells jingled and the Yule-log was burning. But the publishers have changed all that, and nowadays we have almanacs for 1899 appearing in the mid-summer days of 1898. Among those that have already reached us *St. Michael's*,

Almanac is noteworthy for the variety and general excellence of its contents. "Gratefully dedicated to God the Holy Ghost," and published for the benefit of the Catholic missions, it merits an extensive sale.

—One of the first objects of interest shown to the visitor in Kandy, Ceylon, is the bell-shaped vessel which covers "Buddha's tooth." As the tooth is about two inches square, it is plain that Buddha was rather large of build. His devout clients worship the molar with peculiar fervor, and costly offerings are made to it by all, from the King of Siam down to the lowest of his subjects. There is a superstition that whoever possesses this wonderful relic will hold the sovereignty of Ceylon, hence the career of the tooth has been full of vicissitudes. The present relic, however, is the third Buddha's tooth to command popular worship, the first being destroyed as a pagan fetich by the Portuguese, and the second being lost. The Codialbail press, of Mangalore, India, has just issued a pamphlet detailing the history of this curious object, which is a fair sample of Oriental imposture.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 75 cts.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., *net.*

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S. S. R.* \$1.60, *net.*

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net.*

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Stang.* \$1, *net.*
Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, *net.*

Orestes A Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Back to the Fold.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

NINETY and nine are asleep in the fold,
But one little lamb is abroad in the cold:
One little nursling, in pitiful plight,
Alone in the silence and gloom of the night.

Wandering about on the desolate plain,
Seeking its close-sheltered comrades in vain,
What will become of it, tossed by the storm,
The lamb that yestreen was so safe and so warm?

But see! A light glimmers—O joy, it comes near!

And a soft voice is calling—the shepherd is here.

He lifts it and cuddles it close to his breast:
The culprit forgiven, the wanderer at rest.

O thus, Blessed Saviour, whenever we stray,
From sin's darkling paths lead our footsteps away;

Thou dear, watchful Shepherd, whose love is untold,

O welcome us back to the peace of Thy fold!

—♦—♦—♦—

If all who believe had but been true to their trust, religion must in every age have shone abroad with a light that would long since have conquered the world to itself. It is an eye keener than ours that sees how far each man has used his wealth of faith rightly, or come by his poverty honestly.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

The First Martyr of the Blessed Sacrament.

WE read in the Roman Martyrology, under the date of August 15, these words:

"At Rome, on the Appian Way, St. Tharsicius, acolyte and martyr. Pagans having met him bearing the Sacrament of the Body of Jesus Christ, urged him to tell them what he was carrying; but the Saint, deeming it an unworthy thing to yield up pearls to swine, chose rather to suffer himself to be beaten to death with blows and stones than to make anything known to them. After his death these sacrilegious wretches made careful search of his corpse, but found no Host either in his hands or in his vestments. His body was borne away by the Christians and entombed with the greatest honor in the Cemetery of Callixtus."

The history of the martyrdom of this young protomartyr of the Blessed Sacrament, as based on the various authentic documents detailing the occurrence, is very charmingly told in the eloquent pages of "Fabiola." There it is recorded that, it being imperative to send to the blessed confessors of Christ, awaiting in the Mamertine Prison their combat with the wild beasts on the morrow, sufficient portions of the Bread of Life to feed them on the morning of their final battle,

the priest Dionysius, having prepared the sacred Bread, turned round from the altar whereon it was placed, to see who would be its safe bearer; the hostile passions of heathen Rome, excited by the coming slaughter of so many victims, rendering it exceedingly dangerous to perform this duty of charity. Ere others could advance, the young acolyte Tharsicius knelt at the feet of Dionysius, silently claiming the preference. His two hands were extended to receive the sacred deposit; and his countenance was as lovely, in its innocence and its purity, as that of an angel.

"Thou art too young, my child," urged the holy priest. But Tharsicius insisted so earnestly that his youth was his best protection, and so eagerly, modestly, and tearfully, besought the great honor, that Dionysius, irresistibly impelled, took the Sacred Species, wrapped up carefully in a linen cloth, then in an outer covering, and put them on his outstretched palms, saying: "Remember, Tharsicius, what a treasure is entrusted to thy feeble care. Avoid public places as thou goest along; and remember that holy things must not be delivered to dogs nor pearls be cast before swine. Thou wilt keep safely God's sacred gifts?"

"I will die rather than betray them," was the reply of the holy youth, as he folded the heavenly trust in the bosom of his tunic, and, with cheerful reverence, started on his journey, tripping lightly along, but with a gravity of expression beyond his years, and avoiding carefully, as bidden by Dionysius, the more public as well as the too low thoroughfares of the city.

Near an imposing mansion, he was accosted by its mistress—a wealthy and childless Roman matron of patrician rank,—who, struck by his beauty and sweetness, begged him to tarry a moment and tell her of himself and his parents. Learning from him that he was an orphan

and homeless, she urged him to enter her house and rest, desiring to adopt him. But the boy refused to stay his steps, having an important and sacred mission to perform; and in answer to her persistent entreaties at least to visit her on the morrow, the boy replied, with a kindling look, making him appear to the matron as a messenger from a higher sphere: "If I be alive, I will." And he sped on his pious errand. The lady, after some deliberation, determined to follow him; but shortly after, hearing a tumult with horrid cries, paused until they ceased, when she went on again.

Tharsicius, meanwhile, with other thoughts than her inheritance, hurried along his path until, reaching an open space where crowds of his fellow-students, released from school, were engaged in play, he was seized by several amongst their number as a welcome addition to their games, in all of which he was known to be proficient. The young acolyte, resisting their entreaties, became at once an object of suspicion to his tormentors; the more so as he obstinately refused to disclose the nature of the important business he urged in opposition to their persuasions, or to yield up the sacred deposit they perceived he was closely guarding at his breast. A bullying youth laid hold of him, exclaiming: "*I will* see it! *I will* know what be this wonderful secret!" And as the boy, with arms folded across his breast, seemed endowed with supernatural strength, the unruly students, aided by a crowd of men from the neighborhood, showered upon him kicks, cuffs, pulls and blows; all of which he neither returned nor murmured at, but which fell upon him to no purpose.

An apostate Christian, chancing to pass, joined the circle round the combatants, and at once recognized Tharsicius, whom he had seen at the religious services. Being appealed to for an explanation of

matters, he replied contemptuously, in the words of a well-known Latin proverb: *Asinus portans mysteria*,—"Why, only a Christian ass bearing the mysteries!"

This was enough. Heathen curiosity to behold the mysteries of the Christians, that they might insult them, incited all present to renewed efforts to gain possession of the burden the boy so resolutely defended. But to all their demands for surrender he replied invariably: "Only with my life!" He was felled to the earth, where he lay covered with blood and bruises, but with arms crossed fast over his sacred charge. The mob were just about to seize him and tear open his holy trust, when they were suddenly pushed aside, right and left, by a tall, athletic officer. Some went reeling to the other side of the square, others were spun round and round till they fell; and all gladly retired before the centurion, who fell on his knees, and, with tearful eyes, raised in his arms the bruised and fainting boy, tenderly asking: "Art thou much hurt, Tharsicius?"

"Never mind me, dear Quadratus," he replied, opening his eyes with a smile at sight of the herculean centurion bending over him. "But I am carrying the Divine Mysteries: take care of them."

Quadratus raised the boy in his arms with a tenfold reverence, as if bearing not only the sweet victim of a youthful sacrifice, a martyr's relics, but the very King and Lord of martyrs and the Divine Victim of eternal salvation. The child's head leaned in confidence on the neck of the stout soldier, but his hands never left their watchful custody of the confided gift; and his gallant bearer felt no weight in the hallowed double burden which he carried. None dared stop him, till a lady met and stared amazedly at him, then drew nearer and looked closer at what he was bearing.

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed, in terror. "Is that Tharsicius, whom I met

a few moments ago, and who was then so fair and lovely? Who can have done this cruel work?"

"Madam," answered Quadratus, "they have murdered him because he is a Christian."

The lady looked for an instant on the boy's countenance. He opened his eyes upon her, smiled, and expired. From that look came the light of faith: she hastened to enroll herself among the Christians.

The venerable Dionysius could hardly see for weeping, as he removed the child's hands and took from his bosom the Holy of Holies; and he thought he looked more like an angel now, sleeping the martyr's slumber, than he did an hour before when living. Quadratus bore him to the Cemetery of Callixtus, on the Appian Way, where he was buried, amidst the admiration of older believers; and later the holy Pope St. Damasus composed for him an epitaph ("Carmen," xviii), which none can read without realizing that the belief in the real presence of Our Lord's Body in the Blessed Eucharist was the same in those days as at the present time:

Christ's secret gifts, by good Tharsicius borne,
The mob profanely bade him to display;
He rather gave his own limbs to be torn
Than Christ's celestial to mad dogs betray.

Cardinal Wiseman further notes that the words (*Christi*) *cœlestia membra*, applied to the Blessed Eucharist, supply one of those casual but most striking arguments that result from identity of habitual thought in antiquity more than from the use of studied or conventional phrases.

St. Tharsicius is mentioned in the Roman calendar of martyrs on August 15, as commemorated in the Cemetery of Callixtus, whence his relics were in due time translated to the Church of S. Sylvester *inter duos hortos*, or "Cata Pauli," so called because erected by Pope St. Paul I. (757-767), in his own home,

in honor of Popes St. Sylvester and St. Stephen I., whose remains there repose. It was likewise known as S. Sylvester in Campo Marzo, to distinguish it from its homonyms S. Sylvester a' Monti and S. Sylvester in Lacu, now S. Maria Liberatrice, in the ancient Roman Forum. Its present denomination, "in Capite," dates from the pontificate of Innocent II. (1130-1143), when a portion of the head of St. John the Baptist, brought to Rome to preserve it from the rage of the Iconoclasts of the East, was solemnly enshrined in the Church of S. Sylvester in Campo. Since the Piedmontese invasion of 1870, the monastery of St. Clare, attached to the Church of S. Sylvester in Capite, has been suppressed, and the nuns driven from their centenary home, which has been transformed into the Central Post and telegraph offices; the church alone has been respected and confided to the spiritual care of the Fathers of the Pious Society of Missions, known as the "Palottini," who have made of it, as it were, the religious centre and national church of the English-speaking colony resident in or temporarily visiting the Eternal City. In 1870 the head of St. John the Baptist and the celebrated "Volto Santo of Edessa," or portrait sent by Jesus Christ to King Abagarus—venerated in that church since 1286, when the Clarisse Nuns were established in the adjoining monastery by Honorius IV.,—were removed for safe-keeping to the Sixtine Chapel of the Vatican Palace.

According to the most trustworthy Acts of the third century, St. Tharsicius suffered in 256, under the persecution of the Emperors Valerianus and Gallienus (VIII.). According to the text of a very ancient Greek menologium, known as of the Emperor Basil, cited in the "Acta Sanctorum," the youthful acolyte found a last resting-place in the same *tumulus*, in the Cemetery of Callixtus, with the holy Pope St. Stephen I., whose martyr-

dom preceded by one day that of his faithful disciple Tharsicius. The latter is supposed to have been present when the Pontiff was executed by the soldiers of Valerianus and Gallienus—"nefandissimi persecutores nominis Christiani," say the Acts of St. Stephen I.

The lamented Christian archæologist, De Rossi, however, deems this Tharsicius to have been rather another acolyte of Pope St. Stephen, venerated since the sixteenth century in the Church of San Domenico Maggiore in Naples; not the levite Tharsicius, companion of Pope St. Zephyrinus, saluted by that great scholar himself as the "protomartyr of the Blessed Sacrament." This theory, if true, would advance the date of his martyrdom by some thirty or more years. Certain it is that the names of S. Zephirini, Pope and martyr, and of S. Tarsi, martyr, follow each other on the ancient authentic inventory of the relics of the saints translated, by order of Pope St. Paul I., to the church of the monastery of S. Sylvester in Campo Marzo, in 761; whilst a mural tablet beneath the portico of the same church (dating likewise from the eighth century, and bearing the inscription, "*Notitia nataliciorum Sanctorum hic requiescentium*," and noting in chronological order the names and "birthdays" of the saints whose remains were preserved in that sacred temple), gives, under date of July 26, "*N. Scor. Zeferini Papæ et Tarsicii Martyris*."

The true age and the correct orthography of the name of the protomartyr of the Eucharist have both given rise to discussion. Although no mention is made in any of the martyrologies nor by ancient hagiographers of the age of St. Tharsicius, modern writers usually attribute to him the years of a mere child. However, the disciplinary canons of the Church in the first centuries, and authentic historic tradition, as also the study of antique monuments, lead to the persuasion

that the holy martyr was doubtless from about twenty to twenty-five years of age, the more so that acolytes were selected from the ranks of lectors—the first grade, and, as it were, the apprenticeship to the ecclesiastical state: "*Tirocinio della milizia clericale*," says De Rossi, wherein young clerics were usually constrained to remain until the age of twenty, ere passing to a superior grade. That erudite Roman archæologist, interrogated as to the probable age of St Tharsicius by the Rev. J. M. Lambert (author of an interesting volume on "The First Martyr of the Eucharist," published in the Eternal City in 1890), made answer that, "whilst St. Tharsicius may be rightly deemed a mere youth barely attained adolescence, certainly he was not a child; the nature of his functions being a decisive argument in favor of his having attained man's estate, or at least that of puberty." The Bollandists, in their turn, pronounce the opinion representing St. Tharsicius as a mere child not indisputable, the more so as that his *Acta*, laconic though they be, would necessarily have chronicled so interesting and important a fact.

"E"

THOSE who, knowing the evil of their course of life, desire to change it, the devil often deceives and overcomes by these weapons as the following:

"Presently, presently."

"Cras, cras," "to-morrow, to-morrow," as says the raven.

"I wish first to dispatch this business, this perplexity, that I may then be able to give myself up with greater tranquillity to things spiritual."

A snare this, in which many men have been, and still are, daily taken; and the cause of this is our own negligence and heedlessness, seeing that in a business touching the honor of God and the salvation of the soul we neglect to seize effectual weapons.—*Scupoli*.

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

III.—"PRAY GOD I KNOW HIM NOT!"

WHEN Katherine awakened the next morning sleep had blotted out all recollection of flight and journey, and the shock of sorrow that had hurried her into both. Memory was roused, however, by the cries of the herons, and the rush of the river in her ears as it ran below her father's fortalice. At the same time her eyes perceived the tall stone-walls, the lower part of which were draped with high-hung tapestry, whereon the figures moved as the breeze of the summer dawn came through the narrow windows.

In an obscure corner aloft a fluttering light burned in a lamp of wrought iron-work before a rude image of the Blessed Virgin and Child cut out of a projecting corner-stone of the wall. Descending lower, her eyes were caught by something bright, which proved to be the scarlet and yellow turban of an old woman stooping over the hearthstone, where a fire of peat and wood was burning with a fragrance as sweet as incense and more pungent.

At a sound from the bed, the old dame stood up and saw a golden head uplifted and a pair of blue eyes shining on her. Then she advanced near the bed, and stood, with her knotted hands clasped, while she poured forth a rapturous address in the Irish tongue, which Lady Katherine was able to understand, because Murrough had been careful to teach her his own language during her exile.

"Lamb, lady, mistress! Honey, flower! Little rose of the garden, little bird of the tree! Beauty, sweet singer! Foot of the snow, hair of the gold-thread—"

"Enough!" cried Katherine, laughing. "You will frighten me of my own per-

fections. Now tell me who are you, good mother, that speak so many pretty falsehoods so early in the morning?"

"It is earlier than it looks, because the sun has got up in a hurry to get a sight of you, my honey-sweet!" retorted the old woman. "Are you not my Lady Katherine, the dear babe of my beloved mistress, your lady mother, my own lambkin? Who am I, is it, my darling? Then, I am your nurse, who nursed you when your little body was no longer than my arm from thumb to elbow; and your hair, that is now like a banner of gold, was as short as the grass that is growing on your mother's grave. What! would you get up so early, my lily queen? Put that little white foot back into the bed, till I get you the pleasant morning cup I have been preparing for you. Nobody will be about in the castle for an hour to come. See! the sun has gone back to his own bed behind the clouds, content that he has seen you; and no more of him till he has had another comfortable nap, I can tell you."

Lady Katherine laughed again at this conceit, but did as she was bidden; and as she sipped the posset handed to her in a gold cup wrought with cunning devices, she surveyed the novel figure before her. The nurse wore a blue gown with an apron and jacket of yellow; and under her brilliant turban her brown wrinkled face and soft black eyes were strikingly picturesque. She had in her countenance the romance and spirituality of the Irish character pure and simple, at its best, fused in the light of that heart-fervor which it possesses more than any other race. As Lady Katherine's inquisitive eyes searched her face she saw there no wile, and acknowledged to herself that the extravagant language she had listened to had been but the genuine expression of the heart and imagination of her humble fellow-countrywoman.

"And so you are my nurse, and you

served and loved my mother?" she said, placing both her small white hands, with the empty gold cup, in the brown hands extended to take the goblet. "Then I will love you and keep you with me always. And now"—withdrawing the hands tingling with the old woman's kisses—"you will let me arise; and, while I dress, you must tell me everything I want to know about my home and my country."

Katherine stood up, with her bare feet on the rush-strewn floor, in her long white gown and her hair mantling her in gold to the knees; and her old nurse, murmuring in rapture and admiration, brought her tunic and surcoat, jewel and veil in turn; and as she dressed her mistress, she talked to her as bidden, needing no urging, and with the natural eloquence of her race and her order. Her language was Irish; but, having lived for years among those of Norman descent, and having Norman intercourse, she was able also to express herself in French, and often paused to make explanation in that tongue of such phrases as Katherine's more limited knowledge of Irish made difficult to her.

"It is a splendid country, my honey-sweet; though there are far too many foreigners in it and too much fighting. What with English on one side and French on the other, there is hardly leave for the Irish saints to say their prayers in peace."

"But do not the Irish fight too? And you must not say anything against the French in this Geraldine fortalice."

"Aye can they fight, these Irish. But it is all for their own land. And I will not allow that you are French, my own nursling; nor your beautiful mother—heaven is her country now,—nor your noble father; nor your grandfather, Garalth the great. They came from France, I admit; but the Irish air soon altered their blood and their nature.

Would I have lived my life in this castle had you not all been as Irish as the hills of Tipperary yonder, or as the altar-cross in the Abbey of Molanna, just beside us? There was your grandfather, the great Garalth,—did he not fight for his lands like an Irishman? And did he not come back like a true heart, even after his death, to lie with his own people in his own ground by Temple Michael?"

"After his death, did you say?"

"He was killed in fight, and they buried him where he fell, at Ardmore. A good place to sleep, my darling!—close to the Oratory of St. Declan. But Garalth would sleep in no ground but his own. Step you here to the window, my lambkin, and I will show you where he would come back from the other world."

Katherine followed her to the window, and saw that the arm of land on which Temple Michael stands, stretching into the river, causes a narrowing of the flood; and that the opposite shore advanced in a little point toward it,—a bit of beach under a softly-sloped and low-wooded pasture land.

"Yonder he came," said the nurse, "night after night, calling for his ferry. The voice of him made their flesh creep, for he was terrible and great. They heard him and heard him, till they could bear it no longer; and then they went off to Ardmore and took him up and brought him home. The bards have made a song about it. Shall I sing it for you, my white flower?"

And before Katherine had time to reply she began to sing, in a sweet, crooning voice, which cracked a little on the higher notes, but emphasized with a sort of nasal boom the more weird and tragic parts of the story. The girl listened breathlessly, as much for sympathy with the determined spirit of the unknown masterful grandfather as for the wildness of the legend and the music with which it was linked. The following is a free transla-

tion of the Geraldine ballad, which was, of course, in Irish:

The moon is wroth o'er Avondhu,
Wild clouds before her face are flying;
Black shadows hang around Rhincrew,
The gannets from the sea are crying;
And where the river flood runs through
The wooded pass, with smothered sighing
Of pain and fear, what terrifying
Shout comes startling wood and water
With memories grim of fray and slaughter?
"Hallo there! to the wherry, to the wherry!"
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

He lies above the thundering wave;
By sea or land, by ford or river,
While sea-mews perch upon his grave,
Great Garalth fares no more forever.
The winds may lift a voice and rave,
And cry aloud with sob and shiver
The name of one who answers never;
Startling the storm-tost wind and water
With memories fierce of fray and slaughter:
"What! ho there! to the wherry, to the wherry!"
Garalth harointhé! give brave Garalth a ferry!"

In Temple Michael's gruesome wood,
And down the frightened river's flowing,
The traveller scanneth tree and flood,
The cloud-rack on the night-wind blowing,
Over Rhincrew, the Point of Blood,
Before the angry moon's face going
The stream that stumbles, hasting, slowing;
And hears that call thrill wood and water
With echoings dread of death and slaughter:
"Hallo there! to the wherry, to the wherry!"
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

But now the summer wind is still,
The young moon dreams behind the beeches;
The clouds lie soft on mead and hill,
Clear curve in light the river reaches;
Yet from the deep wood rings a shrill
And piercing summons that beseeches;
Never so weird the night owl screeches,
Scaring the peace of wood and water
With ghostly dreams of strife and slaughter:
"Ho, ho, there! to the wherry, to the wherry!"
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

Here was the feast and here the fray;
Red lights from every loophole burning,
And ruddy fires that flamed away
Hailed Garalth to his own returning.
No need to send, by night or day,
That angry call, that cry of warning,
To rouse the kerns in bitter scorning
Of slothful sleep, by wood and water,
Broken with threats of war and slaughter:
"What! ho there! to the wherry, to the wherry!"
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

Now Temple Michael's lights are out,
Death-black are stately shrine and castle;

The grim woods darkle round about
 The walls where kinsman, child and vassal,
 Fly that voice whose angry shout
 Marreth the mirth of dance and wassail,
 And with the darkness seems to wrestle,
 Frighting the soul by land and water
 With dreadful dreams of strife and slaughter:
 "Hallo there! to the wherry, to the wherry!
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

The Garalth's wife is on the shore,
 With pallid face and whitening tresses
 That were as red as golden ore.
 And while her cold lip prays and blesses
 The soul of him in lone Ardmore,
 With tears and whispered tendernesses,
 That speak a faithful heart's distresses,—
 Like moan that follows fray and slaughter,
 Rises a wail o'er wood and water:
 "For love's grace! to the wherry, to the wherry!
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

Oh, lift him from his narrow bed
 Out where the ocean waves are singing
 Their dirges for great Garalth dead,
 And set St. Declan's bells a-ringing!
 Let holy prayers be sung and said,
 With flash of golden censers swinging,
 Aloft to Heaven their incense flinging;
 And hush that voice by wood and water,
 That cry that rings of fray and slaughter:
 "What! ho there! to the wherry, to the wherry!
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

Carry him back to Avondhu,
 And make his bed by that sweet river,
 Beneath the heights of bold Rhincrew,
 Where Temple Michael frowns forever.
 From the wild haunts of the sea-mew
 The sleeping saints will miss him never.
 May God-his restless soul deliver!
 And still that voice by wood and water,
 That cry that breathed of fray and slaughter:
 "What! ho there! to the wherry, to the wherry!
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

Now lay him on his floating bier,
 And bid the lonely river bear him;
 His kinsman's sword, his widow's tear,
 His children's simple prayers are near him.
 His startled foeman grasps the spear—
 Comes vanquished Garalth back to scare him?
 Great Garalth by the ferry faring
 Again across the dark Blackwater
 Was stained erewhile with fray and slaughter?
 But now no more that cry: "To the wherry, to the wherry!
Garalth harointhé! give the Garalth a ferry!"

"A wild tale!" said Katherine. "But is it true?"

"True it is, my lady—fair grand-daughter of great Garalth. And you are

a real daughter of his, my darling, for all your white skin and gold hair. You have it in your face to do just as much to work your will. Nothing would conquer you, if you took it into your head to have your own way."

"Have I such an obstinate will?" said Katherine. "I have never felt it. Pray, then, that it may stand for the good. However, I hope I shall be too happy in heaven to come back making a fuss about my grave."

"He was a warrior, my lady. *Your* will shall be always set toward Heaven. But you asked if the story was true? Do you think would the bards make a song of it and sing it about the world if it were not true?"

Katherine walked to the window and looked out again.

"And this was his ferry," she said,—
 "this strip of water?"

"And is so still," replied the nurse. "It goes by the name of Garalth's Ferry. When you cross the water for a short cut you will sit in your grandfather's boat."

While Katherine bent her gaze on the flowing water and the green point beyond it, her fancy was filling her ears with that imperious cry of the masterful ghost, and her eyes with a vision of the unseen one, the restless spirit, breaking through the trees and lingering lonely and grey on the spot where none now waited for him, and where familiar things knew him no more.

"I am glad he won home," she said.

As she spoke a boat appeared, touched with the first sunbeams, and shooting along the flood of Garalth's Ferry, with cheery splash and rattle of oars within the rowlocks. Two figures were rowing in the boat. One had a red mantle flung across his shoulders; the other was in the undress of a gentleman of the day, and wore a crimson surcoat. He raised his face to the sun as the boat shot passed; and even at the distance it could be seen

from Katherine's tower that his complexion was of an olive paleness and that his hair and eyes were black.

As she took in this face out of the sunlight, her warm-tinted cheek turned white and her hand went quickly to her side.

"Who are these wayfarers?" she said abruptly to the nurse.

"He in the mantle is a holy Templar," replied the old woman, straining her wrinkled neck to look after the boat. "I know not the other."

"Pray God I know him not either!" muttered Katherine. "But there is a startling resemblance." After awhile she added aloud: "Have these Templars a Preceptory in the neighborhood of Temple Michael?"

"That they have, my little mistress. Their house is on a green hill not many miles from here as the birds fly. You will often see them faring on the river, those holy warriors."

"And do they ever have strangers to stop with them?"

"Aye do they, my pretty one. Knights and pilgrims, holy saints and others who are not so holy. They are men of war as well as men of prayer, and many a one has business with them from all parts of the world. It is the same with the monks of Molanna, who also entertain the traveller and the stranger. The Lady Katherine will see plenty of life around her in her ancient and beautiful home of Temple Michael."

At this moment the abbess softly entered her niece's room to bid her good-morning and invite her to come down to the great hall to breakfast.

(To be continued.)

A LOOK—and lo, our natures meet!

A word—our minds make one reply!

A touch—our hearts have but one beat!

And, if we walk together—why

The same thought guides our feet.

—Owen Meredith.

The Legend of Our Lady at Rathkeale.*

DYMPNA was heiress to Cappagh Castle, its lands, chattels, and belongings. Her mother was a widow; her father, the MacSheehy, had died when she was about thirteen years of age. An accident that happened to her in her young days must be related.

When she was a child, Gerald, brother of John, the Baron of Rathkeale, was playing with her. He was her senior by some years. While they were playing, he was unluckily the cause of her falling and hurting her foot. She grew up beautiful, but lame. In his chivalrous honor, he would have it that they should be betrothed, to which her father before his death gave consent. And it was his determination that when the proper time arrived they should be married. From this, say some old annalists, the fanciful adage arose: "Because you hurt me, you must marry me."

It was not so, however, with Dympna. She had little or no thoughts of marriage. Her heart was given to the poor and to works of charity. She was now grown to woman's estate; handsome in feature and figure, charming in manner, endowed with rare gifts, and skilled in all the polite arts and accomplishments of the day. The only defect was the short foot when she stood, and the lame step when she walked.

Her mother felt that the time had come for her to make her decision; and once in awhile she used a mother's freedom in bringing the matter before her mind, but never a mother's position in unduly influencing her. Her betrothed also paid frequent visits to her; and while, if he wished, he could insist on the right that betrothal gave, he was too honorable to

* All rights reserved.

mention or even hint at the subject. On the contrary, he left the girl free to make her choice; but he resolved in his own mind that the choice should be between him and religion, not between him and another. There were also occasions when he was unselfish enough to admit to himself that if she would be happier with another, it would be nobler in him to give her up ungrudgingly.

Gerald lived at Castle Matris, a charming spot near the river Deel just after it passes by the Castle of Rathkeale. He was judge for the barony. He had lands and revenues sufficiently ample for his position; and, being of a studious turn of mind and of a reserved temperament, his days were spent among books and studies, in retirement, leisure, and peace. In person he was tall and dignified, his features open and candid; his mood, except when aroused by flagrant wrong, calm and amiable; easy of approach and tender in manner. He was, moreover, strictly just in his office and religious in his life.

Dympna begged that she be allowed a year to make her decision, during which time her mother and she were to visit the famous shrines on the Continent, and go on a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land. They went, saw many shrines of Holy Mary, prayed at the tomb of the Apostles, knelt on the spots consecrated forever by the footsteps of the Redeemer; and when the twelve months were nearly run, turned their steps homeward by way of Spain.

While in Spain a strange dream kept haunting Lady Dympna in her slumbers. She dreamed she saw a large tree with spreading branches. This tree stood on the bank of a broad and beautiful river that shone like silver. Beneath the tree she saw a deep, dry cistern; and at the bottom, resting on a pedestal, with a lamp lighting near it, was a statue of the Madonna. The statue was small and dark-colored; and a person, who seemed, from

the mitre and crosier he carried, to be a bishop, waited in attendance on it. For several nights successively she had this dream. On the first occasion she was not much astonished, believing it to arise from her many pilgrimages to Our Lady's shrines; but when it occurred on several consecutive nights, and with unchanging details, she felt greatly perplexed.

Arising in the morning, she went in anxiety to the church; and there, to her amazement, heard a young preacher in the pulpit, when speaking of devotion to Holy Mary, tell of a Madonna that belonged to St. Augustine, the illustrious Bishop of Hippo; and how, after the Bishop's death, the enemies of his religion invaded the country and despoiled his house. Two of the disciples escaped with the statue and put to sea in a small boat; they were at length brought to the city of Regla, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, to the very door of the Augustinian Convent.*

The young priest descended from the pulpit and entered the confessional. The Lady Dympna entered also, and related her dream. It happened that he, too, had the same dream; but the hands of the statue seemed to be stretched out, like the hands of a child, calling for help. They agreed to lay the matter before the Father Prior. While waiting for the superior, the young priest, wishing to know if his surmises were correct, said:

"I am from Ireland, *mia donna*."

"And I, too," replied the lady.

"They call me Padre Agostino," said the priest.

"And Dympna is my name," returned his companion.

"*O donna mia!*" he said, falling on his knees,—"*O my benefactress, let me kiss the ground you stand on!*"

"Eugene!—can it be little Eugene?" she exclaimed.

* See Augustinian "Annals."

"O lady! it is the Owen—the little Owen that was fed from your table, that was educated by your bounty, that was sent to this holy Order at your expense. Oh, thank God! thank God!"

Further confidences and exclamations were cut short by the entrance of the Father Prior, a tall, stately man, with the grace and bearing of a Spanish hidalgo. They narrated their business; and, to their surprise and delight, the prior told them that Our Lady had, of her blessed pity, vouchsafed the same mercy to him. All that remained for them, then, was to find this place and cautiously remove the venerable statue. This was a matter of no small difficulty and no less danger; for the place was then in the possession of the Moors. But it was done; and the mother and daughter and Padre Agostino sailed with their treasure to Ireland, and finally set it up in the Augustinian Convent at Rathkeale; where, as soon as it was placed on its pedestal, the lamp of its own accord lighted, and, without being tended, kept lighting on.

II.

The old Castle of Cappagh, towering on the height, gave a royal welcome to its young mistress and her mother; and great was the joy of mother and of people when it became known that the young lady was to spend her future life among them, or near them, in the married state. For Dymphna, a fresh burst of joy seemed to enter her life; she had made up her mind to immure herself within convent walls for the remainder of her days, if she were so called by God. But it was evidently a duty with her, not a desire. She was determined to stifle all manifestation of affection for her mother; to go out from her country, her relations, and her father's house; but it was with a heart Steele to the purpose. Now that the string was taken from the bow, it returned with a spring to its natural form; her heart and its affections opened out and

developed; and her winsome manners became more tenderly charming and unselfish when they were allowed to assume their natural bent. Her vocation was not for the cloister.

Mother was mother again, surrounded with the filial attention and love which were never denied; but she basked now in a new sunshine. The poor and the sick were looked after with a care which, like a stock of money closed up in a bank, seemed to have gained a new volume of principal and interest. Even the dumb animals felt that her affections, great as they were, had undergone a change; and that where she was generous before, now she was lavish. She rose with the dawn, heard early Mass; attended to the wants of the poor before she looked to her own; had breakfast, visited the hospital; and then was on horseback ready for the hunt, in which she was the most daring rider of all. She was the idol of the poor and her dependents, and the envy of many of her own rank. Gerald, her betrothed, was looked upon as a lucky man.

There was at this time in the convent of Rathkeale a wonderful preacher and a most mortified man. Oh, poor human nature, how it dupes and is duped! He was an adventurer, and not a priest at all.* But let us describe him, for he is to come before us. He was tall, slightly but firmly built, with remarkably small hands and feet. He was not satisfied with the Roman tonsure—that of the shaven crown; but added the Irish also—from temple to temple. The people therefore said he was *mull*, or *meal*,—that is, bare on the forehead; and among themselves called him Friar Mull, or Mul-braher. He was said to be "making a great mission" on the baron at the castle (who indeed sorely needed it), as he spent night after

* Before the regulations made by the Council of Trent, this was possible, and did not infrequently happen; since that Council it has become—thank God!—if not impossible, at least almost unknown.

night with him in spiritual conferences, as was supposed, until cock-crow in the morning; when the holy man returned to his matins and his penance, as those that were early abroad averred, greatly to the wonder and edification of the whole district. He had come but recently to the convent. He had travelled over the world, so he declared; and stood in terms of intimate friendship with all the men of learning and science and sanctity in those days.

There were two subjects that exercised this devout pair in their nightly communions—the marriage of the baron's brother, and the election of a prior which was about to take place. There was a third, so intermingled with the second that it may be said to have formed an integral portion of it; this was the replenishment of the baron's exchequer. All three matters they arranged to their satisfaction as follows: Friar Mull, by the interest and influence of the baron, was to be elected prior; when so elected, the one-half of the abbey's revenues were to be handed over by him to the baron, instead of being expended, as was heretofore the case and as was commanded by rule, on the sick and the poor, the widow and the orphan. And for the remaining one, the false friar urged that the two betrothed be taken on some pretext and cast into prison; that the lady would soon grow tired of her confined quarters and give assent. The baron held his oath of knighthood too conscientiously and his personal pride too highly to think of accepting her for his wife unless she should first intimate a desire to that effect. And in order that neither of the conspirators should retract the engagement, a paper was drawn up which the friar signed, and to which the baron characteristically attached his signature by drawing thereon a rude coffin and skull with the point of his sword; for, like the noblemen of his

day, he was unable to write—indeed despised writing.

The day of election came. The church was thronged with people. That morning these people had been entertained at the castle, as had also the members of the religious community. A procession was then formed. It wended its way from the baronial hall to the abbey. This procession was wound up by a strange spectacle. Two men walked side by side in bare feet, with halters round their necks, singing the *Miserere*,—one, the baron doing penance for his crimes; the other, the friar keeping him company in his humiliations. It would bring tears from the very stones to see them. The friar entered the pulpit and took for his text, "Unless ye do penance, ye shall all likewise perish." He preached in a way that was never heard in that church before. The people thought they were listening to an angel from heaven. A cry arose: "Friar Mull, prior!" And he was elected by acclamation. In that same hour the lamp of the Madonna went out.

That evening at sunset the baron took two companies of his soldiers; one was dispatched to Castle Matris, the other to Cappagh; and the baron's brother and his betrothed were before midnight thrust into cells in the deepest and darkest dungeon of the castle. Next morning proclamations, posted on the gates of castle and abbey, published to each and all who desired to know that these persons were arrested for implicating themselves in the election of a prior, giving preference to one Padre Agostino, and thus interfering with the free and unanimous choice of the holy community, which was indeed the choice of the people and the manifest choice of God,—that is, the election of Friar Mull.

Now that they had their hands on what they desired, baron and prior felt that it was better to move cautiously, and to act with a fair face before the world. The

friar, at least, was too old a diplomatist not to see the necessity of caution. The banns in case of the baron and the lady prisoner were to be proclaimed, and by the time of the third proclamation—proclamations being canonically made on three successive Sundays—it was hoped that the three weeks' confinement would have had its effect on the will and choice of the lady.

The first proclamation was therefore made on the following Sunday. The church was carefully packed, that no discordant voice should be raised when the prior called from the pulpit: "First proclamation: John, Baron of Rathkeale, is to wed Dympna of Cappagh Castle. Each and all are hereby notified that our holy mother the Church commands them, under pain of ecclesiastical punishments, if they know of any impediment on account of which this should not proceed, to notify the same."

On the Sunday following, the proclamation was again read. The command was given in the name of the Church; the soldiery rose and clattered their arms; the prior waited in the pulpit for a voice, but no voice was forthcoming. Dread of the baron's anger, and loyalty to him as their chieftain, tongue-tied the whole congregation.

The third Sunday things passed as on the previous occasions. The prior read the proclamation, the bearded soldiers looked round furiously; the banns passed without a dissentient voice. The prior, in a low voice, was folding up the roll of paper, when a voice cried: "I forbid the banns!"

It was Padre Agostino.

Were it a layman, he would not have been allowed to tell the reason why; but he was a priest, and his sacred character, as well as the Irishman's instinctive reverence of the supernatural, saved him from the soldiers.

"On what grounds do you object?" cried the prior.

"On three grounds. Lady Dympna has no part in this proceeding,—she has not given her sanction to the banns," said the Padre.

"So that is your first objection. Let us hear your second—as flimsy, I suppose, as your first," cried the prior.

"The Lady Dympna has been already betrothed to his brother, the Lord of Castle Matris; and can not therefore be validly married to the baron, on the ground of *public honesty*."

"So that is your second objection. Pray what is your third?"

"That she is in the baron's power, in *potestate raptoris*; and the Church, to protect the weak and innocent, declares such a marriage invalid."

"It is on your account she is in prison, and not for the will or whim of the baron; therefore your third plea does not stand. The betrothals in your second objection did not take place *coram ecclesia* [in presence of the Church] publicly; so your second objection does not stand. And as to your first, you certainly are not in a position to know whether the lady objects to the banns or not.* I have further to add, what it pains me to state in public of any cleric: you have been a disturber since you came here, simply because you were not appointed to positions and dignities that your pampered self-will made you covet. You made a complaint, and put a false construction on my relations with our lord the baron. You reported that it was for rioting and drunkenness I went there; whereas all my brethren are aware how edifying of late has been the conduct of the baron. And now I will say that it was because he listened to my words."

"What about our charities, Reverend Prior?" said a voice.

"I am thankful to my friend; for were

* These were, of course, plausible, not valid, answers to the objections.

it not for his seasonable and proper question, I had forgotten it. That man there—friar I dare not call him—got the Lord of Castle Matris and the Lady of Cappagh, Castle to interfere with our revenues, and to send out to Spain and foreign parts the charities so much needed for the widow and the orphan, the sick and the poor of our parts. It is for this reason that the lord baron was forced against the love he entertains for his brother, and the esteem which he as well as everyone else has for that truly good but in this case misguided lady, to put them into prison. As soon, however, as things can be righted—and I sincerely hope it shall be immediately—he will set them at liberty. A sad duty now devolves on me. I am responsible for the character of this community and of each member of it. I must punish wrong-doers because of their iniquity, as also to deter others; and because this young man, infected with the rebellious and rash opinions of other countries, has been straying from the paths of humility and peace, I hereby feel in duty bound to excommunicate him.”

Every bell in the monastery, from the chimes in the belfry to the smallest bell at the most distant side altar, was rung. Every missal on every altar, every gradual and office-book—bound in oak, rimmed with brass, and fastened with huge clasps,—all were opened, and then shut with a simultaneous clasp. The candles were lighted on every altar; every monk, in his habit of dark serge and leathern girdle, held a candle,—all of which were extinguished.

Then the prior ordered that for public edification the culprit should take the discipline then and there. The clothes were removed from his back and two lay-brothers were told to scourge him; the lashes being counted by the plaintive notes of the *Miserere*, which the monks, with cowls drawn over their heads, and

standing with downcast eyes, chanted in the choir. The Reverend Prior stood by; and when the lay-brothers were doing their unpleasant work too leniently, he took the discipline from their hands, pushed them aside, and scourged the kneeling figure till the blood crimsoned the sacred pavement.

“I now hand him over to the temporal power,” he said; and, unable to control his anger, struck Padre Agostino on the head with the bone handle of the discipline, felling him to the ground. Two soldiers then came and took him prisoner. As they passed out through the corridor, there stood the holy Madonna, with the unlighted lamp in a niche. He knelt down before the statue, and, lifting his hands and eyes to Heaven, cried: “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!” He rose up, and taking, the statue and lamp under his mantle, proceeded with his guard. A paper fell from the statue, which the Father thrust into the ample folds of his sleeve. At that instant a loud knocking was heard at the monastery gate.

When Padre Agostino entered his cell, he fell on his knees; and accidentally laying his hand on the foot of the statue, found there a large key. It opened his cell door. He tried it on the next: it opened it, and there he found the Lord of Castle Matris. They tried it on the next: it opened that also, and there they found the Lady of Cappagh. The three returned to the priest’s cell, and, lo! the lamp of the loved Madonna was lighting before them.*

(Conclusion next week.)

* See the History of Our Lady of Regla, in the Annals of the Augustinian Order.

LET the truth stand sure,
And the world is true;
Let your heart keep pure,
And the world will too.

—Lord Houghton.

Everlasting Summer.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THIS summer even when roses fade
 And the languid lilies droop and die,
 When thick o'er woodland and forest glade
 The golden tints and the russet lie;
 'Tis summer even when birds are dumb,
 And the grey mists cling to the mountain
 sides,—
 Unending summer within the home
 Of rich or poor where content abides.

'Tis summer even when fierce winds blow
 In the nestless boughs where the hoar-
 frost gleams,
 Though the flowers are sleeping in grave-
 mounds low,
 And the sombre clouds hide the sun's
 bright beams;
 Though the snows lie deep upon plain and
 hill,
 And streams with a sullen murmur glide,
 'Tis summer, unending summer, still
 In the heart where peace and content
 abide.

An Event at Arem.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

MISS EMILY LYMAN rose from her chair at the window of her sitting-room, nodded cheerfully to the barefooted boy hurrying up the garden-path, a bundle of newspapers under his arm, and proceeded to the door to receive her copy of the *Morning Leader*.

Miss Emily owned the quaint colonial house, with Doric-pillared porch, in which she lived. Moreover, she possessed an annual income of eight hundred dollars, the interest of a sum of money invested in "governments,"—a word she liked much, it being a mouth-filling word and significant of world-extended powers. She came of a much respected New England family, and was looked up to in her native village of Arem,—her advice

sought, if not always taken, in numberless and diverse circumstances; and this in spite of the fact that she and her brother Charles had years ago become "Papists." Neither did her influence diminish when Charles entered the Society of Jesus, and Miss Simes circulated the report that Miss Emily herself was a "female Jesuit." On the contrary, the Aremites, who had never thought their tame existence dull, became indefinitely conscious that life for them had assumed a more exciting aspect, now that they had among them a Jesuit in disguise.

Miss Emily spent a short moment in saying a kind word to Tom the newsboy; Tom nothing loath to listen, for she was his best customer: not by way of the number of papers she bought—she "took naught but the *Leader*," Tom's profits half a cent a copy,—but in the number of articles she found occasion to present him with.

Tom departed, she resumed her seat at the window, and opened the *Leader* at the "local column." An item introduced by staring headlines immediately attracted her attention; and, with eyes alternately sympathetic and horrified, she perused rapidly a crimsoned account of a burglary in the village.

"I must go to her at once!" exclaimed Miss Emily, even in her excitement not forgetting to fold up the paper with care and deposit it on the centre table.

"Clotilde!" she called gently; and hurried down the hall-way to the foot of the staircase, where she waited.

"*Oui, Mademoiselle!*" replied a voice from the kitchen, followed by a light step and the appearance of the trim figure of a girl in white cap and apron.

"I am going out, and may not be back for some hours. Lock up the house, all downstairs. There has been a burglary in the village, Clotilde," said Miss Emily.

Clotilde gazed at her mistress with smiling but uncomprehending eyes.

"Oh, dear! she can't understand! Une robbaire breaka le mansion," began Miss Emily, when Clotilde interrupted, her hands clasped in an ecstasy of terror, her eyes raised to the ceiling.

"*Oui, oui*, I comprehend? A robbaire he attack the 'ouse of Mademoiselle?"

"No, no!" cried Miss Emily. "The house of Miss Simes—O Clotilde, put Hector in the front parlor!—I must go to her; the paper says she is injured—make him bark if any one comes; and you can bark too—whoo, whoo!" And Miss Emily shook in an energetic attempt to simulate the bark of a dog.

"Whoo, whoo!" imitated Clotilde; and from the garden came an unmistakable canine yelp, and a terrier about the size of a large cat bounded into the hall-way.

In a trice Miss Emily caught up the dog and shut him in the front parlor; and Clotilde hurried about, closing blinds and locking doors.

It was a hot midsummer morning; and when Miss Emily arrived at Miss Simes' cottage, at the other end of the village, she was overheated and breathless. Every shutter and door was closed, and she waited in trepidation a response to the ring she gave the house-bell.

"Who's there?" cried a muffled voice from behind the door.

"It is I—Miss Emily Lyman," replied Miss Emily; and the door fell back, revealing Betsy, a stern-faced young woman, Miss Simes' gossip, companion, and maid-of-all-work.

"We were about sending for you," announced Betsy.

"I'm so glad I've come! And how is she?" inquired Miss Emily, her voice earnest and sympathetic.

"She'll live another spell. But you'd best go up and see for yourself: you know the way," said Betsy, and pointed upstairs. "And I say," she went on, as Miss Emily put her foot on the stairs

to ascend, "she thinks your folks had a hand in it."

"My folks!" echoed Miss Emily; and would have questioned Betsy as to the meaning of her words had she not been turned from her purpose by a voice at the head of the stairs, bidding her "come up right away," for Miss Simes was impatient.

The owner of the voice preceding her, Miss Emily entered Miss Simes' chamber. She saw by the glare of an excelsior lamp that her usher was little Mrs. Pathaway, the well-meaning wife of the minister of the "church-house" appertaining to the sect of Old Two Seed in the Spirit Predestinarians.*

"She's almost dead from last night," said Mrs. Pathaway, stretching out a hand to Miss Simes, who was reclining in a great arm-chair, propped up by a mass of pillows.

"Well, Emily," cried Miss Simes, "I never thought things would come to this pass! And from your people too!"

"Couldn't you write to the Pope and have them stopped, Miss Emily?" asked Mrs. Pathaway.

"Nonsense, Maria Pathaway!" snapped Miss Simes. "She never writes to him direct. It's done through their cardinals and archbishops and high-priests."

Miss Emily gazed from one to another of the women.

"What *do* you mean?" she gasped.

"Do you mean to say you haven't heard? Haven't you read your *Leader* yet?" cried Miss Simes.

"Now, Julia, don't excite yourself," pleaded Mrs. Pathaway. "It's according to her lights. Equivocating's no sin with them. Josiah explained it all to me." (Josiah was Mrs. Pathaway's husband.)

"I am not equivocating!" denied Miss Emily, with indignation. "Yes, I have

* The veritable name of a division of Baptists. The U. S. census for 1890 gives their membership as 12,851. Number of churches, 473.

read about it; that is why I am here. The *Leader* says your house has been broken in, Julia, and that you drove off the burglar after a 'fierce struggle.' But in what way am I connected with the affair, pray?"

"Not you, Emily," declared Miss Simes; "but that Frenchified maid of yours: she and that man—another French person, I should presume from his looks,—that I saw walking with her yesterday."

"Her brother Pierre. He is a machinist in the Stamboro works. He paid his sister a flying visit yesterday. Clotilde was on her way to the station with him when you met them," rapidly explained Miss Emily.

"That is what you think, Emily," retorted Miss Simes. "But this morning" (Mrs. Pathaway leaned forward to listen, horror in her eyes),—"this morning, at two o'clock, that man Pear, as you call him, was in this room and at my desk."

Miss Emily was pale with fear. Could she have been deceived in the brother and sister she had found bravely fighting want in Boston city,—the sister she had taken into her own house and grown to love; the brother for whom she had found employment and liberal wages in Stamboro?

"Did you see him, Julia? Are you sure?" whispered Miss Emily.

Mrs. Pathaway viewed her with pity.

"Julia and I feel for you. We were talking of how cast down you'd be, when you rang the bell," she said. "But we do think, Miss Emily, you ought to let the Pope know of the carryings on of these foreigners."

"But *did* you see him—how do you know?" implored Miss Emily, turning in despair from Mrs. Pathaway.

"To tell the truth—and I hope never to tell ought else"—replied Miss Simes, solemnly, "I did not see him plain and distinct. I *heard* him, and *such* language! it was like the *bad man* himself." She

paused, overcome by her recollections. "It was in this way. I was lying awake, thinking of the trip I took to Boston the summer brother 'Zekiel got married and went West, and of how becoming was the white chip-bonnet I wore, with a real ostrich plume—and I suppose it was His judgments on me for my vanities,—when I heard a noise downstairs. I raised up in bed to listen; and all at once it came to my mind that Betsy must have left the kitchen window up—and it ain't the first time she's done it on a summer night,—and I screamed right out. He must have had gum boots on, for I heard nothing. But the next thing, I saw standing right at the desk, and between it and the window, a man. He was short, just like that Pear of yours; and that's all I could make out for the darkness. I screamed again; and, raising up the coverlet and a sheet in my two hands, I jumped out of bed, meaning to run and smother him. It was then he broke out; and such language! I couldn't understand a word; it was all in French, and every word a swear-word. *That* upset me completely, and I fainted; and the next thing I knew Betsy had me up in this chair, and I haven't stirred since—well?" she paused to ask; for Betsy had entered the room and was standing before her.

"The constable's back. Shall I show him up?" asked Betsy.

In a tremor of excitement the minister's wife eyed Miss Simes.

"Of course! You should not have waited to ask. Mr. Buttrick's time is very precious," reproved Miss Simes, with a dignity that failed to impress Betsy.

"The eggs aren't to be found, and neither the cocoanut. I can't make a cocoanut pie without the ingredients," she said, crossly.

"Do you suppose *he* took 'em?" asked Mrs. Pathaway, eagerly.

"Of course he did," replied Betsy. "And he'd have taken a deal more only

he skipped and run when he heard *me* coming."

"Now, Betsy," rebuked Miss Simes, "you know *I* frightened him. You told me yourself you dared not come to me till you saw his shadow run downstairs—dear!" she interrupted herself to cry, Betsy having left the room with a bang of the door. "Help me straighten myself. Is my cap all right?" she went on to ask, when the tall form of the constable, bowing to the company, made another break in her discourse.

"Have you caught him, Mr. Buttrick?" Mrs. Pathaway asked, excitedly.

"Not exactly, Mrs. Pathaway," replied Mr. Buttrick, carefully seating himself; "but I can say I'm on his track. It wasn't the Stamboro party, however. I've been over there and back,—right smart work. But on occasions like *this* I never spare myself. The young man can *supply* an *alibi*. He slept at his own lodgings last night, and was at his work betimes *this* morning. But I have my eye on another," pursued Mr. Buttrick; and he closed both his eyes for a moment, as if the better to acquaint them with his mental visions. "What would you say to Michael Walsh, the sexton of the Catholic church? He was up last night digging a grave—"

"From what have you been saved, Julia!" interrupted Mrs. Pathaway.

"Oh, the grave was not meant for Miss Simes!" said Mr. Buttrick, with a superior smile. "It was for Mrs. Mulroy; she's a-burying this moment. But his being out all hours is most suspicious."

"Not if accounted for, and you have accounted for it; and poor Michael is an Irishman, and Miss Simes says the robber spoke French," demurred Miss Emily, with some tartness.

"Well, he's a foreigner, and there's no telling what manner of language they don't know," retorted Mr. Buttrick. "And again, Miss Simes may be mistaken: it might have been Latin the burglar spoke;

and—begging your pardon, Miss Emily!—it's well known all Catholics must have a knowledge of Latin, their sermons and such being in that dialect."

"Our sermons are *not* delivered to us in Latin," denied Miss Emily, positively and with strong indignation.

"Well, that's what I've always heard," returned Mr. Buttrick, with the sturdy unconvincedness of the average illiterate non-Catholic.

"Oh, bother!" interjected Miss Simes. "What difference does all that make to any one! Mr. Buttrick, I thought you had better sense. I told you he was a *short* man, and Michael Walsh—well, I presume you are aware *he's* a giant. But never mind; while you've been wool-gathering, I've discovered the thief. Do you remember, Emily," she turned to face her visitor, her voice low, clear, and piercing,—“do you remember last Tuesday afternoon, when you brought Clotilde here to help do my wrap? And it was very kind in you, and I do not blame you; for of course you could not foresee how things would turn out. And while Clotilde was stitching on the scallop pattern for the cape, do you remember what happened?"

Miss Emily did not answer, and Miss Simes continued:

"Then I'll remind you. Didn't I have to go to my desk, and didn't I say I had upward of thirty-nine dollars there to deposit in bank next time I went to Stamboro? I see you *do* remember—but you needn't blush; it ain't your fault. Now do you see who the robber was?"

"You said the burglar was a man," dissented Mr. Buttrick.

A sarcastic grin wrinkled and puckered Miss Simes' countenance.

"A man!" her voice contemned the thought. "Couldn't she put on a man's clothes and a false beard? Aren't all the French play-actors? Can't they act any part? *I've read it!*"

Miss Emily had long endured patiently the difficulties a well-informed man or woman necessarily encounters whilst living in a community of "know-it-alls." At this juncture she lost her patience; not enough, fortunately, to put herself in a false position.

"Were it not," she said, "that I know you to be people in good faith, wedded to local traditions, I'd think your conduct very wicked. There has been an attempted robbery, and from the first you resolved to place the responsibility on a Catholic."

"We haven't tried to saddle it on your shoulders, Emily," interposed Miss Simes, bluntly. "Clotilde's not you any more than Betsy's me."

"Clotilde is as incapable of the crime you charge her with as I am myself."

"I suppose you can prove that she never left your house last night?" put in Mr. Buttrick.

Morally sure that Clotilde had been in her room from ten o'clock on the night before till six that morning, Miss Emily did not feel called upon to confute Mr. Buttrick's implied doubt.

"Surely, Julia," she appealed, "you do not intend to formulate a charge against the poor girl?"

"Not to deceive you," responded Miss Simes, "you'd best go home and warn her to leave for other parts."

Little Mrs. Pathaway wrung her hands in despair.

"Don't quarrel, girls," she said. "It ain't Christian, and you both members; though for a Catholic it don't make the same difference, I presume. But if Clotilde is repentant, she ought to be forgiven; and I *do* believe she is innocent. How could she be otherwise, living with Emily? And I don't care who knows it—and Josiah says the same,—if she *is* a Catholic, there's no better Christian living than Emily Lyman. And, come to think of it—and it's Josiah's mind too,—I *do* wish the Predestinars was as faithful in coming as

the folks are in Father Barry's church. And you mustn't think, Julia," she hurried on, seeing a frown on Miss Simes' brow, "that I'm going to say a word against him, if he *is* a priest; for Josiah says his lights are surprising, and he *does* know the *Word*—"

"I beg your pardon ladies, *humbly!*" burst in Mr. Buttrick. "My time ain't my own. And, what with theologicals and differences of opinion, we appear to be forgetting the main point of the forcible and breaking in with violence—"

"He did not have to break in. I told you Betsy left the kitchen window up; and there was no violence excepting his language—that was just outrageous," interrupted Miss Simes.

"I was only observing the technicalities of the law in my speech, Miss Julia; speaking in figures, as it were, by way of ornament. The law is very ornamental, as all know who have made a study of it," said Mr. Buttrick, superiorly.

During this rambling discussion Miss Emily stood, parasol in hand, her eyes appealing to Miss Simes. Fully aware of Mr. Buttrick's immense conceit, and wofully afraid of the catastrophes it might bring about, she now appealed in words exhibiting an exquisite lack of tact, attributable in part to her bewilderment and straightforwardness of character.

"Julia dear, why don't you procure a detective?" she cried.

Mr. Buttrick jumped to his feet.

"Don't let me stand in the way if I ain't to be trusted, Miss Simes," he enunciated, cross and pompous.

"I didn't say that you were not to be trusted, Mr. Buttrick," protested Miss Emily.

"Then I beg your pardon for misconceiving your speech and the utterments you made," retorted Mr. Buttrick, still cross but overpoweringly polite.

Miss Emily felt herself choking with tears. She had come of a good purpose:

to comfort and console; and here was everyone at cross-purposes; even Mrs. Pathaway, whose only offence was an ill-worded attempt to bring about peace.

"Julia," she said, "before I go, I must beg you not to be rash; indeed Clotilde is innocent—"

Here she broke down completely, and hurried abruptly from the room to hide her tears.

Miss Simes' bedroom was immediately at the head of the stairs. The house was all shut up; no lights burned in the passage-ways; and as Miss Emily stood on the landing drying her eyes, she saw what in the semi-darkness appeared to be the figure of a man in the hall below. The figure, without looking up to where she stood and trembled, passed with noiseless tread into the parlor.

Miss Emily's unreasoning instinct proclaimed the figure to be that of the burglar of the night before. Accurate knowledge of the ways of the householders of Arem announced that the key of the parlor reposed in the lock of the parlor door. With no least thought of posing as a heroine, only the intense practicalness of the American character asserting itself in her, she sped softly down the stairs, and, with averted looks, pulled to and locked the parlor door.

Straightway her femininity arose and overwhelmed her. Leaning her back against the door, she beat the air with her parasol and screamed with all her might.

Her screams were responded to from within the parlor by unintelligible cries, and by the appearance of Betsy from the kitchen, and Mr. Buttrick, Miss Simes, and Mrs. Pathaway from above stairs. Wrapped in her handkerchief, Mrs. Pathaway carried a pistol, once the property of Miss Simes' father,—a weapon that had not been loaded for half a century.

"I've got a pistol and it shoots!" she shrilled, equivocating, oblivious of her principles.

The being in the parlor, still jabbering in angry tones, was now heard to bound about the room with a sound, as Mrs. Pathaway afterward declared, "like a boy playing leap-frog with the furniture."

"Didn't I tell you he was French? Just listen to him!" whispered Miss Simes.

At that moment a fearful cry burst from the parlor. The women huddled together, clutching one another's garments.

"It must be a maniac!" exclaimed Miss Emily, much shaken.

Mr. Buttrick alone appeared unmoved.

"Ladies, calm yourselves," he observed, gently. "It's just as I thought it was from the first."

"Then it is Pear!" cried Miss Simes, in triumph.

A sneer of contempt on his face, Mr. Buttrick drew a newspaper from his pocket, unfolded it with care, lit the hall lamp with deliberation, and announced:

"It was in last night's papers and again in this morning's. It's queer—it ain't, though, when you consider how you were all upset by the *supposed* burglary. No, it's not surprising you didn't read an account of it."

"Of what?" demanded Miss Simes.

Mr. Buttrick eyed her with penetration and said:

"As an officer of the law with responsibilities, I do my duty and inform you; and as a man, Miss Simes, I say you are most too quick in your judgments. That wasn't a burglar in your room last night: at least no human one. And as to the noise it's making, that ain't French nor no language at all. If you'd read the papers, you'd have seen that the great ape Choco had escaped from the Stamboro Zoo, and there's a reward offered for him."

"An ape!—an ape!" his listeners cried, in consternation.

But Miss Simes recovered quickly when she heard the crash of one of her mantel-piece ornaments.

"Then get the reward, constable, and

take that ape out of my house at once!"

To assume an air of wisdom was one thing; to capture, single-handed, an ape large enough to be mistaken for a man was quite another. Mr. Buttrick cleared his throat.

"I must go and get help," he demurred.

"I'll help you, man! Betsy, go bring the clothes-line," ordered Miss Simes, forgetful that a reporter, ambitious for a story, had declared her to be in bed, prostrate from a victorious conflict with a bloodthirsty robber.

The rope was brought; and when Miss Emily had mounted her eye-glasses, and the ladies and Mr. Buttrick their various pairs of spectacles to see the better, Betsy threw open the parlor door. Sure enough, it was an ape that had disturbed the household; and when he saw the crowd assembled to take him, affrighted and repentant, he ran whimpering to a corner, and was there captured and bound without much ado. A wagon passing by was impressed by Mr. Buttrick; and Choco was taken to the jail, where he remained till the authorities from Stamboro came to transport him back to the Zoo.

The remains of a cocoanut, found afterward in a closet under the stairs, revealed Choco's sleeping-place from the time he left Miss Simes' bedroom till Miss Emily saw him in the hall.

Later in the day, when Miss Emily returned home, her first exclamation was:

"Clotilde, it was not a robber: it was an ape—a great monkey; and, Clotilde, they thought it was Pierre."

"Pierre! Pierre one monkey!" cried poor Clotilde.

Miss Emily burst into a hysterical fit of laughter; but, thinking better of it, gave no explanation. To this day Clotilde does not know that she and her brother have been suspected of crime; and she often wonders how her beautiful Pierre could have been mistaken for "one gros monkey."

Notes and Remarks.

If one were making a list of eminent American scientists, the name of Dr. Samuel Steman Haldeman would deserve to be very near the head. The extent of his knowledge was marvellous; and if his contributions to scientific literature had been published anonymously, few persons would believe that he could possibly have mastered so many subjects or written so many different treatises. No fewer than seventy-three works by him are mentioned by Agassiz in his "Bibliographia Zoologica et Geologica"; but there were numerous other publications by Dr. Haldeman on archaeology, chemistry, philology, botany, etc. His researches attracted attention in Europe, and scientific men everywhere were in admiration of his work. The branches of knowledge in which he was most proficient were probably geology and entomology. It used to be said of him that "he read rocks like capital letters," and certainly no man of our time has become more familiar with the insect creation. It is surprising that no life of this distinguished man has yet appeared. Of the many sketches and memoirs only one makes mention of his being a convert to the Church, which he joined when about thirty years of age. His lamented death occurred in 1880.

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In the absence of an adequate biography of Dr. Haldeman, the notice of his life and labors presented in the current number of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society* is especially welcome. It is the only satisfactory account we have met with of his conversion to the Church. The writer says:

Scientific research too often leads to irreligion; but with him there was no such disastrous result. He did, indeed, give up the Protestant religion and become a Deist, under the influence of the writings of French philosophers. But neither in Protestantism nor in Deism did he find rest or peace. His study and observation of the perfectly organized systems of Nature, as expressed in the *animalculæ*, gave him the idea of a Creator and an Organizer, a Head and an Authority. By these means he was led to study the Catholic Church. The same philosophical talents and tact so essential in scientific investigation, which he possessed in such an eminent degree,

were brought to bear, in a greater degree, on the matter important above all others—his salvation. In his studies his procedure was so entirely original and careful as to lead to conclusions acceptable to and approved by the whole scientific world. The same originality and care were certainly bestowed in his investigation of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Once the discovery was made, the whole system of the Church, as laid down by her Divine Founder, was plainly visible. He could separate it, bone, muscle, and fibre; and see to a nicety how part fitted into part. His reply to Bishop Kenrick, on a certain occasion, shows that this was his method in arriving at a conclusion. The Bishop's question as to what had induced him to embrace the Catholic faith brought the characteristic response, "Bugs!"

Dr. Haldeman was a most exemplary convert, and was respected and beloved by all who knew him, no matter what religion they professed. We are told by his biographer that "he always began reading his morning prayers before touching any daily work, and observed the same regularity at the end of the day. He attended Mass very regularly, coming the distance from Chickies (three miles) every Sunday." Of the descendants of Dr. Haldeman, all but one were practical Catholics.

The most difficult problem with which we are confronted as a result of the annexation of Hawaii, according to a writer in the current *North American Review*, is the leprosy question. It has been estimated that nearly ten per cent of the Hawaiian natives are lepers, and many thousands have died in the last fifty years. In spite of all the efforts of science, the loathsome disease continues to spread, threatening the ultimate extinction of the race. During the present century there has been a decided acceleration in the spread of leprosy in various parts of the world; and the danger, now increased, of its becoming prevalent in this country has often been dwelt upon. It is a fact well known to medical science that a race hitherto free from a certain specific infection, when once infected, presents an ideal soil for the development of that disease. Leprosy seems to defy the efforts of science. Although described as the most ancient and the most human of all diseases, next to nothing is definitely known about it. Medical men are

not even agreed as to the manner of its contagion, some of them holding that it is not contagious at all. One thing, however, is certain: the origin of this horrible disease can always be traced to human importation. Largely increased immigration to and emigration from Hawaii will undoubtedly be an immediate result of annexation, and thus leprosy may be spread throughout the United States. Although lepers are segregated in the islands, it is asserted on reliable authority that there are three times as many at large as are restrained in the leper colony. They have a natural dread of being sent to Molokai. All who come into contact with these unrecognized lepers will, of course, be liable to exposure to the infection.

Such being the nature of leprosy, and the conditions favorable to its development, our government would do well to consider without delay the problem with which it is confronted. No means should be neglected to prevent the spread of the horrible disease which has been the curse of Hawaii.

While no reader of a Catholic paper will probably object to that quality of editorial writing which is perhaps best known, if not most accurately described, as "snap," there is always a danger that enjoyable snap may degenerate into reprehensible flippancy. Certain subjects especially should be sacred, at the hands of Catholic writers, from any treatment bordering on the irreverent; and it has been with sincere regret that we recently noted in one or two of our contemporaries a tendency to exhibit wit at the expense of the most elementary good taste. There is assuredly superabundant material on which to exercise all one's available snap without trenching on topics toward which reticence and reverence are the only fitting attitudes.

In a letter to *Les Missions Catholiques*, Father Bonnald, of the Saskatchewan district, relates a touching incident of his missionary career. An epidemic that had been raging in the glacial regions wherein his lot is cast had prevented him for some weeks from visiting one of the villages entrusted to his spiritual care. When he was finally enabled

to harness his dogs to his sledge and visit the village in question, he found sickness and death reigning supreme. The good missionary writes :

I found eleven bodies stretched out on the cabin mats, rigid in death, with the temperature 40° below zero. I approached the remains to recite a prayer; and found, to my astonishment, that in the right hand of each corpse was clasped a little package—a piece of birch-bark folded in two. On the outside was written: "Only our Father [the priest] may read the enclosed lines." It was a confession. My poor people, feeling death approach, and unable to confess their sins to God's minister, had written them on slips of bark—the papyrus of these Northern latitudes. At the bottom of each sheet was some such request as, "Pray, Father, say a Mass for the repose of my soul. I leave to you, in gratitude for this service, a beaver skin," etc.

Before such an evidence of the faith and the naive dispositions of his departed children, we can readily believe that the good missionary was moved to tears. His ministry had not been in vain. His people had heard him explain that, in default of a confessor, perfect contrition and a desire to receive the Sacraments suffice to justify the sinner; and they desired to testify to God, their conscience, and their spiritual Father, that they had died in these salutary dispositions.

The extension of the rule of the Tsar means the extinction of the Catholic missions wherever a powerful advocate of their interests is wanting. The action of Russia in Northern China is a menace to the interests of religion in that vast district; the heathen there will be worse off than ever before. The national church carries out no missionary propaganda, and the government always opposes the evangelization of its heathen subjects by priests of the Latin Church. Some time ago a writer in the *London Tablet* gave an account of the efforts made by the Vicar-Apostolic of Manchuria to found a mission at the new Russian settlement of Nicolaiefsk, at the mouth of the Amur, for the conversion of the Tartar tribes in its neighborhood. Permission to pass the winter at Khabarofka was the utmost concession that could be obtained. When, two years later, he renewed his efforts, the missionary was threatened with arrest if he preached or officiated in public. This portion of the

vicariate of Manchuria had, therefore, to be utterly abandoned,—an experience of sinister omen for the fate of the remainder, now that it has fallen into the same hands.

The extension of Russian rule signifies everywhere the exclusion of the foreigner (whether he come in the guise of merchant or missionary), and the strict reservation of the territory acquired to Russian interests. Whatever portion of the globe the Russian flag flies over is lost to the Catholic Church, and, in regard to its heathen population, to all forms of Christian teaching. On this ground the predominant position taken up by Russia in the far East, and the assertion of her resolve to shape out on her own lines the future destinies of Northern China, constitute a formidable menace to the interests of religion in that part of the world.

The Mexican correspondent of the *Boston Sunday Herald* thus refers to one of the noblest works of charity in the city of Mexico and the devoted priest who conducts it:

A busy Catholic clergyman here is the Rev. Father Hunt, a most active man, rosy of cheek, bright of eye, with Spanish at his tongue's end, his English a little limping from long disuse, and with a wonderful command of the old Mexican, or Nahuatl language, in which he sometimes preaches to the Indians. It is a soft and melodious tongue, like Italian in beauty; and the good *padre* is called among the Indians the "White Indian," so well does he talk their language. This excellent man, whose fame as a Nahuatl scholar has reached the savants of Europe, has here a school for street boys, where he teaches, feeds, and generally looks after newsboys, shop apprentices, and young pedlers magniloquently called *comerciantes*, or "merchants." It is one of the noblest charities here; and this erudite priest, instead of devoting himself to his favorite studies, gives two-thirds of his time to his Master's business.

Again it becomes necessary to warn our friends against paying subscriptions to strangers representing themselves as agents of THE AVE MARIA. At the present time an impostor, who signs himself Louis Doherty, etc., is operating in Philadelphia. He should be turned over to the police. Our authorized agents always have credentials with them and can easily be identified. In cases of doubt, money should not be paid until our office can be communicated with.

Notable New Books.

THE SAINTS. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SAINTS. By Henry Joly. Duckworth & Co. Benziger Brothers.

This is the first volume of a new series of lives of the saints of which we made announcement some months ago. It is under the general editorship of M. Joly, formerly professor at the Sorbonne and at the Collège de France, author of numerous works of recognized ability. The English translation is to be superintended by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J., who will contribute to each volume a preface and notes addressed especially to English readers. It is not a mere form of expression to say that this new series of biographies of the saints supplies a long-felt want. There are very few books of the class in any language that make their subjects live again as their contemporaries knew them, or that faithfully represent the times in which they lived. The portrait of the saint is generally blurred in some way, and the contemporary facts of history presented without sequence or skill. There was need of a series of lives of the saints written upon an entirely different method,—biographies that would make the saint himself tell his own story, and enable the reader to feel his humanity and to interpret it by his own. That need is now supplied. The object of the series so auspiciously begun by M. Joly is to present living portraits of each of the great saints, in order to draw attention to them, and to let the world know what sort of men and women they really were. The reader of each biography will be put *en rapport* with its subject, made to realize that the saint was a fellow-being, and to understand how all Christians can copy the models of sanctity presented to them by the Church.

"The Psychology of the Saints" is no less interesting and edifying than it is learned. Many persons regard a saint as a being in whom a miraculous agency has completely ousted and supplanted nature; or they consider all manifestations of the human faculties, from the lowest even to the highest, as productions of the blind and

automatic action of our inferior powers; man as nothing better than an animal of a rather more complicated nature; crime as a disease; genius and sanctity as merely striking and, more often than not, fantastic exhibitions of ambition, self-deception, and other qualities inherent in human nature. These and other equally erroneous notions are combated by M. Joly in his introductory essay, thus enabling all classes of educated readers to approach the lives of the great saints with intelligent sympathy and to gain definite profit from the study of them. Nothing more appropriate to introduce the series could have been conceived than this little volume.

SAINT AUGUSTINE. By Ad. Hatzfeld.

The choice of the illustrious Bishop of Hippo as a subject for the first biography in the new series of "The Saints" was an admirable one; and the idea of composing the sketch mainly from his "Confessions," most happy. The interest of St. Augustine is not local but universal; not of one century but of all time. The story of the saint is full of edification and encouragement, especially to those who have known and succumbed to human weakness. It is a model of Christian holiness, slowly and laboriously formed in a soul long darkened by error and led astray by passion. The "Confessions" is well described by Father Tyrrell as "perhaps the most exquisitely delicate piece of self-analysis that the world has yet seen." This wondrous book, however, is practically a sealed volume. Men feed their souls nowadays on "the latest spiritual novelty of the season which piety, stimulated by trade, has brought forth."

The biographical sketch is followed by a general review of the teaching of the great founder of scientific theology in the West. Taken together, they are a masterful summing up of the life and works of one who illustrated the Church by his sanctity, and whose wisdom has thrown lights as deep as they are original on every question relating to the human soul, to the world, and to God. M. Hatzfeld's object in writing this book was to make St. Augustine live again as his contemporaries, who loved and revered him,

knew him. The object, as every reader will admit, is most successfully attained.

We have already remarked that a better choice for the editorship of the English translations of these volumes than Father George Tyrrell, S. J., could not possibly have been made. Literalness in translation has not been aimed at, the purpose being to present a readable English rendering at the cost of certain venial infidelities to the original. The worth of Father Tyrrell's notes may be judged from the following remarks, the first of which is appended to "The Psychology of the Saints," the second to "Saint Augustine":

It is not wonderful, then, that those who in a way are good Christians and kindly to their fellows should often exhibit brutality in their treatment of animals, as is to be seen so commonly in Italy. It is a defect of civilization rather than of religion, whose action on civilization is always indirect and often impeded by other conditions over which it has no control.

The fact that St. Augustine has left us a list of retractions ought to impress upon us the truth that the opinion of no single Father is to be regarded as infallible, and that even the consent of all together has no inherent force except so far as it witnesses to the teaching of the Church in matters of faith and morals.

The publishers have displayed the best taste in the production of these volumes. Besides being well printed on good paper, from large, clear type, and substantially bound, their exterior conforms to the contents. Another thing: they are so cheap in price that no reader need be deprived of their possession. May they have numerous readers wherever our language is spoken!

SONNETS ON THE SONNET. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co.

This book contains a collection of one hundred and fifty-seven poems, in sonnet form, which treat of the sonnet from various points of view. About thirty of these compositions deal with the metrical construction of the sonnet; a second group treats of the material; and the third part is made up of such sonnet forms as mention masters of his kind of poetry. There are also thirty "sonnets on the sonnet," which, the compiler tells us, were written with a view to his collection. An appendix describes certain forms of verse commonly called "French

Forms"; and a second appendix gives extracts from the prose teaching of poets and critics concerning the sonnet.

The book will be useful to the student of literature, because it gathers into one place the opinions of poets upon an important kind of poetry. Many of these stanzas are mere humorous descriptions of the difficulties that beset the path of a sonneteer, but others express poetically the deeper nature of the sonnet.

The collection of verses in French Forms is good in itself, but it has no right to a place in the book. The compiler entitles this division "The Sonnet's Kindred Self-Described." There is no more kinship between the real sonnet and a rondeau, ballade or villanelle than there is between an epic and a charade. Apart from this flaw, the book is a useful accompaniment to the essays of Sharp, Pattison, Caine, Crandall, Hunt, and others, on the sonnet.

It is surprising how few critics and poets understand the elaborate technique of the sonnet; even Lanier, one of our most skilled American metrists, did not know its laws. Longfellow is our sole sonneteer.

This form is not arbitrarily artificial; it is much more than a quatorzain with a fixed rime-formula. It is complicated, highly wrought; but it is the only form that will embody a genuine sonnet-thought. It is like the oriole's carefully woven nest that is naturally fit for his beauty and music alone.

There is no short test of literary craft so thorough as that which may be put in evidence in estimating the value of a sonnet. Precision of thought, unity of plan, dignity, fulness of verbal melody, are only part of the essential factors. The oldest example extant of this difficult kind of poetical composition is the "Natura d'Amore," written about the year 1220, by Pier delle Vigne, of Capua.

THE SEVEN DOLORS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published by the Author.

When during Lent of the present year we published the series of articles which form this artistic little volume, many were the words of appreciative comment even from non-Catholic sources. And in their new

setting, the seven meditations on the Seven Dolors of our Blessed Mother are even more acceptable; while another charm is theirs by reason of the addition of well-printed half-tone reproductions of favorite masterpieces representing the events which form the subject of the text.

The author's interpretation of art lends a special value to the principles of criticism to be gleaned from even her casual remarks on the world's great paintings; and one realizes this after a slight acquaintance with Miss Starr, whether one learns to know her through her masterly work or through her artistic following in painting of the events which mark the Dolors of Mary.

The artists represented in this book are Steinle in a vignette, "Our Lady of Sorrows"; Raphael in "The Presentation in the Temple," which is part of a *predella* attached to one of his youthful conceptions, "The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin"; Fra Angelico in "The Flight into Egypt" and "The Deposition"; Overbeck in "The Three Days' Loss"; Raphael again, in "The Meeting on the Way to Calvary"; Duccio in "The Crucifixion"; and Perugino in "The Entombment."

Of the text nothing need be said. Miss Starr holds a place unique in Catholic literature; and it is high praise of this her latest volume to say that she has never written anything better.

EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By a Seminary Professor. Translated from the French. John Joseph McVey.

We regret that the unquestionable merit of this book is greatly lessened by a certain carelessness of expression and a tendency to set down private opinion as dogmatic truth. In a book of this kind the theology of the schools should be rigorously restricted within the lines of certain teaching, and disputatious matter ought to be excluded. One of the principal defects of this volume is that statements with regard to the union between Church and State, the right to persecute heretics, liberalism, etc., are made without reservation. The author's remark, that "we may believe hell to be in the bowels of the earth," may be passed; but we do not see the use of stating that, for the

violation of his laws, the Pope may inflict on the culprit such temporal punishment as "loss of property, exile, detention," etc. The clearness and directness of the author, and the abundance of good teaching which this book contains, do not, to our mind, compensate for its defects.

THE CHURCH AND THE LAW. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Callaghan & Co.

Dealing particularly with the laws affecting religious subjects and corporations in the United States, this work comprises many *data* not previously included in a single volume. It affords evidence of diligent research and careful discrimination in the choice of topics. The information it contains is of undoubted utility and value, not only to clergymen, doctors, and lawyers, but also to the general public. The most noteworthy points of contact between the Church and the law are steadily kept in view in the development of the treatise. Pertinent constitutional and statutory provisions and the adjudicated cases involving their construction or the principles in point of the common law, are carefully collated, judiciously summarized, logically arranged, and creditably presented. In short, it is a meritorious little work, well deserving of the patronage solicited for it.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. J. Murphy, who passed to his reward on the 23d of August, in Dublin, Ireland.

Mr. Robert L. Johnson, of Milwaukee, Wis., whose death took place on the 28th ult.

Mrs. Mary Smith, who yielded her soul to God on the 27th ult., in New Haven, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Campbell, of Philadelphia, Pa., who lately departed this life.

Mr. James A. Courtney, of St. Cloud, Minn.; Mrs. George Ellis, Derby, Conn.; Mr. P. Daly and Mr. J. Lowney, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Terrence Gilroy, Ansonia, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine Clingan, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Cecilia Raftree, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Murphy, Falls Church, Va.; and Mr. Alphonse Bahlman, Washington, D. C.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Slaying of Goliath.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY M. E. M.

GOLIATH was a giant bold,
Israel's fierce, braggart foe,
In armor of the strongest steel
Encased from head to toe,
Save in his shining helmet, where
An opening left his forehead bare.

His eyes shone through the visor tall
Like two bright, evil stars;
His broad mouth stretched from ear to ear
Beneath the steely bars;
And cruelly his sword did gleam,—
'Twas heavy as a weaver's beam.

Thus he came forward day by day,
Challenging everyone:
"Where is the man will fight with me,
Or be it sire or son?
Let him step forth, the worthless hound!
I soon shall stretch him on the ground."

His hairy hands now clave the air,
Now brandished his broad spear,
And warriors once counted brave
Now hid themselves in fear,
While, jeering at the awe-struck throng,
The monster strutted all day long.

There came at last a shepherd lad,
A youth not yet full-grown;
He carried but a slender stick,
A sling, and a round stone;
Crying, "Thou hast both sword and spear,
But in God's name I face thee here!"

He spake and whirled the sling in air:
It whizzed like living flame,
Against the giant's brazen brow
Unerringly it came—

With one loud roar and mighty bound,
He lay outstretched upon the ground.

Silent for aye the braggart tongue,
Useless the mighty sword;
For Satan's son could ne'er defeat
The soldier of the Lord.
Goliath lies upon the plain,
By the young shepherd David slain.

Leo's Adventures in the Country.

BY L. W. REILLY.

V.



WHEN Leo, after putting aside
his best suit, descended the stairs,
Mamma Bauer addressed him:

"Go out with the boys, Leo, and let
them show you around. Make yourself
at home and ask for anything you want."

"Thank you, ma'am!" he answered.
"I feel quite at home already after that
nice breakfast."

Leo may have inherited the gift of
saying nice things.

"Come on, Leo!" called out David from
the front porch.

Leo got his hat and hurried out. The
twins—the inseparables—were waiting
for him. They hurried him to the barn,
the field where there was a colt, the pen
in which a calf was confined, the spring,
the roost of their pet pigeons, the warren
of their rabbits, their cade lamb; and
pointed out the ten-acre patch of corn
which they had planted and cultivated, to
provide their winter clothing and add to
their account in bank. They were soon

chattering together as if they had always been acquainted.

After the sights near the house had been visited, David suggested that they go down the road a bit to a lot of wild blackberry bushes.

"Say," began Leo, as they walked out of the gate, "you boys look so much alike and dress so nearly alike that I can't tell one from the other."

The twins laughed. Daniel said:

"Everybody that meets us for the first time says that, but they soon learn to tell us apart. Dave is taller'n and heavier'n me; his face is broader, and he has a wart on his left thumb."

The thumb aforesaid was immediately put on exhibition.

"What were you doing making a motion in front of your face and then muttering to yourself before you took breakfast?" David inquired, innocently.

It was now Leo's turn to laugh, and he made the most of it. Then he remembered Herman's words—"country boys don't know nothing,"—and the bad spirit of vanity took possession of him, and he thought to himself: "I must begin to show these chaps how ignorant they are, and to lord it over them because I know so much more than they do." So he proceeded to show off.

"That's the Sign of the Cross. Don't you know that?"

"No," said the twins together.

"Don't you say grace at the table to ask a blessing on the food and to give thanks for it afterward?"

"No," said the twins together.

"Do you go to Sunday-school?"

"No," said the twins together.

"Well, let me show you how to make the Sign of the Cross."

Halting the twins where they were in the middle of the road, Leo taught them how to make the sign, putting them through the action over and over again until they had it perfect.

"What's it good for?" asked Daniel.

"It's good for everything! It means that you ask the blessing of Christ on what you're doing, or that you're doing it in His name."

"Oh!" said the twins together.

"If there's anything else you'd like to know, just ask me and I'll tell you."

The country "bumpkins" were duly impressed with this unlimited offer.

"The city's the place to learn," Leo went on. "You see so many things; you have all the daily papers; everybody has something new to tell you; the schools are so fine they learn you everything; and, then, there's the Pratt Library that is full of histories and—and story-books, and things. Now I go to college and I study Latin,—*penna, rosa, amo, amas, amat*, and—"

"Hold up, Leo!" cried David. "What does *penna* mean?"

"A pen."

"And what does *rosa* mean?"

"A rose."

"Then," chimed in Daniel, "I suppose *girla* means a girl, *housa* a house, and *doga* a dog?"

"Oh, no, no!" laughed Leo. "That's not right. A girl is *puella*, a house is *domus*, and a dog is *canis*."

"I'd never remember all that," replied Daniel. "How do you ever keep it in your head?"

"Oh, that's easy!" said Leo, proudly. "You ought to see the long lessons we have to learn and the stack of books we carry to school."

"You're just the boy we want," said David, with sincerity. "There's lots of things we'd like to know about, and we have no one to tell us."

"I'll do my best," replied the city lad, inflated with conceit for his own wisdom, and with contempt for his companions.

This was an unusual feeling for Leo to have, and a strange sentiment for him to entertain. His state was the result of

a bad influence—his city companions' silly depreciation of country boys.

So, as the three walked along, the thought pressed on Leo's mind that he "must teach these chumps a thing or two"; and he remembered, with a sort of hypocritical complacency, that to instruct the ignorant is numbered among the spiritual works of mercy.

Just then David was telling about an item of news that his father had been reading the night before in the *Weekly Sun*,—of a little girl in Calvert County who was bitten by a copperhead snake near a spring, and who died in horrible agony before a doctor could be procured. As he reached the climax of her agony, Leo gave a bound in the air, jumped to one side of the road, and shrieked:

"There's a copperhead now—look out, look out!"

He pointed as he spoke to something in the grass on his side of the road.

"Oh, pshaw!" sneered David. "Don't you know a harmless little black snake from a copperhead?"

With a quick grab, he caught the serpent by the tail, gave it a swing and twist in the air, and brought its head to the ground with a whack that killed it.

"How'd you know it was a black snake?" inquired Leo.

"How do I know a linden from an oak, or a cherry from a maple, or a pine-tree from a chestnut, or a willow from a walnut?"

"Well, how do you?"

"I thought *you* knew everything."

Leo's face fell. Evidently his friend Herman was not altogether right: there was one little country boy that knew something, and something that a city boy didn't know.

"By the bark and the leaf, of course," went on David. "And so we tell snakes by their marks and build."

Just then a bird flew out of a tree, and Daniel tossed a pebble toward it, saying:

"There goes a pretty robin!"

"Or a swallow?" said Leo.

"Swallow! Good gracious! can't you tell a robin from a swallow?"

"No," replied Leo, honestly.

"That's funny! I thought you knew everything," retorted Daniel, repeating his brother's words.

"How *do* you know them?" asked Leo.

"How do we know them?" replied Daniel. "How do we know oats from rye and wheat from corn? By looking at the growth and seeing the marks peculiar to each. We know the birds by their colors, their size, their shape, their bill; and so with half an eye you can tell an oriole from a whip-poor-will, a humming-bird from a wren, a cat-bird from a chimney-swallow, a turkey from a goose, and a buzzard from a rooster."

Leo was positive now that Herman was still further away from the exact truth. There was another country boy that knew something.

By this time they had got down to a woodland, then to a rough pasture, and next to a wet tract covered with brush and weeds and wild berry thorns. There were millions of blackcaps there, ripe and over-ripe; and hundreds of millions of whortleberries not yet mature. The boys set to work to feast on the blackberries. They ate and talked, and ate and laughed, and ate again. Presently Leo exclaimed:

"Oh, there's another black snake!"

Boldly now he went toward it where it was coiling itself among the withered leaves. He intended to pick it up by the tail and kill it, as David had done with the other one. As he stooped down to watch his chance to grasp it, Daniel, giving one hasty glance at the serpent, rushed over to Leo and pulled him away with a jerk, just in time to save him from being bitten.

"That's a spread-adder, you loon!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see his head?"

"I didn't half look at his head," said

Leo. "I was aiming to catch his tail."

"But he nearly caught you," retorted Daniel, as he picked up a stone and mashed the spread-adder's head. "You'd better not 'monkey' with any more snakes until you've learned something about them."

Leo felt quite crestfallen. He did not like to be taught in this manner,—especially after the proud boast that he had made, of which he now began to see the foolishness.

Snakes, however, are pretty scarce in Howard County, Maryland, even though two were in the way of the boys that morning. So the trio gave their whole attention again to the feast before them. After satisfying themselves, they began to fill three cones made out of sheets of a large newspaper that one of them had in his pocket. They were getting on nicely when Leo—city-boy like, moving from place to place for the thickest clusters, instead of systematically picking all the berries at one spot before even looking at any others,—got about thirty-five feet away from the twins. All at once he cried out:

"Oh, see the queer ball of paper right here among the bushes!"

The twins looked up, curious to learn what new find Leo had made, and they were about to go over to him when he stooped down to pick up his prize. He had no sooner touched it, however, than a dozen insects, looking like pirate bees, rushed angrily out of the grayish globe, and two of them flew onto the boy. One stung him on the hand, the other on the arm. He roared with the pain.

"Ouch!" he cried. "They prick like a hot needle!"

"Run away, Leo!" called out the twins, setting the example. "Run away! It's hornets!"

Leo stumbled out of the tangled undergrowth, beating his hands about his head, around which some more hornets were

flying, and screaming like the whistle of a locomotive.

When the lads stopped running, about an eighth of a mile from the hornets' nest, David said:

"Oh, it's too bad you were stung, Leo! Did you never see a hornets' nest before? Show me where they bit you. The pain'll soon go down. You were lucky not to have the whole lot of them settle on you."

As soon as the red spots were shown, David bathed them in the water that trickled from the spring, and then clapped a wad of clay on them, which he held in place with handkerchiefs.

"That'll do until we get home," he said; "and then mother'll put some ammonia water or baking soda on them. It's high time we were making tracks for the dinner-table, anyhow."

So backward the trio hurried, Leo quite cast down by his morning's adventures, and not so certain as when he started out that he knew more than his two companions.

(To be continued.)

A Strange Device.

Among ancient Christian devices the figure of a fish occurs very frequently, with the inscription *anthropou* (in Greek letters), signifying "of man." The following explanation has been given: The Greek word for fish is *ichthus*, and each of the five letters composing the Greek word (*ch* and *th* being each represented by only one letter) is the initial of a significant word, as follows:

iesus—Jesus,
christos—Christ,
theou—of God,
uios—Son,
soter—Saviour.

The whole, followed by *anthropou* (the word inscribed upon the figure of the fish), forms a profession of Christian faith:

JESUS CHRIST, SON OF GOD, SAVIOUR OF MEN.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The London *Globe* holds that the grammar of the past is the pedantry of the present. Instead of "Regardless of grammar, they all cried 'That's him!'" we should now be inclined to say: "With a pedantic regard for grammar, which at such a moment seemed ridiculous, they all cried 'That is he!'"

—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s autumn announcement of new books includes a story by Flora Haines Loughhead, one of our own valued contributors. In plot and narrative skill "The Black Curtain" will sustain the reputation the author won by her two previous novels, "The Man who was Guilty" and "The Abandoned Claim."

—The writer of "Notes of a Tour in Iceland," contributed to the Aberdeen *Free Press*, tells of a visit he paid to the museum at Reykjavik, which contains, among other interesting ecclesiastical relics of ante-Reformation days, the first Icelandic translation of the Bible, by Bishop Gudmundsen, who also carved the wood-blocks for the initial letters and illustrations.

—The blunders made by anti-Catholic authors in their attempts to prove that the Church is opposed to science would fill a large volume. It would be as useful as well as an entertaining book; for there are many writers who will continue to produce and to be quoted as authorities until some one turns the laugh on them. Certain of them are not to be reasoned with, and were never known to retract a statement, no matter how groundless. The Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, in an able lecture referred to last week, cites a ridiculous blunder to be found in Brückner's "History of Philosophy," where he touches upon the well-known controversy between St. Boniface and St. Virgilius. The historian says: "Boniface, the patron of ignorance and barbarism, summoned Polydore Virgil, Bishop of Salisbury, to the Court of Inquisition, for maintaining the existence of the antipodes." Now, since Polydore Virgil lived in the 15th century and Boniface in the 8th, it would take a man of incredible cleverness to execute the summons. He confounds Polydore Vir-

gil, who was Archdeacon of Bath in the 15th century (never Bishop of Salisbury), with St. Virgil, Archbishop of Salzburg. He also confounds the two places—Salisbury and Salzburg.

—We call the attention of teachers to the aids in vocal culture lately published by the American Book Co. They are: "A Short Course in Music" (book one), by F. H. Ripley and T. Tapper, designed for graded and ungraded schools, and containing the elements of notation and a good collection of standard songs; "Song-Stories for Children," by F. S. Brewster, an accompanying volume to "Songs for Children," by Mrs. E. A. Thomas,—both of which are for the little ones, whose hearts will be in their voices when they learn the stories belonging to the songs.

—An anthology of goodly proportions might be compiled from the tributes to Saint Francis of Assisi by non-Catholics. The latest of these tributes is a sonnet by Blanche Lindsay, which we find in a recent issue of the *Athenæum*:

THE PORTIUNCULA.

O little house within a house of prayer—
Thyself a sanctuary! We softly tread
Thy time-worn floor; we stand with bended head
Before thy walls where every stone's more rare
Than precious gems, for loving pilgrims there
Have planed it smooth with kisses. Lies he dead,
Or lives he yet, Assisi's saint who led
Christ's barefoot band the Master's toil to share?
Here oft spake Francis, and his voice yet rings
That called the swallows "little sisters dear."
Hard by, his cell with memories teems; and near
Is the grey cave which saw him weep and pray.
Where his soul wrestled, to the rosebush clings
A stain of blood, as though of yesterday.

—The work of Augusta Drane in Catholic literature, aside from that in the religious life, has given her a permanent place in the annals of letters. In point of time her life almost runs parallel with that of George Eliot, and yet what a contrast do their careers present! If, as Emerson says, "civilization is the influence of good women," then it is not difficult to determine, even by his standard, which of the two careers is the

nobler in preserving the essential differences between right and wrong conduct—in recognizing those principles which make for righteousness or unrighteousness in our day and generation. It is interesting to know what estimate a pure and cultured soul like Mother Francis Raphael placed on the story of George Eliot's life as related by her only legitimate husband—Mr. Cross. In one of her memorandum-books she made this entry, April 20, 1885, and its transcription was made for us by one of her spiritual children. Mother Francis Raphael wrote:

I am reading George Eliot's life. I can not admire her. Apart from the moral and religious questions raised by her life, there is such a repulsiveness in her esteem for her own work and her own principles, such as they are. One can more easily see what she flung away than what she kept; and, without prejudice, when she attempts to formulate her notions on truth, she seems to degenerate into washy silliness. Odd to say, Lewes seems to have improved her. She becomes more feminine and less profane after her acquaintance with him—at least in expression. But it is impossible to form any just idea of a character with which one is so wholly unsympathetic.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, net.
Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, net.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Slarr.* 75 cts.

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S. S. R.* \$1.60, net.
Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. L.* \$1.25.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., net.
Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Slang.* \$1, net.
Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, net

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, net.

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.

Light and Peace *Quadrupani* 50 cts., net.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, net.

History of the Roman Breviary. *Baliffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.

Pickle and Pepper. *Ella Loraine Dorsey.* 85 cts.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan* \$1.

The Formation of Christendom. *T. W. Allies.* Four Vols. Each, \$1 35, net.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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A Refuge Blest.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

KNOW ye the spot where the passions
cease raging,
Where anger decreases and enmity dies,
Where pride sees its baseness, where nature
quits raging
Its warfare on grace, and the spirit grows
wise?
Know ye the nook where all burdens seem
lighter,
All trials less grievous, all anguish less
keen;
Where the dark shadows lift, and hope's
sunshine grows brighter,
While peace quells the tumults of tempests
terrene?
Wouldst find it? 'Tis near: see that death-
less light burning
Before the veiled cell where thy Saviour
for aye
All silently waits, with an infinite yearning
Thy sorrow to comfort, thy woe to allay.
No friend like to Him can the whole wide
world proffer;
No spot with such benisons dowered, I
ween,
As there at His feet, if thou only wilt offer
Him sovereign sway o'er thy spirit's
demesne.

A FATE rules the words of wise men
which makes their words truer and worth
more than the men themselves know.

—Ruskin.

The French National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



YEAR ago the French National Pilgrimage celebrated its silver jubilee, and it seemed a success never to be surpassed; still, the pilgrimage that took place last month threw it into the shade, as well in the number of pilgrims as in the number of cures. The tropical temperature might well have deterred many, especially invalids, from undertaking so long and tedious a journey, in crowded carriages; but ardent hope carried Our Lady's clients through the ordeal; and as they alighted at Lourdes it was observed that most of the sick did not appear to be more fatigued or depressed than their attendants.

The departure from the Orleans Terminus in Paris attracted, as usual, large crowds of people, all anxious to witness the soul-stirring scenes, fascinating even to those who have witnessed them many times. The "white" and "violet" trains, both laden with sick, naturally excited the most lively interest and sympathy. A singular feature of the pilgrimage is the good-humor that always prevails among the pilgrims, and the constant exchange of courtesies toward each other. This secures a most agreeable journey to all,

without taking into account the spiritual hope and joy derived from prayer.

The majority of those who visit the shrine are poor, and to many of them the journey means severe privations for months in order to accumulate the necessary funds. They carry their provisions with them. At nightfall they seek no shelter, and either spend their nights in prayer in the churches or at the Grotto, or they lie down on the grass of the esplanade before the Church of the Most Holy Rosary.

Innumerable are the graces which these devout pilgrims implore. Some pray for their own conversion or for that of a soul dear to them; others ask for light to know their vocation. One young lady made the pilgrimage in thanksgiving. She was on the fatal train of Lisieux (Calvados), which was derailed on the night of the 13th of August. The accident resulted in several deaths and a large number of wounded. She fortunately escaped unharmed; and, full of gratitude to God and His Blessed Mother, she turned her steps to Lourdes.

Owing to the munificent subscriptions received this year, the Assumption Fathers were enabled to convey gratuitously to the shrine eleven hundred and eighty sick. Numbers of other invalids of the wealthier class, of course, go to Lourdes at their personal expense. Marvels wrought among these are seldom revealed, as they shrink from publicity, and do not always try to secure a certificate from their physician. The medical certificate is a *sine qua non* for the poor admitted to the pilgrimage; but these latter generally feel no disinclination to appear before the Bureau des Constatations and submit to an examination.

Ninety attestations this year—all of them vouched for by the doctors present at Lourdes—suffice for the glory of Our Lady. Some cures are made known only after the return of the pilgrims to their

respective homes, or they take place on the way back. It sometimes happens that pilgrims are unable to press through the crowd to the Bureau des Constatations. In order to facilitate the examinations this year, Dr. Boissarie divided the sick into five sections. Physicians invariably manifest eagerness to examine the patients. One of the doctors—an unbeliever,—who had verified a remarkable cure, quite unaccountable to science, burst into tears, was converted on the spot, and called at once for a priest, to whom he made his confession.

Dr. Boissarie was the first to call attention to the fact that the cures of men were more numerous this year than in other years. Among the most remarkable cases is that of Charles Berthier, twenty-five years of age, residing at 43 Avenue de Ségur, Paris. He was afflicted with scrofulous ulcers in his legs and was hardly able to move. "I had five wounds," he declares. "They flowed copiously during the journey, and filled the car with the most offensive odors. When plunged into the piscina, I felt excruciating pain; but afterward I was able to walk without difficulty, and even to ascend the Calvary without fatigue. On my return to the hospital, the bandages were removed from my legs, and in the place of the ulcers the skin was white and dry. The doctors bade me return the next day. I did so, and my legs were in the same satisfactory condition as on the previous day; though before the cure the bone was visible in one of the wounds."

Alfred Gallet, of Angoulême, Charente, aged thirty-three, was declared to be in the third degree of pulmonary consumption. The doctors he had consulted refused to consent to his starting on the pilgrimage. He was confined to his bed for two months before leaving, and his weakness was so extreme that he could not even sit up. Indeed, he was not expected to live until the date fixed

for the pilgrimage. His cure began from the time of his arrival at Lourdes, and progressed marvellously. He ate with a hearty appetite, though before he had subsisted on a small quantity of beef-tea; and was able to walk without help or fatigue. The doctors at the Bureau des Constatations were unable to discover the faintest sign of disease.

Victor Couchol, fifty-one years of age, residing at Rue de Thionville, Paris, was suffering from chronic bronchitis. "I spat up blood frequently," he said, "and had most painful twitchings in my legs. All these symptoms disappeared at Lourdes, although the doctors had declared my malady incurable."

Joseph Hippolyte Larue, of Arcueil (a suburb of Paris), aged nineteen, was cured of fistulas of an extremely dangerous nature. His entire recovery is looked upon by the physicians as one of the most remarkable cures that have come under their notice this year.

Charles Dèques, aged fifty-three years, residing at 167 Faubourg Poissomière, Paris, had received special treatment in more than a dozen different hospitals for tuberculosis of the bones of the foot, and fistula. This poor man, now happily restored to health, says: "When going to Holy Communion at Lourdes I gave my head a blow against the railing, and at the same moment my leg extended to its natural length and I found myself able to stand erect. I bathed in the miraculous fountain, and since then I have felt perfectly sound. I followed the Blessed Sacrament, with my crutches—on my shoulder!"

Albert Avril, of Grandgermont (Loiret), aged twenty-six, was suffering for thirteen years from a disease in his left knee. The doctors, treating it first as rheumatism, applied blisters, etc.; but the pain could not be relieved. Two years ago the limb grew much worse; the hospital physician declared the malady to be

osteomyelitis of the lower extremity of the femur, with a complication. The operation of trepanning was performed unsuccessfully, after which the patient remained at the hospital from October, 1896, to April, 1897. Later on he was sent to the convalescent asylum at Vincennes. There he was massaged; after the first treatment a fracture of the extremity of the femur took place. In consequence of this accident, he returned to the hospital in November, 1897, and remained there until July of the present year. Again trepanning of the bone was resorted to; but on leaving the hospital he was a confirmed cripple, walking on two crutches. A first bath in the piscina at Lourdes brought him no relief; but an hour later he felt a sharp pain in his knee,—not the kind of pain, however, to which he was so long accustomed; and during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament it vanished completely. To his great joy he was able to stand on his feet without support, and even to follow the procession. He has walked freely ever since.

These are but a few instances of the extraordinary favors obtained by men. Those granted to women were more numerous, for the simple reason that women formed a larger contingent of the pilgrims. Only some of the more notable cases need be mentioned.

Sister Jerome, aged forty-four, of Irish birth, belonging to the community of the Sister Servants of the Sacred Heart, had been treated by Dr. Lesur, of Versailles, who pronounced her case a rapid decline, "pulmonary and intestinal consumption, in the third stage." She was confined to her bed for a month; and about a fortnight before the pilgrimage, violent spasms set in, and symptoms of imminent death made it necessary to administer the last Sacraments. She rallied somewhat after that, but the journey to Lourdes was accomplished with great physical pain. On the 22d of August, at the procession of

the Blessed Sacrament, she rose suddenly from her stretcher and followed in the train of the Sacred Host. The people who witnessed the act could hardly believe their eyes, and some were moved to tears at the sudden resurrection. The medical examination showed that Sister Jerome had been restored to perfect health.

Joséphine Armand, of Paris, twenty-nine years of age, was afflicted with ulcer of the stomach, accompanied by serious complications. She had been suffering for over three years; she could retain no nourishment except milk, and even this with much difficulty. During the journey to Lourdes she had several hemorrhages, and the Sister who attended her dreaded a fatal issue. After a bath in the piscina, Miss Armand felt herself instantaneously cured. She has now a healthy appetite, and can partake of all kinds of food.

Dr. Boissarie, always so accurate, states that of thirty-two patients brought to Lourdes from the well-known establishment for young girls in consumption near Paris by the last two pilgrimages, seventeen were cured. Several of them were seen at the Grotto, looking well and strong. Of the twenty-two patients of this year, five were radically cured, and six were found to be greatly improved.

I may conclude my notes with the remark that those who visit Lourdes and leave it unmoved or unconverted seem to grow hardened forever afterward. Such is the opinion maintained by one who has resided at Lourdes for the last forty years, and has followed closely all the phases of the apparitions and the growing devotion to our Immaculate Mother. His memory is stored with marvellous events of that hallowed spot. He once saw an awful visitation of divine wrath on an impostor who represented himself as a blind pilgrim. He washed his eyes in the healing water with mock devotion, when suddenly he uttered a fearful cry. He had become blind!

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

IV.—THE NUNNERY OF THE LIGHT-TOWER.

ABOUT noon that day the abbess and Katherine, mounted on a pair of richly caparisoned horses and followed by a small train of attendants, set out to ride to the Nunnery of St. Anne at Yoghel.

"I must show you our house," said the abbess; "and introduce you to the nuns. We will stay with them the night, for I have orders to give and business to do. But I will return with you to-morrow for the entertainments which your cousin has planned. I can not leave you alone, my Katherine, until I can provide you with a duenna who will take my place."

"Perhaps you will yet give me the veil in your nunnery, Mother," said Katherine, who was unusually silent and pale.

"No, no, my darling!" exclaimed the abbess. "Your father's daughter has got another part to play in the world. You will marry, and be the means of doing great good in this neighborhood. Strangely is brave, but his character is not so strong as yours. You will help him to rule. You will do his part, and your own through him. There is too much wild license going on all about these shores; and the nobles, who ought to know better, are the worst. There is much that a good woman in the world could effect,—much to which the votary of religion can not reach. With your beauty and natural gifts, and your resolute character—"

"Why resolute, Mother—for I feel as weak as water?"

The abbess laughed.

"What weakling girl, I ask you, dear, would have risen up out of her place in a brilliant court and dared to take her life in her hand, travelling through dangers

of sea and land to find her own place in her own distant country? I do not say there was not a fault in it, Katherine; but the courage of the young creature takes me. I hail her as a woman of a peculiarly determined fibre. Believe me, my darling, God does not create a being with such gifts as yours without having marked her for a correspondingly high purpose."

Here the pealing of the Angelus bell from St. Molanna's reached them across the water. The little troops of travellers drew rein and said the noonday prayer aloud; then sang a hymn in French, the voices led by the abbess herself, all her followers joining in the chorus:

Ave Maria, ring out the bells
Solemn over the hills and fells.
Ave Maria, full of grace,
Look down from the high heavenly place!
Hearken the tender words we say,—
We, loving souls, who dare to pray,
Ave Maria, while ring the bells,
In the words that once were Gabriel's:
Ave Maria!

Over the fields and over the sea—
Mary, the Lord is still with thee.
Blest among women then and now,
Mysterious, 'mid the stars, art thou;
Sister of maidens, Mother of men,
Close to us in thy love as when
The Saviour sat on thy virgin knee.
We are thy children also,—we:
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria, ring out the bells.
Sweetly the aery music tells
Again the tale that Gabriel told.
Ave Maria, meek yet bold
Are we who are crying at morn and even.
Blest be Jesus who reigns in heaven,
And hears us praying while ring the bells
In the words that once were Gabriel's:
Ave Maria!

"Mother!" in heaven will He not say,
"Hearken the children of earth who pray;
Give them a smile and a look of cheer,
Long is the night of their travel here.
Tell them a radiant morn will come,
With trumpet summons to call them home:
A silver call on a golden day,
And they shall run by a flowery way"—
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria, peal out the bells
Over the hills and over the fells.

Ave Maria, glad are we
Of thy girlhood's sweet humility
That won us the Motherhood of Him,
Near whom the Seraph's eyes are dim.
Ring loud, sweet bells; ring long, sweet bells,
And pray in the words that are Gabriel's:

Ave Maria!

After a long ride the nunnery was reached. It stood on a hill which sloped to the sea, opposite the mouth of the harbor of Yoghel; and on a rock by the water's edge frowned the tall tower of the beacon, where burned the saving fire kindled by the holy women for the guidance of the mariner.

"We are called Sisters of St. Anne," said the abbess, as they paused to look up at the tower before climbing the hill to the convent. "But we also consider ourselves as daughters of St. Bridgid, who kept the holy fire in Kildare."

At the convent door they were met by the Sisters in their robes of black and white, with their veiled heads and dove-like eyes, here and there an eagle glance flashing from under the wimple. All were ardent and joyous in their welcome of their Mother Abbess, and of the beautiful daughter of the Geraldines who, they had heard, was to accompany her. At the first glance Katherine took their hearts; and as they fluttered round her, with their wingy movements, she was swept from one embrace to another; and finally carried into their refectory, where a feast was prepared for this unusual occasion.

The living rooms of the nunnery were very much like those at Temple Michael: thick stone-walls; narrow, open slits in the stonework for windows; wide, flagged hearths, on which a fire of turf and wood made the air pungent even in summer, because of the damps and chills of the uncertain climate, which were quickly felt when they entered by the open spaces which knew no window-panes. There was little furniture besides the oak tables and benches and presses; but the tapestries had a softening effect on the interiors.

In the convent the figures on the tapestries were sacred ones; and as the feasts went forward the Holy Mother's face would look out and smile on the company through breeze and sunshine; or her Divine Child would retire suddenly and wrap Himself in His Mother's mantle. In another place a stern saint would step forth, as if to show himself on guard; or an angel float from one corner to another of the high-hung draperies.

In her own right as sovereign mistress of the land, also by reason of her close relationship to the abbess, Lady Katherine had a special permission to sit at table with the nuns and eat of the pigeon-pasty and the honey-cakes prepared for her. Afterward she took a place with them at their long work-table, while they stitched their embroideries for the sanctuary, and spun their fine silk and wool, dyed according to the design for the newest piece of tapestry. And here the artist of the community made an effort to sketch her unobserved, as she sat in her long gown of purple silk, her gold hair heaped on her slight shoulders, looking, beside the gravely-veiled figures surrounding her, like an angel among serious saints. If we could find the particular piece of tapestry wrought by the nuns in the years following that visit of Katherine to their convent, we should no doubt see in some winged and aureoled figure an image of her as she appeared that day among the sisterhood.

The conversation, meanwhile, was all of the court of France, the nuns having many friends and relatives in that country. The Sisters, like their abbess, marvelled that Katherine should have left the brilliant court for comparative obscurity on the shores of her native Blackwater. The young girl was somewhat confused by their astonishment, and tried to give reasons for her caprice.

"It was not so pleasant at the court after Queen Marguerite went to the Holy

Land. I was happy with her. She is so sweet and gentle, and yet so strong in her friendships. But the Queen-Mother is another sort of person. With her it is all strength. Everything, little or big, must come under her rule. And even I, little as I am," said Katherine in conclusion, "must sometimes enjoy my liberty."

"Sometimes!" repeated the abbess, smiling. "Yet Blanche of Castile is a noble character. Were it not for her, France would manage ill with a saint for a king. Nay, Sisters, be not scandalized at your mother. No one honors the saints more than I do, but the bold conscience of the unsainted often helps them out of many a difficulty. As for you, dearest Katherine, I see in yourself some traces of the rigorous training of the Mother-Queen. You have a touch of her self-will and decision—"

"Thrice since I reached home have I been warned of my strong will," said the girl, laughing. "Pray, Aunt Ellinor, give me some means of showing it."

"That will come,—that will come," rejoined the abbess. "Meanwhile let us go down to the rocks and sit by the sea in the cool of the evening."

Aunt and niece seated themselves on a ledge of rock lapped by the full dark tide. Over on the far horizon of sky and ocean a fringe of gold cloud was being washed away into the night, as if the outgoing waves extinguished it. Heaven was full of the stars. High up on the straight black tower the flames of the beacon-fire began to leap.

The abbess said some prayers aloud and chanted a psalm. The nuns, tending the fire up high, where the flutter of their veils could be seen against the glare, answered her back in pure, piercing voices. Katherine sat very still, looking across the water; and a shade of sadness, which did not escape the abbess, settled upon the delicate face. Having observed her for some time, the elder woman

suddenly began to speak in a different manner from that hitherto assumed by her toward her niece.

"My child," she said gravely, "you will not be displeased if I ask you a few serious questions. I am your nearest relative, almost your mother. I am also your religious superior; because, both as a maiden and as a chatelaine within these boundaries, you are to be looked on as an extern member of our community."

"I am quite ready to be obedient, dear aunt and Reverend Mother, in spite of this terrible will which you perceive in me," returned Katherine, with one of her irresistible smiles, rendered more enchanting by the starlight.

"You have not yet satisfied my anxiety as to the cause of your hasty flight from France. I am convinced that there is some secret trouble at the bottom of the matter. A sorrow unshared is too cruel a cross for the young. Confide in my discretion, my darling, as freely as though I were your father confessor."

Katherine turned a shade paler, and opened her lips, but closed them again in silence. Presently she said:

"I was going to answer your question by asking you another; but I will not. If you have not the right to question, then I will give it to you."

"The gift is a generous one, my love; for you are by nature reticent. A noble gift and bestowed in a royal manner."

"Well, Aunt Ellinor dear, how are we to begin?"

"By guesses from me. You cared for some one whom you could not be allowed to marry? Or you were urged to receive some one whom you were not able to think of as a husband? Your imperious young spirit resented some control, and you rose and fled."

"Subtle guesses both, my ghostly mother; but not quite correct. Yet they come very near the matter of my difficulty. The truth is I was foolish enough to care

for a person who took pains to show me that he did not care for me."

"Impossible, my darling,—that is, if he was sane and a gentleman!"

Then, as Katherine said no more, the abbess continued her questioning:

"What order of person, in what rank of life, was this extraordinary churl, my darling? I need hardly remark that my Katherine would not give her heart to one who was less than her equal in moral worth or in princely nobility."

Katherine was silent for a time, her eyes fixed on Sirius rising in the southern heavens; then she said, speaking in even a lower key than before, as if afraid that the very breeze would overhear her:

"He was a noble knight of Spain; and you may be reassured as to his birth, Aunt Ellinor; for he was a relative of Queen Blanche of Castile. He was rather a pet of hers at court; for he was brave and handsome, and he did credit to her country when he carried off the prizes at the tournaments. She would readily have approved of our marriage; for she had wearied of my refusals in the case of more than one other who had come to me with her royal recommendation."

"Then what happened, my child? You can not ask me to believe that he did not love you."

"He gave me, a hundred times, as many assurances that he loved me—that is, within the short time during which we were acquainted. He came to the court and went from it suddenly, all within a few weeks. Queen Blanche was indignant at his unexpected departure. Not on my account—for, I am thankful to say, she was unaware that I had ever given him a thought,—but because she considered his uncertain conduct as wanting in respect for herself. He was expected to take part in an entertainment where the Queen-Mother was to preside. He did not appear, and news soon reached us that he had quitted France—"

The gentle voice broke on the last word, the spirited attitude of the young head altered. The abbess glanced at the speaker and looked away to sea. After a minute or so, however, she resumed her part of inquisitor:

"Had any word been said between you, my darling?"

"A word—only one or two, but enough for my joy at the time, and too much for my regret afterward and ever since. It seemed to me, Mother—hear my humiliation,—that he repented of his utterance, and took flight to escape from me. Can you wonder that the scenes of this tragedy of my heart and of my pride grew hateful to me; and that I could not wait where I was till that knight should return, perhaps imperiously recalled to her side by the Queen-Mother? Wounded and stung as I was, I had yet courage to take my life in my hand; and Philip of Castile shall not find me, if it should please him to return to the court of France to renew his short acquaintance with a lady who was too quickly won."

"Thank Heaven it was all in so short a time!" said the abbess. "Such an experience is a trial to a young soul, but it may be easily forgotten. There are other men who, though not so used to courts, are of a more certain temper and more honest fibre. You will yet give the heart of your maturer womanhood to one of these, my darling."

"Do not press me, Aunt Ellinor," said the girl, raising her head proudly. "Let me live in my father's castle as free as the eagles in their high nests. While I was a slave I felt my chains too bitter. Let me make a friend of my relative Strancally, but do not fling hints at our heads to make us feel embarrassed and restive in each other's company. And above all remember, dear Mother, that you are now to forget absolutely what I have consented to confide to you."

(To be continued.)

A Failure.

BY E. BECK.

HE won not rank nor wealth nor fame;
He lived neglected, died forlorn;
With pity some pronounced his name,
And some with words of blame and scorn.
But they who pitied, they who blamed,
Might envy him the path he trod;
For he, on earth a failure named,
Found favor in the sight of God.

The Legend of Our Lady at Rathkeale.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

IT was the Lord Bishop that knocked at the monastery gate. He had come to hold an ecclesiastical court, to inquire into the election of the prior and the imprisonment of the Lady of Cappagh. On the latter point complaints had been made by the young lady's mother; and the Bishop was accompanied on his way by several chieftains—personal friends of the lady,—and their retainers; these his Lordship had sent to Cappagh Castle, to be within call if needed. On the other point—the election of the prior—he had received very severe complaints from various sources.

His summons was answered rather defiantly from within.

"Who knocks?"

"The Lord Bishop."

"On what mission comes the Lord Bishop?"

"To inquire into grave charges."

"What if we deny admittance to his Lordship?"

"In that case he will be compelled to force his way."

"It is not edifying for a bishop to be surrounded with armed men. The canons do not approve of it."

"But they say it is lawful and some—

times necessary. *Episcopus potest retinere familiam armatam et satellites.*"*

And forthwith the retinue and the bodyguards fell to forcing the gates. But there was further parley from within.

"Show your commission, and the gates will be opened."

"My commission is from Rome, and I shall force a way if not admitted."

Seeing that resistance was useless, the gates were thrown open; and the prior, with overwhelming effusiveness, greeted his Lordship, declaring that he knew nothing of the ungraciousness of the porter. To prove his humble obedience and his filial gladness—though in reality to win time, and, if possible, to curry favor,—he ordered a grand banquet. But the Bishop insisted on opening business at once; and, the clerics in holy orders being hastily summoned to the choir, the Bishop's secretary read out the clause condemnatory of suborning and procuring votes in elections, and also of all accomplices, even those simply knowing but not revealing.†

At this point the prior pleaded with his Lordship to defer further proceedings until next day, as dinner was in readiness. The Bishop finally consented, in order to give the incriminated time to prepare their defence; although, according to the canons, notice of trial had been served on the prior and the baron previously, which notice prior and baron thought it well to despise.

It was a busy night at the castle. Many projects were suggested, but dropped almost as soon as broached. The baron thought there was nothing to hinder them thrusting the Bishop himself into a cell; but the prior had seen too much of the world to resort at once to so high-handed a proceeding. It was not by force, he said, that Rome was to be

overcome. As to the prior's own position, it would be terrible, he declared, if the document they had signed should be found. A search would be made for it, but in the meantime they should look after the baron's business. The prior further stated that the *sponsalia* (or betrothal) would invalidate the marriage, unless they could prove that one of the two did not really mean to bind himself or herself; and if they could get either to admit or say that, then the rest might go on smoothly.

At a call from the prior, a woman was here introduced. She was low, stooped, and mean. Her name was Nancy Quin, but she was familiarly called "Quiny." To this woman the Lady Dymrna was to be entrusted. She was given full charge over her, to influence or to punish.

"Now for the document!" said the prior. He was certain he had left it in the baron's keeping; and the baron was equally certain that it was the prior who took it. However, it could not be found.

Another thing disquieted the prior's mind,—but this he did not mention to the baron. It was that in the Bishop's train he noticed a foreign ecclesiastic from a convent where he had been playing some of his frauds. If this monk had been brought with the purpose of identifying him, then Rome was on his track and his last trick was played. For an instant, while reviewing the situation, he felt tempted to fly; but the next moment he condemned his cowardly heart, and encouraged himself with the thought that his present position was worth a struggle, and that if all came to naught he would persuade the baron to defend their rights by force of arms.

Next morning, after early Mass, the court assembled. The foreign ecclesiastic was the first witness. He identified the prior by a mark on the side of his face; the hair of the head, however, was not the same.

* "A bishop may have an armed retinue and bodyguards."—Sacr. Congreg., April 14, 1615.

† Constitution of Clement VIII.: *Nullus Omnino*.

"How so, Father?" asked the Bishop.

"It was black and straight; now it is golden and crisp."

"*Cœlum non animam mutant*,"* said the Bishop. "Tell me, Father, did you ever see an olive complexion with light hair? But we will let that pass. Have you any other means of identification?"

"When he was in our convent he wore sandals, and one could see that half of the second toe on the right foot was gone."

The prior had to show his foot. The toe was gone; but he, of course, gave explanation, showing that the loss of the joint occurred at a more recent date.

Then came the inquiry into the election. The baron sat as one of the audience. The monks declared that the baron had spoken to them about it; but it was to urge them to elect this holy man, whose discourses had done him so much good. Last of all came Padre Agostino. He could but allege, what they all knew and what no one denied, "that the prior visited the castle frequently; that he returned to the convent at late hours, and there were rumors to the effect—"

"Ah, Father! I can not take rumors as evidence," said the Bishop.

Padre Agostino became perplexed and fumbled with his hands. Out of the folds of his sleeve came the paper he had picked up at the foot of the statue on the occasion of his being taken to prison.

"Show me that paper," ordered the Bishop.

The paper was handed to him—and, lo, there was the infamous document! The Bishop read it, and turning to the prior desired him to take pen and paper.

"Write down the word 'prior,'—a small *p*, please."

He did so. The Bishop looked: it was spelled *priur*, as in the document.

"Write 'castle' and 'Rathkeale.'"

He spelled castle, *castel*; and Rathkeale, *Rahkale*,—as both were spelled in the document.

"You ordered one of the brethren to be scourged publicly, and you yourself beat him to blood," said the Bishop.

"Yes, I did; but it was for the public example and edification, and not *suadante diabolo*,"* answered the prior.

"Did you not know the canon against *percussio clerici*?† Yet you felled him to the ground with a blow on the head."

"Yes, but again it was for the public example and edification."

On all points the accused was allowed to make his defence, and then the court adjourned.

Next day was the feast of the patron saint, and the day following was Sunday. On these days the court did not sit, so that the baron had some time of grace before his trial. Meanwhile no effort was spared on the two prisoners to bring them to the frame of mind that the baron and the prior desired; but Lady Dympna was especially exposed to trial. The beldame began by showing her the different position she should enjoy if she married the baron instead of marrying his brother; she ridiculed the mild and amiable temper of the Lord of Castle Matris, declaring that she herself would rather go to the lower shades with such a jovial character as the baron than go to celestial happiness with such a sheep-faced goody-goody as her betrothed.

With similar discourse she continued to tax the patience of the poor prisoner. Nothing, however, could make an impression on her, any more than on the gentleman. Each listened to what was said, endured what was done; but neither, by word or sign, would give any assent to what was asked.

On the feast-day a rich and tempting meal was prepared and placed before

* A quotation from Horace, literally: "The heavens they change, but not their mind who cross the seas."

* The devil instigating.

† Striking a cleric.

them, but they were not permitted to partake of it. Every hour or so the dishes were removed, and hot ones, filling the place with their odor, were brought in. They were allowed to taste nothing the whole day. Equally harsh measures were used with Padre Agostino, to get him to persuade them to yield. He had but one answer: "I can not do this thing and live." He, too, was kept fasting.

That night the prisoners, to their great astonishment, were allowed to retire to rest in peace. But their first slumber was rudely broken by a gruff order to arise at once and follow their guide. They were brought to a scaffolding on one of the terraces, where they saw three hempen ropes, noosed and oiled, dangling in the moonshine; and there they were kept waiting for orders until the sun lighted the eastern sky. Then Padre Agostino and Lord Gerald were put at the most offensive work; while Quiny, curtsying low to Lady Dympna, led her to one of the large enclosed gardens belonging to the baron, tied her to a stake, and, binding huge fans to her like the arms of a wind-mill, ordered her under threat to keep frightening away the birds. Tradition says the poor lady heard the bell ring for Holy Mass; and calling all the birds to her, she, like another St. Francis, spoke to them of the good God, and bade them worship the blessed Saviour who was being offered that moment in the divine mysteries; and 'tis added they gathered around her, joined in prayer with her, and adored.

The Bishop had withdrawn with his retinue to Cappagh Castle. It was heart-rending to him and to all the chieftains gathered there to hear the lamentations of the bereaved mother. It was determined that not an hour should be lost; that on the first day of the week the Bishop should require the release of the prisoners as a preliminary in the hearing of the baron's charge. But at the same time

it was felt that tact and prudence were necessary, lest the safety of the prisoners should be endangered. The congregated chieftains were to accompany him, in order to show their strength and make an impression on the baron. But they were called upon sooner than they expected.

It was the middle of the night. The warder of the castle wondered at the glinting of the moonshine at intervals on some objects. He gave the alarm. In an instant every knight and squire was girded and standing at his horse's head. "To horse! to horse!" And they rushed out the castle gate, while rank and file rose up from bush and *scorih** not a moment too soon.

In the moonlight they stood,—the one side as yet confused by reason of being aroused from sleep; the others breathless because of their hasty ride to take the enemy unaware. In the moonlight they stood,—the one eager for revenge, the other for overthrow. Thus, facing each other, weapons ready, spurs to flank, within a moment's gallop of each other, awaiting but the order—when, lo, a wonderful sight! Down along the baron's ranks, threatening disaster and woe, the Madonna with the shining lamp passed. A panic seized the baron's followers; they fled as only soldiers in a panic flee, and no one remained but the baron himself and the prior. They fell an easy prey and were at once taken prisoners.

The whole force moved in hot haste to secure the castle and look after the prisoners within its hold. The castle was seized; and, hastening to the dungeons, the knights found the prisoners kneeling before the statue and the lighted lamp.

IV.

The prisoners were released on the instant; and, learning that the baron and the prior were being carried to the terrace where the hempen ropes still hung

* Gathering of briars.

dangling, they luckily reached it in time to save them.

"It was wrong in them," said Padre Agostino, "to threaten our lives as they did; however, they did not destroy them, and it would be much more criminal in us to take their lives."

"And, pray, what shall be done to them, Padre Agostino?"

"Leave them to God and the Bishop's judgment."

Lady Dympna was about getting on horseback to ride with some of her retainers to Cappagh, to allay the fears of her mother, when to her joy she saw the latter enter the castle gates in the train of the Bishop. It was a moment of thrilling gladness to both.

The sun was rising over the eastern hills. The bells of the convent, knowing nothing of bloodshed or war, were ringing for the early Masses. The Bishop, having been a witness to the apparition of the statue and lamp to the baron's forces, and learning that the statue was located in one of the little cells, had the place fitted up as a temporary altar; and then and there, with exceeding emotion and deepest tenderness, offered up a Mass of thanksgiving.

The baron's trial was to take place the next day. It was announced from the castle walls, from the monastery altars, by courier on horse and on foot through the wide district. At the appointed hour numbers had gathered to make their attestations. Slowly and sorrowfully the Bishop listened to a tale that surpassed anything he had ever heard or read. Silent, with head downcast, the baron heard it too. He asked no questions, he made no excuses. His manner was completely changed—his haughtiness was gone, and, instead of pride or indignation, his face wore a look of penitence and of peace. His eyes ever turned in one direction and were riveted on one object. For a moment the one object appeared

in their midst, and the eyes of all saw it. It was the statue of Our Lady with the lighted lamp.

The baron threw himself on his knees.

"I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, O Blessed Lady!" he cried out, looking toward the statue; then, turning to the Bishop, he added: "Right Reverend Father, absolve me from the chains of my sins, and I am willing to undergo any punishment, even death itself; for I have deserved it a thousand times over."

All who heard him were moved to tears; and those who had sworn against him would have given worlds to be able to recall what they had said.

"You will go on a pilgrimage to Rome," answered the Bishop. "You will there confess all to the Holy Father. What he enjoins on you, that I enjoin; and when you return, these your people and I will be glad to receive you back."

"Hear me, Right Reverend Father in God!" said the baron. "As the Lord of Rathkeale, I will never see this place again. It may be that my eyes will never see it at all, though my heart, God knows, will long for it,—but as Lord of Rathkeale, certainly never. The Lord of Rathkeale has been too great a sinner, has given too bad an example. I now make over this seigniory of Rathkeale to my brother, and I wish him happiness with the virtuous woman that is going to be his spouse."

"I agree to hold the place only till my brother's return," interposed the Lord of Castle Matris.

"Until I come to claim it, brother," said the baron.

The two brothers embraced in the presence of all, and wept on each other's necks. A document was then drawn up and signed by both.

"One thing I should wish before leaving is to witness the marriage of my brother and the Lady Dympna," said

the baron. "But that I suppose can not be, for I leave at once."

"It can be," replied the Bishop. "The last Mass has not yet been said at the monastery. I will dispense with the triple proclamation of the banns, and Padre Agostino will sing the Nuptial Mass."

They formed into a procession, the baron and prior walking immediately before the happy pair, and the Bishop bringing up the rear. And, lo, as they wended through the cloister halls, there was the Madonna in its old place in the niche, the lamp lighting at its feet; and at the altar Padre Agostino vested for the Holy Sacrifice!

That night, as the midnight hour tolled in the monastery, two palmers went out from the castle and walked along the lonely roadside. They were the penitent baron and the ruined prior. Two set out as palmers on a pilgrimage to Rome, but only one reached there.

The Count and Countess lived a happy life, and were the blessing of Rathkeale and the surrounding district. All went as merry as a marriage bell until the birth of Lady Dympna's third child, and then came consternation and woe. Some disease that baffled the skill of physicians seized upon her. On the eve of Our Lady's Assumption Padre Agostino was called in to anoint her. She could not utter a word, and made herself intelligible only by scrawling with a pencil. The priest promised that on the morrow he and his monks would bring thither the holy statue in procession. She would not hear of it. Her life was too worthless, she said, to ask Holy Mary to work a miracle in her favor.

The following day, however, the town was thronged. Down through the midst came the long line of brethren; and when Padre Agostino appeared, bearing the statue of the loved Madonna, all cast themselves on their knees, praying aloud to the Blessed Mother of God. Padre

Agostino entered the room. With holy water and prayer and benediction, he brought the venerated image near the patient; and immediately perfect health was restored to the invalid, and universal joy to the praying multitude outside.

About that same time a stooped and worn pilgrim came to the abbey gates. He sought audience of Padre Agostino, the prior. The audience was very long, and afterward the stranger was allowed within the walls and enrolled among the community. From the very first day he seemed to have a special devotion to Our Lady, and during his spare moments was ever to be found kneeling before the venerated statue.

So things went on for some years. Sad forebodings came at last. Lady Dympna dreamed that the holy Madonna wished to go to another land. She sent for Padre Agostino. He had the same prognostications. He returned from his visit to the castle, and was pacing the abbey cloister when the strange lay-brother came up to him and requested to speak to him. Alas! he, too, had the same visitation.

It was sorrowfully agreed upon that Holy Mary was to be taken home. But before leaving, Padre Agostino took the strange lay-brother to the castle. Oh, how sacred was that meeting! Brother met brother once more, and then parted in this life forever.

Next day Padre Agostino and the strange lay-brother—who was no other than the former baron—left the abbey to cross the high seas with the venerated and beloved statue. In the ship on which they went was a reckless sailor whose features seemed familiar to them. It was decided at length that the brother should speak to him. He did so, but with little success. The sailor replied that when he became old he would think of God and the other world.

They were passing through the Bay of Biscay. It has ever been a dangerous sea.

A violent storm came on, and continued until sail and mast went by the board, and the ship drifted before the storm without rudder or compass. Day succeeded night, and night day; the storm still raged, the darkness continued. The seas, in their huge bulk, dead-weight, and terrific power, swept everything before them. The ship was driven onto a ledge of rocks. Then Padre Agostino told all to kneel down before the holy statue, when, lo, once again the lamp lighted of itself—the Star of the Ocean beamed upon them! Morning broke in peace; not a life was lost, and they found themselves almost at the gates of Regla, the home of the blessed image.

All the ship's inmates, passengers and crew, went in procession to the convent gates. Many a votive offering decked the walls of the chapel and the altar of Our Lady; but three of the passengers made the richest offering of all—they offered their lives to the service of Our Lady.

Good Padre Agostino related to the community, and to crowds who came from all sides to venerate the beloved statue, how, at Our Lady's wish, it had been translated to Ireland, and of all the wonders it did there. Of its last and not its least favor—saving the doomed vessel and its crew—they had been, mostly all of them, eye-witnesses. "But there is a far greater danger than physical shipwreck," said the saintly Padre: "it is the shipwreck of the soul." And in the interior of the monastery the baron (now a lay-brother) and the former prior (late sailor and now penitent) would tell how our Blessed Mother had saved them from supremest danger.

All three continued to watch and pray by the blessed statue; and when their deaths came they were, by permission of the community, laid beneath it; and the holy lamp shone like the light of hope upon their rest.

R. O. K.

Wilhelmina of Holland.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was one summer morning of the year 1892 that we took our first walk down the middle of the Kalverstraat in Amsterdam. In the old parts of the town everybody walks in the middle of the street much of the time; for the sidewalk is only a stepping-stone to the shops, while many a thoroughfare is not wide enough to allow two vehicles to pass each other; and when they chance to meet, coming from opposite directions, the drivers break into a torrent of expletives, which speedily put to flight a foreigner's conventional notion of the stolidity of the sturdy Hollander.

We pursued our way without adventure, however, until attracted by a picture in a stationer's window,—a picture of a little girl with a round and pleasant countenance, whose smiling prettiness was set off by the traditional headdress of the modest Dutch maiden: a quaint cap of lace, held in place on either side of the forehead by jewelled ornaments suggesting a pair of golden horns. To see the sweet face was to wish to have it often before one, to cheer by its winsomeness a wanderer's longing to behold once more just such another little girl-face smiling beyond the seas.

We entered the shop and asked for the photograph.

"Ah, you know it, of course?" said the proprietor. "It is Wilhelmina, our little Queen."

Had he said "our little daughter" there could hardly have been more of pride and affection in his voice and manner.

"Might we hope to obtain a glimpse of this charming 'Koninginnetje'?"

"If she were staying at the palace, nothing would be easier," he assured us; "for she drives out every morning. But

she lives principally at the Hague, and is now away in the country with her mother. It is good for her to have a change of air."

Everywhere throughout the small but prosperous kingdom it was the same: to mention the name of Wilhelmina was to call forth from tradesman, peasant or courtier an expression of personal loyalty and attachment for the little girl who was daily being trained by a discreet and noble mother for the duty of one day ruling wisely and well over the Dutch people.

"And is she as popular also with her juvenile subjects?" we inquired at the Hague; and were told:

"You would think so if, when she is at home here, you could see the troops of children who, every day about two o'clock, gather around the gate of the palace to see the young Queen returning from her drive. The private schools have their recess at this hour, because the pupils like to watch at the windows for the royal carriage, being sure of a smiling bow from her little Majesty, who must presently go back to her lessons, like themselves."

Everyone seemed to have some anecdote to tell of the "Kleine Lieveing" (little darling): how, once while at play, she was overheard to say to one of her military dolls: "If you are not studious, you can not become an officer,—an artless rebuke, still often quoted by Dutch parents to rouse a too easy-going son; how, taught by her mother to be economical that she might have the means to be generous, she was fond of going herself to the children's hospitals, taking a great basket of her own toys previously put aside for the purpose; and as, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks, she placed some plaything in the hands of a child-invalid, mindful of the motherly caution she so often heard, she would say naively: "Now, take good care of it."

Thus it happens that in many a peasant home of Holland one sees, treasured in a place of honor, a toy or doll finer than any these poor people could afford to buy for their children; and the good Fran explains: "That was given to 'Katrina' or 'Bentinck' by our dear Prinsesje."

In those days Wilhelmina had a weekly allowance of spending money, of which she was required to keep an account, and out of which she must buy the Christmas presents for the children of the palace officials and her other young friends. If this sum did not suffice, she embroidered or knitted gifts with her own deft fingers. In her recreations she was particularly devoted to outdoor sports—snowball battles and skating, a romp in the gardens of the Soestdyk (the "House in the Wood," or summer palace of the Hague), or a gallop on her pet pony, Baby.

Being naturally of an active, joyous temperament, as she grew up Wilhelmina retained her love for healthful exercise in the open air. Although sufficient time has been allowed for these diversions, her life has been a busied one; for, besides the usual school tasks of a girl, and the acquirement of the French, German and English languages, she has been obliged to study statecraft, the laws of nations, the history of constitutional government, and the legal and moral relations of a sovereign to her people. Reared to a religious and conscientious sense of duty, few young girls have prepared themselves for their life work more earnestly than this royal little lady.

Although Holland is nominally a kingdom, its people are exceedingly independent and democratic. By the young Queen, application and industry have been dignified as duties; honest laborers have been looked upon with respect; their trials and hardships have received a ready sympathy; and the needy of every class have found that Wilhelmina believes the surest way to win affection is to

merit it; for her motto is: "The crown of a queen is the love of her people."

After the great sea-storm of 1894, she and her mother went to Scheveningen, personally to aid the distressed; and if she chanced to hear of an accident to any one in straitened circumstances, a messenger is promptly dispatched to the sufferer with a gift from the kind hand of the youthful ruler.

As she has made frequent journeys to all the cities and towns of her wealthy little realm, there is scarcely even a peasant or child but feels that he knows her well. She has visited the neighboring countries, and enjoyed the hospitality of many courts; yet her love for home has never failed. "Which country do I like best?" she said to an inquiring courtier. "How can you ask? Nederland, of course!" And the people are still relating with delight her patriotic answer.

A curious incident of her sojourn at the German imperial court is worthy of remark, as a note of the gradual return of heretical lands to a reverence for the lovely model of all queenly and womanly virtues. In the apartments allotted to her at Berlin, Wilhelmina found, placed just where her awakening glance would fall upon it, an exquisite painting of the Madonna and Child surrounded by a group of smiling and happy children.

Everywhere this true-hearted, unselfish and ingenuous young Queen has won friendly praise and good wishes. She more than satisfied that rigid disciplinarian, the Emperor William; the learned Oscar of Sweden was pleased with her frank sincerity; and the exacting Victoria declared her to be the most charming maiden she had ever seen.

How joyous it is when an event, long anticipated, at length auspiciously arrives! On the 31st of August last, Wilhelmina attained her eighteenth birthday, the date fixed for the inauguration of the festivities attending her formal accession to

the government, which, since the death of her father, William III., in 1890, has been in the hands of her regent mother, Queen Emma.

On this occasion, when she came down from the Hague to Amsterdam, Wilhelmina was greeted by two hundred thousand of her loving subjects; the route to the palace being lined by thirty-five workmen's unions, besides military associations, retired soldiers, and so forth. Triumphal arches spanned the streets, and the houses were adorned with flags and pennons and garlands of flowers.

The week that followed was one of holiday-making and gala performances apparently without end:—parades, fireworks, an exhibition of Dutch national costumes from early times to the present; a naval procession representing ships of different countries; entertainments for the children of the orphan asylums, and a grand court ball.

Finally came the 6th of September, the coronation day. That morning the Damplatz presented a magnificent spectacle. First in the pageant drove the princely families of Saxe-Weimar and Wied, escorted by cavalry, with bands playing, drums beating, and troops presenting arms. Next appeared, in a coach of state, the Queen Regent; then the blare of trumpets announced to the waiting throngs and the little orphan children, for whom had been reserved the front places in the ranks of spectators, that Queen Wilhelmina had left the palace. At the same moment the sun shone through the clouds that until then had overcast the sky,—a circumstance seized upon as a happy augury by the multitude. The scene of the coronation was to be the *Neukirk* (new church),—in reality four hundred years old, and once a cathedral with thirty-four splendid altars.

The royal procession was headed by the kings of arms, with heralds in gorgeous antique costumes, carrying long

trumpets adorned with pendant flags. They were followed by a long train of generals and illustrious personages. But the thoughts of the vast crowds were not upon the splendor of the retinue: their eyes were turned toward the central figure of this imposing function—the young Queen, on foot among the people, wearing a diadem of diamonds, a white robe, and a mantle of crimson velvet bordered with ermine. Wilhelmina carried herself with grace and dignity, but her blanched cheeks were evidence of her emotion. The loyal cheers grew louder as she trod the rich carpet spread across the square to the church. Through the grand old windows the sunlight shone into the interior, upon a wealth of banners, palms, and flowers.

Here were assembled the States-General (Parliament of Holland), uniformed civil and military authorities, naval officers, members of the diplomatic corps, ladies in waiting, maids of honor, and the gorgeously costumed Indian princes from the Dutch possessions of the Orient. As the Queen entered the church, the sword of state being borne before her by a distinguished noble, she was received by a burst of music from the organ, and a chorus of voices singing with enthusiasm the national anthem.

The young Queen bowed repeatedly from side to side as she passed to the throne erected in the chancel, and again saluted her people as she took her seat. A moment later she arose and in a clear voice made to the States-General a brief address, beautiful in its simplicity, and invoking the blessing of God upon her vocation and task of government:

"Gentlemen of the States-General:—Since the death of my ever-lamented father and until I have completed my eighteenth year, the government has been in the hands of my mother. I have now assumed the government, and I have issued a proclamation to my well-beloved people. The hour has now arrived when, amid the

faithful States-General and invoking the holy name of God, I shall pledge myself to the people of the Netherlands, to maintain their rights and privileges. On this date I draw more closely the solemn tie existing between my people and myself. The ancient union of the Netherlands and of the house of Orange is confirmed afresh. Beautiful is my vocation, beautiful is my task. I am happy and grateful to be able to govern the Netherlands people,—a nation small in numbers but great in the virtues of its strength of character. I esteem it a privilege and a pleasing duty to devote all my strength to the prosperity and welfare of our Fatherland. The house of Orange can never—yea, never, do enough for the Netherlands. I need your support and co-operation; and I am convinced you will lend me these, in order that we may be able to work together for the honor and prosperity of our Netherlands people. May this be the aim of our life, and may God bless our endeavors for the salvation of the Fatherland!"

Then, facing the full-sized cross standing in the centre of the ancient sanctuary, she pronounced the coronation oath:

"I swear to the Dutch people that I will observe and always maintain the Constitution. I swear that I will defend and guard with all my power the independence of the territory of the Empire; that I will protect public and private liberty, and the rights of all my subjects; that I will use all the means confided to me by the law to foster and uphold the national and individual well-being, as a good queen should do. So help me God!"

On a table near her were the official crown, the sceptre, the orb, and Constitution; but none of these were used during the ceremony. Now the president of the States-General in its name took the oath of fealty to the new sovereign:

"We receive and invest you, in the name of the Netherlands people and in virtue of the Constitution, as queen. We

swear to maintain your inviolability and the rights of your crown. We swear to do all that good and faithful States-General should do. So help us Almighty God!"

The usher then loudly announced the names of the members of the chambers, each member rising as his name was called and responding, "So help me Almighty God!" except the Baptists, who said instead, "I promise it."

At the conclusion of these formalities there was a silence, followed presently by a great shout from the whole assembly: "Long live Queen Wilhelmina!" which was taken up by the multitude without and rang joyfully through the city. At the same minute in the Damplatz six thousand carrier-pigeons were released, to carry to loyal hearts throughout the kingdom the glad message that their "Lieveleving Koninginnetje" had solemnly promised to be true to them forever.

Yet, sweet and good as the young Queen has shown herself to be, it seems she has not escaped the hatred of the lawless. A few days before the opening of her coronation festivities, while travelling through the province of Utrecht, she was shot at by an Anarchist, but provisionally escaped injury.

Wilhelmina, although amiable, is very spirited, and has great firmness and decision of character. The story is often told of the dialogue between the little girl and the wise Queen-Mother, when one day the child came knocking at the door of the royal apartment.

"Who knocks?"

"The Queen of Holland," in an impatient treble voice.

No response from within. An interval of silence; then another knock, less assured than before.

"Who is there?"

Reply in a subdued tone: "Your little daughter."

The door flies open, and Wilhelmina springs into her mother's arms.

By her readiness of repartee she often coaxed Queen Emma into letting her have her will. On one occasion when, for some childish naughtiness, the mother threatened punishment, little Wilhelmina protested roguishly:

"What! you would slap the Lord's anointed?"

"Even so."

"Then, as queen, I could have you beheaded, mamma; could I not?"

"But in that case what would *you* do without your mother?"

"Oh" (still more roguishly), "I should be like a wet day, and go on reigning [raining] just the same!"

Recently when riding her Arabian horse Woyko, she pressed him to jump a hurdle; whereupon an attendant asked:

"Will you not fear he may refuse to take the leap?"

"Refuse!" she cried. "He *must* do it." And he did forthwith.

There is an amusing side to the formal petition presented to the young Queen by her grave ministers, begging her to abandon her intention of learning to ride a bicycle, lest she might thereby imperil her precious life. But is there not also an exquisite grace in the manner in which she yielded to what many a girl would have regarded as a cavilling notion of elderly folk?

Thus in many small ways the gentle Wilhelmina has proved that in practising self-command she has fitted herself to govern others.

Perhaps the latest anecdote of her is that on the great day of her life, when she became queen in deed as well as in name, observing that the crowds in the streets stood in the summer heat with uncovered heads out of deference to her, she sent them word to "put on their hats." It was a little thing, but did it not show a lovable graciousness founded upon a habitual consideration for others?

Hearts.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

FROM the earliest time of which we have any record the heart has been considered the abiding place of the affections, the seat of human sympathy, and the home of all that is tender and true in man; so it is not in the least strange that many singular practices have sprung up respecting this wonderful organ, whose mechanism makes the most intricate machine invented by mortals seem trivial and inadequate. For this reason, no doubt, it became the fashion in the devout Middle Ages to leave the heart as a legacy to friends, or to bequeath it to a church as a token of love and devotion. Many times when the dying man had failed to make this arrangement it was suggested by his friends themselves, who, with careful embalming, would protect the treasure from the ravages of decay.

The pious heroes of the Crusades were especially given to enriching the possessions of the Church by causing their hearts to be deposited in a vault or about the altar at which they had been wont to kneel. Sometimes when for any cause a vow to visit the Holy Land had been unfulfilled, the heart journeyed thither after the death of its owner. Edward I., of England, directed upon his death-bed that a hundred and forty knights, with their retinues, should go with his heart to Palestine. For this purpose he left two thousand pounds of silver, trusting, said he, "that God will accept the fulfilment of my vow and grant a blessing on the undertaking." His son, however, did not share the enthusiasm indicated in this request, but promptly spent the money for his own selfish purposes; and the poor King's heart stayed at home.

Edward's mortal foe was Robert Bruce of Scotland; and, strange to say, there is a similar story to tell about his heart,

which had beaten so courageously and so tumultuously through good and ill, sunshine and storm.

Robert Bruce, like Edward of England, lay dying; and, knowing this, begged Sir James Douglas, his dearest friend, to bear his heart to Jerusalem after it should have stopped throbbing forever. Sir James wept like a woman. "On the honor of a knight," he said, "I will do this that you ask."

So the King died, and the knight caused his loyal heart to be embalmed and shut in a little silver case. This he tied about his neck, and then set out for the Holy Land. His route lay through Spain, where the people were engaged in a fierce contest with the Moors. In this he at once joined; but he knew not the Moorish methods of fighting, and was soon surrounded by the cavalry of the foe, with all escape cut off. What impulse seized him we know not, but he tore the heart of King Robert from his neck and threw it before him, crying, "Pass on, my King! I was always wont to follow you, and I will go where you lead or die."

These were his last words; for as he rushed forward, following his precious treasure, the sword of the enemy found him. When after the battle his friends bore him away, they discovered, lying under his dead heart, the heart of Robert Bruce. The body of Sir James was borne back to Scotland, as was also the heart of his friend. This was entrusted to the care of Sir Simon Locard, whose name was thereafter written Lockhart; the Herald's College also bestowing upon him the privilege of adding a heart to his coat of arms, with the motto, *Corda serrata pando*. The arms of the Douglasses were similarly augmented, and ever since the death of James Douglas his descendants have worn on their armorial bearings a human heart.

It is not unusual to find the representation of a heart upon old sepulchral

monuments; sometimes sprinkled with drops of blood, which betokened great penitence or devotion to religion. And frequently these memorials indicated the burial of the heart alone; at other times the entire body, of which the heart was thought the chief organ.

If so much value is attached to the hearts of frail and erring men, what wonder is it that we dwell with love upon that Sacred Heart which knows no pause in its beating, no cessation of pity, no bounds to its compassion? And upon that other Heart, loving and immaculate?

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THERE is much of the chameleon in every one of us—we take color from our surroundings.

How many itinerant menageries there are in the world! Each of us carries within himself the animal-tamer, Conscience, and a collection of wild beasts.

**

In levying taxes and in shearing sheep it is well to stop when you get down to the skin.

**

Learning and water-lilies grow in still places; character and oaks, out in the storms and the hot sun.

**

Since the ambitious man will inevitably fall, he should bear in mind that it is better to fall from the ground-floor window than from the roof.

**

Hypocrites are divided into two chief classes: one species of the whited sepulchre sighs, uses pious intonations, flat, devout phrases; it is more active in church-work than the genuine Christian. This is a harmless kind of hypocrisy, because any

half-grown boy or girl can detect it. The other form has no cant, no pretence. It follows a holy vocation, as that of parent, teacher, clergyman; but always lives short of this vocation to a degree that makes the spiritual life a negation. That is the dangerous hypocrisy: it is a corpse that infects the beholder.

**

There is more in American liberty than the privilege we enjoy of insulting the President.

**

Distance lends enchantment to the view, and a statue to the militia general.

**

No man can write so eloquently of the cruelty of the Inquisition as the editor that has just returned from lynching a "nigger."

**

Some men habitually use a twenty-dollar reel to catch bull-heads.

**

Heroic effort sometimes suffers defeat. I knew a politician that was simultaneously an "A. P. A." and an "A. O. H.," but he was not elected.

**

The rational worker for temperance does a holy deed, but some of the most intemperate persons I ever met were temperance fanatics. What they saved in whiskey they spent in words.

**

If there were no "treating" in America there would be little drunkenness. Not one man in a hundred drinks to excess because he likes liquor, but because each man in a party is obliged "to treat."

**

When you go to confession do not forget to accuse yourself of your sins of commission and omission at the election-booth.

**

That your pew is near the sanctuary-rail is not a proof of your sanctity.

The Power of Example.

MGR. MERMILLOD, the saintly and eloquent Bishop of Geneva, once related the following incident, to show the importance of paying outward marks of reverence and respect to the Blessed Sacrament:

Before his elevation to the episcopate, when he was parish priest of one of the churches in Geneva, it was his habit to go into the church every evening to pay a visit to the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar, to see that the sanctuary lamp had been replenished, that the doors were securely locked, and that no person was concealed in the sacred edifice. Before returning to the presbytery, he would kneel again for a few moments on the altar step and kiss the ground as a sign of respect for Our Lord.

One evening, when he had done as usual, and, believing himself alone, was rising to depart, he heard a sound at the farther end of the church; and, looking round, was astonished to see a well-dressed lady step out from behind one of the confessionals.

"What are you doing in the church, Madam, at this late hour?" inquired the priest.

"I will tell you why I am here," she replied. "I am a Protestant, as you no doubt suppose. I have attended the course of sermons you have been delivering upon the real presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Your arguments perfectly convinced me of the truth of this doctrine. One doubt, however, still lingered in my mind—pardon me for speaking plainly,—it was this: does this man himself really believe what he teaches? In order to settle my doubt, I concluded to ascertain whether your practice in private corresponded with your public exhortations; and I resolved that if your behavior toward the Holy Sacrament

of the Altar when no eye saw you was such as your faith seemed to dictate, I would become a Catholic. What I have witnessed this evening has clinched my conviction, and I am ready and willing to make my abjuration whenever your reverence can receive it and give me the instruction that may be required."

Soon afterward the lady was received into the Church, and became one of the most fervent Catholics in Geneva.

Notes and Remarks.

The tragic death of the Empress of Austria is sincerely and universally regretted. She was a woman of blameless life and noble character. Only a short time ago we received a letter from a convent which she had just visited, telling of the edification she gave to its inmates by her kindness, simplicity, and piety. There is profound sorrow throughout the Austrian Empire; and indignation over the crime of the Geneva assassin has roused all Europe to action against the Anarchists. The press demands their extermination, declaring that they do not deserve to be treated like human beings. It is likely that all governments will undertake to expel, under escort, to the country of his origin every avowed Anarchist; but this is the most that can be done. The conditions that have proved so favorable to the spread of Anarchism would militate against its suppression.

The pastoral letter of the Archbishop of St. Paul on higher Catholic education has been widely published, and we hope it has been attentively read. It is a strong appeal to the Catholics of this country to strengthen and enlarge their social and public influence by a high order of instruction, not only in secular branches of learning, but also in matters of religion. Had this earnest letter been issued earlier in the season, we should be inclined to think that it had already borne fruit in the increased attendance at Catholic schools; although the Archbishop does not plead for the maintenance and im-

provement of our institutions of elementary education. Until these schools are raised to the highest standard, however, and the importance of supporting them is generally recognized, it is vain to hope that our people will appreciate the advantages of higher education. Archbishop Ireland deplores the fact that the number of young men is so small in our institutions of highest standing; but he is hopeful that signs of a brighter morrow will soon appear on the horizon. When preparatory schools of all grades are everywhere well supported and well equipped, then only may we expect a marked increase in the attendance at Catholic colleges, and the full development of courses of study which the best of them have already established. Meantime many sons of Catholic parents who have learned to undervalue Christian schools will flock to secular institutions, and the ringing of bells in empty buildings anywhere will not deter them. It stands to reason that those who are doing their utmost to promote elementary and intermediate education are employing the surest means to actuate the ideas of Archbishop Ireland.

"The gravest figures we have seen for a long time," is the London *Echo's* characterization of the statistics of lunacy in Ireland. They are indeed alarming, if correct. The authority for them is Mr. W. Corbet, M. P., in a paper read at a recent meeting of the Health Congress. Formerly Ireland enjoyed comparative immunity from mental disease, but now there are 17,000 persons confined in asylums. Whereas in 1848 the total expenditure for Irish asylums was only £55,630, in 1896 it was £325,596; and while this enormous increase had gone on, the population had fallen off by almost one half.

The death of the Vicar-Apostolic of British Honduras, Mgr. di Pietro, was a fitting close to a laborious and self-sacrificing life. For twenty years he continued with unflagging zeal to promote the advancement of the Church in that colony. He was its life and support, its pattern and its pride. A more checkered career than his it would be

hard to instance. Revolution in his own country delayed his ordination, and later dispersed the Sicilian province of the Society of Jesus, of which he had become a member. He labored in Spain, afterward in Italy; then in Guatemala, where he again encountered a revolution and suffered imprisonment; and finally in British Honduras. His last years were full of suffering, but his end was full of peace. During the long interval of delirium that preceded his death his imagination was incessantly occupied with his missionary journeys—arranging for giving Confirmation, for visiting the schools, etc.; and he wished to be up and doing his work. The calming influence of prayer exerted itself when the final struggle began, and he joined in the ejaculations which were said by his bedside; praying in Latin, in English, in Spanish, and, toward the end, more frequently in his native Italian. May he rest in peace!

The court of Maria Christina is said to be one of the most moral in the world. Her Christian life, strict devotion to her duties as a mother and a ruler, her simple bearing and goodness of heart, have won for her the homage of all Spain. The sympathies of the whole civilized world must be with the unfortunate Queen now, and the humblest of her subjects would not be disposed to exchange places with her. One who lately saw the Queen Regent says that she has aged ten years in the last few months, and that her face is that of a heart-broken woman. Good Christian that she is, however, she does not complain; but says that when God visited the disastrous war upon her people, He must have had some purpose which no mortal can understand, and which it would be presumption to question.

If the proposal of Gen. Miles to increase the regular army to 70,000 is accepted, Catholics should not lose sight of the question of chaplains, but bestir themselves to secure the appointment of an adequate number of priests. Even now there should be more Catholic chaplains. At the lowest estimate, one half of the soldiers in the regular

army are Catholics. The answer given to Gen. Merritt when he requested that a priest be appointed for his men was a mere excuse. If, as the President declared, there are no vacancies, what reason can there be for not creating more chaplaincies? There are 5,000 colored soldiers in the regular army, and we are told that they have four chaplains. The fact of the matter is, Catholics are discriminated against in many ways; and it is only by insisting upon their rights that they will ever obtain them. There is no use in concealing the fact. Fact it is. It is true also that our fellow-countrymen have a sense of fair play, which can be roused by well-directed effort. It is characteristic of Americans to acknowledge the rights of those who assert them, who show a disposition to stand up for them on all occasions. Any class of citizens that the country never hears from is sure to be ignored, and deserves to be contemned. Those who want anything from our government must contend for it, and are expected to do so,—despised if they do not.

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In connection with this subject we have a suggestion to make to the editors of the leading Catholic newspapers,—a suggestion that we hope will give no offence to any one. We have noticed that our *confrères* rarely refer to the *Congressional Record*, which is a very important publication. It may be secured by application to the representative of one's district in Congress. This periodical affords the best means of learning what is going on in the Senate and the House of Representatives. A politician may disclaim the opinions and acts attributed to him by other politicians, and deny assertions made by the newspapers; but there is no going back of official records. Our suggestion is to watch the course of the Congressmen—to learn what they have to say on all important matters, and how they vote. They will bear watching—most of them,—and the consciousness of being closely observed by their Catholic constituents can not fail of a good effect.

A good story, illustrating the importance of making the most of one's opportunities, was related by Mr. William H. de Lacy, of

Washington, D. C., in an address which he delivered at the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Carroll Institute, an excellent and full report of which was published in the *Church News*. After remarking that the celebration was an occasion for renewing energy, and reminding his hearers that something more than mere good feeling toward their brethren was demanded of them, Mr. de Lacy told of a negro in Virginia who would always take a nap alongside of his prepared 'possum dinner, in order to dream of its delights, and thus, as it were, enjoy it twice. On one occasion, while he slept, another darky ate the 'possum, placed the bones by the sleeper's side, and touched his lips with the 'possum gravy. On awaking, the astonished negro looked at the bones, smacked his lips, and thus soliloquized: "'Spec I ate dat air 'possum; but it rests lighter on my constitution and has less influence wid me than any other 'possum what I eber ate."

Truth is mighty—but it is mighty slow sometimes. Falsity is hard to overtake; however, truth always gains ground when falsity has over-exerted itself. In the case of the Spanish-American war misrepresentations could not possibly have gone farther or faster than they did. But now that hostilities are over, facts are coming to the fore. The most stubborn of all is set forth by the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia: "A more unnecessary war one people never waged against another." According to the venerable Mr. Angell, President McKinley might have settled our difficulty with Spain without the loss of a single life, had Congress been so disposed. A writer in one of the Boston papers, who was in Cuba, declares that he did not come in contact with a single officer of the regular army that had not been opposed to the war before it broke out. It is a fact asserted by Joseph Earle Stevens, who spent two years in the Philippines, that many of the islands are filled with aboriginal savages who have never recognized the rule of Spain at all. There is much more to be learned about the Spanish-American war: its causes, its conduct, the nation we fought

against, and the people we fought for—that is, if the war was not in reality merely one of conquest on our part.

The annual conference of the English Catholic Truth Society this year surpassed all expectations. It was held at Nottingham, where as late as 1824 there were only seven Catholics; thus giving a striking illustration of the great change that has taken place in England, and of the wondrous progress of the Church in that country. The addresses delivered on the occasion were published in all the English Catholic papers. They are of the highest interest and value in themselves, besides affording evidence of the vast amount of good that is being done by the Catholic Truth Society in the dissemination of Christian principles, in the defence of the Church, and in promoting various social reforms which have enlisted the sympathies and secured the practical support of leading citizens of all creeds. These conferences of the Society, as the *Tablet* remarks, can not fail to bring Catholic action more vividly before the eyes of the public, and to remind Protestants of all persuasions of the existence of the Church which represents the visible unity of the Christian faith.

An event of more than local importance was the celebration last week of the Silver Jubilee of the Carroll Institute, an association of Catholic laymen in Washington which has done much for the cause of religion and education in that city. Its founders were eager to devote their energies and their means for the good of their brethren and fellow-citizens. The spirit which animated them has been communicated to many others, and the good works which they inaugurated still bear abundant fruit. The Carroll Institute ought to have counterparts in every large city; and we hope that a result of its Silver Jubilee celebration will be the foundation of many new clubs, libraries, lecture courses, leagues for the promotion of Catholic interests, and the infusion of fresh energy into existing societies. The Catholic young men of Washington have given proof of what may be

done by Catholic young men everywhere. It is evident that the Carroll Institute has not yet attained to its full development; but as it is, it is highly creditable to its founders and to those who labor so zealously to perpetuate its work.

The devoted Sisters at Nagpur, India, and the unfortunate children in whose behalf they appealed to the charity of American Catholics some months ago, desire to express the deepest gratitude to all their benefactors. Our readers will never know the amount of good done or how much misery was relieved by their prompt and generous response to the touching appeal that was addressed to them. The Sisters assure us that the children are so thankful to those who rescued them from starvation, for whom they pray daily, that they want to go to America to see their benefactors. Many of them have an idea that by walking very far they would surely arrive here. Some of these poor children of savage parents—savages themselves, of course, until the Sisters took care of them—seem now to have been under Christian influence all their lives, they have become so docile and so dutiful.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. L. Barroux, of the Diocese of Grand Rapids; and the Rev. John Prendergast, S. J., who passed to their reward last week.

Sister M. Flavian, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, whose happy death took place on the 3d inst.

Mr. Hugh Rice, of Gillespie, Ill., who departed this life on the 28th ult.

Mr. Peter Moran, who died a holy death on the 1st inst., at Galena, Ill.

Mrs. Annie Marie Woulie, of Athea, Ireland, who yielded her soul to God on the 28th of August.

Mr. James H. Creighton, of Quebec, Canada; Mr. Thomas F. Delaney, Toledo, Ohio; Miss Margaret Mulcahy, Ansonia, Conn.; Mrs. Rose Cummings, Mrs. Sarah Cross, and Mr. James Dunn, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John O'Connor, Lima, Ohio; Mr. James Quinn, Fostoria, Ohio; and Mr. Joseph Muth, Baltimore, Md.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Certain City.

THERE'S a city in a valley,
 And it stately seems and fair;
 Loiterers many by it dally—
 But of it, young folks, beware!
 Linger not amid its bowers,
 Though they pleasant look and gay;
 Rest not underneath its towers,
 Lest you weep some coming day.

 Never city famed in story,
 Overlooking land or sea,
 Lately built, or old and hoary,
 Knows such grief and misery.
 Many a scheme and plan long cherished,
 Many a brave resolve and high,
 Hopes, that ere their blooming perished,
 In its walls in ruins lie.

 Many a tear within that city
 Has been shed by old and young,
 Many a weird and doleful ditty
 In it sorrowfully sung.
 Moans arise in street and alley
 O'er lost moments flung away;
 And that city in a valley
 Has been named "Some-other-day."

Leo's Adventures in the Country.

BY L. W. REILLY.

VI.

AFTER dinner, Leo was feverish,
 and did not care to go far,
 after his adventure with the
 hornets. Besides, the twins had to drive
 the wagon with some wheat to Gambrill's
 Mills; so he was left alone with little
 Bernard and Bertha.

Before Daniel and David set out, their mother said, sternly:

"I saw that Clarence Hobbs going in the direction of Ellicott City. If you meet him, have nothing to do with him: he's a bad boy."

The afternoon passed by rather slowly for Leo, although he took a nap for two hours. The old folks talked to him for awhile; Mamma Bauer gave him some early pears and apples to eat, and he spent an hour writing a good long letter to his mother. Like the considerate and sturdy chap that he is, he didn't say a word to her about the snakes or the hornets, for fear she might be worried about him; but he filled four pages with a description of the place and an account of the fun he was having with the pet animals on the farm.

The twins came back shortly after six, and then all the family had supper. After that they sat out under the trees on the lawn until the darkness fell; then the old folks and Bertha went into the house. The boys remained out, playing tag and blindman's-buff in the moonlight for an hour.

When the lads went to their room at half-past nine o'clock, Leo knelt down to say his prayers. The Bauer boys did nothing of the sort; they had not been brought up that way. They just shed their outer garments, jerked on a night-robe, and plunged into bed. While Leo was in the midst of the Creed, a pillow came flying toward him and struck him on the back. He did not move or utter a word of protest. Then a shoe was

thrown in his direction and struck the wall back of his bed. It missed its mark by an inch. At the start its clatter gave him, there was half-suppressed tittering in one of the beds and in the mattress on the floor. After Leo had made his act of contrition he got up from his knees and walked over toward the twins.

"I want to tell you fellows one thing," he said, in a tone of voice that was full of earnestness. "I don't mind if it suits you to make sport of me: I won't have you insult God. When I'm praying, I'm talking to God and He's listening to me. Any trifling with me then is disrespect of Him. I'll lick any one that doesn't let me alone then. Mind that!"

The bedclothes were over the heads of the twins, so that their faces could not be seen in the dim light of the half-raised lamp; but they lay very still. They did not want to get into a fight with their guest, even if each of them could beat him—of which they were not sure; they knew that, win or lose, their parents would whip them for teasing him at his devotions, and provoking him into a quarrel. So they pretended to be asleep and made no reply to Leo's threat. But they did not molest him any more, that night or thereafter; and his zeal for the honor of the Lord, which was a fruit of his Confirmation, had a most unexpected consequence some time later.

Leo could not sleep for an hour after retiring. The place was strange; the room was uncomfortably warm; the bed was hard. He sat up and looked out of the window. The quietness of the country, disturbed now only by the croaking of frogs, the burr of locusts, and the cry of the katydids, was oppressive. The vast space of all outdoors, the darkness, the flashes from myriads of late fireflies,—all troubled him. He missed the noises of the town, the electric lights, the rumble of cars, the passers-by on the street, the rows of houses, and the sense of being

surrounded by people. The lonesomeness made him homesick. But after awhile he felt drowsy; and, nestling in the bed, he closed his weary eyes and drifted speedily into a deep sleep that lasted until morning.

VII.

At five o'clock Leo arose to go out with the twins to milk the cow. Only one of the herd was fresh then, and she was for the family use. The three lads hurried into their clothes. As soon as he was dressed, Leo knelt down by the side of his bed and said his morning prayers. The twins watched him furtively, but they made no move against him.

When they got downstairs, they made their toilet at the pump in the summer kitchen. Then they hurried outdoors. Clover, the cow, was in the barnyard, having passed the warm night in the open. Her calf was in the stable. The boys led and drove, pulled and shoved the little creature out into the yard; but as soon as its mother called it with a moo, they had no more to do: it ran to her as fast as it could. After she had eaten her breakfast, David milked the cow, while Daniel fed the stock and cleaned out the horses' stalls.

Leo stood by while David milked. He wanted to learn. When he was given a chance to try, he pulled at the cow's paps until the beast kicked at him and upset the pail. But he could not make the milk flow except in an uncertain dribble. David laughed, then motioned him off the stool, and, sitting down himself, drew out the milk in two steady streams.

"You city dudes have something to learn," he said.

"David, when will the other cows give milk?" Leo inquired.

"As soon as they come fresh in the fall. We don't want them at their best now, when butter is cheap and won't keep. But after November we shall have seven to milk."

"I'd like to be here then, so as to see the butter made. I haven't the least idea how it's made."

"It's made from cream, of course."

"Why, I thought it was made from milk," said Leo.

"Well, you greenhorn! Isn't cream the best part of milk? We put the milk into shallow pans in a cool place, and let the cream rise; then we skim off the cream and put it into a large crock. Twice a week we churn the cream into butter. Where there are many cows, the farmers have a machine called a separator, into which they can put the fresh milk and collect the cream from it at once. But father hasn't got one of them yet."

"Do any of your cows give buttermilk?" asked Leo.

At this David nearly fell off the stool from laughing so heartily.

"Do you think," he said, "that the buttermilk comes right out of the cow?"

"Of course; doesn't it?"

Again David threw up his hands and shouted his uncontrollable laughter.

"Forgive me, Leo!" he said at last, when he could get his breath. "I'd have exploded if I'd tried to keep that in. Great snakes! Do any of our cows give buttermilk!"

And then he explained that buttermilk is the milk left in the churn after the butter has been forced out of the cream by the paddles.

Leo made the twins promise not to say anything about buttermilk at table, and then they went in to breakfast.

The twins had to cultivate corn that day, and Leo tried his hand at it. He could drive with one hand well enough, because the trained horse walked without need of guidance straight through the rows of stalks; but he could not hold the cultivator steadily even with both hands; and the twins enjoyed his discomfiture when the cultivator went in and out of the

ground, too near and too far from the corn.

The day was otherwise dull for the city boy; for after you once go over a farm there is little to interest you on it, unless it is yours, or you have put in the plants and like to watch their development. So he soon went to the house, read awhile, played a game of croquet with Bernard, romped with Sport, and wrote to Bessie. In the afternoon he took a siesta; and later he drove to Ilchester with Mr. Bauer. He was glad when evening came and the twins were free to play with him.

When the boys went upstairs that night, before Leo knelt down to recite his prayers, Daniel said:

"Leo, please show us how to pray. We were talking about it in the field, and we'd like to know how. Mother reads us a chapter in the Bible nearly every Sunday; but we're going through the Old Testament now, and some of it's mighty dry. We'd like to talk to God, like you do."

"Yes," echoed David; "teach us what to say."

"All right," answered Leo. "Kneel down with me and repeat what I say."

So, kneeling side by side, they made the Sign of the Cross and repeated the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," Creed, the *Memorare* for the grace of innocence, and the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition. Then they asked God's blessing on their parents, brothers and sisters, and others for whom they were bound to pray, and for a peaceful night's rest for themselves.

When they arose, David's face shone as he said, solemnly:

"It does a fellow good to speak to God that way. I'm going to pray every night after this."

This was the fruit of Leo's manliness in standing up for reverence for God. What further results it will have in the Bauer family time will tell.

The Story of St. Wulstan.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

St. Wulstan may be said to have been the last of the Anglo-Saxon saints. He was the son of a lord of manor, but voluntarily submitted to discipline which other and poorer children refused or were exempted from. Unexpected circumstances caused him to enter the religious life, and after a time he became prior of a monastery at Worcester. The saint was eminently a friend of the common people, and liked nothing better than to sit at the church door giving advice, hearing complaints, and settling disputes. He was so holy a man that the proud Earl Harold once went thirty miles out of his way to make his confession to him and beg his prayers. As an evidence of the practical nature of St. Wulstan's teachings, it is related that owing to his failure to acknowledge the sin of gluttony after a hearty dinner of roast goose, he never again tasted meat.

Upon hearing that he was made bishop he was filled with regret, and declared that he would rather lose his head than have such honor thrust upon him; but he yielded, good son of the Church as he was, and received the pastoral staff from the hands of Edward the Confessor. When the Normans came, they looked with contempt upon the blunt, simple prelate who gloried in ministering to the peasantry and the sick; but his extraordinary virtues finally won their love as well as their admiration, and it was never afterward withheld.

St. Wulstan made what were called in those days "progresses," going about on horseback with a little train of monks and clerks, reciting the psalter, the litanies, and the offices for the dead. A conspicuous person in these excursions was his chamberlain, who carried an open purse—

"No one ever begged of Wulstan in vain." But better than all the saint loved to confirm children; he often went from dawn to dark without food, so great was his joy in exercising this privilege of his holy office.

The saintly Bishop yielded to the entreaties of the new lords of the soil and built a fine cathedral for his see; but when the old one which St. Oswald had erected was destroyed, he wept. "St. Oswald," he remarked, "knew not how to build fine churches, but he knew how to sacrifice himself to God."

In spite of the activity of his pastoral life, St. Wulstan retained the habits of the cloister. His first words on awaking were a psalm; and wherever his duties took him, he always managed to find many hours each day for private prayer and meditation. Though pious, humble and gentle, he could not be called a politic man. Wherever rebuke was necessary he was ready to administer it. He often spoke his mind to the king and to the headstrong Harold; and when the great Lanfranc, who accused him of incapacity and even of ignorance, ordered him to deliver up his pastoral staff and ring, the saint declared that he would relinquish them only at the tomb of the Confessor.

St. Wulstan outlived those with whom he disagreed. He passed his last Lent with more than his usual devotion, and on Maundy Thursday he washed the feet of the poor brethren of his convent. He lingered for some months, and died in the eighty-seventh year of his age and the thirty-third of his episcopate. So ended the life of this good saint and bishop; his stone coffin is to-day shown to those who visit Worcester cathedral.

Good St. Wulstan, pray for us!

THE great moments of life are but moments like the others.—*Thackeray.*

The Lights of Old London.

The watchman, like the bellman, was one of the most picturesque objects of old London; but he was usually as sleepy as he was picturesque. We first hear of him as early as 1253, when Henry III. was king. Before that time the streets were in a sad condition, and the watch was established as a stern necessity. It was not an uncommon thing for bands of one hundred or more robbers to go about, ransacking the houses of the wealthy, and not hesitating to murder any one who interfered with them. Many of these rascals acquired large fortunes.

After watchmen came into vogue, however, there was a perceptible diminution in the number of street criminals; and perhaps this was due in a measure to the fact that the plundered person could collect damages from the officers of the parish where the outrage occurred. But yet it was thought wise to employ some guardians of the night; and so watchmen began to patrol the streets, informing the wakeful of the state of the weather and the safety of the thoroughfare.

The lighting of the streets was only a mockery,—a few oil lamps making but feeble glimmerings; so the watchman carried what was called a cresset—a sort of fire-pot on a long pole, supplied with a lighted rope soaked in pitch and rosin. This cresset proved very useful to the thieves, who fled as it approached. In due time a law was enacted ordering each citizen of certain standing to hang out a lantern supplied with a whole candle, from All Hallows evening to Michaelmas Day. Then the cresset-bearer laid by his crude torch, and contented himself with calling out, as he walked his rounds:

“Lanthorne and a whole candell light!
Hange out your lights heare!”

A watchman who was of a poetic turn of mind employed this rhyme:

A light here!—maids, hang out your light;
And see your horns be clean and bright,
That so your candle clear may shine,
Continuing from six to nine;
That honest men who walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong.

The words “your horns” meant the windows of the lanterns, which were of transparent horn, and not glass.

The “whole candell” did not burn long, however; and honest men sought their domicils at an early hour, leaving the streets to the rogues, the watchmen, and the bellmen. These last went around, “all night with a bell,” an old chronicle tells us; “at every lane’s end and ward’s end giving warning of fire and candle, and also to help the poor and pray for the dead.” The bellman’s duties were different from those of the watchman. He was obliged to be on duty by night as well as by day; to advertise lost children or sales, or to call the people to weddings and funerals.

The bellman of St. Sepulchre’s parish had a melancholy duty to perform. The famous prison of Newgate was hard by, and Mr. Bellman aroused the condemned criminal the night before his execution, imploring him to repent, in a long set of verses which ended with—

When Sepulchre’s bells to-morrow toll,
The Lord above have mercy on your soul!

The watchman was not so sentimental, contenting himself by calling, “Past eleven and a starlight night!” or, “Past one o’clock and a windy morning!”

It was not until the reign of Queen Anne that any systematic measures were taken to dispel the gloom that early settled down on the smoky streets of London. Criminals became fearless, and it was as much as a man’s life was worth to venture out after sundown. Highwaymen boldly flourished clubs and pistols, and were seldom apprehended. But at last the municipal government awoke to the occasion, and oil lamps were fastened to street posts at regular intervals.

There was very great opposition to the use of gas in conservative London, many people declaring that it would be the means of blowing up the city, and by its fumes poison the inhabitants who survived the explosions. But gradually the oil lamps disappeared, and to-day there are thousands of miles of gas pipes, conveying their invisible fluid to the lamp-posts of the great metropolis.

Michaelmas.

Michaelmas Day, or the Feast of St. Michael, in England is one of the quarter days upon which people pay their rent, and it is also the day when magistrates and councils are re-elected. There are no people so tenacious of old customs as the English; and when we hear that to this date it is the fashion to have a fat goose for dinner on Michaelmas, we can be sure that for many centuries geese have been sacrificed upon the 29th of September. An old couplet runs:

September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine.

Far back in the reign of Edward IV. we read that John de la Hay promised to pay to the Lord of Lastres for a parcel of the demesne lands, one goose fit for the lord's dinner on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel. It is said that when Queen Elizabeth heard of the defeat of the Spanish Armada she was devouring her Michaelmas goose. (It would have been well for the world if she had never done anything more blameworthy.) The custom of eating this fowl at Michaelmas no doubt originated in the habit of the rural tenantry of giving a fat goose to the landlord when paying the rent.

And when the tenants come to pay their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowl at midsummer, a dish of fish
in Lent;
At Christmas a capon, at Michaelmas a goose,
And somewhat else at New Year's tide, for fear
their lease fly loose.

By Catholics St. Michael is regarded as the prince of angels, and his festival is joyously celebrated everywhere. He figures in Holy Scripture, where he is mentioned five times as a warlike character. He is invoked as a "most glorious and warlike prince," "chief officer of paradise," "captain of God's hosts," "the receiver of souls," "the vanquisher of evil spirits," and under other titles that are equally beautiful.

In art the saint is usually represented in coat-armor, with a nimbus about his head and a dart in his hand, trampling on the fallen Lucifer. Being a warrior as well as a saint, heraldry has furnished him with an ensign—a banner hanging from a cross.

The tradition that it was the Archangel Michael who fought and overthrew the rebellious Lucifer has been embalmed in verse by Dante, Milton, and many other celebrated poets.

A Pyramid.

The lines which constitute this pyramid may be read from the base upward or from the apex downward, indifferently:

There
For aye
To stay,
Commanding,
'Tis standing,
With God-like air,
Sublimely fair.
Its form declaring,
Its height admiring,
Looks on it from afar,
Lo! every smiling star.
To raise the pile to heaven
These lovely stones are given:
Each soul-cry for celestial light,
Each manly struggle for the right,
Each kindly word to cheer the lowly,
Each aspiration for the holy,
Each strong temptation overcome.
Each evil passion held in silence dumb.
As it arises slowly toward the upper heaven,
Stone after stone, until the mass is given.
Its base upon the earth, its apex in the skies,
The good man's character, a pyramid doth rise.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Our German-American brethren deserve credit for their zealous support of the Catholic press. The importance of good reading is never lost sight of by clergy or laity. At the convention lately held in Milwaukee the delegates pledged themselves to do all in their power to promote the circulation of deserving periodicals.

—It is significant that the war with Spain produced no new music, and even the standard patriotic songs were not in demand. The conflict was not calculated to excite patriotism or to inspire music. Had it continued for thirty years, no new national hymn would have been called forth. The music publishers declare that it doesn't pay to print patriotic songs nowadays; and the Spaniards must think our national air is that idiotic negro tune, "There'll be a hot time."

—The motto of the Catholic Truth Society of California would seem to be, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Besides printing pamphlets, keeping up a course of lectures, circulating books, etc., among the soldiers, maintaining a sailor's institute, and promoting other charitable works, this admirable organization has undertaken to produce some Catholic literature for the blind. Through the energy and generosity of two young ladies of San Francisco, funds have already been secured for the purchase of a printing plant; and the good work is to be begun without delay. We have often called attention to the need of books for our blind, and rejoice that at last it is to be supplied.

—One can not help feeling proud of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia after reading the current number of its "Records." It is filled with articles and illustrations of genuine interest to American Catholics. Besides a welcome memoir of the illustrious Dr. Haldeman, a readable sketch of Catholicity in the city of Pittsburg, and noteworthy selections from the correspondence of the famous Matthew Carey, we have an outline history of St. Charles' Church, Grand Coteau, La., and

another batch of extracts from the diverting diary of the Rev. Patrick Kenny (1829-1833). We shall not trust ourselves to cut the pages devoted to this diary in the next number of the "Records." The reading of a single entry beguiles one into reading all the rest, no matter how busy he may be.

—Among forthcoming books the following will be looked for with special interest by our Catholic readers: "Cardinal Newman as Anglican and Catholic," by Edmund Sheridan Purcell; "Ave Roma Immortalis," by F. Marion Crawford; "Historic Nuns," by Madame Belloc; "A Literary History of Ireland," by Dr. Douglas Hyde; "Philadelphia," by Agnes Repplier; "The Two Standards," by the Rev. Dr. Barry; "The World's Unrest and its Remedy," by James Field Spalding; in the "Saints Series": "St. Vincent de Paul," by Prince E. de Broglie, and "St. Clotilde," by Prof. G. Hurth; also "Hard Sayings," by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.

—No musician interested in hymnody should overlook the first number of "Arundel Hymns," arranged by the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Charles T. Gatty, and published by Boosey & Co., London. Like all Englishmen, the Duke loves a popular tune; and Mr. Gatty is a good judge of tunes that deserve popularity. The hymns are by well known and little known writers, including Faber, *of course*; the late Col. Ewing, who composed the familiar tune, "Jerusalem the Golden"; Mr. Walter Austin, brother of the Laureate, and numerous others. Hymn-singing among Catholics is a desideratum, and any attempt to supply a good hymn-book for general use deserves to be encouraged.

—The reiteration of lies is the best reason for constantly asserting truths. The false notion of so many non-Catholics that the Church is opposed to progress is by no means exploded, and it is still necessary to show how she has always encouraged what she is accused of having attempted to suppress. The *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, in an article on "Rome and the Press," furnishes some

information regarding the labors of the Popes to promote literature and knowledge, which may be useful if not new to our readers. We quote to the extent of our space:

The glory of the invention of printing belongs to Germany, but only a few years had elapsed when Italy rivalled and surpassed her. Two workmen of Faust, the partner of Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, set up a press, the first on Italian soil, at the Monastery of Subiaco in the Apennines. In 1467, after printing St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei" and Cicero's "De Oratore," the two Germans left Subiaco for Rome, where within the short space of three years they sent forth twenty-three editions of Latin authors. . . . The example of Rome was eagerly imitated by as many as fifty cities of Italy; and the Bishops, encouraged by the example of the Pope, everywhere seconded the literary activity. . . . The books printed in Italy during the ten years, 1470 to 1480, amount to about 1,300. This list is not complete, as books without date are not included. An Italian translation of the Bible by Malerbi was published as early as 1471, or sixty-three years before Luther's German translation of the Bible was published in Wittenberg; and before the end of the fifteenth century at least eleven editions of the Bible in the vernacular were current in the country of the Popes. . . . Panzer, who is an authority on the subject, calculates that about ten thousand books or pamphlets were printed in Europe in the fifteenth century. More than half the number appeared in Italy.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, net.

Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, net.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Slarr.* 75 cts.

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S. S. R.* \$1.60, net.

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., net.

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Slang.* \$1, net.

Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, net.

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, net.

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.

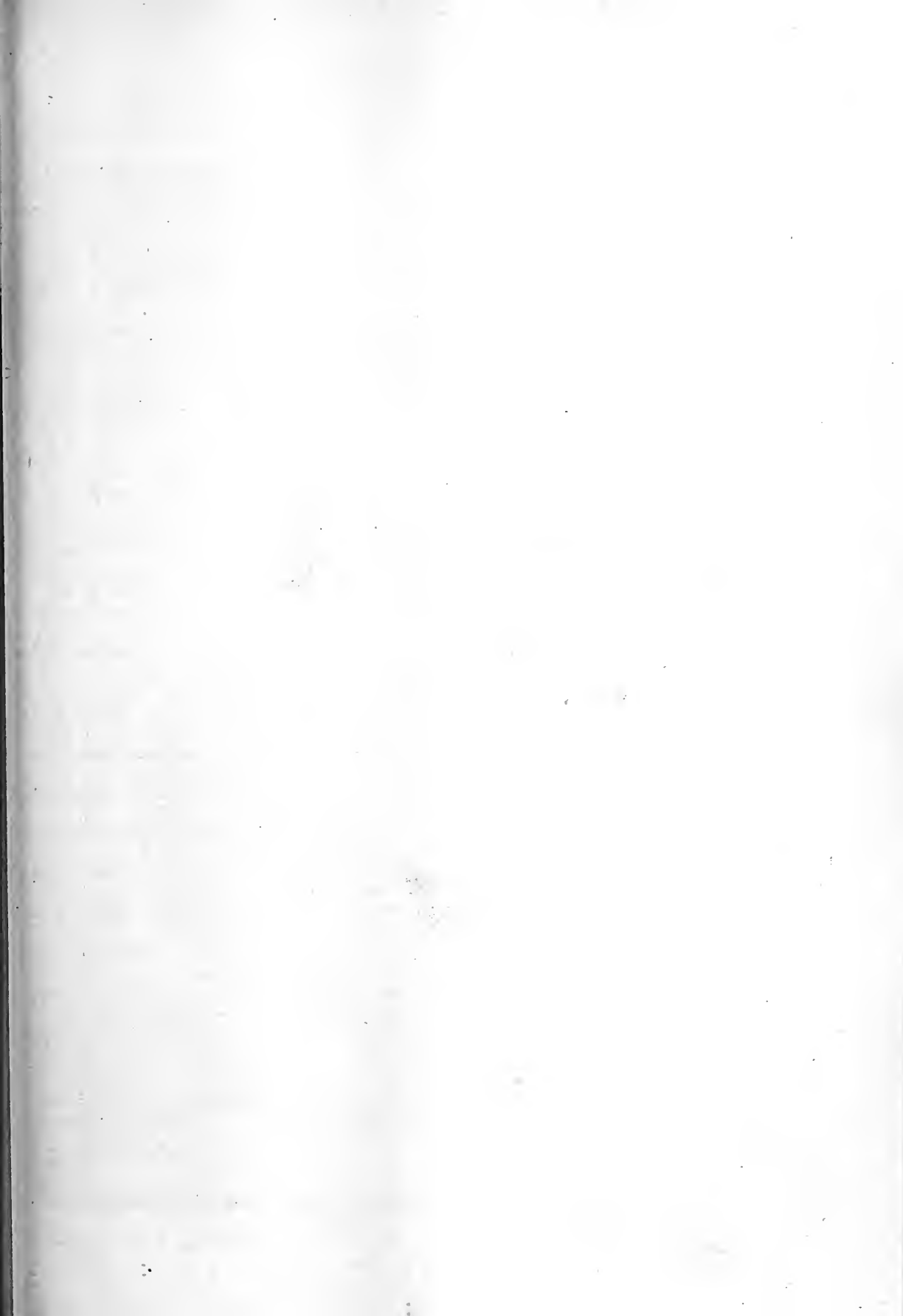
Light and Peace. *Quadrupani.* 50 cts., net.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, net.

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan.* \$1.





THE MADONNA AND CHILD.
(Sassoferato.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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The Virgin-Mother.

BY H. N. O.

AVE MARIA! Oh, what vision blest
Thy name unveils before the adoring eye!
Thou whom, alone of Eve's fallen progeny,
Sin might not harm nor Satan's power molest;
Whose peerless glory Gabriel's lips confessed,
The Spirit's bride, the Incarnate Son's abode,
Daughter of earth and Mother of thy God,
Since in thy womb the Eternal deigned to rest.
Mother and Maiden! with intenser ray
Thy path still kindled towards the perfect day,
Till He arose, the Dayspring from on high,
To crown the gifts of unresisted grace—
The love divine, the virgin purity,—
That made thy bosom His chosen resting-place.

Our Lady of Peace.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

PEACE—Our Lady of Peace—
how sweetly the name strikes
us in this toilsome and tiring
world! It seems to waft a breath
of heaven into our overheated and noisy
atmosphere, and speaks to us of a far-off
land where the suffering and the weary
shall be at rest.

The venerable statue that for three centuries has been honored under this title is to be seen in an out-of-the-way part of Paris, close to the cemetery whose tragic story we related in these pages a few months ago. It is now the property of the nuns of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, commonly known as the nuns of Picpus. Under the shadow of their chapel is the cemetery where, in 1794, thirteen hundred victims of the Reign of Terror were cast into a common grave; and where the descendants of many of these heroic victims—among them General Lafayette—have been buried. Strangely enough, our Blessed Lady of Peace now reigns in a spot fraught with memories of horror and pain.

The statue is small—not more than twenty-five inches high; it is of dark wood, almost black, and represents the Blessed Virgin holding her Divine Son on her left arm. The Virgin-Mother has a girlish expression, and the Holy Infant holds in one hand a cross, in the other a globe.

The origin of the statue is lost in obscurity; but as far back as the reign of the Valois Kings, in the sixteenth century, it belonged to the noble family of Joyeuse, and was regarded by its members as a most precious treasure. The lords of Joyeuse were a warlike race, who distinguished themselves in the holy wars as champions of the Christian

cause; and one of them is a most striking and picturesque figure of the day.

Henri de Joyeuse, like his older brothers, was a brilliant military leader; but, together with a passion for human renown and glory, he seems to have had a craving for nobler and higher things. These holy aspirations were doubtless developed by his loving devotion to Our Lady of Peace, who became his property when he succeeded to the duties and privileges of head of the ducal house. After the death of his wife, he broke with the world, left the court and became a Capuchin monk under the name of Frère Ange.

But this first retreat from the world was not of long duration; and, thinking to render better service to the Catholic cause, then imperilled by the attacks of the Huguenots, Ange de Joyeuse left his cloister in 1592, with his superior's permission, and took the command of the Catholic troops in Languedoc. His was a singularly noble character: energetic, self-denying, and wholly devoted to the faith. In 1600 he considered himself free to return to the monastic life that he had not ceased to love, and he died shortly afterward at Rivoli, while performing a pilgrimage to Rome. He was only forty-six years of age.

When he joined the Capuchins, Henri de Joyeuse brought with him the statue of Our Lady of Peace, before which he was accustomed to pray. The sons of St. Francis possessed at that time a convent in the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris; and the garden of the convent was in part the gift of Frère Ange, whose family mansion stood close by. Nothing now remains of the monastery, which was, we are told by ancient historians, large and well built. The Capuchins were at that period deservedly popular in France: they possessed more than four hundred and fifty monasteries and numbered ten thousand religious. In their church of the Rue

St. Honoré was the tomb of Frère Ange, the warrior-monk to whom the convent owed its prosperity; and also that of a celebrated member of the Order, Father Joseph le Clerc de Tremblay, the friend and confidant of Cardinal Richelieu. Church and convent have long been swept away, and only Our Lady of Peace remains of the past glories of the once famous monastery.

At first the statue was not kept in the convent church, but in a niche above the doorway. Here it remained sixty long years; and often, it is said, a radiant light, for which no human agency could account, was observed around the holy image.

On the 22d of July, 1651, as is related, a large number of persons of all ages, in different parts of Paris, moved by a common impulse, flocked to the feet of Our Lady of Peace, drawn thither by an irresistible and mysterious attraction. During the following days the influx of pilgrims continued to increase; many came barefooted, and extraordinary graces rewarded their confidence. The annalists of the shrine have kept an exact account of these favors; they quote the attestation of surgeons and doctors who certify to the supernatural character of the facts recorded.

In consequence of the extraordinary influx of pious pilgrims, it was decided to remove the statue to the interior of the church, whither it was transferred on the 25th of September, 1651. Here the favors continued as before; and the years 1652, 1655, 1658 and 1659 were full of marvellous occurrences, proving Mary's power and her clients' filial confidence.

Among the pilgrims who visited the shrine in 1658 were Louis XIV. and his Queen. A few months previously, the King having fallen dangerously ill at Calais, two ladies of the court—the Duchess de Vendôme and the Marquise de Senecy—made a novena on his behalf

to Our Lady of Peace. He recovered, and attributed his cure to the intercession of our Blessed Mother.

When the Revolution of 1790 broke out and the religious houses in the kingdom were suppressed, the provincial of the Capuchins, Father Zénon, determined to provide for the safety of the precious image. Before leaving Paris, he looked around him for a soul courageous and trustworthy enough to accept what was in those evil days a perilous office. His choice fell upon Mademoiselle Papin, a brave and holy woman, whose brother was a priest. She accepted, and kept the image till 1792, when she also was obliged to leave Paris. Fearing to take the venerated statue with her, she gave it to Madame d'Albert de Luynes, who had been a *chanoinesse* of the chapter of Remiremont until the Revolution cast her adrift upon the world. This lady was accustomed to pray before the holy image when it was in her friend's possession, and she consented to take care of it until better days dawned for France. In a written document she attested that the statue belonged to Mademoiselle Papin, and that she was simply its guardian for the time being. Mademoiselle Papin died shortly afterward; and her sister, to whom the image now belonged, consented to leave it in the hands of Madame de Luynes during the remainder of her life.

In 1802 Madame de Luynes caused its authenticity to be officially recognized by Monsieur de Florac, then vicar-general of Paris, whose testimony still exists; and a few months later she obtained from Rome that an indulgence should be gained by those who prayed before her beloved Lady of Peace. Madame de Luynes died in 1806; and Monsieur Coipel, Mademoiselle Papin's nephew and heir, gave the precious image, of which he was now the owner, to the Mother Superior of the convent of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary at Picpus. On

the 6th of May, 1806, it was reverently transferred to its new home; and after a lapse of fourteen years was again exposed to public veneration.

On a sultry day in the month of August, at a time when Paris is well-nigh deserted save by the passing stranger, we visited Our Lady of Peace in her quiet home at the far end of the great city. Our object was twofold: we wished to pay homage to the venerable image, and also to pray on the spot where, among the victims executed at the *Barrière du Trône*, lie those sixteen holy Carmelites, whose intercession we had successfully implored of late.

Our first visit was to the burial-ground, whither last May we led the readers of *THE AVE MARIA*; and, passing near the tomb of Lafayette, we reached the small enclosure. Here, under the green trees, sleep the men, women and children, the rich and poor, duchesses and workwomen, courtiers and peasants, whom the guillotine ruthlessly destroyed in the space of six weeks. We knelt and prayed, while the golden shafts of the August sun cast a hot radiance over the silent spot. Then, retracing our steps, we crossed the cemetery, whose gravestones bear the noblest names in France, and entered the convent church. Outside, the distant roar of the Paris streets brought an echo of the busy world; the hot sun beat down with almost cruel fierceness. Inside, all was cool, quiet, restful; only the chant of the nuns breaking the silence as they knelt, a snow-white army, before the altar, pleading with God for the souls of men, living and dead.

After the Office, a kind old Sister made us enter the choir, and took us to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, behind the high altar. We knelt before the little image that Ange de Joyeuse and the seventeenth-century pilgrims loved so well; and we reflected that many tales of anxiety and sorrow had been poured

out at her feet from the times of the Valois Kings to the dark epoch of the Reign of Terror. And now again in our own day our Blessed Lady's power has not diminished, nor has her tender heart grown cold, as the *ex-votos* that surround her shrine can testify.

On each side of the high altar are two large marble tables, bearing the names of the thirteen hundred victims whose remains are resting in the shadow of the church. We are again struck by the contrast between the tragic memories that haunt the cemetery without and the restful influence within. A special and pathetic significance is attached to the fact that our sweet Lady of Peace has made her home in a spot fraught with memories of pain and crime, softening them by her restful and ever-soothing presence.

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

V.—KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

ON the morning after Katherine's return to Temple Michael, Strancally arrived with a little train of followers, on horseback, to take her to ride over some of those parts of her estate which were still unknown to her. She gladly consented to accompany him, and set out on the expedition as eagerly as a child who has been treated to an unexpected holiday. They visited the cathedral at Ardmore, then recently restored, the altar lights of which shone through the high windows afar off on the long green sea of the greatest fiord in the county of Waterford.

The cousins, with their golden heads together, studied the interesting features of the great building. Strancally pointed out the cyclopean masonry in the lower part of the northern wall, which was,

and is, supposed to have been built by the immediate successors of St. Declan in the sixth or seventh century. The beauties of the Romanesque nave were also dwelt upon,—a part of the cathedral which at the date of our story was only about two hundred years old, having been erected sometime in the eleventh century.

The young girl lingered long over the sculptures in the stone of the western gable; then considered wondrous works of art, enclosed within arched niches, divided by moulded string courses. Here was represented the Tree of Life, with the serpent coiled around its trunk, and Adam and Eve standing on either side; there, the conversion of the pagan prince Deisi, who bows low before St. Declan, holding his spear on his shoulder. In another place is Solomon's Judgment; a fourth shows the Blessed Virgin and her Child; while yet one more records the visit of the Magi with their offerings, in rude relief upon the seemingly indestructible stonework. Higher above these wall-sculptures another series of thirteen carvings appeared, as now they appear, to tell the beautiful and interesting story of the early christianizing of the neighborhood by St. Declan.

When Katherine and Strancally stood before these sculptured histories it was in the age of adoring and childlike faith, and their heads were bowed in a living cathedral and before a living altar. When we look on them to-day, the roof which then stood strong over the heads of the cousins is no more; the blue sky is above us, the sunshine gilds the span of the ivied arch, and lichen'd rents are in the crumbling upper walls.

Leaving the cathedral, they moved reverently through the crosses of the graveyard,—those peculiarly-shaped Irish crosses, which are now among the most noble religious relics of the past in our country, in which a circular band of

stone unites the arms with the stem of the cross, and carries a legend, sometimes in Irish, sometimes in Latin characters. They soon stood before the oratory of St. Declan, the saint who came to Ireland thirty years before St. Patrick's time, and, dwelling in prayer and penance on this spot, christianized the surrounding country. The oratory is a very small church, and contains St. Declan's grave. The walls of the oratory are now deeply sunk in the green hill from which they rise—or, rather, the hill has risen during the centuries around them. What the oratory was, exactly, in Katherine's time we do not know; but certainly it was even then an ancient and venerable relic of the earliest Christian days.

Among the crosses close to the oratory was a hollow, beside which rose a rude pile of grass-grown earth, said to be the grave from which the great Garalbh was taken back, across the ferry, to Temple Michael.

"What a bullying old fellow he was!" said Strancally. "See! they were afraid to fill up the grave again lest he should take a second fancy to return to Ardmore. And so it has remained, though Nature has kindly covered it over with a royal pall of green."

"I am glad he won home," replied Katherine, as she had said before to the nurse. "I think strong wishes always carry their fulfilment."

"Do they, Katherine?" he observed, with a shy, manly glance of tenderness at her pensive, half-averted face.

"But you promised to show me the holy well," said Katherine, abruptly; and Strancally, bowing to her wish deferentially, offered his hand to lead her over the rough places which separated the cathedral ground from the high cliff, which they now had to climb to reach the hallowed fountain.

In those times, probably, the ruined grotto of stone that to-day covers the

holy well was perfect. However, the rude sculptures on the stones of the wall were of the same early age as the cathedral carvings. Then, as now, the poor native Irish made their way to the spot; and, prostrating themselves on the velvet green in front of the rugged crucifix which seemed to have grown out of the stone, they held commune with that heaven which has always appeared to them more real as a home than the dreary and toilsome earth their feet were obliged to walk between childhood and age.

Strancally and Katherine, being both devout Catholics, knelt in prayer before the tragedy of the Crucifixion, rudely depicted in the dark grey stone; and afterward entered the grotto, and dipped their hands in the water of the well and crossed themselves. And then they went out upon the highest point of the cliff, looking over the magnificent fiord with its purple-green waters and stately lines of headland, and back to the beautiful plains of the inland with its woods and cattle-pastures.

Though they had set out quite early in the morning, it was nearly noon when they were again in the saddle and cantering back toward the Blackwater. Instead of making straight for Temple Michael, they crossed the bridge that spanned the river as it gently flowed to the harbor of Youghal, and set their horses' heads toward the green height on which, overlooking the river and the wide Atlantic beyond it, stood the Preceptory of the Knights Templars crowning the promontory of Rhincrew.

"You will be interested in seeing the Preceptory," remarked Strancally; "and, besides, I wish to ask the Preceptor to allow some of his knights to join us in our heron-hawking to-morrow. He is a great friend of mine, in his grave and reverend way. He is, to my mind, just the right man for his Order: neither a bigot nor yet lax; strict in discipline,

but holding simple amusements as no sin. The Grand Master who lives at the Preceptory of Clontarf is a person of different views. Were he visiting here at present, I should not expect my good friend of Rhincrew to be so indulgent. He thinks that hunting and hawking, for the Knights of the Temple, savor somewhat of satanic brimstone."

"Yet the Templars are not priests," said Katherine.

"No, but they are a kind of monk as well as soldier. My friend of Rhincrew is more knight than monk, the Grand Master is more monk than knight."

"Perhaps he finds that needful, being so high in command," said Katherine. "What a noble life it is!" she continued. "A saintly vow, a knight's exploit and equipment, a martyr's death and crown. Were I a man, I think I should be a Templar."

Strancally glanced at her, and the thought passed across his mind that her beautiful head, had it been cast on a masculine scale, would have well become the knight's helmet. He thanked God she was a woman, while he observed in gentle tones:

"Is there not a sweeter life, cousin,—the life of sacred love between husband and wife? Could one give up all the tendernesses and loveliest joys of existence unless one's nature had been constructed for the purpose, hard and cold?"

"Those tender joys are not for every one," returned Katherine. "Life is full of mischances and misconceptions—and wrongs, which forbid them. Were it not well to have offered them on the altar before taking the chances?"

"You speak gloomily, my cousin," said Strancally. "Surely Heaven can have nothing in store, in this life or the next, for one so lovely and lovable as the Lady Katherine, of Temple Michael, save its rarest blessings, its most soul-satisfying joys—"

The girl laughed, as she answered:

"You are an eloquent flatterer, cousin. But, truly, I was not at the moment thinking of my own particular case. I am a 'me,' certainly, to myself; but the world is full of 'mes.' I sometimes think myself in the case of one or another around me, so thoroughly that for a little while I scarcely know who I am."

"I confess I am not so unselfish," said Strancally, with a look which might have told Katherine how truly he already loved her had not her gaze at the moment been fixed on the summits of the walls of the Preceptory of Rhincrew, which were just within sight.

The castle of the Knights Templars stood where its picturesque ruins are now to be seen—on the very summit of a precipitous hill overlooking the Broad Yoghel (modernized Youghal), the lovely opening of the river Blackwater, and Youghal harbor with its shipping and its light-tower.

Ascending the hill by a zigzag bridle-path, the cousins came in sight of the full front of the Preceptory, a stately pile, built of small grey stones, and with walls of immense thickness. A deep moat separated the outskirts of the green plateau, on which the knights had made their military establishment, from the well-fortified interior. The drawbridge crossed by the riders was guarded by halberdiers clad in black, whose gloomy appearance contrasted with the breezy figures of the young visitors and the joyous colors of their garments. In the court opposite the entrance to the castle a figure in a white mantle was pacing up and down, as if lost in the most earnest meditation.

"It is my friend, the Preceptor," said Strancally, as they drew near. "What a stride under a monk's mantle! Did I not speak truly when I said that he was more soldier than monk?"

Seeing the visitors approach, the Preceptor advanced to meet them.

"Reverend Father," began the young man, "my cousin, the Lady Katherine of Desmond, has returned from France to take up her position as her father's daughter at Temple Michael. You may have heard of her. She is here now to pay her respects to you."

"She is a thousand times welcome," replied the Preceptor, his bronzed face lighting with admiration of Katherine's bright beauty. "We shall all be the better of the presence of our liege lady amongst us. But this is sudden and unexpected; is it not, Lady Katherine?"

"Yes, Reverend Father," answered the girl. "And you will scarcely approve my taste, perhaps, in leaving your country for my own."

"France is my country, it is true," said Raoul de Lancy. "However, were there no Palestine, and I had been born with peaceful tastes, I should prefer to spend my life in Ireland. Lord Strancally, will not the Lady Katherine dismount and take some refreshment with us after so long a journey?"

Katherine willingly accepted the invitation, being full of interest and curiosity on the subject of the Templars, of whom she had heard much in France; and the cousins accompanied De Lancy into the interior of the Preceptory.

The Preceptor conducted them to the chapel, where the banner of the Beau Séant hung before the altar, and where on the tombs lay the effigies of dead Templars, with their open helmets and cross-handled swords. A sun-ray from the great east window fell on one of these, giving startling emphasis to its solemn rigidity; for the chapel was a dim and cold interior, lighted only by a semi-Norman circular-headed window in each side wall, and a narrow lancet on either side of the great doorway.

Katherine paused before the effigy, and the carnations in her cheek faded. The Preceptor smiled.

"So we may all lie to-morrow," he said, "or any day. But these are thoughts more for soldiers than fair ladies."

"Why?" asked Katherine, simply.

But the Preceptor was already leading the way from the chapel to the cloisters, where a white-bearded old man was reading a book, as he walked with bent head.

"Our reverend chaplain," said De Lancy; "and a real son of St. Bernard, whatever the rest of us may be."

In the refectory a repast was spread. A long room with walls nearly six feet in thickness at the springing of the arches that supported the vaulted ceiling, and lighted by seven deeply splayed spike-holes,—four in the east wall, two in the south wall, and one in the northeast quoin. The apartment had three approaches: the great door stood between the chapel and the cloisters; a second lesser door opened on the cloisters; a third entrance for servants communicated with the kitchen and the cellars, which were at the north end of the dining hall. The long oak table was abundantly spread. A haunch of venison, roast game, good Burgundy, and fruit from Affane, made an excellent show, which proved even better than its promise.

While luncheon was proceeding, Strancally expressed a hope that the Preceptor would be at the heron-hunting which was to take place along the river-shore on the morrow. The Templar accepted the invitation with pleasure.

"Were Herbert of Manchester here," he said, with a smile, "I should perhaps have to forego the amusement; but on our own ground we can decide these minor matters for ourselves. I am not one to see harm in sport; and I always remember that our lawgiver, St. Bernard, was not a soldier but a priest and a saint. By the way, it is well your hunting comes off to-morrow; for in a few days our land master, Herbert, will be on his way to us from Clontarf. He is coming

to review our forces before the departure for Palestine."

"Do you send out an expedition so soon?" exclaimed Strancally.

"In a very few days," returned the Preceptor. "We have with us at present a number of recruits from many parts, besides visitors—some of the friends of our knights who have come to say farewell to them."

"It will be a goodly sight to see the expedition start," remarked Strancally.

"The ships are already in the harbor," said De Lancy. "We can see them from the cliff. If the Lady Katherine wishes, I will lead her to a spot from which she can have a striking view of the bay and the beautiful river, and of much of the surrounding country."

The Preceptor then led the way out of doors again and along the cliffs. There lay the ships below, bright on the green water, against a background of the riverside woods, darker than ever in the brilliant afternoon sunshine.

After a time Katherine fell behind the others, who were talking of local matters, and took a downward path on the cliff, the better to enjoy a view of the panorama beneath her. Pausing on a lower plateau of the green descent, she raised her eyes from the ships and the water, and saw a figure advancing along the short grass, as if coming to meet her. It was a tall man in the undress of a knight. He wore a dark crimson surcoat trimmed with vair, and other details of his dress betokened a high rank. His eyes were bent on the ground as he walked slowly, with folded arms, and seemed lost in meditation. He was handsome, after a certain Spanish type: eyes and hair densely black, skin olive, facial outlines curved, forehead high and somewhat narrow; a countenance indicating a character at once weak and obstinate, amiable and cruel,—one that would hurt others by its vacillations, and itself by its pride in proving strong.

As he now walked on, absorbed in his thoughts, his face wore a melancholy and ascetic expression.

When Katherine's eyes fell upon him she stood as if transfixed; the color faded from her cheeks and lips, and a look of terror crossed her features. She glanced over her shoulder, as if to measure her chances of flight unseen; but in less than a moment the impulse was conquered, and she remained standing, apparently unobservant of everything but the water and the shipping beneath her.

When within a few paces of her, the knight looked up and saw her. Instantly the expression of his face changed: a dark flush drove the pallor from his skin, and joy transfigured his countenance. A rapid stride brought him close beside her.

"Katherine!" he cried, in rapturous tones. "You here!"

"I should rather say, 'You here, Philip of Castile!'" said Katherine, with a look of slight *hauteur*, never before seen in her since her coming to Ireland, and which transformed her from the gentle, gracious girl into the great lady. "Truly I am here on my own ground, having come home from exile to take up my father's place among my father's people."

"I forgot that you are a daughter of the Geraldine. As for me, I would tell you—why I—have not seen you since—"

"Since I left France?" said Katherine, with a little laugh. "I will tell you why, Sir Philip: because—I was not there."

"Katherine, you must listen to me. I have something to say to you—"

"It will keep, I dare swear," rejoined Katherine. "It will keep till judgment day. Till then I am afraid I have not time to hear it."

"Ah, you are cruel! I have suffered. Katherine, do not turn from me—"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Philip of Castile; but as only a few minutes ago you were astonished at seeing me (and no wonder), I can not feel that you will

be much affected by the speedy ending of this conversation. The Preceptor and my cousin of Strancally are at present in search of me, not knowing that I have strayed down here and intruded upon your solitude."

She gave him a little distant, courtly salute and turned to ascend the path by which she had come down the cliff, followed slowly and dejectedly by the knight whom she had called Philip of Castile. Arrived at the top of the cliff, Katherine perceived her cousin in the distance, looking in all directions in search of her, while their horses stood waiting at the door of the Preceptory.

Strancally, on seeing her, at once came across the sward to meet her.

"You have wondered at my disappearance, cousin," said Katherine; "but I strayed down the cliff—"

Here she perceived that the stranger knight had followed her and was at hand; and she turned to him with the manner of a lady of the court.

"I have met on the lower path," she said, "an old—acquaintance. Sir Philip of Castile, my cousin, Lord Strancally."

The men looked at each other and exchanged distant greetings; and then Strancally helped his cousin to mount her horse, and quickly took his own place in the saddle.

As they rode off with a formal salute to the dark knight, he stood looking after them with eyes ablaze with jealousy. Strancally's noble figure and sunny curls, and the open, boyish expression of his manly face, were keenly noted by the Spaniard, as reproducing the delicate beauty of Katherine in masculine form.

As the figures disappeared from his view, Philip controlled the passion that had suddenly risen within him; and the marks of it gradually ebbed away from his face, giving place to an expression of settled melancholy. He folded his arms across his breast and lowered his head;

and thus took his way slowly to the cloisters of the Preceptory, where the venerable chaplain was still pacing and meditating. The priest gave him a rare smile of wonderful, spiritual sweetness as he passed him by; and Philip went on into the empty chapel, where he prostrated himself before the altar, among the effigies of the dead Templars, under the lonely banner of the Beau Séant.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Governor Burnett.

I.

THE ranks of the Catholic pioneers are rapidly thinning. The old order is quietly passing away, and it is a grave question whether those who comprise the new have inherited or will preserve the uncompromising, though all unaggressive, qualities which so distinguished that valiant army of citizens and Catholics such as the subject of our sketch, the leaven of whose faith and integrity was sufficient to animate and spur forward the thousands whose timidity needs the marshalship of such a leader. It is as a Catholic that we shall chiefly endeavor to portray him in this slight and necessarily incomplete sketch; but his private and public life and his religion were so intertwined that each was a vital part of the other. Wherever possible, we shall let his own words speak for him; strong, terse, and always to the point, they will in very truth be the best exponents of his singularly transparent and perfectly upright character.

Peter Hardeman Burnett, first American governor of California, was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on November 15, 1807. His father, George Burnett, was a native of Virginia; but his grandfather on the maternal side was among the first settlers of Tennessee. Peter was of a stout physique, healthy constitution,

and naturally keen intellect; though his early educational advantages were very limited. Subsequently, by hard private study, he became a leader of thought as well as of men; was a warm friend of General Jackson, and a member of the first Constitutional Convention of Tennessee. Later the family removed to Missouri, where the elder Burnett settled on a farm; and, by dint of the most rigid economy and good management, they succeeded in making a plain living.

At that time the conditions of life in America were most primitive. Both men and women wore "homespun"; *apropos* of which Governor Burnett relates the following anecdote:

"In reference to the simple mode of dress then common among the people of Western Missouri, I will state an illustrative circumstance. I was not present, but had the facts from the gentleman himself. He was a man of education, of strictly temperate habits; and, although not a professor of religion, remarkable for his general good conduct. He was a merchant of Liberty, and on one occasion he attended preaching in the country not far from town. He was one of the very few who dressed in broadcloth, which he wore on this occasion. The preacher was an old man, well known; and during his sermon he referred to this gentleman—not by name, but as the smooth-faced young man in fine apparel,—and severely condemned his style of dress as being contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. The behavior of the gentleman was most respectful."

Needless to remark, the clergyman alluded to was not a Catholic priest, as Governor Burnett did not become a member of the Catholic Church until many years afterward, and at that period of his life had no communication with persons of our religion.

Among such unpretentious, unsophisticated people Peter grew to manhood; able to attend school only during a

short period in summer, where he learned to read, write, and cipher. When he was nineteen years of age, his uncle from Tennessee paid a visit to the family, and Peter returned with him to that State. After having filled one or two positions such as would be likely to fall to the lot of a youth of his age, he engaged himself as clerk to the Rev. W. Blount Beck, a Methodist minister. Fully conscious of his want of education, he determined to lose no opportunity of improving his mind. A silent observer of men and things, he soon added extensively to his stock of information, employing every spare moment in devouring the few books that he could attain by loan or purchase.

It was during this time that he became acquainted with his future wife. The history of his courtship and marriage is best told in his own quaint, delightful way. He says:

"There are two very important epochs in one's life: when he gets married himself, and when he gives away his first daughter. To give away the second is not so trying. When you rear a son, knowing as you do all his traits and habits, you can form some probable conclusion as to his future course in life; but, as a *general* rule, you never know a son-in-law until some time after his marriage.

"My wife's father, Peter Rogers, formerly lived in Wilson County, Tennessee, where his children were born. The fall after I began business for Parson Beck, Mr. Rogers removed to a farm in the immediate neighborhood. His brother, Dr. John Rogers, had been living and practising his profession in that vicinity for one or two years. I knew the Doctor well, and he was often at the store. The oldest son of Mr. Rogers, Hardin J., was a finely educated young man, and the first time I saw him I loved him—why I could not tell, but I loved him. He was a noble young man, with a fine face and beautiful black eyes,—my favorite. Mr. Rogers had

two daughters: Harriet W. and Sarah M.; the first sixteen and the other fourteen years of age.

"I often heard the young men of the vicinity speak of the two sisters; and especially a young friend of mine, Calvin Stevens, who frequently waited upon Miss Harriet. He was a pleasant fellow, and was very fond of the society of the ladies. I had not the slightest idea of marriage myself, but I determined, from a mere mischievous freak, to 'cut out' Calvin. I was satisfied that he had no serious intention of marrying any one. He had a fine, tall figure, handsome face, and most engaging manners. In these respects I considered him my superior. However, I thought I could out-talk him; and so I did.

"But when I had succeeded in 'cutting out' Calvin, I found myself caught. The girl had won my heart. She was a little above the medium height, with a trim, neat figure, sparkling black eye, handsome face, low, sweet voice, and gentle manners. Her father and mother were admirable people. I have met few, if any, better people than Mother Rogers. Mr. Rogers was a man of fine common sense; had a kind, generous heart, good habits, and a most determined will. He had served under General Jackson in the Creek War; and, though possessed of great good-nature, when fully aroused he was brave as a lion. Himself, wife, and Miss Harriet were Methodists. Their home was the abode of industry, integrity, and peace. I liked the family. Mr. Rogers was an indulgent father and master and a good neighbor. It was almost impossible to involve Mr. and Mrs. Rogers in neighborhood quarrels, those pests of society. They were alike esteemed by all, both rich and poor. I never saw Mr. Rogers shed a tear, though he lost his wife and several grown children. It was not his nature to weep either for joy or sorrow.

"I was not for some time aware that I

was in love with the girl. I accompanied her home one Saturday, and after dinner we were engaged in conversation for some two or three hours. At last it suddenly occurred to me that it was time I should go home. I hastily bade her good-evening, rushed into the yard, and happened to meet her father passing through it. I looked around for the sun, and was amazed to find that it was gone. In a confused manner I inquired of Mr. Rogers what had become of the sun. He politely replied: 'It has gone down, Mr. Burnett.' I knew then that I was in love. It was a *plain* case.

"When I found myself deeply in love, I considered the matter very carefully. I remember well that on the night of the same Saturday I laid myself down upon the hard counter (the place where I usually slept), with a blanket under me, and a roll of flannel for a pillow; and spent the whole night without sleep, debating with myself whether I should go the next day and make a serious speech to Miss Harriet. I was a poor clerk, with nothing to depend upon for a living but my own exertions. This was a powerful objection; but my heart won the day, and the heart is sometimes as right as the head. The matter was decided; and it is my nature to act promptly when I have once determined to do a thing. Let me only be satisfied as to the course to be pursued, and I go at once straight to the point.

"The next day I went to see Miss Harriet. I was earnest and candid. I introduced the subject discreetly, made the best speech I could, and secured her consent and that of her parents. This was early in June, and we were married on the 20th of August, 1828. The day was dark and rainy until about an hour before sunset, when it cleared off beautifully, and the sun set in smiles. I hope the sun of my life may set as tranquilly as the sun of that day. If it should

(and I have faith to believe it will), my wedding-day will have been a fit emblem of my life.

"I thought that I could go through the ceremony without trepidation; and experienced none until I passed over the steps to the yard fence, when I suddenly felt so weak that I could hardly stand. Most of the guests had already arrived, and were in the yard, looking at me as I approached the house. But I made my way hastily through the crowd, and my friends each rushed forward, saying, 'How are you?' I was so confused that I simply held out my right hand for each one to shake; and when my cousin Mary Hardeman spoke to me, though I was as well acquainted with her as with any one, I did not know her. But the excitement having passed away I was myself again; and was not confused when my friend, Parson Beck, performed the ceremony. When married, I was nearly twenty-one, and my wife nearly seventeen.

"I owe much of my success in life to Harriet. Had I not married early, I do not know what might have been my course in life. I might have fallen into vicious habits. Though I was not religious myself, I loved religion in a girl; there is something in piety so becoming a gentle woman. My wife was never noisy, fanatical, or wildly enthusiastic in her religious feelings; but she was *very firm*. For many years after our marriage she had a hard time of it as to her religion. I was full of mischief, fond of jokes, and loved festive occasions; and I used to urge her to go with me to the dances; but she always firmly, yet mildly, refused. She has ever been a woman of few words.

"For some years after our marriage I was much perplexed to understand her judgment of persons. It often happened that, on first acquaintance, I would form a most favorable opinion of the person; and when I would ask her what she thought of him she would say: 'I don't

like him.' When asked why, she could give no reason. She knew she was right, but could not tell why. Her knowledge was instinctive; but as a rule time proved the correctness of her conclusions. It was so with my mother. Her judgment of people was quick, decisive, and generally correct."

Nothing can be added to the simple effectiveness of this charming narration.

(To be continued.)

The Castle by the Sea.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

I.

ROSY upon the castle walls,
 Purpling the eastern hills,
 The mellow golden sunset falls,
 As the sun goes down over the sea;
 Ere twilight darkens the castle halls
 Of the Castle by the Sea.

II.

The black clouds drift across the moon,
 And deeper shadows lie,
 Where rounding turrets rear their heads
 Against a darkening sky:
 While one bright lamp, from hour to hour,
 Burns faintly in that frowning tower
 Of the Castle by the Sea.

III.

Pleasant music from the ocean,
 Pleasant words framed on the beach;
 Strange and wild the heart's commotion,
 Strange the heart's unuttered speech.
 Move—a creaking of the floor;
 Watch—a cloud goes o'er yon star;
 List—the voices of the shore,
 "Never, never, nevermore,"
 Clear, but mournful, near and far.
 This is what I hear and see
 In our Castle by the Sea.

IV.

Morn and noon my heart hath waited,
 I have watched the waves come up;
 Autumns seven, with golden sunsets,
 Each year bittering my cup.

Hope lived on, my lamp was burning ;
 Hope lived on, the stars were bright ;
 Now mine eyes are inward turning,
 For at last draws on the night.
 Clear those voices of the ocean
 Though by brave St. George he swore—
 Mary help, both Maid and Mother—
 He returneth nevermore.

V.

Just—High God, Thou wert forgotten ;—
 Just, most just—in early spring ;
 Canst Thou own my heart, and pardon
 Such a poor and withered thing ?
 Still the crispy waves are curling
 Round the Castle by the Sea,
 Yet at last the lamp-light flickers,
 Nought but darkness now for me.
 And, though dark, the white foam glistens :
 Clear those voices of the main—
 One star yet is still unclouded—
 Will he never come again ?
 Never come, while earth is glorious—
 Still the waves sing "Nevermore !"
 But Thy perfect rest may find us
 Standing on a stormless shore.

VI.

If black clouds drift across the moon
 And darker shadows lie,
 No weary watcher waits for long
 To greet a saffron sky :
 The watches pass, and hope grows deep,
 Though waves have risen and rolled ;
 For clouds break up and hearts grow light
 When gleam the lines of gold.

VII.

Mary help, both Maid and Mother !
 Christ is thine, and He is God ;
 Plead the mysteries of His childhood
 Plead the path He willing trod.
 I have wandered far from home,
 What I gained I count for loss ;
 Ask that I may once more come,
 Lead me to the Holy Cross.
 All alone I seem to be
 In this Castle by the Sea.

VIII.

I would ask for strength in weakness,
 With thy love my heart transfix ;
 Offering will and soul and body,
 Kneel I at thy crucifix.

Take my heart, good Christ, and change it,
 Here I give myself to Thee ;
 Of the barren Past repenting
 In this Castle by the Sea.

IX.

More rosy are the castle walls
 From yonder eastern sky ;
 More glorious is the western main
 When jewelled lights flash on the pane,
 Ere stars come out on high.
 Sad sea voices rise no more
 From that misty purple shore,
 Sorrows never, nevermore.
 Watched by travellers o'er the plain,
 Seen from mountain, moor, and lea,
 Marked by fishers on the main,—
 A brighter glimmer through the pane
 Of the Castle by the Sea.

The Cushing Temperament.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

I.

"SHE'D better be telling tales on me,
 Had Miss Marcia!" shrilled Susanna,
 in a high, quavering voice, directing a
 trembling finger toward Marcia Cushing,
 a slender girl of fifteen, who shrank close
 to her father's side, under the fire of
 Susanna's wrath. That morning Mrs.
 Cushing, going into the kitchen at an
 early hour, had found the air stifling
 with tobacco smoke and in wild disorder.
 Upon questioning Marcia, she had drawn
 from her an unwilling account of the
 gay company she had found Susanna
 entertaining the night before, in the
 absence of master and mistress.

"She'd better!" quoth Susanna, her
 anger gathering itself for a fierce stroke
 of vengeance. "Me, that sees my com-
 pany decent-like across the threshold, and
 never needs and wouldn't be seen doing
 such a thing as climbing out second-story
 windows to get to them!"

She waited a little to take breath and

to observe the effect of her words. Marcia was staring at her in open wonderment.

"Oh, you needn't be mooning at me with your innocent baby eyes, Miss!" Susanna went on, glaring viciously at Marcia. "It's been on my mind to tell you this long time, ma'am," she continued, turning to Mrs. Cushing with a total change of manner, becoming again the respectful, responsible servant, for a year past the pride of the little California household. "'Twas last summer, ma'am, the night that you wouldn't let Miss Marcia go on the moonlight ride to the Beach with her friends, that she was so set on, and she nigh cried out her eyes over it, as you'll remember. And it was all of twelve o'clock, and I not able to sleep for running my feet all but off that day with work, and for thinking of the cleaning that was to do in the morning. And I hears a noise outside my window, that do be beside Miss Marcia's, just over the side porch; and I puts my curtain aside, thinking it do be burglars, and so shaking with fright I scarce could stand. And what does I see but Miss Marcia, that we all thought asleep in bed, a-climbing like a cat up the trellis and over the vines! And I watches her till I sees her push up her window soft and crawl in. And back I goes to bed, and never says a word from that day to this."

Susanna concluded this fulmination with a look of virtuous reproach directed at Marcia.

The young girl's puzzled look had given way to undisguised amusement, and her eyes were dancing with merry recollection. Her father's stern voice broke the silence:

"Marcia, why don't you speak and deny this absurd tale?"

"It is true, father—or at least partly so. She *did* see me."

"*Marcia!*"

The girl was aghast at the new tone in her father's voice, the strange look in his

face. Climbing over the little vine-draped porch had been a perilous feat of Marcia's early childhood, forbidden upon its first discovery, and which she had never been known to repeat. How could she explain, how justify herself now? She hung her head guiltily. For the first time in her life she felt her father's hand fall roughly on her. He seized her by the shoulder:

"Make a clean breast of this affair, Marcia! A clean breast—here and now!"

The flush on her shy, downcast face faded to a gray pallor. She drew away from his harsh touch, and faced him with new-found pride and dignity, and eyes as cold as his own.

"I will never tell you," she said, slowly.

"I shall not speak to you again till you do."

"Nor I—" began Marcia, holding her little chin very high.

"Husband! Marcia!" cried poor Mrs. Cushing, wildly. But Marcia, walking slowly, and trying to step steadily and firmly so as not to betray the tremor of her faint little body, had left the room; and Mr. Cushing met his wife's expostulations with a quiet:

"Say no more about it, dear."

That night, when the mother, noting Marcia's absence from the dinner table, stole up to her room and found her lying on her bed, flushed but tearless, with wide dark eyes looking straight before her, all the answer she could get to her whispered message of love and sympathy, beyond the gentle touch of the girl's hand on her cheek, was an imploring:

"Please don't talk about it,—not one word, mother, please!"

With that day began the strange little tragedy in the Cushing home,—a tragedy none the less terrible because unseen by other eyes, unsuspected by the outside world. A new servant was in Susanna's place, and the household pursued its accustomed routine, but with a difference that every day became so much a matter

of course that the tender-hearted mother used sometimes to wonder if she were not passing through some prolonged and fantastic dream, from which she would awaken to find the pleasant, natural old order of things restored. For although father and daughter met twice a day—at breakfast and dinner,—and in their manner showed no abatement of their usual courtesy, neither was ever known to address a word directly to the other. At the table, when Mr. Cushing, mindful as before of his daughter's tastes, desired to offer her a second helping of some favorite dish, he would calmly say:

"Mother, ask Marcia if she will have some more of the roast veal"—or chicken pie, or rabbit stew, or whatever the dish might be; and Marcia would turn to her mother and politely assent or decline. On the other hand, when Marcia desired some unusual privilege, she would gravely apply to her mother to learn her father's will. And Mr. Cushing would courteously advise his wife of his consent.

Mrs. Cushing—a woman of tranquil disposition, who had never in her life known what it was to have her own sweet spirit ruffled,—looked helplessly on at this extraordinary spectacle daily presented before her eyes. Sometimes the comic side of the little drama appealed to her, and she felt an almost irresistible inclination to laugh, while father and daughter rigidly maintained the absurd rôles they had undertaken. Perhaps it would have been well if she had given way to the temptation; for then the grotesque situation might have dissolved in a burst of merriment. More often she was oppressed by the tragedy of it.

"It is the Cushing temperament," she would drearily say to herself. "There is a strange streak that runs through them all; and Robert's sister Martha used to tell me he had it, and it would crop out some day. It always comes out at least once in a lifetime. They will go along

for years exactly like other people; and then, without any warning, they'll do some unheard-of thing. It's the Cushing blood, and Marcia's got it just as strong as her father."

Sometimes her thoughts took another course, and she was ready to pray that a sudden and violent illness—through which, as a matter of course, the patient should safely come,—might overtake either father or child, and break the cruel silence between them.

"For here they both are, hardening their hearts against each other, and trying to make believe to themselves they haven't a particle of love left, when deep down in their hearts I know they care," reasoned the poor woman; which shows how little she understood either of the parties to this sad estrangement.

At first Marcia used to thrill and tremble, and her heart would seem to stop beating, when her father walked into the room at night, with a pleasant smile on his face and a loving greeting for her apparently on his lips. They had been close comrades from Marcia's babyhood, when the little girl had crept into his heart to ease the pain left there when a little son one day folded his meek small hands, and, with a loving smile for father and mother, closed his eyes to open them upon angelic playmates. Marcia had always known by the look in her father's face when he was thinking of little Ned, and now she often saw him sunk in that sad reverie associated in her mind with her little brother. Her heart yearned over him at such times; but whenever he looked in her direction his eyes shrank away in chill reserve, and the girl's tender sympathy shrank into dull endurance. Yet it was characteristic of the child—or of her Cushing blood, as her mother termed it—that the possibility of making overtures that should lead to a renewal of their old happy relations never so much as occurred to her.

The holidays came and went, bringing a Christmas that to the girl was a hideous burlesque of the festival. A handkerchief case, which she had toiled over for weeks, was received by her father from her mother's hand, with a formal expression of thanks to be returned to Marcia; and the dainty little gold watch engraved "Father to Marcia" was tucked away in a bureau drawer, and allowed to run down without being again wound.

The new year began and dragged its slow length along. Marcia grew thin and pale—a wan, hollow-eyed shadow of the bright little girl whose presence her father had been wont to say carried sunshine wherever she went. She applied herself diligently to her studies, and pored over her books far into the night; for no warning voice ever came, such as she had been wont to hear, calling:

"Marcia, are you still up? Lights out, little girl!"

Yet the reaction of youth came to the girl, as sooner or later it comes to the young in all their trials; and she determined to show her father that at least she did not care. She plunged into all manner of innocent gayeties open to girls of her age, making new demands for pretty clothes and various pieces of finery, all of which were generously met. At the table she chatted lightly of small incidents and adventures, while her father listened without comment and with an impassive face. The simple school-girl appeared, all at once, to be blossoming into a gay young lady, with a young lady's tastes and interests.

(Conclusion next week.)

Favors of Our Queen.

A PENITENT'S STORY.

EIGHTEEN years ago I was received into the House of the Good Shepherd in N—, whither I was sent by his Grace Archbishop —. I was most charitably, even tenderly, received by the Mother Superior and all the Sisters. Their great kindness won me. It had been years since I knew kindness from any one. I was not a Catholic, and was entirely ignorant of the truths of the Church. After becoming acquainted a little, one of the inmates of the House gave me a pair of scapulars, which I wore, keeping the promise I had made to say one "Hail Mary" every day for some special intention, which I was not to know then; later I learned that it was my own conversion.

During the May devotions, which were attended by Protestants as well as Catholics, I was particularly struck by one example that was read, showing the protection which the Blessed Virgin never fails to extend to those who wear her scapular devoutly; and I began to pray to our Heavenly Mother for her special protection. I had been studying the catechism earnestly, and desired to become a Catholic; but to be baptized I should be obliged to sacrifice what I had set my heart upon—leaving the convent shelter. I knew and felt that it was right I should make the sacrifice, however painful; yet I could not make up my mind to do so.

When I found myself out in the world again, I became dissatisfied with everything, and more fully conscious of the wrong I had done. One thought alone seemed to take possession of me—if I died as I was then, I should be eternally lost. My worldly friends told me to take off the scapulars and I should cease to be

THE painter or sculptor who makes nature and the human form more lovable, and the musician who carries us out of the reach of care into realms where the air we breathe is love, is a revealer to us of the nature of God.

—*Canon Fremantle.*

troubled. I would not consent to this, but still wore them, praying the more earnestly to our Blessed Mother for her help and protection. I went to the parish priest in — and laid my trouble before him; and he told me I would never know peace until I returned to the protection of the Sisters.

I passed about a year in this state of mind. One night during a terrific storm I promised God that if I should be saved from its fury I would go back to the House of the Good Shepherd, regardless of the sacrifices it would cost me. Those who heard me make this promise laughed at me, and said that when the storm had subsided I would soon forget it. But no: the promise was kept. Two days later I returned to the Sisters, and was warmly welcomed.

Within the convent walls I became happy once more. All the Sisters were exceedingly kind to me; nevertheless, I endured great trials in order to remain faithful to my promise. Again I studied the catechism, was baptized, and made my First Communion. A short time after this—on the 2d of February, Feast of Our Lady's Purification,—I entered the St. Magdalen's community; in July of the same year I received the holy habit; and two years later, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, I made my profession.

For some time I remained happy; but the thought of a dear sister who had also entered upon a wicked course, and of a kind mother who had neglected her religion for many years, so tormented me that I resolved to abandon my holy vocation and return to the world, in the hope of bringing them back to God. I felt justified in doing this, as my vows were only annual. I mentioned the matter to our Mother Superior, who told me to banish all such thoughts as dangerous temptations. I would not—I could not. Each year, as our annual retreat came

round, I resolved to renew my vows for one more year, and make it a year of most earnest prayer.

I thus passed nine years, but when the bell rang for the opening of the retreat of 1894 I secreted myself, fully determined not to attend the exercises. One of the Mothers, knowing of my absence and suspecting where I was, came to tell me that our Mother Provincial wanted me. I went to her, and she tried to prevail upon me to attend the retreat. No amount of persuasion, however, could change my determination; till at length, reminding me of my promise to our Blessed Mother, she said if I would only make the retreat she would allow me to go afterward, and assist me in every possible manner to accomplish my desire if I was still of the same mind. This offer I gratefully accepted, and promised to attend the exercises—resolved, however, to carry out my intention.

When I went to see the priest he told me it was all the work of the devil; that if I returned to the world and cast aside the graces that Almighty God had bestowed on me, I should never have the happiness of seeing either my mother or sister converted; but that if I made my final vows, and remained faithful to them, I should live to see both won over. He finally convinced me of this; and I began to understand how wrong I was, since our Divine Lord had, by a special Providence, taken me by the hand and led out of the world and from the very midst of corruption and sin. Would He not do the same for them?

I now realized that it was my duty to make my final vows, and I decided to do so at the close of the retreat. I renewed my trust in our Blessed Mother, and I continued to pray earnestly for two years. Then I began to write to different places to ascertain the whereabouts of my mother, from whom I had not heard for a long time. I met with one disap-

pointment after another for two years more; still I hoped and trusted in the good God.

On the 10th of May, 1897, I received an answer to one of my letters, informing me that my dear mother was living in —. This letter was followed by another that said she was dying, and that if I wanted to see her I should come at once to my sister's house. I could not do this, for I had made my final vows. However, our Mother Provincial obtained permission from the Archbishop to send a member of the community in my place to find out where my mother was. This Sister met with much difficulty, and searched the city in vain: mother could not be found. One evening a telegram came stating that there must be some mistake about the name, for there was no such person living in —. This was a sore trial for me, and for the first time I regretted (but only for an instant) having made my final vows. I went to our Blessed Mother and with all the earnestness of my soul besought her not to forsake me now, when the desire of my heart seemed almost accomplished; and once more I renewed my promises of fidelity.

The Sister who was searching for my mother had given up all hopes when, in a most unexpected manner, she was directed to a place where she found her in a dying condition, entirely destitute of spiritual comfort. The Sister spoke to her of the great goodness and mercy of God, in whose presence she was soon to appear, and of the religion she had long ago abandoned. My mother listened attentively, and gratefully accepted the rosary Sister gave her. Those beads she prized beyond measure, and never suffered them to leave her hands.

She then asked to see a priest, and a few hours later the Sister secured the kind offices of the parish priest. But when my sister saw him in her house,

she called her husband and all the laborers from the field. They surrounded the bed and would not allow the priest to speak to my mother. His efforts and reasoning were all in vain, as was mother's pleading. He was obliged to leave the house. After his departure mother sent for another of my sisters, who lived near by, and begged her to take her away with her, and allow her the opportunity of seeing the priest again and making her peace with Almighty God. This my sister promised, and did without delay.

As soon as mother was removed, the priest was again summoned. She made her confession, and on the Feast of the Sacred Heart was received back into the Church and received Holy Communion. She was so much tried by her children and neighbors, who were Protestants, that she requested to be sent to some hospital in order to die in peace. Accordingly she was removed to the Sisters' hospital. She quietly passed away not long afterward. Her patience, the Sisters tell me, was almost heroic. Her sufferings were intense, but her death was happy and peaceful. She prayed continually, and her last words were a fervent ejaculation—"My Jesus, mercy!"

Thus my poor mother died, after being separated from the Church for thirty-one years. My sister over whom I so much grieved has lately been baptized, with her three children. All four are now preparing to receive their First Communion.

AMONG canonized saints the proportion of bishops to priests is very large, doubtless because a bishop's office brings him into greater prominence and affords opportunity for more striking action. Against all our antecedent expectations, the number of canonized men saints is large compared with that of women; but plainly for just the same reason.

—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.

Consistency and Common Sense.

NO man likes to be told that he is inconsistent. The assertion that he is so is apt to irritate him considerably, even if it be a falsehood; and it becomes especially distasteful and annoying if it happens to be the truth. To believe or profess to believe one thing and yet act in a manner that is the logical outcome of a belief in something else entirely contradictory,—this is so derogatory to our dignity and self-respect that we very rarely, if ever, plead guilty to the charge. Inconsistency is a sort of social crime, which lowers us in the estimation of our fellows, and materially lessens the importance that would otherwise attach to our opinions and judgments. To hear, therefore, that we manifest this characteristic wounds our vanity and ruffles our temper.

If there is one thing that will anger us more quickly, it is to be told that we lack common sense. With this faculty we all flatter ourselves that we have been very liberally endowed. In our inmost consciousness, we are perhaps pretty well satisfied that Providence has been *more* liberal to us in this respect than to most others. Indeed, so highly do we prize the gift that to question our possessing it is an insult. And yet, humiliating as it may be, lower as it may our pride and self-conceit to be accused of lacking consistency and common sense, nothing is clearer than the fact that a large number of Christians are inconsistent and display undoubted folly on at least one subject—that of their eternal salvation.

If any statesman or politician furnished an instance of such glaring discrepancy between theory and practice, between professions and conduct, as is evinced in the daily life of the indifferent or negligent Catholic, such statesman or politician would be swept from public

life by a flood of contemptuous ridicule. If any ordinary business man acted in his commercial affairs in a manner so antagonistic to the principles of sound judgment and good sense as that which characterizes the normal life of many a careless Catholic, his friends would have no difficulty in securing his commitment to a lunatic asylum.

The nominal Catholic calls himself a consistent being; and yet, believing that his salvation is the only subject that possesses for him any lasting interest, he occupies himself about every other possible subject than salvation. He knows that he must die, and that his real life will not begin until he has reached the other side of the tomb; and he acts not only as if this life were more important than the other, but very often as if there were no other at all. He believes that if he gains the whole world and loses his soul, it will profit him nothing; yet he barter his salvation, not for the whole world, or for the hundredth or thousandth part of what the world can give, but for a few paltry riches, honors and pleasures, which, apart from their robbing him of eternal joy, are insufficient to procure him happiness even in this life.

There is no doubt that such a Catholic intimately believes that the one question he will have to answer at his judgment is: 'How have you served God?' Yet he lives as though he were to be asked: 'How much money have you made? Have you lived and dressed as well as your neighbor? Have you been highly esteemed in society? Have you secured honorable positions?' He is thoroughly convinced that God is his Creator, and as such has supreme dominion over him and all his possessions; that he is God's creature, and for that reason can not have with respect to God any relations that can properly be called rights,—and yet his daily life is in direct opposition to this conviction. He measures the amount

of service that God should require from him; specifies in his heart the boundaries over which God must not come; grumbles at the excessive rigor of divine and ecclesiastical laws,—nay, perhaps transgresses those laws habitually.

The negligent Catholic prides himself upon his common sense; and, firmly believing that to die in mortal sin is to be plunged into hell; knowing, too, that it may very well happen to him, as to thousands of others, to die before another sunrise,—he lies down to sleep in this state of mortal sin as tranquilly and unconcernedly as if for him there were no death, no judgment, no hell. He knows that serving God is his appointed work in this life; and not only he himself does not serve God, but he often ridicules those who do. He smiles at the conduct of truly devout, practical Christians, and from the lofty pinnacle of his superior wisdom condescends to pity their childish foolishness.

‘Religion,’ he says—or his actions say for him,—‘is very good in moderation; God is all very well in His place. But, then, one must not get too earnest; there is no need of growing enthusiastic about the matter.’ God help him! There is need enough, but very little likelihood, of his becoming at all seriously interested, let alone enthusiastic, in the matter of his salvation. Oh, no! His enthusiasm will be reserved for weightier affairs—for some grand worldly scheme. He can give free rein to his feelings on secular subjects, but on religious matters he must hold them in check; otherwise he might wake up some morning and actually find himself trying to become a saint!

Consistency is, in very truth, a jewel, rare enough in most men, but never so rare as in Christians who, believing that the affairs of eternity are everything and those of time nothing, so often live as if they believed the directly opposite doctrine.

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. Patrick O’Farrell, of Washington, D. C., has published some very interesting statistics in refutation of the absurd charge that the Catholics of this country are banded together for political purposes. Many persons have the idea that the vast majority of Catholic citizens are Democrats; but Mr. O’Farrell contends that where Catholics are strong the Democrats lose, and where they are weak the Democrats win. His conclusions are drawn from official records. With due respect to Mr. O’Farrell, however, it must be said that even the Government statistics are sometimes misleading. The term “communicants,” for instance, has not the same meaning when applied to Catholics as to non-Catholics. Children are not excluded in estimating Catholic populations; whereas some of the sects include only adults among “communicants.” It is, of course, incontestible that no religious body in the United States is increasing so rapidly as Catholics. According to the census for 1890, they numbered 6,257,871. Meantime the population has increased about twenty per cent, and Mr. O’Farrell holds that the number of Catholics has increased thirty-six per cent; so that to-day the Catholic population of the United States is over 9,000,000. The territory coming to us by war may add 3,000,000 more.

It is easy to account for the fact that many secular publications—newspapers, magazines, and reviews—largely patronized by Catholic readers and business men, often contain slurs or false statements against our religion. Catholics so seldom enter a protest that they are easily put off with a private expression of regret from the offending editor,—if, indeed, their complaint receives attention at all. The editor of the *Catholic Times-Standard* was quite right in saying that “articles reflecting on the Church which appear in secular periodicals from time to time have less trouble in finding space than the corrections of them.” This would not be the case, however, if protests against misrepresentation and injustice were more frequent and

more emphatic. "It would seem that where a Church representing millions of the American people had been misrepresented, any periodical would be ready to strain a point to correct an error of its own which reflected on that Church." It would seem so, but to make sure of it our contemporary will agree with us that Catholics had better strain a point themselves. Only when it is rendered unprofitable to publish calumnies against the Church will there be any notable diminution of them. If Catholics would withdraw their patronage from periodicals that misrepresent their religion, such publications would speedily change their course.

We have one great need in this country, to which we have often called attention, and it is this: a church defence league, the members of which would undertake to see that falsehoods against Catholicity in the secular press were corrected in the same place as soon as they appeared, and to inform their co-religionists of the periodicals that declined to retract false statements. Is there an American or an Irishman or a German worthy of the name that would listen in silence to one who derided his country or continue to read a journal that misrepresented it before the world? The honor of a man's religion ought also to be dear to him. We know it to be an invariable rule of one of the leading journals of this country never to publish anything reflecting on the Jews; even a joke against a Jew is not permitted. The reason is because they patronize the paper, and wouldn't do so if it insulted them. The Jews are not numerous, but they count for something because they are united. If the Catholics of the United States lack any good quality, it is *esprit de corps*; and if they have any defect, it is supineness.

Those who take a gloomy view of the progress of the Church in England, and hold that the return of the English people to the ancient faith is likely to take place only in the dim future, would be more hopeful if they were to consult the records. Prejudice against the Catholic religion in England was incomparably more general and more

intense sixty or seventy years ago than now. It is astonishing how it has died out. In his enjoyable life of Cardinal Wiseman Mr. Wilfrid Ward relates that old Dr. Archer (who died only in 1835) would describe the days when Bishop Challoner, forbidden to preach publicly, although he was allowed to say Mass under the protection of the Sardinian Embassy, would deliver his sermons in a cockpit hired for the occasion. Sometimes he would assemble a knot of the faithful at the "Windmill" public-house, each ordering a pewter pot of beer; and then, when the waiters had left the room, would preach in comparative safety. Clay pipes were added as an additional precaution when the more dangerous experiment of a meeting of the clergy was attempted. Dr. Archer used to describe a similar stratagem when he himself preached at the "Ship" public-house in Turnstile. Some of the tables were preserved as relics of those days, bearing still the marks of the pewter tankards.

Richard Malcolm Johnston, the gentle scholar and novelist of the Old South, passed away in Baltimore last week. He was best known as a teller of tales; but he had been successively a lawyer, a college professor, a director of a boys' school, and finally a professed *littérateur*. His sunny, Southern temperament made him a favorite among his friends; and his staunch loyalty to the Church, which he entered in middle life, was admired by all who knew his nobility and unostentatious piety. Mr. Johnston has published eight volumes of fiction; and his single venture into biography, as well as his literary essays, enjoys deservedly high rank. That he was not better known among Catholics is due to the fact that until late years he wrote exclusively for secular periodicals. It is to be hoped that among his unpublished manuscripts may be found his own account of his conversion to the Church. May he rest in peace!

The London *Tablet* states that the sentiment of our country runs with hourly-increasing strength in favor of national

aggrandizement. We are not so sure about this. The number is increasing of those who hold that colonial possessions would eventually weaken the bond that unites us as a nation,—that expansion might result in disintegration in the long run. In a conversation with the Hon. Mr. Tallemaque, Gladstone said of the colonies of England: "The idea that they add to the strength of the mother country appears to me as dark a superstition as any that existed in the Middle Ages." Another eminent Englishman used to say of the British colonies: "They are not feeders but suckers." Now that the excitement of war has died out and the parades are nearly over, the people are beginning to recall the declarations made by our government at the outset of the conflict; and, whatever may be asserted by the newspapers, many of our best citizens are of opinion that the declarations so solemnly made ought to be faithfully kept.

The Peace Commission in Paris is not likely to prove a failure. The United States as well as Spain has had enough of war, at least for the present. The large number of our soldiers still detained in hospitals—many of whom are more likely to die than to recover,—not to speak of those on the sick-list in Santiago and elsewhere, has calmed, for the time being, even the most bellicose of patriots. In Spain the desire for peace must be even more intense. The death on a single transport of 123 out of 1,000 returning soldiers ought to be enough to horrify the whole civilized world as well as Spain.

The Church of England is indeed a city of confusion, and at present the confusion is worse confounded than ever. At home there is a war-of-words in the newspapers over the subject of confession,—representatives of one party contending that it is an ordinance which Our Lord has instituted for the remission of sins after baptism; another party maintaining that confession is "a mere modern invention." A few zealous Anglicans in the Orient are still advocating union with the Greek Church, which churchmen like Archdeacon Sinclair denounce as "a con-

fused mass of sects." In this country the Episcopalians are so badly split up that it is impossible to keep track of them. At the laying of the corner-stone of a new church at Clinton, Iowa, the exercises were conducted by Masons! In a newspaper report of the ceremony sent to us by a friend in that State, the rector is mentioned only once, and incidentally among "the gentlemen who manage the affairs of the church." The Rev. Mr. Morrill must be a strange sort of manager; but perhaps he is doing the best he can under circumstances that are decidedly adverse.

The Rev. Dr. De Costa, of New York, has read the people and the preachers of this country many a good lesson. He is one of those upright men who love the truth, and in uttering it he has no fear of offending his hearers. His sermon on "The Coming Battle for Civilization in the East and West Indies," we are glad to observe, has been widely published. It is the discourse of an enlightened man, with the courage of his convictions. One passage we are constrained to quote:

For the most part Christianity is the law of the Eastern as well as the Western lands coming under our rule and care; and missionary zeal may well take heed how it treats those with whose religion it does not agree as pagans. In Manila the very insurgent soldier bows humbly in adoration before the Cross, and forms quite as good a Christian as hundreds of thousands of more pretentious and privileged people in this country. Zealous propagandists may well confine themselves to their present half-tilled, sunburnt fields, wherein they wrangle with one another about modern forms, and debate their pitiable creeds to the confusion of honest inquirers, instead of seeking to disintegrate existing Christianity in Manila. As for our own church, a careful study of its present conditions would suggest better attention to itself before attempting to send more missionaries into the East. It had better find out what it believes, re-establish its faith, stop the blatant denials of God's Word now echoed in pulpit and print, invigorate discipline, and catch more of the spirit of the Catholic Church and the apostolic age before making any demonstration either in Manila or the West Indies.

It is very significant that the recent National Pilgrimage to Lourdes attracted unusual attention from non-Catholics, and

that the references to it in the secular press have been notably free from the crass prejudice so often betrayed by outsiders. There were Protestants, lay and clerical, among the pilgrims, and among the physicians who examined those who were cured and afterward presented themselves at the Bureau of Proofs. One of these doctors professed that he was "entirely unable to account for many of the cases, for which the evidence was clearly too strong, in any known or reasonable way." The medical men were much impressed by the strictness of the examinations, all calculated to detect imposture or to dispel illusion; and the fact was noted that the most wondrous cures are called extraordinary graces, not miracles, by the official chronicler of unusual events at Lourdes. Several passages of a letter by a correspondent of the *London Spectator* seem to invite quotation here:

I have no cause to plead, either of creed or of medicine; only to record the fact that a visit to Lourdes during a pilgrimage is something so singular in its nature as to impress our "curious hearts" as nothing else in this world can, and to leave us pondering as deeply as Hamlet himself on the more things in heaven and earth than any philosophy has yet been found to dream of. . . . It is the Pool of Bethesda over again. . . . The business of the place is prayer. . . . I was able to look at Lourdes without prejudice the one way or the other, and to regard it simply in its singular Biblical beauty. From that standpoint it stands alone among the sights of the world. . . . Ridicule is powerless, too, upon a place like this; and one can only be sorry to see Lourdes written of in any flippant vein, or to read clever remarks upon the wooden figure of the Virgin, which is so entirely beside the question. It is not in the effigy that the suppliants believe. Ridicule recoils in such a case as this, and falls away. The gravity of these things is too grave.

It was the intense reverence and simple faith of all the worshipers that left the deep mark upon our minds at Lourdes. It did not appear to me that there was anything distinctively Roman Catholic about it,—rather the catholicity of the Christian world gathered at this little Mecca of the Christian's faith. Except for the words of the prayers and litanies, there was nothing that should have failed to appeal to Protestant feeling; unless the fact that the Virgin, with the child Bernadette—the central figure of the story which brought the people together—should be read in a narrow light. Some such thought, I suppose, must have been in the mind of an English clergyman whom I saw there, sitting on the river-wall at the back of the crowd, when every head was bared and every knee bent,

with his hat defiantly on and his arms crossed, looking darkly on the scene. . . . Others of our clergy there were, and more than one, who passed reverently with the rest through the little Grotto, and came thoughtfully away after joining in the responses and prayers. It is, at all events, something, and more than something, to find out a day or two of retreat in a place so detached from the interests of the world, and in its tendencies so distinctly ennobling.

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The *London Times*, in an article on the letter of its Lourdes correspondent, remarks:

It is impossible to treat as of no more account than a belief in palmistry or fortune-telling the feelings which, at the recent National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, brought 9,000 pilgrims in sixteen excursion trains, 950 of whom were invalids in search of health; and under the influence of which local pilgrimages of certain cities or departments, or even from foreign countries, are constantly coming and going, to the no small profit of the town itself and the railway, as well as of the priests and the shrine. . . . In whatever way we look at it, the phenomenon is an exceedingly curious one, offering interesting problems to the pathologist and the psychologist.

A nephew of the Chancellor of the German Empire lately took his simple vows as a religious at the Benedictine monastery of Sauken. He was formerly an officer of dragoons. Prince Philip Hohenlohe became Brother Constantine.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. A. J. Wallace, a devoted chaplain of the British army, who passed to his reward on the 2d ult.

Dr. Joseph F. Kuhn, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 12th ult.

Mrs. Barbara Schroepper, of the same city, who departed this life on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

Mr. James McKay, who breathed his last on the 29th of August, at St. Paul, Oregon.

Mrs. Daniel McAllister, of Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Annie Martin, Shelton, Conn.; Miss Anna Cruice and Miss Mary Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. John J. Taaffe and Mr. Joseph Mulcahy, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. John R. Welch, Seymour, Conn.; Mr. John Whelan and Mrs. William Rowan, Derby, Conn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Unceasing Music.

FLOATING out upon the starlight
 Came the words the Angel spoke,
 And so sweet their tender music
 That the echoes all awoke,
 And *Ave, gratia plena!*
 From a thousand voices broke.

Ave! sang the spreading branches
 Of the vine-enshrouded trees;
Gratia plena! soft was murmured
 From the sedges, as the breeze
 Bent them down to kiss the waters
 As they sought the distant seas.

And poor mortals caught the music—
 Lo! the victory was won;
 And the echo, *Gratia plena!*
 From the rising of the sun
 Blends with *Ora, Mater, ora!*
 Till the day of life is done.

The Mother of George Washington.

DO all the young readers of THE AVE MARIA know that the mother of George Washington was called Mary, and that she died in August—in the same month, though not on the same day, as the one whose blessed name she bore? These circumstances give her a special claim to our interest, and should deepen the regard we have for her because of her own merits and because she was the mother of the liberator of our country.

Mary Ball was born in Lancaster County, Virginia, late in the year 1706. Her father was Col. Joseph Ball, a planter,

who owned a very large estate on the Rappahannock River, not far from its confluence with the Chesapeake Bay. He was of English descent, his father having immigrated from Kent. He lived the life of a country gentleman. He was twice married—first to a Miss Rogers, and then to Mrs. Mary Johnson. Mary was the only child of the second marriage. She had one step-brother, Joseph; and four step-sisters Ball, whose given names were Hannah, Anne, Esther and Susan; and one step-sister, Eliza Johnson.

Col. Ball's will, which was dated June 5, 1711, devised lands and slaves to his five children by his first marriage; and bequeathed to his "loving wife, Mary Ball, the feather-bed, bolsters, and all the furniture thereto belonging, whereon I now lie in my own lodging chamber, as it stands now and is used; and all the chairs in the house which are single nailed." He bestowed on her also lands, slaves, crops, horses, cattle, stills, chaise and harness, and an "Irishwoman by the name of Ellen Grafton for the time she has to serve."

To his daughter Mary the Colonel bequeathed "400 acres of land in Richmond Co. in ye freshes of Rappahn. River." To his wife's daughter, Eliza Johnson, he gave 100 acres.

Mary resembled her mother in many ways—in looks, disposition, and character,—and in the facts that she was named Mary, that she married a widower with several children, that she was early left a widow, and that she had a child whose memory is immortalized in history.

Mary Ball had little learning. She could read and write pretty well, but she stumbled at the spelling of simple words. There were very few teachers in Virginia two hundred years ago. In January, 1723, she wrote to her brother Joseph, who was then in London:

"We have not a schoolmaster in our neighborhood until now in nearly four years. We have now a young minister living with us, who was educated at Oxford, took orders, and came over as assistant to Rev. Kemp at Gloucester. That parish is too poor to keep both, and he teaches school for his board. He teaches sister Susie and me, and Madam Carter's boy and two girls. I am now learning pretty fast."

If the spelling of that letter had not been corrected here, you would hardly suppose the future mother of Washington was "learning pretty fast."

But better than mere book-learning, Mary had a training in morality. She inherited admirable qualities of mind and heart; these were cultivated by her mother in the twenty-two years that the latter was spared to guide her younger daughter. The maiden had, therefore, high ideals and sound principles of conduct. She was instructed in the fear of the Lord that is the beginning of wisdom, in fidelity to duty, in obedience, modesty, industry, and frugality.

As Mary grew up from childhood to girlhood, she was noted for her beauty. She became the belle of that stretch of Virginia that is known as the Northern Neck. A quaint note from a damsel of her acquaintance is still preserved, and furnishes these few charming details:

"WMS BURG Oct. 7, 1722.

"DEAR SUKEY:—Madam Ball of Lancaster and Her Sweet Molly has gone Hom. Mama thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden she know. She is about 16 yrs old, is taller than Me, is very Sensable, Modest, and Loving. Her Hair is like

unto flax. Her Eyes are the color of Youres and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could See Her."

Mary Ball was married to Augustine Washington on March 6, 1730. She was then twenty-four years, and her husband was thirty-six. The marriage took place probably in London, whither she had gone in 1728 with her step-brother, who had become a lawyer and settled in England. If so, she soon afterward returned to this country and resided here to the day of her death.

Augustine Washington was first married to Jane Butler. By her he had three sons and one daughter. One of the boys and the girl died in infancy. The other two grew to manhood. Their mother died on November 24, 1728; and shortly afterward their father went to England to look after his estates there. In that country, as has been said, he probably met and married his second wife.

Mary Ball Washington was the mother of six children—four boys and two girls, of whom Mildred died in infancy. How many American children are there who know that Washington had three brothers and two sisters? George was the oldest of the children. In his mother's Bible he made this entry in the family record:

"George Washington, Son to Augustine, and Mary his wife, was born ye 11th day of February, 1731-2, about 10 in the morning, and was Baptized on the 3rd of April following, Mr. Beverly Whiting, & Captain Christopher Brooks Godfather, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory Godmother."

Augustine Washington died when George was only twelve years old, and thenceforward the management of the home fell altogether to the mother. Of her our historians have only words of praise. Here are a few extracts from the tributes paid to her:

Washington Irving wrote: "Endowed with plain, direct good sense, thorough conscientiousness and prompt decision,

she governed her family strictly but kindly, exacting deference while she inspired affection. For George, being her oldest son, was thought to be her favorite, yet she never gave him undue preference; and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood continued to be habitually observed by him to the day of her death. He inherited from her a high temper and a spirit of command; but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice. Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow with her little flock gathered around her, as was her wont each day, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work."

Edward Everett said: "Washington is unquestionably to be added to the list of eminent men whose characters have been moulded by a mother's influence. The control of their children's property was entrusted to her by the will of her husband, which shows his confidence in her discretion and energy; and tradition represents her as a woman of vigorous character, fully equal to the trust.... She educated her children in habits of virtue, frugality, and diligence."

John Abbott declared: "Washington ever honored his mother as one who had been to him a guardian angel. In her daily life she set before him a beautiful example of every virtue. She instilled into his mind those principles of piety and probity which ever ornamented his character, and to which he was indebted for success in the wonderful career upon which he soon entered."

Moncure D. Conway testified: "Tradition has made Washington's mother a belle in early life and a saint in later years. President Jackson, who dedicated her monument at Fredericksburg (May, 1833), had received from Washington himself and others ample information.

'She acquired and maintained,' he said, 'a wonderful ascendancy over those around her. This true characteristic of genius attended her through life; and even in its decline, after her son had led his country to independence, he approached her with the same reverence she taught him to exhibit in early life. This course of maternal discipline, no doubt, restrained the natural ardor of his temperament, and conferred upon him that power of self-command which was one of the most remarkable traits of his character.'

"Mary Washington hated to display any of her emotions. George Kiger used to relate how he galloped a long way to bear a letter from Washington to his mother, in the latter part of the Revolution. He found her in her garden, in her usual short yellow gown, occupied with her vegetables. Kiger waited, but the old lady went on with her work without opening the letter. At length the youth said: 'Madam, the whole community is interested in that letter.' Thereupon she immediately opened the dispatch, which announced a victory; but all the news she vouchsafed was the smiling remark: 'George generally carries through anything he undertakes.'"

Her one word of commendation for her favorite son to all who knew him and her was: "George always was a good son."

To her step-brother Mary Washington wrote the following letter, which will give some idea of her style:

JULY 2, 1760.

DEAR BROTHER:—this Coms by Captain Nickelson. You seem to blame me for not writeing to you butt I doe ashure you it is Note for a want of a very great regard for you and the family, butt as I don't ship tobacco the Captains never call on me soe that I never know when tha com or when tha goe. I believe you have got a very good overseer at this quarter now.... Mr. Daniel & his wife & family is well. Cozin Hannah has been

married & lost her husband. She has only one child a boy, pray give my love to Sister Ball & Mr. Bowman, his son-in-law & his Lady & I am Deare Brother, your loving Sister,

MARY WASHINGTON.

To her son John Augustine Washington, of Bushfield, Westmoreland, Va., she wrote in her old age:

DEAR JOHNNE:—I am glad to hear you & all the family is well and should be glad if I could write you the same. I am going fast, and it, the time, is hard. I am borrowing a little Cornn—no Cornn in the Cornn house. I never lived soe poore in my life. Was it not for Mr. French and your sister Lewis I should be almost starved butt I am like an old almanac—quite out of date. Give my love to Mrs. Washington—all the family. I should be glad to see you soon as I don't expect to hold out long. I am dear Johnne your loving and affectionate

MOTHER.

To the very end, Mary Ball Washington was an imperious character. She preferred to live by herself in her modest old home at Fredericksburg to becoming the guest of her famous son at Mount Vernon, or of any of her other children. She chose rather discomforts with independence to abundance at the cost of subserviency to the domestic rule of other women.

She died on August 25, 1789, and is buried at Fredericksburg, in the midst of the scenes she loved. She is remembered mostly because of her celebrated son, and he is most illustrious because of his fidelity to the sterling principles that he received from her.

COEL, the "old King Cole" of the nursery rhyme, is said to have been the father of the Empress Helena (Saint Helena), mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of Rome.

Leo's Adventures in the Country.

BY L. W. REILLY.

VIII.

The twins were glad to be able to accept an invitation to spend the next day with a young friend named Matthew Breen, who lives near Relay. They took Leo with them. They walked without fatigue the three good miles that lie between the two homes.

Matthew was delighted to see them. He is an only son, and has few playmates among his near neighbors. He showed them his playthings and tools, his miniature vineyard and his toy windmill, and was as entertaining as possible.

After they had played various games, they resolved to fish for awhile near the bridge over the Patapsco River.

While the visitors went to dig for bait, Matthew hunted for a bottle to keep the worms. He could find none empty, except two large ones of about the same size that were in his own room, one of which was used for holy water. He took them both. He wanted the second one for elderberry juice. As his mother was busy and his guests were waiting for him, he did not think it necessary to ask permission to use the bottles; besides, he intended to bring them back.

Four fishing-lines were selected from Mr. Breen's supply in the barn, and the boys set out down the hill. They soon arrived at their destination, baited their lines, and watched for fish. But, although the sky was overcast, even the minnows would not bite.

"Let's go up the Race Road and have a swim," proposed Matthew after awhile.

"All right," assented Daniel.

"Agreed," echoed David.

Leo said nothing, but he began to draw in and reel up his line.

"What do you say, Leo?"

"I don't say anything," was the reply, "for the reason that I can't swim. But I'll go, of course."

"Can't swim! Why, what's the matter with you city boys? You don't seem to know nothing."

Leo was struck with the similarity of the contradictory statements made by Herman against country boys, and by David against city boys, bad grammar and all; but he noticed, too, that the latter's assertion was milder and less positive in its terms. He could only smile and say:

"Well, we're always ready to learn."

"Yes," said Daniel, with a good-natured smile—"even when you find white balls in blackberry patches."

There was a general laugh at this jibe; for even Leo enjoyed it, and the story had already been told to Matthew.

The lines were all rolled up, the bait was shaken into the stream, and the boys proceeded on their way.

Along the Race Road an abundance of elderberries grew. The boys picked them, and soon squeezed a bottle-full of juice for Matthew.

When they reached a pretty deep pool in the branch, which at a point about a mile beyond Elkrige is densely shaded and remote from any habitation, they made haste to enter the stream. Leo dabbled in a shallow spot and imitated the strokes of his companions; but, as the water is fresh, he found it difficult to learn the secret of floating.

As soon as the lads had cooled and refreshed themselves by means of their bath, they emerged from the water and dressed. Then they resolved to walk up to the next station, called Hanover Switch, to get some musk-melons from Sam Forest, whose sandy farm is famous for its fruit; and they hoped also to catch the 1.27 train, of which Matthew's father is conductor. On the way they passed several willow gardens. Leo's

attention was caught by one of these, and he exclaimed:

"Did you ever in your life see weeds growing in such straight lines?"

"Weeds!—where?"

"Down there, in that dried-up bend of the river."

"Man alive, those ain't weeds: they're willows!"

"Willows! How did they come to grow up there so regularly?"

"Come to grow up there! Why, you city pumpkin, they were planted."

"Planted!"

"Yes, planted."

"And what for, pray?"

"For baskets and chairs and other articles of willow ware."

"Do you mean to tell me that baskets are made out of those green things?"

"Certainly, when the bark is peeled off and they are dried."

"Well, I never!"

"Don't stop at 'never'; say: 'Well, I never knew that until I came to the country.'"

Again the laugh was on Leo.

After buying a melon apiece from Sam Forest, the boys were trudging up to the station, enjoying the luscious fruit, when a cart came up loaded with something that looked like red clay.

"What's that?" queried Leo.

"That's paint," answered Matthew.

"Paint! It looks like clay."

"Well, it's paint—p-a-i-n-t, paint. It's ochre from the banks right here in Ann Arundel county."

"Well, I never!" drawled Leo.

"Never until now," prompted Matthew.

They had reached the station by this, ascended the platform and entered the waiting-room. They sat down to finish their melons and to pass comfortably the six minutes that must elapse before their train was due. After a few seconds' rest they went out again; and Leo, looking across the track at a dump on the other

side of the road, saw two colored men loading a freight-car.

"What are those men throwing those rocks into the car for?"

"Rocks!"

"Yes: those lumps of stone there on the dump."

"Well, well, well! You beat all for ignorance!" said Matthew frankly, but not unkindly. "Those 'lumps of stone' are chunks of iron ore of the best quality, that are going to a furnace to be smelted."

"Indeed! There are more things than are to be learned in school-books," Leo observed; "yes, or in story-books either. I see now the worth of father's advice to me to read something useful. When I visit the Pratt Library next time I'll hunt up something else than the department of fiction."

"Oh, you're learning fast enough where you are!" replied Matthew. "If you only stay out here in the country long enough, you'll know a heap to tell the city boys when you go back to town."

Again the trio of rustics indulged in a laugh at our hero's expense; but he saw that they had so much reason for their fun that he smiled good-humoredly with them, and made this admission:

"There's a good deal of truth in that."

Just then the train came around the curve at Harwood; the electric bell at the Hanover crossing began its hubbub, and the boys prepared to board the cars. A minute or so later the engine puffed majestically up to the platform, the brakes brought the wheels to a standstill, the passengers got on, and locomotive and coaches started off again.

Mr. Breen was glad to see his son, the Bauer boys, and their friend. He chatted with them until they reached Relay and saw them safely off.

Arrived again at the Breen residence, they had a good dinner, washed down with a gallon of milk from Blossom, the prize cow of all the neighborhood. They spent

the afternoon indoors, playing checkers and other games; for the cloudy sky of the morning had given place to a light downpour of rain. During a half hour's intermission in the dreary drizzle, when the sun came out so bright that they thought it would clear off the clouds, they sauntered down to the riverside again; and then Matthew, who is a budding naturalist, filled his other bottle with the black water from a stagnant puddle full of tadpole eggs, intending to watch the hatching out of the young frogs.

After supper the rain stopped for a good hour, and the heavy clouds seemed again about to break up and float away. But toward ten o'clock, shortly after the boys had retired, a frightful storm took place. The rain fell like a flood. The lightning flashed and zigzagged; the thunder roared and rolled and rumbled. The darkness outdoors was impenetrable. It was a wild night.

Mr. Breen was not at home, for he had to take over the last accommodation train from Washington to Baltimore. Mrs. Breen was trembling with terror. She lighted a blessed candle in her room, and knelt down to pray before her oratory for security from the tempest for her and hers, and for her neighbors, and for all persons in peril from its fury. She was very nervous, but she felt comforted even before her prayer was done.

Then she went to the room of the boys, knocked at the door gently, and asked if they were awake and alarmed. Yes, they were awake and pretty well frightened; but all in bed and trying to sleep. Just then a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the room and a crash of thunder shook the house. Mrs. Breen, giving vent to a cry of dread that ended in a fervent ejaculation for protection, opened the door of the boys' room and walked in. The apartment was dimly lighted by means of a night-lamp in a recess in the wall. She went to the mantel, and

hastily taking the holy-water bottle, she approached the four beds and sprinkled the boys with its contents.

In the excitement of the moment, Matthew did not think of the use to which he had put that bottle in the morning; but of a sudden, even while the drops were falling on his face, he remembered all about it, and cried out:

"O mother, that isn't holy water—it's elderberry juice!"

"Is it?" she answered, tremulously.

Holding the bottle up toward the faint light, she saw by the dark red color that the liquid in the bottle was not water. So she put down that bottle; and, before any of the boys in the semi-obscurity could note what she was about to do, she picked up the other bottle and doused them thoroughly with the tadpole water.

This was too much for the gravity of the boys. Forgetting their terror, they sent up wild whoops of laughter at her double mistake, and were so convulsed with merriment that one or two minutes elapsed before they could explain to her the reason of their untimely hilarity. When they could tell her, they were all rid of their feelings of apprehension; and she, too, out of sympathy with their exhilaration, forgot her fear. So she said:

"Well, bless yourselves while I make the Sign of the Cross over you."

This they all did cheerfully, even the twins making the blessed sign as well as they could; and then, with good-night wishes, she left the room, while the boys settled down to a peaceful sleep, untroubled by the fast-receding storm.

In the morning that room was a sight: the counterpane, the tops of the sheets, the pillow-cases, and two of the walls were splashed with the stains of the red and the murky liquid. To this day there is amusement in the house of Breen at the mention of benediction with elderberry juice or tadpole water.

(Conclusion next week.)

General Bernadotte's Modesty.

The French republic had sent General Bernadotte, who afterward became King of Sweden, to Vienna as ambassador. Baron Thugut, who owed him an old grudge, thereupon resolved to humiliate him at the first opportunity. The Baron remembered that the General began his career as a simple private under Monsieur de Bethizy, who had since emigrated to Austria; and at a dinner, where there were a number of distinguished guests, he suddenly burst out with this remark:

"General, there is an old French officer here who says he used to know you."

"I knew many French officers," replied General Bernadotte.

"I mean Monsieur de Bethizy," said the Baron, thinking that the mortification of the ambassador would be complete, now that he was forced to acknowledge from what a low position he had arisen.

"Monsieur de Bethizy!" exclaimed the General. "Oh, I know him well! He was my colonel, and I was a private in his regiment. I should be heartily glad to entertain him at the French embassy if my position allowed me to do so; but as I can not do that, tell him that Bernadotte, his old soldier, sends his love to him, and remembers him with respect and gratitude."

The wily Baron found, by the evident admiration with which this frankness was received by the other guests, that he had made a mistake, and hastily changed the subject.

IN poetry and song we find that many lands are called by unofficial names. Wales is spoken of as Cambria; England, as Britannia; Scotland, as Caledonia or Scotia; Greece, as Hellas; Holland, as Batavia; Switzerland, as Helvetia; Spain, as Iberia; and the United States, as Columbia.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A writer in the current number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* calls attention to the probability of the claim which the Abbey of Santa Scolastica, at Subiaco, can make to the possession of unpublished and unknown writings of St. Thomas of Aquin on doctrinal and philosophical subjects.

—The announcements of new books include: "The Madonna in Art," by E. Hurl; "The Mirror of Perfection, the Earliest Life of St. Francis of Assisi," by Brother Leo, translated by Dr Sebastian Evans; a new edition of Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," brought up to date; and "A New Book of Essays," by Mrs. Alice Meynell.

—The London *Tablet* states that M. Paul Sabatier, author of "La Vie de St. François d'Assise," has discovered the original Latin text of the "Fioretti" of St. Francis. This text, the existence of which has always been supposed but never proved, has been found in the works of Fra Ugolino da Monte Giorgio. The text is more ample than the "Fioretti," which were apparently a popular summary in Tuscan. The text bears the date of 1322. M. Paul Sabatier intends to publish it soon.

—Whatever may be the shortcomings of our Catholic journals as a whole, there are a number of American Catholic newspapers of which we may well feel proud. Not only are they more ably edited, but they contain a far greater and more varied amount of reading than most of the leading religious journals of the sects. Last week's issue of several of our exchanges reflect the highest credit on all concerned in their production. We might name these newspapers; but people who know a good thing when they see it already know these deserving publications.

—The great number of new books one feels obliged at least to dip into prevents one from fully enjoying works of special value and interest, if they happen to be at all bulky. It often happens that it is only after months of delay that a busy person is enabled to continue the reading of books like the "Letters of James Russell Lowell,"

for instance. And what delightful volumes these are, and what an amount of interesting information they hold! For instance, the reader learns that it was a part of Hawthorne's plan in "The Scarlet Letter" to make Dimmesdale confess himself to a Catholic priest. Lowell expresses regret that this was not done. "It would have been psychologically admirable," he writes.

—A new illustrated Catholic monthly for young folk has made its appearance under the auspices of the Benzigers. The first number is readable and attractive. *Our Boys' and Girls' Own* bids fair to become very popular as it is, but we think it should have begun as a weekly publication. A month is a long time to a child, and we have several monthlies already. It would be a thousand times better to improve the Catholic periodicals already existing than to begin new ones that are not of different sort.

—It is probable that many teachers will find Redway and Hinman's "Natural Advanced Geography" a good text-book. The maps are carefully prepared and the physical and geological features of the earth receive more than the usual attention. The book is pictorially attractive. The list of books for supplemental reading ought to include the "Spanish Pioneers," by Charles F. Lummis. This excellent work was written for just such a purpose, and its perusal will help to correct some views of the Spanish people which Messrs Redway and Hinman seem to have gone out of their way to inculcate. American Book Co.

—Under the title "Memories," C. M. Home has published a story in autobiographical form. It is a record of life in a French presbytery, where three English boys are under the tutorship of an old Breton priest, and in care of his sister, whose affectionate solicitude for her young charges makes life very pleasant for the lads. The scene is laid in Trenmauer, though the atmosphere is decidedly French; and for any who are unacquainted with "the language of courts," the frequent use of French

phrases, and the broken English of Made-moiselle Renée, will perhaps prove somewhat tiresome. The book is tastefully published by Mr. R. Washbourne.

—If the *Critic* were more scholarly or less prejudiced against the Church, it would not allow one of its book reviewers to call Luther "a restorer of ancient primitive Christian doctrine." The *Critic* ought to know by this time that Luther was a monster, and his so-called Reformation a myth. Only a very small class of people anywhere now regard the sixteenth century apostate as "the most perfect type of the German character." Many years ago Prof. Felton, of Harvard College, in his "Familiar Letters from Europe" said of him: "There was nothing high and grand about the man." The world has learned a great deal about Luther since then, and very little of it is to his credit. The most lasting memorials of him are the huge drinking-cups he left behind him. His writings are no longer read, and before another half century has passed it is probable that he will not have a single follower even in his own country.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, net.
Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, net.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S. S. R.* \$1.60, net.

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., net.

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Stang.* \$1, net.

Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, net.

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, net.

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winneton, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Devine, C. P.* \$1.35, net.

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani* 50 cts., net.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Explanatory and Critical Commentary. *Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J.* \$3.50, net.

History of the Roman Breviary. *Batiffal-Baylay.* \$2.50.

Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis. *P. J. Berthier, M. S.* \$2.50, net.

Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems. *Maurice F. Egan* \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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In Safe-Keeping.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

HAVE courage, timid soul, nor be afraid
Because before thee shadowy seems the
way:

A charge upon His angels God hath laid
To hold thee in safe-keeping; wherefore
they
Watch over thee, unseen, by night and day.

Look back across the levels thou hast trod,
And count the perils thou hast passed
unharm'd;
When failed those faithful ministers of God
To guard thee from the foes against thee
armed?
Why, then, since they are with thee, be
alarmed!

Savonarola's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, O. P.

THE devotion of Savonarola to our Blessed Lady, as became a son of St. Dominic, was childlike and enthusiastic, but at the same time enlightened and well ordered. His sermons and instructions show the appreciation he had of her supreme dignity above all other creatures of God, and the confidence he himself had and desired to excite in others in her powerful interces-

sion with her Divine Son. In a beautiful instruction on the *Ave Maria*, he writes:

"Mary is the Queen not of one single province but of all created things. Is she not the spouse of Him who is the sovereign King of the universe,—that is to say of God the Father Almighty, since Jesus Christ is the true Son of God? Is she not the mother of the King of earth and heaven, of Jesus Christ, who is consubstantial with His Father? Is she not the tabernacle of the Holy Ghost, who, with the Father and the Son, is one only God, blessed forever? The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost desire that she—spouse, mother and tabernacle—should be greatly honored by all creatures.

"This name, Mary, is holy,—that is to say pure, above all, in itself; for it brings to our mind this Virgin shining brightly with heavenly light, from whom the Son of God took the most pure blood of which He formed His own holy body. Mary means both shining and illuminating. Already purified herself, she has illuminated the whole world with heavenly light; because, whilst keeping intact the glory of her virginity, she has brought forth on earth the Eternal Light—our Lord Jesus Christ. O happy and most Blessed Virgin, who hast merited to bear and to give to the world, like the bright morning-star, Him who is the glory of Paradise! Truly art thou holy,—that is confirmed in grace, and purified by

this Light which enlightens all men and women coming into this world; and holy likewise is thy name."

Later on, when expounding the words "Holy Mary," he proceeds thus:

"Holy,—that is to say pure, without stain, confirmed in the vision of God. . . . Holy Mary; or, in other words, O purest Mary, who art confirmed in the vision of the August Trinity! We add, 'Mother of God,' which is the highest praise we could address to her. This title surpasses and includes in itself all others. Mother of God!—that is mother and virgin; mother without man, mother intact; pure and integral mother; mother without stain; and mother of whom? Mother of God—of her Creator; mother of her Father, of her Redeemer, of her Spouse; of the Maker of the universe, of the Father of the angels, of the human race, of all creatures; and therefore mother of all the race of man, of all the angels. O blessed and merciful Mary, cast down on us thy children thine eyes of mercy, and make us worthy to see one day thy dear and only Son, Jesus Christ, who is blessed forever and ever!

"Pray for us poor sinners, O Mother of God, to whom thy Son will refuse nothing! Pray for us, beloved spouse, to whom He who has deigned to espouse thee will vouchsafe all things. Pray for us, August Queen, our own Mother, who must pity us because thou art also Mother of Mercy. Pray not for us only but for all other sinners on the earth.—If," he adds, "you thus ask the intercession of Mary, without doubt you will be heard."

Toward the end of the same explanation of the *Ave Maria*, the holy friar continues thus:

"St. John * tells us that he saw a 'Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.' Most writers apply

these words to the Blessed Virgin, who was clothed with Jesus Christ, the true Sun of Justice; was filled with the Holy Spirit; crowned with the twelve Apostles, in the midst of whom she remained after the ascension of her Son, trampling under foot the moon—that is, all the changing things of this passing world. According to this explanation, any one who desires to weave a crown of short prayers for devout recitation may say four 'Our Fathers,' for the sun; twelve 'Hail Marys,' for the twelve stars; and for the moon, the *Magnificat*, which teaches us to despise the pride of this world."

The whole of this instruction, as its title implies, is full of the praises of Mary. This is certainly not the language of one whose mind would sympathize in the remotest degree with the mind of the heretics of the sixteenth century, but is in complete harmony with the mind of the Catholic Church.

It is the height of the ridiculous to pretend that Savonarola held any opinions that would have brought him into sympathy with Protestants. Whatever he was, he certainly was a complete and enthusiastic Catholic, and had the most ardent love of holy Church and hatred of heresy. He had an intense love of God: his zeal for the Church of Jesus Christ had eaten him up; and those who have read any of his sermons can fancy with what burning words and in what trenchant and vigorous language he would have denounced Luther and his deluded followers.

The truth is that there were two different reformations during the sixteenth century,—one of destruction, the other of godly renovation; the first conducted by Luther, Calvin, and the rest; the second by the army of saints raised up by God—St. Pius V., St. Ignatius, St. Philip Neri, and countless others; and by the canons and decrees of the Council of Trent.

* Apoc., xii, 1.

The first of these reformations was in reality revolution. Far from being in any possible sense a forerunner of this, Savonarola was opposed to its spirit with the whole vehemence of his ardent soul. Everything that Luther and Calvin denounced and hated, Savonarola loved with all his heart, and would willingly have sacrificed his life for the doctrines they denied and rejected.

The second reformation—that of the saints of God and the Council of Trent—was certainly the most ardent desire of the holy friar. He lived in the time of Alexander VI., when sin was rampant and worldliness of the worst description had infected high places; and, though he loved the Church and the Holy See—nay, rather, *because* he loved them,—Savonarola longed to see the existing abuses reformed, the Spouse of Christ once more sitting enthroned in white garments, and her visible Head no longer degraded by the corruption of the world.

Savonarola was a poet as well as a preacher. He composed hymns full of poetical beauty and loving piety. One of the most popular was entitled “To the Virgin Mary,” and began, *Funde preces in cœlis*,—“Pour forth prayers in heaven, Mary Star of the Sea!” On page 380 of the first volume of his *Life of Savonarola*, Dr. Madden gives the following translation of certain verses:

O Star of Galilee,
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,
Shed thy glorious light on me—
Maria Stella Maris!

Queen of clemency and love,
Be my advocate above;
And, through Christ, all sin remove—
Maria Stella Maris!

When the Angel called thee blest,
And with transports filled thy breast,
'Twas thy Lord became thy guest—
Maria Stella Maris!

Earth's purest creature thou,
In the heavens exulting now,
With the halo round thy brow—
Maria Stella Maris!

It is surprising that many of the works of Savonarola have not, long ago, been translated into English. Nothing could do more to show the true character of the man. We are accustomed to hear of him as an enthusiastic leader of the people against tyranny, as a fierce denouncer of vice; but his works would show the other side of his character and reveal to us something of his saintly hidden life. Let us hope that before long we may have well-translated editions of his meditations on the *Miserere*, the *Pater*, and his beautiful “Triumph of the Cross.”

Four hundred years ago, on the 23d of May, 1498, Savonarola left this world, in the forty-fifth year of his age; his last words being “I believe in the Holy Catholic Church,”—for as he ascended his cross he was reciting the Apostles' Creed. How calmly must he be looking down from heaven on the controversies still raging round his name!

“Lord, Thou hast proved me and known me.

“Thou hast known my sitting down and my rising up.

“Thou hast understood my thoughts afar off; my path and my line Thou hast searched out.” (Ps., cxxxviii.)

With God there is no misunderstanding.

THE devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the true imitation of Jesus; for, next to the glory of His Father, it was the devotion nearest and dearest to His Sacred Heart. It is a peculiarly solid devotion, because it is perpetually occupied with the hatred of sin and the acquisition of virtue. To neglect it is to despise God, for she is His ordinance; and to wound Jesus, because she is His Mother. God Himself has placed her in the Church as a distinct power; and hence she is operative, and a fountain of miracles, and a part of our religion which we can in nowise put in abeyance.—*Faber.*

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

VI.—HAD SHE BEEN KINDER—

AS the cousins rode homeward, the young man perceived that Katherine had suddenly become quite another being. A deep shadow lay across her eyes, changing their very color; and her cheeks and lips had lost the rose-tints that made them so lovely. She rode on silently, like one who was riding to a deadly issue.

Strancally's heart had turned cold with sympathy and fear. At last he could bear the silence no longer.

"Cousin," he said, trying to speak lightly, "how dull these back-o'-the-world regions must seem to you after life at a court! How many distinguished persons you must have associated with before ever we saw you!"

Katherine laughed a gay laugh, which yet did not sound like her own.

"More than I have any fancy for," she said. "There be many strange characters at a court. And as for dulness, why, there is not half the mirth in their noise of amusement that your simple hearts can make out of merely existing."

Strancally breathed more freely and his spirits rose again.

"Ah! but we will show you to-morrow that we can make a little noise with our amusements, too," he said.

At supper that evening the abbess remarked the change in Katherine's appearance and demeanor.

"The day's fatigue has been too much for you," she said, anxiously. "Strancally, young women brought up at courts are not fit for such rude exercise as their country cousins are accustomed to."

"I am tired indeed," answered the girl; "but a good sleep will renew my energies. You shall see how I shall enjoy

to-morrow's amusements. Allow me to retire early, dear aunt, that I may be awake before the sun."

On going to her chamber, Katherine found the ancient nurse there, busy with preparations for her mistress' comfort during the night. She had scarcely exchanged words with the old woman before the door was abruptly opened, and the French waiting-woman who had accompanied her from France appeared within the threshold.

"Ah, my lady!" she cried, with an angry glance at the nurse, "I am come to ask you to send me home to my own country. It is impossible that I can stay here any longer."

"My good Alix," said Katherine, "you came with me from France at your own most urgent request."

"But I did not know what I was coming to, my lady. I could not tell that a person in a costume like that"—pointing a finger of scorn at the nurse—"a person in a turban,"—fixing her eyes on the Irishwoman's head-dress and going off into an hysterical giggle—"would come between me and my mistress: that she would sleep in her chamber and take care of her beautiful clothes, and dress her, and be always about her; while I—"

"This was my mother's nurse, Alix," was the reply; "and she has the first place. It is silly of you to be jealous of her. As for you, I shall take care that you have many things to do for me. You shall embroider me a kerchief—"

"No, no, no! Let me go home to France!" shrieked Alix. "What a place it is to live in! No court, no gay dresses, no tournaments, no elegant servitors to associate with; nothing but stone rooms, and a rude company, all making fun of one's elegant wardrobe. Then they terrify me to death with their talk about their ghosts and their 'good people,' who live under the rocks and among the trees. They say I shall be sure to be carried

away by them, because they always take a fancy to the handsomest people. I say: 'What about my Lady Katherine, then?' And they say—do not ask me to tell you what they then say, my lady."

"I can guess it, poor Alix!" returned Katherine, controlling a little smile. "I quite understand your fears. Well, then, as I can not send you back to France, I will speak at once to the Lady Abbess, and perhaps she will give you a home for a time in the convent, where you will be safe from the company which you find so impertinent."

"The convent!" exclaimed the waiting-woman. "O Heaven, what a sentence!—where I should not have a soul to speak to,—not even the men and the maids to envy and make fun of my beautiful dresses! Nothing but to sing hymns and to say prayers—"

"Well, then, you must only make yourself content as you are until I can think of what is to be done with you."

"There are ships in the harbor, my lady, which will be sailing in a few days."

"The ships of the holy Templars!" cried the nurse, with indignation. "To think of their taking a fly-about creature like you with them to the Holy Land!"

"Ah!" wailed the waiting-woman, "I am betrayed and undone on every side. They told me downstairs that those ships would call at France—"

"My good Alix," said Katherine, "try to have patience. I will consult with the Lady Abbess upon your case. Now go and leave me for to-night. A good supper and a good sleep will perhaps put you in better humor."

Alix retired, muttering that there was no such thing here as a good supper: the cooking was detestable. And Katherine at last was allowed to lay her head on her pillow, and to recall the occurrences which had made the past day so wonderful.

The reappearance so soon on her path of one whom she had taken such pains

to avoid overpowered her for the moment with a sense of fatality. Her pride had nerved her to take a daring step, which had carried her to a place the least likely in all the world ever to be visited by Philip of Castile. It was plain from his surprise at seeing her that he had not planned or expected their meeting. As proud as any Geraldine of her race, she felt her soul revolt from the thought that she might have appeared to have put herself in his way. And he had dared to excuse himself for not having seen her again,—having loved, and repented immediately of his love-making! Well, had she not sufficiently shown him her indifference and contempt? Truly she had admirably played the part which her pride had suggested to her. The look of pain and humiliation on his face came back to her and made her glad.

And yet, when she tried to sleep on that joy, sleep would not come; and suddenly the joy turned into exquisite pain. This creature whom she had loved better than her life—was it possible that she had stabbed him for her own contentment? How could the demon of pride have all in a moment made her so cruel as to think only of herself and nothing of him? Might there not have been some secret and overwhelming reason for his sudden disappearance from the court and his unexplained withdrawal from his attitude toward herself? Had he not some friend among these Templars about to set out for the Holy Land, perhaps never to return, who had claimed his presence here at all costs for some extraordinary purpose? Ah, how hasty, how selfish, how intolerant, she had been! He had been about to tell her something, and she had been so insufferably proud as to refuse, absolutely, to listen to him. She had left him with stinging words in his ears and sorrow on his face. If he were to seek her again, would she not consent to hear his story? Could she not sympathize with

his trouble if he had one,—offer him her friendship? Ah! but he would never come near her again. He would certainly not be one of those whom the Preceptor would send to the sports of the morrow. Had she been kinder—

Here the old nurse began to murmur from her bed, which was across the foot of Katherine's bed, and to ask why her precious mistress was tossing about all night instead of sleeping to bring the roses back to her cheeks before the sun.

Katherine was grateful for anything that would break the bitterness of her thought, and answered at random:

"Can you tell me, nurse, who are those 'good people' who are to carry away Alix because she is handsome?"

The old woman laughed out heartily.

"Because she is handsomer than you, my lady mistress? Did you not hear how the vain minx said so as well as she dared—without putting so many words to it?"

"Well, my nurse, why should she not be handsomer than I? But what I want to know is, who are these people who live under the rocks and the grass, and want to run away with the pretty people? Are they subjects of my dominion, and where can I see them?"

"Hush, hush, O my darling! They are subjects of nobody, only the great God. And though you are our beloved Lady Katherine, they would take you away and make you subject to them."

"But who are they?"

"They are—the good people, my lady. They are not men and women, but if you met them you would think they were men and women. Some see them very small, and some see them as big as themselves. They frequently walk about among us and we don't know them; but there's some of us that always can see them. They have their castles and their towns down under the ground, and the gates into them are under the forts."

"Forts!"

"The green hills you'll see here and there with trees on them and rough places in them. You'd find holes and gaps in them, if you went over them; but few they are that venture near them. You might be whipped down under the hill, if you were young and beautiful; or you might find yourself changed into a calf or a goat if they didn't want you, and only just intended to punish you for being there."

"But where did they come from?" inquired Katherine. "I never heard that God made any other race on the earth than ourselves. Are they the ghosts of dead people?"

"No, darling: they are not the ghosts of dead people, though there are people among them we thought were dead. But myself will tell you what they are. Did you never hear of the fallen angels, my pretty one? They don't know much in France, I'll be bound, or somebody would have told you about Lucifer."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of *him*!" replied Katherine.

"The less we mention him the better," said the old woman, lowering her voice with awe. "But when he fell down from heaven, there was a terrible crowd fell with him—all those imps and devils that do be working mischief up and down out of hell ever since. And there was another lot that fell with him, too, that weren't so bad as the others. They wouldn't rightly take any part, either with Lucifer or against him. They were too bad for heaven and too good for hell; and as they fell, when they got as far as the earth, God cried out and said they had fallen far enough, and that they might stay where they were. And here they have to remain till judgment-day."

"But do they not, then, look like angels—even fallen ones?"

"They can look like anything they please," said the nurse. "They have

great powers which they brought from heaven with them and God did not take away from them. Sometimes they are so small they can go through the keyhole; other times they are just like ourselves; or they look like cows or pigs or horses, or a gate or a tree, just as it suits them. And it's true enough what that impatient young woman from France has just been saying: they are very fond of carrying off handsome young people, either boys or girls or children, to live with them away off in their beautiful pleasure country."

"But isn't it nice to live with them, then?" asked Katherine.

"Perhaps, but no one likes it," said the nurse. "It isn't flesh-and-blood-like—the life they do have there, I have been told; they have no hearts and no consciences. Nothing but pleasure and amusement, or else mischievousness and cruelty gives them concern. It's a bad thing for the poor creature that's taken a fancy to by one of the good people. And take care, my honey-mistress, for fear they might like to clap an eye on you. If they caught sight of that gold hair of yours, it's the Faery King himself might put a thrall on you—"

"Hist!" said Katherine. "What is all that noise below on the river?"

"Oh, it will be the people beginning to gather in, in their boats from up the country, for the heron-hunting!" replied the nurse. "It will be dawn soon. Sleep you, my lily, till the sun is arisen."

Katherine lay listening to the plashing of oars in the water, and the murmur of voices, with sometimes cries and laughter, telling that the day's amusement had, for some people at least, already begun. The narrow windows were soon filled in with pale light, then with streaks of yellow, and afterward rose; till at last the sun's beams shot golden through the slits in the dark walls, and gilded the stone image of the Holy Mother and

Child, making the lamp that swung before them burn faint.

Katherine sprang from her bed and leaned across the deep window-recess formed by the thick wall. As her golden head protruded from the stonework and the sun struck flame into her loose hair, a cheer burst from below and rose ringing about her ears. The mustered pleasure-seekers waiting in their boats had caught sight of the beautiful Lady of Temple Michael, and impulsively sent her up this greeting. The cheer was as a signal that the day of enjoyment had begun; the stir and chatter which had been repressed burst forth without the least restraint, and a great noise of mirth began to resound and re-echo on both land and water on either side of the river.

Katherine withdrew into her chamber in some confusion, but pleasurably excited by the scene she had beheld and the greeting that had been given her. That cheer sounded like a good omen of what the day was to bring forth. Might not Philip take heart of grace and come down from Rhincrew to find her among the pleasure-seekers? And might not a few gentle words go far to do away with misunderstanding? In this happy mood she allowed herself to be dressed for the day's festivities. The nurse shook out and brushed her beautiful shining hair and spread it upon her shoulders, as it was the fashion in those days for maidens to wear it. She was arrayed in a tunic and surcoat of scarlet silk with embroideries of gold, and a little cap to match, from under which the glistening mantle of her tresses rippled and fell to her knees. When she was fully dressed all but her little embroidered gloves, which were designed to protect her wrists from the claws of her marlyon (the lady's hawk), she descended to the hall to breakfast.

Here a large number of persons were assembled for the morning meal, having come from a great distance,—knights and

dames, and other distinguished guests; all bent on taking part in the amusement of the day. Gay dresses borrowed from France, jests and laughter, lovely faces and gallant figures, made the great stone hall lively, and the brilliant scene was well shown forth by the background of tapestry that hung on the high walls. Katherine's entrance was greeted with much homage and compliment, as many persons found now their first opportunity of paying their respects to the newly-returned Lady of Temple Michael.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Governor Burnett.

II.

WHILE employed in the sale of merchandise, both as clerk and proprietor (which latter he became soon after his marriage), Mr. Burnett had always looked to the study of the law as an opening to his ultimate career. During 1833 he had devoted some time to this purpose; but the press of necessity had again forced him to resume business, which resulted unfortunately. In the spring and summer of 1838 an attack of illness prevented him from active work of any kind. In the beginning of 1839 he resolved once more to resume his law studies. At this period he also edited *The Far West*, a weekly paper. By this time he had acquired considerable local reputation as a writer and speaker.

After having been admitted to practice, one of his first suits, which proved successful, was against the Mormons. It was a prosecution for debt. From this time onward he made continual progress in his chosen congenial profession, finding his merchantile experience of very great benefit to him, especially in commercial cases. After a short time there was a new judicial district, composed of the counties of Clinton, Andrew, Buchanan, Holt, and

Platte,—of which he was appointed district attorney. Regarding his method of procedure—which, like everything in which he engaged, was thoroughly characteristic—he says:

"I was not afraid of labor, and made it a rule that when two different modes of reaching an end suggested themselves to my mind, one *certain* but accompanied with great labor, the other *uncertain* but requiring little or no work, I always preferred the certain to the uncertain. I generally avoided being on the wrong side of the case; and made it a rule to get at the true facts, so far as I could obtain them from my client, by a strong cross-examination. If he proposed to bring a suit, and had, in my judgment, no merits in his case, I candidly advised him not to sue. If he was a defendant, I advised him to settle the difficulty with the plaintiff, with as little cost and delay as possible.

"There are two qualities very necessary to a good lawyer, one who is in truth an ornament to his profession—namely, *judgment* and *impartiality*. Unless he possess both of these qualities, he will be made to give his efforts to vexatious litigation, to the disgrace of his profession and the subversion of justice. I was never a successful lawyer on the wrong side of a case, but I seldom failed when in the right. I was a very poor defender of guilty men, and was employed for the defence only in a few criminal cases."

Here is a bit of kindly common sense:

"Young lawyers can not, of course, speak as well as those who are older, and judges are apt to be impatient when obliged to listen to irrelevant remarks. But it always seemed to me that it was not only more generous, but far more expedient, in most cases, to indulge young lawyers in their errors of inexperience. I have no doubt of the fact that many a noble young man of fine intellect and heart has either been driven from the

profession or kept in a grade beneath his real abilities by the harsh and inconsiderate reproofs of crabbed judges. Tyranny has many modes of exhibiting itself, and a man may be the victim of oppression in many other ways than knocking him down, putting him in prison, or confiscating his property."

The following relation will be found interesting:

"I remember an incident which took place in the winter of 1839-40, in the county seat of Andrew County. There were about fifteen lawyers of us, all at the hotel; and one evening, after the court had finally adjourned, a discussion arose among us in regard to the truth of Christianity. There was not a single lawyer present who was a professor of religion, and only one who believed Christianity to be true; and that was Amos Rees. The following day we rode together, and I said to him: 'Amos, you deserve double damnation, because you know and believe the truth and will not put it into practice. Now, whenever I am convinced of the truth of Christianity, you will find me acting what I believe to be true.' I have the pleasure of stating that a majority of the lawyers present at that time have since become professors of religion, myself among the number."

In the year 1840, being then nearly thirty-three years of age, Judge Burnett became what is called in Protestant parlance a professor of religion. He had reflected much upon the subject, but so far had never been able to convince himself of the truths of Christianity. It was by a thoroughly logical process that he finally gave his adhesion to these saving truths. Never having doubted the existence of God, he saw in the visible creation every evidence of design—a perfect adaptation of means to ends. Thus his own observation of men and things, together with the arguments of others, having satisfied him that the

system was divine, he at once became a member of the church of the Disciples, or Campbellites, founded by Alexander Campbell, a seceder from the Baptists.

In 1843 Judge Burnett removed with his family to Oregon. After his arrival there, and while temporarily located at Vancouver, he attended, as a spectator, the midnight High Mass on Christmas. We will again quote his own words:

"I had never witnessed anything like it before; and the profound solemnity of the services, the intense yet calm fervor of the worshipers, the great and marked differences between the two forms of worship, and the instantaneous reflection that this was the Church *claiming* to be the only true Church, did, for the moment, make a deep impression on my mind. In all my religious experience I had never felt an impulse so profound, so touching. I had witnessed very exciting scenes in Protestant worship, had myself often participated therein, and was happy; but I had never before felt an impulse so powerful,—an impulse that thrilled my very soul. I gazed into the faces of the worshipers, and they appeared as if they were actually looking at the Lord Jesus, and were hushed into perfect stillness in His awful presence.

"But as I knew nothing of the reasons upon which the Catholic theory assumes to rest, I soon thought I saw errors that I could not sanction; then there came a painful revulsion in my feelings, as if the flowers of Paradise had been almost within my reach and had been suddenly withdrawn from sight, and I had found it to be an illusion and a mistake. But still I can never forget the holy impulses of my soul at that deep moment. My knowledge of the Catholic theory was exceedingly general and indefinite. I had never read a work in its favor; had never heard but two Catholic sermons, and they were not on controversial points. I knew that the Old Church made what

are called arrogant and intolerant pretensions; but in all my reading, in all my intercourse with men in general and among my own kind, I scarcely ever had met with anything in her favor. From my limited opportunities, I had only learned that

'To love her was shame, to revile her was glory.'

"In 1844 there settled in my immediate neighborhood a Baptist preacher, who had the published debate between Campbell and Purcell; and, as the Catholic question was often mentioned and as I knew so little about it, I borrowed and read the book. I had absolute confidence in the capacity of Mr. Campbell as an able debater; but, while the attentive reading of the debate did not convince me of the entire truth of the Catholic theory, I was greatly astonished to find that so much could be said in its support. On many points—and those of vital importance—it was clear to me that Mr. Campbell had been overthrown. Still, there were many objections to the Catholic Church either not noticed by the Bishop or not satisfactorily answered, and so I arose from the reading of that discussion still a Protestant.

"But my thoughts continually recurred to the main positions and arguments on both sides; and the more I reflected upon the fundamental positions of the Bishop, the more force and power I found them to possess. My own reflections often afforded me answers to difficulties that at first seemed insurmountable, until the question arose in my mind whether Mr. Campbell had done full justice to his side of the question. Many of his positions seemed so extreme and ill-founded that I could not sanction them. All the prejudices I had, if any, were in his favor; but I knew that it was worse than idle to indulge prejudices when investigating any subject whatever. I was determined to be true to myself; and this could

only be in finding the exact truth, and following it when known.

"My mind was therefore in a state of restless uncertainty; and I determined to examine the question between Catholics and Protestants thoroughly, so far as my limited opportunities and poor abilities would permit. In the prosecution of this design, I procured all the works on both sides within my reach, and examined them alternately side by side. This investigation occupied all my spare time for eighteen months.

"After an impartial and calm investigation I became fully convinced of the truth of the Catholic theory, and went to Oregon City in June, 1846, to join the Old Church. There I found the heroic and saintly Father De Vos, who had spent one or more years among the Flathead Indians. He received me into the Church."

With charming *naïveté* the Judge adds later on:

"I had no reason for the change from a popular to an unpopular religion but the simple love of truth.... When I was a young man I was often much concerned as to what others might think of me, and at times I was deeply pained by what others said of me. In due time, however, and after full consideration and more experience, I came to this final conclusion: that it was my duty to do what was right in itself, and to avoid, in so far as I could, even the appearance of evil; and then if others wrongfully blamed me, it would be their fault, not mine.... I have never claimed to be a *liberal* man, as many people construe that almost indefinable term; but I have scrupulously sought to be just to all men. The character of a just man is enough for me; I esteem and reasonably desire the approbation of good men, but I love the right more. I can do without the first, but not the last."

Justice.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

LONG years ago Death's angel came to me
 And said, "Arise! the Master calls for thee.
 Speak thy farewell to earthly walks to-night,
 Prepare to stand this instant in God's sight."
 But I, just laurel-crowned, made answer low:
 "O Death, be merciful! I can not go!"

Later, with Fame's dead laurels strewn
 around,
 With cherished idols shattered to the ground,
 And heartstrings torn and quivering in pain,
 I prayed Death's angel to return again.
 "O come!" I cried. "I'll ask for no delay;
 But, glad of rest, go, questionless, to-day."

*God's justice sent an answer to my tears:
 "Live in atonement for thy wasted years!"*

The Cushing Temperament.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

II.—(Conclusion.)

AMONG the new intimacies that Marcia formed in these days was one with a girl two years her senior—Isabel Morrison, who had been attending a fashionable seminary on Van Ness Avenue, but had abandoned it for the high school, because she imagined that high-school girls had "more liberty and a better time." She was a pretty, graceful girl, with no more sense of responsibility than a butterfly; and Marcia, whose world had hitherto been bounded by the wholesome comfort of her own old-fashioned home, was quite dazzled and flattered when this fascinating new classmate singled her out as her own particular chum.

Isabel, although none too far advanced in the groundwork of a plain English education, was already "out in society," and the story of her experiences opened

a new life to Marcia. Isabel impulsively laughed at Marcia for her close application to study, and declared that the only proper principle of life was to take your good time as you went along. She was generous, and lavished sweetmeats and dainty gifts upon the younger girl, whose pride would not permit her to accept these attentions without in some measure returning them.

The summer vacation flew by in a whirl of pleasure, and early in the autumn Isabel confided a great secret to Marcia. Her oldest sister was to be married the following week to the younger brother of a titled English bachelor, and he was morally certain of being a lord some day. There was to be a brilliant wedding, and Marcia was to be one of the invited guests.

Marcia went to the wedding in a lovely gown of her father's choosing,—a gauzy white silken fabric, embroidered with lilies-of-the-valley. Around her neck she wore a string of pearls which had been sent home with the dress. Isabel received her with a cry of delight.

"But I am afraid—O Isabel, it must have cost so much!" murmured Marcia, voicing a secret misgiving.

"Nonsense! Your father has plenty of money—almost as much as mine. Shipbrokers are always rich. Didn't you know it?"

Marcia spent that night in fairyland. The hothouse atmosphere, heavy with the perfume of exotics; the music, the wonderful gowns and jewels; the airy sparkle and glitter of everybody and of everything; and the talk that went on around her,—all was enough to turn even a wiser head.

When she awoke in her own room early the following afternoon, her vision cleared. Out of all the glamour she recalled the face of the groom, inane, and bearing marks of dissipation which she could not understand, but which made her shiver and wonder if he would

survive to inherit the earldom; then the face of the bride, sad and discontented, beneath its set smile and its veiled splendor of rich point-lace; the silly, complacent face of the mother, and the gloomy eyes of the father. What frivolity and world-weariness in all the train of society people who trooped before her memory!

There was a rap at the door. Maria, Susanna's successor, opened it.

"Your mother is called out, Miss Marcia. There's a poor family over on Valencia Street that she's gone to see, and she said I was to ask if I could do anything for you. Have a cup of tea now. Something warm'll do you good, and you up so late last night."

"No, thank you, Maria!" and a warm sense of gratitude for this kindly forethought cleared the cobwebs from her brain. How good her mother was, and Maria, too! Then weak vanity prompted a question:

"Has the afternoon paper come yet, Maria, please?"

She did so want to see if the society reporter had observed her pretty gown.

"I'll see, Miss," replied Maria.

A little later she returned with the folded paper. Marcia took it, and, propped up on pillows, turned its pages. "Destructive Fire," "Shocking Murder," "Daring Theft,"—where was the social column? The next instant staring headlines transfixed her eye.

"Suicide—Thomas J. Morrison, old and respected citizen."

It could not be! It must be a ghastly mistake. But no: there was no mistake. She nerved herself to read the terrible details,—that gloomy, unsmiling face all the while so fresh in her memory. He had accompanied the bridal pair to the late train, then spent the remainder of the night wandering along the wharves, and at early daylight some fishermen had seen him—Marcia pressed her hands to

her eyes to shut out the awful picture. And the reasons? How plainly the paper stated them! The great wave of financial disaster of '93, rolling slowly across the country, and striking San Francisco in its full force the following summer and fall; unfortunate investments, recreant debtors, pressing creditors, and an extravagant family!

The young girl aroused from the shock of this intelligence with a deep sense of personal alarm. This was the first time that she had been made aware of the universal tide of disaster sweeping all the business world. Why had her father's face grown so haggard of late? Why had he fallen into the habit of sitting sunk in thought, passing his hand over his eyes with a startled air when her mother chanced to address him? Isabel's father always had a bright, cheerful home to return to, if his family *was* selfish and extravagant; and his daughters were not afraid to show their love for him. What cheer or loving attention had greeted *her* father on his return home during this miserable twelvemonth past?

The little French clock on the mantel chimed four times. It was Saturday, when it had been her father's regular custom to come home at three as long as she could remember. She sprang out of bed and began to dress; and in spite of the horror that was growing upon her, it seemed good to slip into the plain school dress once more, and to feel herself a little girl.

Down the stairs and out of the door, taking a quick look into the empty library. She hurried along the street on foot, feeling a stimulus in the exertion of walking, and shrinking from the thought of sitting inactive in the corner of a car, where she might meet some acquaintance who would expect her to talk—to chatter of the wedding perhaps, or of the awful tragedy which had followed it.

But she was not alone as she sped

down the hill-slopes reaching toward the bay: a procession of tender memories accompanied her. What good friends they once had been, her father and she! How loving and devoted to her in her earliest childhood! What a wise adviser in her growing girlhood! How patient with her faults, how unselfish in seeking her happiness! And even throughout this last dark period, how generously he had met all her demands! Quick conviction seized upon her that his firm was one of the many to which the paper referred as tottering on the brink of failure—and she thought of the costly dress and necklace that had been brought in answer to her demands but yesterday. How could she ever have permitted this stupid, needless trouble to come between them!

She had reached the entrance of the tall building in the top story of which her father's offices were located. The elevator had ceased running and the hallway was deserted; but she labored up the long flight of stairs, pressing her hand against her breast to silence her heart throbs, as she reached the upper landing and opened the glass door of the outer office, whence the clerks long since had gone.

Beyond was a closed door, leading to the private office. She hearkened, but the silence of death reigned within. She crossed the floor and laid her face against the door, gathering strength and courage; then pushed it open and stood on the threshold, her eyes dilated with dread.

It was very quiet and orderly there. All the papers and books were neatly put away, and the chairs were in regular file against the wall, save one that stood before a desk on which the slanting western light showed a man's head bowed upon his arms.

The light step roused him. How aged and sorrowful his face! How his hair had whitened during this last cruel year!

"Father!"

"Marcia!"

She was in his arms, held close in a loving embrace. No words were needed to express that holiest and most abiding of all human affections, the love of parent and child. It seemed to Marcia that in all her life before she had never known so happy an hour; that in all her life to come she could never be so happy again.

"Father, I've been such a wicked, wicked girl!" she began, after awhile. "I ought to have told you at once about that time I climbed in the window—"

"You do not need to, Marcia. I never for one moment really distrusted you."

"But I want to, father. You see, it was such a silly little story I was ashamed of it. I woke that night and heard my kitten—the little kitten that had lost its mother, you remember, and that always slept in the woodshed,—crying outside in the dark and cold, and I ran down in my bare feet to find it. The wind blew the front door shut, and the spring latch caught and locked me out. Mother had gone to bed with a headache that night, and I didn't want to disturb her and frighten you by ringing the bell. So I climbed over the porch, kitten and all."

Her father held her close in his arms, and again they did not speak for a little space; then Marcia lifted her hand to her father's cheek, with the old caressing touch, as she inquired:

"Dear father, just now, when I came in, was it business that worried you, or—was it little Ned?"

"Business? Little Ned?" repeated Mr. Cushing, in such a choked voice that his daughter looked up to see his face working strangely. "Why, Marcia, I was thinking of *you*!"

All the girl's pent-up grief, so long restrained, burst forth at this admission. She hid her face, weeping violently. Her father's breast heaved with one deep sob, and she heard his voice saying, huskily:

"Hush, darling! O my Marcia, if I had only understood!"

"You couldn't think—I was angry—all this time?"

"No, Marcia," he replied, stroking her hair and looking down into her frank brown eyes with the old, confiding look. "I thought something a great deal worse: I thought you had stopped caring for me. I'm such a homely, old-fashioned man; and, then, you seemed to be growing altogether away from me. Then, too—you may as well know, little girl,—ruin has been staring me in the face the best part of this last year. And seeing you, Marcia, so careless of me, and with your growing love for pretty things, and with poverty drawing so near—I have been distracted, little daughter. I couldn't seem to think clearly."

Marcia, intently watching his face, saw again that singular shrinking in his gaze,—the look that she had interpreted as an expression of cold reserve, and a token that he had withdrawn the dear old affection from her. But suddenly she straightened up, and a woman's brave spirit flashed in her face.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me before? As if I could have cared—except for you and mother! And, father, why have you kept on spending so much for me? Are we poor? Is the money all gone? Dear father, I will not be a drag: I can help."

The shadow of care that had so long brooded over Robert Cushing faded away under his exulting smile.

"Business is far from all right. But I am sure I shall pull through now—with your help, Marcia."

Many firms went to the wall that year, but Robert Cushing & Co. rode the storm triumphantly. In after days, when reference was made to the great financial crisis, Mr. Cushing always affirmed that he weathered the gale "with Marcia's help." Strangers were puzzled at this announcement, but the quick look of intelligence exchanged by father and daughter proved that Marcia understood.

The Flower of Hy-Connail Gavra.*

I.

STRONGER keep or bolder perch than Shanid Castle did not exist in all South Munster. Situated on a steep and lofty eminence, half of nature's work and half of man's, and flanked on either side by two lines of precipitous hills, seeming as though they were the wings of an army of Titans, it looked down with eagle glance on the outstretched plains of Limerick, and away to the distant heights of Tipperary, Galway, and Clare.

Long before a brave Geraldine shouted its name—"Shanid-aboo!"—amid the gathering clans, as his war-cry in battle; and just at the time when Patrick, with his "glad tidings," was approaching our shore, there reigned in Shanid as proud and fierce a prince, but withal as large-hearted and as generous, as ever held the Celtic white wand of office. His name was Loman. He was married to Ailnee, the daughter of Duald, of the race of Lughaidh, King of Munster.

He had been about two years married, but no child was as yet born within his halls. Appearances, however, foretold the near fulfilment of his hopes. He stood alone on the loftiest point of his lofty perch and looked the June day sun in the eye at noon. He lifted his hand on high and swore to his gods that even so should his unborn son defiantly gaze. Round the banquet table and the wassail bowl at night the minstrels told the deeds of prowess done by him or his ancestors. He started up passionately from his seat, thundered on the oaken table, declaring that his unborn son would outstrip them all, as easily as his swiftest falcon might a wood-thrush. He strode abroad in the white moonlight hour, and heard the fox give his sharp bark, or saw the huge boar steal from the covert of the brush-

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wood and instantly skulk back again. He grasped his lance with an iron hand, then hurled it amid the silent oaks and elms; and thus, he thought, should his unborn son with a bound seize upon his prey and hold it.

II.

The eventful hour had come. Every one knew it. From the sentinel that trod the battlements to the meanest cowboy that tended the flocks,—each and all were on the watch for Nell Moran, the solitary midwife of the clan; for the King had solemnly promised that on the night of his son's birth there would be rejoicings and bonfires, such as had not been in the recollection of the oldest warrior of the castle. And high upon every hilltop had been heaped straw and peat; and high in every breast swelled the hopes that look forward to the expected birth.

Nell's approach was, therefore, closely watched. And hers was a figure not easily mistaken, as she limped along with her head and shoulders stooped forward. She had a nose that was remarkable; it was large and red and warty. "Nell's *bachall*," (wattle), the youngsters called it. She was an ancient maiden; and was supposed never to perform the duties of her office so deftly and so skilfully as when she had had "a drop to warm the toe."

It was night. Word was brought that the Queen was safely delivered. Immediately the signal-light flared from the battlements of the castle; and in response, quick as lightning, a line of fire spread on the left hand to Knock-oura, and from Knock-oura to Findinne, and then on to where old Cruachaun bends his aged head and meditates on his own reflection in the tide. On the right it began at Fay-ard (high-wood), passed on and on, making in all a semicircle of fire and joy for more than twenty miles.

But morning came, and the bonfires were all gone; instead of tumultuous joy and wild huzza, there was but the song

of the lark, and the sleepy "Ho-away! ho-away!" of the poor little cowboy, as he loosed the penned beasts and directed them to the pastures. Morning came, and Nell Moran was not supplied with "usquebaugh" as liberally as she desired. Starting up in sudden anger, the old beldame rushed off to his Majesty, and, with a tongue that the freedom of her profession and the scarcity of stimulants, like the upper and nether stone of a mill, had ground to keen edge, she informed him that it was not a son that was born to him, but a daughter; and that she was blind, deformed, and paralyzed.

It were vain to attempt to describe the chagrin and disappointment of the King. He went from apartment to apartment as one possessed. Everything that came in his way was but as a new spur to his rage; and in his madness he ordered that the little babe, the innocent cause of his choler and disgrace, should be hanged from the highest tower. The women-kind were at first bidden to execute the command; but they, one after another, returned to say that mother and child lay in a deadly swoon; and so closely was the babe locked in the mother's arms that they might as well think of removing the King's castle from its foundations. They narrowly escaped with their heads.

The King would not bring himself to look on the face of the creature that was born to him instead of a son; but now, losing patience and overcoming revulsion, he rushed with his drawn sword into the Queen's apartment. He took in at a glance the drooping, lifeless hands of the child; beheld its face—it was turned toward him. Oh, the sight! The blind eyes were shut, the face distorted over the shoulder, the mouth drawn back to the ear. He gave a groan of pain and horror; and had all but grasped the mother's arm, intending to lop it off if it interfered, when, lo! the infant smiled with such a beaming smile as the blest in the western

Hy-Brassil alone might wear. It lifted up its hand, and on one finger there gleamed an amethyst ring of heavenly brightness. A white aureole encircled the brow, giving beauty unimagined to the head and hair. At that moment the mother opened her eyes and looked in her husband's face.

"Take her away! Take her away!" he cried. "Let me never see her more!"

III.

The King rushed to his room and shut himself up. That smile, that ring, that aureole, haunted him. Despite himself, the thought of them gave him pleasure; and, if his pride would suffer him, he would give worlds to go and see those rapturous sights again.

In the meantime the Queen, knowing the many moods of her husband, hastened to have the child taken from the castle and put in a safe place of fosterage. For this purpose she selected a lonely hut near Findinne.* A widow lived in this house, and she had but one son. Now, on a certain occasion, when Queen Ailnee had been visiting these parts, she met with the lad; and learning from him that his mother† was ill, the lady went to see her; and from that time an acquaintance sprang up between them, which time only confirmed. The widow was well rewarded for the care bestowed on the helpless child, who, alas! in addition to her many deformities, was deaf and dumb. But all the afflictions of the child only increased the mother's affection; and, though she had in succession two sons and a daughter, she never ceased visiting and pouring out her love on the child; albeit she, poor babe! could neither value nor return it.

* Findinne was the early name of Knockpatrick, and is the highest green hill in Limerick. It means the fair or smiling dawn, the early sun's rays appearing like fire.

† The mother of Senanus was the wife of a chieftain in Clare; but, having embraced Christianity under St. Palladius, had to fly from her husband.

The King's passionate desire for a son had long since cooled down, either by the obtaining of it or because vehement moods rarely last long; and now, in the deep silence of his room, he frequently recalled the sight of the ring, the smile, and the aureole. An irresistible longing would seize him to go and once again behold those wondrous signs. But where was he to go? The place of the child's concealment was a secret to him,—a secret that he would not allow any one to think he desired to pry into. And yet he *did* desire to do so; the more he tried to suppress the longing, the more did it return. Seeing the Queen periodically leave the castle, he began to suspect her errand; and one day, on returning from the chase, being thirsty, he alighted at the hut for a drink; and there again to his wondering eyes appeared the smile on the child's face, the ring on its finger, and the aureole on its brow. From that time forward he, too, came regularly to the hut, sometimes seeing and sometimes not seeing the heavenly signs.

When the little one was about twelve years, the mother came one day, and, by the help of the widow's son, took the child to the height of Findinne. This she usually did, and the boy was her companion. It was strange what love the girl excited in all who came near her. Pity, it is true, is easily awakened in the Celtic breast; but this was more than pity,—it was affection, that filled the heart to the exclusion, for the time being, of every other emotion.

The mother was kissing her child in raptures of love, and tears of gladness were rolling down her cheeks. Her heart was intoxicated with deep emotions of joy; and as the flower gives forth its scent, or the bird its song, or the hillside its fountain, so did she give forth her tears,—but on this occasion, it seemed, with a more ecstatic delight.

As she approached her accustomed

place, she saw a stranger kneeling there. He was full of years and reverence. His eyes were raised beseechingly to heaven. The lady was about to withdraw.

"Fear not!" he cried; "for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people."

The lady was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of the stranger and the nature of his speech; and she stood still, undetermined what to do.

"Go, call your husband," he added; "and let him bring your two boys and your other little girl and all his people. And as for this child," he continued, laying his hand on her head, "she shall yet be the flower of Hy-Connail Gavra."

And, lo! as he laid his hand on the head of the child, the mother for the first time beheld the beautiful smile on her face and the amethyst ring on her finger and the heavenly aureole on her brow. But, strangest of all, the tongue-tied child opened its mouth, and, turning to her, exclaimed, "Go, mother!"

In an ecstasy that would not be expressed, she hastened by the verge of the Red Bog that extended along the uncleared heights, and rode straight to the castle. Then calling the King and the clansmen all, she told them the news; and when she whispered into the ear of the King that she had seen the ring and the smile and the aureole, there was no further delay, but young and old came surging along the sunny hills.

When they reached Findinne, they cast themselves on their knees before the holy man, who now stood on a mossy knoll in his majestic height before them, mitre on his head and the *baccal Jesu* (the crosier of Jesus) in his hand. He spoke to them of the one God, who had made the world, and of the three Divine Persons; how that one God desires to make us His sons; how He sent His only Son from heaven to make us His sons and to bring us to heaven; how

He makes us His sons by being baptized. "And He has sent me, His servant," continued the saint, "to bring good tidings of great joy to this King, this people, and the whole land. And to show you the power of this one God and the efficacy of His baptism, I will baptize this child whom God, in His wisdom and mercy, hath bound from her birth."

Then they all—King and Queen and clansmen—saw the smile and the ring and the heavenly aureole; and they shouted for joy.

"Senanus!" cried the saint to the boy. "Come and make a cross with your sinless hand on the sod."

The boy made the sacred sign on the ground, and before their astonished gaze a beautiful stream of crystal water instantly gushed forth.

"Senanus," said the saint, "hold the child in your arms."

The boy did so; and then the holy man, taking the running water into the hollow of his hand, poured it on the head of the child, saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Put the child on the ground," he said.

Senanus set her down—and, to the amazement of all present, her feet were strengthened, every defect and deformity was removed, and she stood before them in perfect health and beauty, the most marvellous vision of human grace and loveliness that man's eye had ever seen.

The King threw himself on his knees by the welling fountain.

"Baptize me, O holy man!" he cried.

The Queen and the clansmen followed his example; and they were all baptized on the hillside by the hand of Patrick.

And while yet their joy was at the full, there came boats across the Shannon bringing the men of Clare, headed by O'Brien of Inchiquin, with his young, fair-haired son, Carthen Fion, the tanist of Corcabrascin. They, too, were baptized

by Patrick; and that evening all were invited to the King's castle, where in honor of the day's event, and because their hearts were full of holy joy, the child that had been cured was promised in marriage by her father to the young O'Brien of Thomond.

IV.

Shanid was happy. Loman's heart was full of joy; and every time he looked on his beautiful child his senses were inebriated with new pleasure. He was never tired of her. She had to be in his company always. In the morning she rode out with him, in the evening she sat by his side when the royal halls were thronged with tanists and princes from all quarters.

But as for the child, her manners and deportment wore the gravity of one who had seen more glorious sights and been in braver company than even this. The story of her early deformity and of her present marvellous beauty travelled far. Like a statue of the Madonna she seemed in the midst of these chivalrous but untamed spirits; and as a Madonna might speak or move, even so did she. But it was her own clan that, beyond all, loved and revered her. She was their own—she belonged to no other. She was the present of the great God and His Patrick to them, and no one else had a right to her. And she deserved their veneration. Ere the dawn she was in the little chapel which, built of wood and wattles, now crowned and blessed the summit of the hold. She assisted at Holy Mass with reverence and humility, as the saintly Kings from the East might have assisted at Bethlehem. She gathered the children round her and taught them. Was any one sick, she nursed him. Was any one poor, she clothed him. Were they dying, she lingered by the bedside, comforting and praying. She was as an angel among them and did an angel's work.

Thus in happiness and peace did the

days pass away. And in the sixth year, on the first day of Blessed Mary's month, true to plighted word and promise, came from Inchiquin in Thomond, Carthen Fion, with his oarsmen and warriors and his minstrels. There were to be three days of festivity, and on the fourth the marriage was to take place.

It were long to tell of the banquets and games and hunting parties and rejoicings, and how Hy-Figente and Corcabrascin sought to outrival each other. But the dawn of the fourth morning was coming. A light was seen all night in a room in the castle. The lamp was not for a moment extinguished there; and before the dawn broke a white figure passed through the gates, floating, so said the sentry, as a beautiful cloud in the air. He watched it move along in the direction of the round, low height, where the King had made the famous judgment that the "big quarter" (Theer-mor) should belong to the oldest son, as he had to support father and mother. Then it stayed, and seemed to kneel at the spot where afterward St. Moylan founded his monastery, the remains of which may be seen even at the present day.

In the meantime the warder blew the bugle-blast of the breaking dawn from the turret tower, and all within the castle woke up to the day's ceremonies and rejoicings. But in a short time another and a different blast was heard. It was a fierce blast, the hurried signal to horse—to horse every man with pike and spatha! At a word from the King, the wolf-dogs were unkennelled and the blood-hounds unleashed. And what with the neighing of steeds, the baying of dogs, the clashing of arms, and the wailing of women, and even of men, it was a scene of the direst confusion. Their Beautiful had fled, or been spirited away!

At the gate the blood-hounds caught the scent, and the castle and the drowsy range of hills gave back the echo of their

loud and merciless yell. All the plain stood alive; the fatlings and beeves, as they shook themselves in their raths, heard the dread sound with alarm and dismay. The deer fled from Fay-ard and the skirts of the forest to its deepest recesses. Carthen rode beside Loman, and Shanid and Inchiquin followed. Down they rushed upon the plain, and away toward Theer-mor. They checked at Kilmoylan; and a scent, like odor from a broken alabaster box of ointment, was wafted on the air.

King and prince raised the halloo, and the blood-hounds' baying thundered in dale and glen, as they stumbled over the craggy heights of old Mull-ach, and hastened to where the Deel in calm and softened murmur flowed. Then the foremost horsemen got sight. There, on yonder ridge, was the white figure moving along. They spurred their horses and cheered their dogs. The river was before; that passed, they should immediately come up with her. They hallooed and spurred and pushed. The flush of the early dawn was on their brilliant harness and ruddy cheeks. They came to the height of Ardloman. The river, that in the past month had almost dwindled to a brook, now spread out, overlapping its banks, and inundating the fields on either hand as if it were an arm of the sea. They saw the white figure step on the waters, and the waters held her up. They saw her glide to the middle current, there stay and turn round.

Their horses were to their breasts in the waters, but the dogs lay terror-stricken on the shore. The figure lifted her hand. The amethyst ring gleamed on her finger, the beauty of heaven shone from her countenance, and the intermingled colors of the rainbow encircled her brow.

All were transfixed at the sight. She spoke—seemed but to whisper, yet the least ripple of her voice was heard, though she was furlongs distant.

"Father, God calls me," she said. "Will you not let me obey?"

"Go!" he cried. "My heart breaks for my child; but go!"

"Carthen Fion, son of Blait," the girl called, "hear! I have another suitor. He bears wounds in His hands and side for love of me. I go to be His bride. But seek you the holy Bishop Senanus, who at present hides in Inniscathy [Scattery Island]. Put yourself under his direction; he will tell you what to do."

They remained for three long hours rooted to the spot in deepest astonishment; and that place ever since has been called Ardloman (Loman's Height). Carthen went to Inniscathy, and for years remained under the direction of Senanus. Then the holy Bishop ordained him priest, and sent him to Upper Thomond, where he evangelized his countrymen, and founded the Monastery of Kilfenora.

In the meantime the Beautiful, as soon as she had crossed the waters, knelt in a sunny corner by the flowing river, and there afterward arose the pleasant Abbey of Kilcuil (the church of the angle). She then crossed the intervening height, and the pleasant glade of Nantenan* caught her eye. In a transport of joy, she lifted her hands toward heaven and cried out: "Here is my resting-place forever! Ah, poor Nantenan! thou art despised and little; yet shalt thou not be least among the thousands of Juda."

There she abode and there built her monastery; and in the evening of their days father and mother came and dwelt outside its walls. She lived a life of great holiness and miracles; but so completely did she hide those gifts of God that her name is not recorded, and in the reverence and affections of men's minds she dwells but as a white cloud forever, the unnamed and unknown—the Beautiful.

R. O. K.

* Nantenan, a small place abounding in nettles.
—Joyce.

A Conversion by Means of the Rosary.

A YOUNG German, who belonged to a God-fearing and well-to-do family, had the misfortune to lose both his parents while he was still a boy. Hermann (such was his name) possessed remarkable mental gifts and had a great love of study. As soon, therefore, as he had completed his ordinary school course he went to a college to prepare for his future career, whatever that might be. But soon he allowed himself to be led away by the example of his irreligious and pleasure-seeking companions. Gradually he forgot the wise lessons he had been taught in his childhood by his pious parents and by the good priest of the village where he lived. He grew restless and unhappy; went from place to place and was satisfied nowhere, although his rare talents and application to study everywhere gained for him the good opinion of his teachers.

When at length his curriculum was completed, Hermann found himself confronted by the momentous question as to what his path in life should be. Unhappily, it did not occur to him to seek counsel from above, and entreat the Holy Spirit to point out to him the state of life in which he might best do the will of God and work out his own salvation. First he thought of becoming a doctor, but he had not nerve enough for that trying profession. Then he took up the study of the law, but ere long he wearied of it. In a word, the dislike which he now conceived for study of every kind was as great as his attraction to it had formerly been.

His condition was pitiable indeed, and he was keenly alive to his own misery. The thought of his wasted years preyed constantly upon his mind. In addition to this, he had nearly spent his share of the property left by his father. In what direction was he to turn his wandering

feet? He knew that he might have achieved much, and he was conscious that he had done nothing. His religious duties, long a mere matter of form and habit, were now entirely neglected. In his trouble he did not lift his eyes to heaven. Existence seemed a burden too heavy for him to bear; and it is impossible to say to what rash and fatal act he might have been driven in his despair, had not our Blessed Lady turned upon him her eyes of mercy and of love.

One day Hermann received a kind letter from his oldest brother, who had inherited the family estate, inviting him to come and pay him a long visit, until the wanderer could see his way to a settled plan of life. The proposal was gladly accepted. Autumn and winter dragged wearily by, and all who saw him remarked the change in the once bright and cheerful Hermann. Nothing seemed to give him pleasure or awaken his interest. The misery of his mind could be read on his countenance, which always bore a stamp of melancholy and depression. He never entered a church, and avoided as much as possible the society of the village priest, who was a frequent guest at his brother's house.

Long years before, when he was a happy, innocent child, a pious gardener, who had spent his life in his father's service, had taken a great fancy to little Hermann. The lad warmly returned the affection, and knew no greater pleasure than to spend hours with "old Joseph," watching him at work and sometimes sharing his labors. With the return of spring, Hermann's taste for gardening revived; and in order to "kill time" he busied himself among the flowers.

One day, when he had been pruning a rose-bush and turning up the earth at its roots, to his great surprise he discovered a rosary, which he picked up and slipped into his pocket. He thought no more about it until he went to his room for

the night, when the occurrence of the morning reverted to his mind. He took out the rosary, washed away the earth that clung to it, and to his amazement recognized it as the one which he had received at Lourdes during a pilgrimage made to that wonder-working shrine whilst he was still a mere child, in the company of his pious parents.

"Alas," he said to himself, "for those happy days of faith and innocence! How would my parents feel if they could see me now and know that I have abandoned the practice of that religion they held so dear!" While he was thus musing he heard a mysterious voice which said in low yet clear and distinct accents: "*Pray, pray, pray!*" Tears of repentance filled his eyes, while again and again the mysterious voice made itself heard and the threefold injunction was repeated.

Hermann fell upon his knees and took the rosary in his hand; but so many years had elapsed since he had said his beads that he scarcely knew how to begin. Still, he persevered; and, aided doubtless by her who is ever the refuge of sinners, he succeeded in recalling the mysteries one by one. When he had finished them all, an indescribable sense of peace crept over his troubled soul: he felt as those must feel who have been delivered from an imminent peril or have recovered from a dangerous illness.

The next morning he hastened to the presbytery, and after acquainting the priest with what had happened, he requested him to hear his general confession. From that day forth he became a changed man and set a good example to the whole neighborhood. He heard Mass daily, attended every service that was held in the church, and each evening was seen to repair thither to say the Rosary, for which he naturally felt a special devotion.

Several months passed quietly by, until, after earnest prayer, mature deliberation, and careful consultation with those who

were able to advise him, he resolved to embrace the religious life. He seemed deeply conscious of his own weakness of character, and felt that were he to continue in the world he might again be led astray by evil example and the love of pleasure and amusement.

We next see him clothed in the Franciscan habit, having sought admission into a monastery of that Order. His unquestioning obedience, his spirit of penance, and his heartfelt piety, were a source of edification to all around him. Yet the rough fare which is partaken of by the sons of the Seraphic Saint of Assisi, and the entirely novel mode of life which he had adopted, could not fail to prove a severe strain upon the physical powers of the new Brother, who had taken the name of Joseph. Perchance also God, in His infinite wisdom, may have foreseen that, although at present so fervent, he would not have courage and perseverance to bear the burden of the day and the heats, and wait patiently for the time when the cross would be exchanged for the crown. Be this as it may, before long he was attacked by a very painful and incurable disease.

The sufferings of the young monk were protracted and agonizing, but he bore them with angelic patience. No word of complaint ever escaped his lips: on the contrary, he frequently expressed his gratitude to God, who gave him this opportunity of expiating to some extent his many and grievous sins. When at length his last hour arrived, he expired in the peace of the Lord, with the sweet names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, and the rosary, which had been the means of his conversion, clasped in his cold fingers. It was on the glorious Festival of the Assumption that he departed to that happy country where—

"Our Lady sings Magnificat,
In tones divinely sweet;
And all the choirs of virgins join,
Sitting around her feet."

An Unwelcome Production.

IN refusing to allow the imprint of his firm to appear on a certain book calculated to stir up strife among the Catholics of this country, Mr. Nicholas Benziger has set an example which can not be too much admired and which deserves to be generally imitated. No good would be likely to result from the general reading of the volume in question, and it would probably do a great deal of harm in many ways. On this ground Mr. Benziger was right in declining to have anything to do with it. A manly and wisely virtuous act.

Before such questions as are raised by the author of the work to which we refer can profitably be discussed, men's minds must be educated outside of the heat of controversy; and it is necessary also that partisan spirit be utterly banished. It is a serious matter to oppose any good man possessed of influence which he is exerting, perhaps, to the utmost for the cause of religion, simply because he holds views on open questions not shared by other good men.

Whenever brethren are divided there is sure to be right on both sides. Very often the real cause of disagreement is misunderstanding — confusion of ideas, misapprehension of terms, misconstruction of motives, or misinterpretation of acts. And it always happens that when honest men take sides on any question, knaves come forward and do all in their power to widen the breach, by rendering the issues more complicated and keeping peacemakers as far apart as possible. Motives are freely condemned, false accusations multiplied, and the most serious overtures of good-fellowship rendered ineffective. Designing men never miss opportunities for taking revenge of real or imaginary injuries, or for advancing personal ends; and when upright men are in opposition, intriguers have a golden

opportunity, of which they are sure to make the most. The leaders in party strife are often those who have least ill-will toward their opponents, and are most sincerely desirous of union for the common good.

We have no desire to impugn the motives of the author of the book which has already created a storm in France and Italy, or to question the trustworthiness of his sources of information. It is not the work of one person. However, if the ecclesiastic whose name appears on the title-page had a good intention, and his object was simply to point out what he considers dangerous tendencies in the development of Catholicity in the United States, we have only to say that he has conveyed a different impression on many dispassionate minds. As it stands, the book lacks something which ought to be conspicuous, and contains much that ought not to be in evidence. If its purpose is a good one, the execution defeats it.

There can be no excuse whatever for those who have employed this book as a weapon against men whose words and example constitute a power for good, and who have given constant proofs of their zeal in the cause of religion and morality. Heresy is hateful, of course, even when good men have incurred it; but the disposition to accuse of being unorthodox every man who dares to express a new idea or to advocate a new method is likewise detestable. The Church is not half so ready to brand heretics as many who presume to speak in her name. But those who sow the seeds of discord are already condemned, and by Truth Itself.

"Six things there are which the Lord hateth, and the seventh His soul detesteth: Haughty eyes, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked plots, feet that are swift to run into mischief, a deceitful witness that uttereth lies, and *him that soweth discord among brethren.*"

Notes and Remarks.

The devotion of the Holy Father to the Mother of God has prompted him to publish yet another encyclical letter on the Holy Rosary, to which he has dedicated the month of October. He whom men call the greatest of living statesmen declares that now, as ever, he bases his hopes for the salvation of human society on increased devotion to the Blessed Virgin. After returning thanks to God for numerous favors which he himself has received from the Queen of Heaven, the venerable Pontiff once more sets forth the peculiar excellence of the Rosary and the privileges with which succeeding popes have enriched it. The encyclical concludes with the announcement that his Holiness has resolved to publish a new "constitution" on the rights, privileges, and indulgences granted to confraternities of the Rosary, "as a pledge of Our love for the august Mother of God and for all faithful Christians, and as an incitement and reward for their piety, so that in their last hour they may be strengthened by her aid and received under her protection."

"There was as much difference between Bismarck and Gladstone as there is between a beer-garden and a camp-meeting," says a recent writer; but the comparison hardly does justice to Prince Bismarck. He, too, in his own inscrutable way, was profoundly religious. In 1887 he said to Sir W. B. Richmond:

I remember at fourteen thinking prayer needless, for it struck me then that God knew better than I. I think much the same now, except that the usefulness of prayer is in that it implies submission to a stronger power. I am conscious of that power, which is neither arbitrary nor capricious. Of a future life I do not doubt. The present is too sad and incomplete to answer to our highest selves. It is evidently a struggle, then, only in vain if it is to end here; ultimate perfection I believe in.

At another time Bismarck said: "I publicly declare that my faith in the moral character of our revealed religion determines my career. I am a Christian, and I am resolved so to act as to be able to justify myself before God." Bismarck was unscrupulous enough in many of his public acts;

but, while the evil he did lives after him, the good he wished to do ought not to be interred with his bones.

A writer who signs himself Jacques Novikov warns the Pope, in the *Riforma Sociale*, that dogmatic truth must fall away before Darwinism; that Catholicism is dead, and that the only course open to the Holy Father is to constitute himself the head of European civilization. The power of the papacy, he says, is greater than that of any man or any nation in the world; and he wants the Pontiff to be "president of a federation of European states, the arbiter of nations, and the maintainer of universal peace." It is natural, perhaps, that observers like Novikov should be of opinion that dogmatic truth is being destroyed; but it is only personal beliefs that are suffering. Truth is mighty, and its triumph will be complete. Protestantism is dead and agnosticism has burned itself out. But it is plain that there is a strong reaction in favor of the one true Church in Denmark, Germany, and England; and we in America are brimful of hope. It is more than likely that the popes of the twentieth century will rule over a wider spiritual dominion than the popes of the Middle Ages ever dreamed of.

According to the New York *Tribune*, the Michigan Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church passed resolutions "severely censuring clergymen who have voted for any candidates for public office except those of the Prohibitionist political party, and instructing them implicitly to vote the Prohibition ticket in future." Now, it is a noteworthy fact that in the "priest-ridden" Catholic Church neither bishop nor pope would impose any such obligation on a priest, for the simple reason that political questions form no part of the solicitude of bishop or pope. The Methodist sect, which has been as loud as any in affirming the political character of the Catholic Church, now assumes a political dictatorship which the universal Church would never dream of arrogating to herself. That the non-Catholic public is occasionally awake to sectarian

tactics may be inferred from the editorial remarks of the *Tribune* on this very matter :

Suppose Cardinal Gibbons should write a letter in the next Presidential campaign saying that the interests of the Church and organized society required the defeat of the Populist candidates and their semi-Socialistic principles, and requesting all Roman Catholics to vote against them. There would be such a "No-Popery" howl as this country has never heard. But how is Methodist better than Roman Catholic interference in elections? It does not do to say that Prohibition is simply a moral question. Every question of public policy is a moral one. One church may think morality requires the triumph of a whole political party with certain views about the liquor traffic. Another may think the good of mankind dependent on a new marriage law or on State socialism or on religious instruction in schools. If the church can enter politics for anything, it can enter it for everything.

The final defeat of the Madhi and the capture of Omdurman by the English and Egyptian troops has brought relief to two confessors of the faith whose sad history has awakened the sympathy of the whole world. Part of the story has been told in a book published by Fathers Ohrwalder and Rossignoli; the last chapter may now be written by Father Regnotto. These Italian priests founded an industrial mission in Africa in 1880, but were taken prisoners by the dervishes under the Madhi, and endured far more than the usual pains of African slavery. Father Ohrwalder was the first to escape; whereupon Fathers Rossignoli and Regnotto were put in chains and tortured in the vain hope that they might reveal the hiding-place of the refugee. Rossignoli escaped in 1894, and the sufferings of Regnotto were again increased. They had all been offered honor and comfort on condition of their renouncing the Christian faith, and their imprisonment was due to their resolute refusal.

With Father Regnotto was released Sister Teresa Gregorini, superioress of the nuns of the former mission. The fate of the other Sisters is not clearly known, but the newspaper report that they had apostatized and married is authoritatively denied. They were received as servants by some Greek merchants, the only form of protection open to them; and this circumstance probably gave rise to the calumnious report. When

the final account of those terrible years is written, we shall be greatly mistaken if the Sisters did not bear themselves quite as heroically as these brave priests.

We confess to a liking for the *Arrow*, although its spirit is different from that of other Anglican papers that come to us. Sometimes the *Arrow* is poisoned. The "Sons of St. Sebastian" could find better employment than spreading such evil reports as this of their "Roman Catholic brethren"

A benefit entertainment took place at the Asbury Opera House, Asbury Park, N. J., Friday evening August 5, in aid of the Roman Catholic church at Asbury Park, and under the management of Francis H. Ross. Several well-known actors and actresses appeared, and Champion Bob Fitzsimmons sparred three rounds.

We venture to assert that the entertainment in question had no approval from the pastor of the church or the Bishop of the diocese, and certainly it affords no proof of the inconsistency of Catholics. Sensational methods of raising money for the support of churches or charities are reprehensible, no matter by whom they may be employed, and are discountenanced by people of good taste, whether Catholics or Protestants.

The Mormons evidently have no need to go abroad to recruit their ranks. At the last wedding of a woman in Rhode Island who has been married six times, four of her former husbands were present, and the fifth is still living. The divorces were granted upon the application of the lady without opposition. If the bereaved husbands are looking round for wives, some one should remind them of the widows of the late president of the Mormon church. There were three of those creatures at his funeral.

The well-known American journalist, Mr. Murat Halstead, has exposed one of the most infamous falsehoods ever uttered in connection with the late war. "The Archbishop of Manila," says Mr. Halstead, "had been charged with extreme vindictiveness, and the responsibility of demanding that the city should be defended to the last extremity; when actually, in the consultation

of dignitaries that took place, he declared the situation hopeless, and that it was a plain duty to prevent the sacrifice of life." Mr. Halstead made a special journey to Manila to study the situation. He was most favorably impressed by the Archbishop, whom he has undertaken to vindicate before the people of America. One paragraph from his interview with the Spanish prelate is of special interest at the present moment :

When asked what it was that caused the insurgents to be so ferocious against the priests and resolved on their expulsion or destruction, he said the rebels were at once false, unjust and ungrateful. They had been lifted from savagery by Catholic teachers, who had not only been educators in the schools but teachers in the fields. The Catholic orders that were singled out for special punishment had planted in the islands the very industries that were the sources of prosperity; and the leaders of the insurgents had been largely educated by the very men whom now they persecuted. Some of the persecutors had been in Europe and became revolutionists in the sense of promoting disorder as anarchists. It was the antagonism of the Church to murderous anarchy that aroused the insurgents of the Philippines to become the deadly enemies of priests and religious orders. It was true that in Spain, as in the Philippines, the anarchists were particularly inflamed against the Church.

The position of the Archbishop of Manila during all these years of strife in the Philippines has been by no means an easy one, and his expression of gratitude to the United States for the establishment of peace proves that he is prepared to accept the new conditions which the Paris conference will in all probability create.

St. Paul's declaration that a bishop who manages his own household ill can hardly administer his diocese well may go far toward explaining the powerlessness of the Anglican episcopate and the turbulent state of the Anglican laity. The conversion of Miss Sibyl Thorold, a daughter of the late bishop of Winchester, England, has aroused much discussion, both humorous and acrid. But hers is not the only case of the kind. Mr. Bromley, once attorney-general of Tasmania, entered the Church while his father was Anglican bishop of Tasmania; and the favorite daughter of an Episcopal bishop in this country is a nun in a Western convent.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Philip Grace, D. D., of the Diocese of Providence, who yielded his soul to God on the 23d ult., at Newport, R. I.

Mother Mary Bernard and Sister St. Paul, of the Convent of the Holy Family, Durban, Natal; Mother Mary of the Immaculate Heart, Religious of the Good Shepherd; Sisters Catherine, Mary of Calvary, and Mary of the Cross, Grey Nuns' Convent, Ottawa, Canada,—all of whom lately passed to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Francis X. Dardis, of New Orleans, La., who died on the 3d ult.

Mrs. F. J. Ulrich, who departed this life on the 26th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Dennis Mulherin, of South Amana, Iowa, whose happy death took place on the 24th ult.

Mrs. William Cummings, who died a holy death on the 13th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mary Crown, of Altoona, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 3d ult.

Mr. J. F. Brawner, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. John McCarty, Colfax, Cal.; Mr. John Quinn, St. Clair, Pa.; Mr. Joseph Vetter, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mrs. P. Duffy, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Daniel Leene, Mrs. Anastasia O'Donnell, and Mrs. Terrence Gilroy, Ansonia, Conn.; Mrs. John Phair, Mrs. Bridget Ward, Mrs. John McEnery, Mrs. Henry Balintine, Mr. William and Mr. John Quinn,—all of Derby, Conn.; also Miss Elizabeth Brennan, Feeding Hills, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Cause of the Ven. Curé d'Ars:

N. W., 50 cts.; Gustave Bouchard, \$25; Mrs. F. W., \$1.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

Rev. J. H. G., \$5; Friend, 30 cts.

The lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osouf:

A. T. L., \$5.

The Sisters at Nagpur, India:

A lover of St. Anthony, 25 cts.

The Ursuline Indian Mission:

M. McM., \$2.

The Propagation of the Faith:

C. O. M., \$2.

St. Anthony's Bread:

Teresa Moore, \$1.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Leo's Adventures in the Country.

BY L. W. REILLY.

IX.

THE day following the visit to the home of Matthew Breen had to be devoted by the twins to the labor of digging potatoes. Leo helped a little with the novel task. However, he found the sun intensely hot out in the field after ten o'clock, and picking potatoes became exceedingly tiresome. So he concluded to play around the house, to do chores for Mamma Bauer, to go for the mail to Ilchester post-office, and in the afternoon to drive the wagon through the potato field while the two men lifted in the sacks.

Leo also took time to write to his father, to Mary and to Ferdinand; to Bessie again in gratitude for her answer to his former letter; and to his chum Joseph.

In his communication to the last-named correspondent, Leo told him that Herman was "away off" when he stated that "country boys don't know nothing"; that, from what he could see and hear, they know lots about land and its cultivation, cattle, trees, birds, fish, snakes, insects, flowers, etc.; that they can always tell where to find honey in the woods, sassafras-root, slippery-elm, and other edible things; that they can distinguish mushrooms from toadstools; that they understand pretty well when and how to plant crops; that they can milk and

drive, and fish and swim and dive; that they are skilful at golf, croquet, tennis, quoits, and other sports; that they are handy with tools, and that they are acquainted with a hundred and one ways by which to earn a living or to add to their comfort; and that they all have more or less schooling. "These fellows are trained to work; they are strong from exercise and from living so much out of doors; and their dirt-stained clothes do not prevent them from being bright, friendly, truthful, manly, and brave. I like them."

Leo's letter was, in fact, quite a puff for the boys of the country; and when it was read to Stephen, Herman and William, it made an impression on them; although Herman said, airily:

"He'd better come off!"

"Or," added William, "go live in the country for good."

The next day was Sunday. Everybody slept until half-past six, which was a late hour for farm folk; breakfast was at a quarter-past seven, after which necessary chores had to be done.

Later a horse was hitched to the buggy, and the three big boys were allowed to go together to Mass,—the twins having gently pleaded with their mother for the permission. The church at Ilchester was well filled, and the priest who celebrated Mass preached a persuasive instruction on the necessity of faith. It stuck very deep in the memory of the stranger lads. On the way home, they eagerly asked Leo many questions about his religion, and especially about the Sacrifice that

they had just witnessed. Here his boast to give any information desired was well realized; for he has been carefully instructed at home, as well as at school, not only in his catechism but also in matters of belief and practice not mentioned there, and is prepared to give reasons for the faith that is in him.

Monday morning was given up to work; and, as a reward for faithful service, in the afternoon the trio were permitted to take a drive. They visited Doughoregan Manor (the old home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton); St. Charles' College, where several hundred boys intending to be priests make their classical studies; and Rock Hill College, a famous institution of the Christian Brothers.

X.

The twins were kept at work from early till late on the next three days, and Leo had to content himself with his own diversions. On Friday, however, another holiday was announced, so that the three boys might gather whortleberries.

When the trio set out, each equipped with a gallon can, Leo was feeling a little vain again, because on the night before he had been showing David how to work some sums in percentage that nonplussed him, and had taught Daniel the first conjugation in Latin. They had freely complimented him on his attainments, and now they were renewing their praises.

"It's a fine thing to get a first-class education," said David; "and I only wish I had the chance that you have."

Leo smiled complacently.

When they were crossing the county road to get into a pasture field on the other side of the way, who should come along but Clarence Hobbs? He had four big cantaloupes in his arms. He hailed the twins, and they stood still until he came up.

"Here," he called out, "don't you want a melon?"

"Yes," answered David; "they look fine and smell good. Where'd you get them, any way?"

"Oh, that's telling!" he replied, as he handed one to each of the boys, and with his jackknife split open the last one for himself. They all sat down on the sward under a tree. Clarence handed the knife to Daniel, who cut his melon into four quarters, cleaned out the seeds, and passed the tool to Leo. Leo did the same to his fruit, and gave the knife to David, who, after using it, returned it to its owner. Then the quartette began the attack. Just as they were up to their eyes in the first quarter, Clarence took occasion to say, between gulps:

"I got these in old Claggett's patch. He'd be hopping mad if he only knew that these beauties were missing."

"Do you mean to say that you stole them?" inquired Leo gravely, as he stopped eating.

"Cert'," was the impudent answer. "I swiped 'em."

"Then here's the melon!" said Leo impulsively, putting the four quarters on the grass beside Clarence.

"Oh, go on and eat it!" urged David, himself suiting the action to the word. "You didn't take it."

"Besides," added Daniel, "it's too late now—the melon's cut and can't be put back. It'll spoil if it isn't eaten. I'm going to eat mine."

Clarence's face was a study: surprise and vexation at Leo's action contended for the mastery.

"I don't care whether it spoils or not, I won't eat stolen fruit."

"Do you mean to call me a thief?" roared Clarence, hot with anger.

"I haven't called you anything," Leo answered. "You said yourself that you swiped 'em, and to swipe is to steal; and I'm not going to touch what's stolen. Come on, boys!" he added, turning to the twins.

Seeing that Leo was resolved to go, and led by his example, the twins threw away the pieces of melon they had been eating, and left the other quarters spread out before the thief. Without a word of good-bye, they crept through the barbed-wire fence and hastened away over the whortleberry fields.

When they were well out of ear-range, David inquired:

"Why didn't you eat the melon, Leo? It was plum-ripe; and, after all, you didn't 'hook' it."

"It was luscious," asserted Leo; "but the catechism says there are nine ways of taking part in another person's sin, and one of these is by consent and another is by partaking. If we'd helped him to eat the melon, we'd have consented to the theft, wouldn't we? And we'd have had a share in it."

"Yes, that's so; for the saying is, the receiver's as bad as the thief. I wish we had minded mother and had nothing to do with him."

"My mouth fairly watered for that melon when I got sight of the inside of it," said Leo; "and it did taste mighty good. But I'm glad I gave it up."

"So'm I," responded Daniel.

"So'm I," echoed David.

XI.

Leo was feeling pretty vain that morning, as has been said; and he had his vanity increased by the eagerness with which, in their thirst for information, the twins plied him with questions about his studies, about his sail down to Fortress Monroe with the Young Catholic Friends' Society, about his trip to Washington with the gypsies, etc. He felt that all the ignorance was not on his side, nor all the ability to instruct on theirs. Indeed, he was beginning to yield again to the old sentiment, infused into him partly by Herman, that country boys, as a rule, know little or nothing except what relates to farming.

Then the talk drifted from Leo's experiences to poisons, led thereto by his reminiscences of the gypsy women gathering medicinal herbs, some of which were said to be a cure for snake-bite; and from poisons in general the boys digressed to discuss the effects of poison-oak. The stories that the twins told of its toxic powers were so strong that Leo thought they were trying to impose upon him; so he pooh-poohed their warnings, and declared that he was not afraid of any vine that grows.

They were in a whortleberry field by this, and were hard at work filling their cans. The field was covered with brush and saplings, and divided from an adjoining tract by an old stone fence. Leo was picking up to and along the fence. The twins were farther out. After a few minutes Daniel noticed that Leo was surrounded by poison-oak, which is easily detected by its glossy leaves arranged in sets of threes.

"Come away, Leo!" he cried,—"come away from there quick! You're in the midst of poison-oak now."

"Am I?" asked Leo, hesitating.

"Yes, honest, that's it; come out,—come at once."

"Why, I had a hold of bunches of that down below there, and it hasn't stung me a bit."

"It doesn't smart all at once. Come away, and talk afterward. It doesn't do to trifle with that stuff."

So Leo retreated from the poison-oak vine; and, seeing by the seriousness of the twins that they were not trying to deceive him, he took their advice and washed his hands and face well in a spring near by. Then the trio set off for the house, where Mamma Bauer made Leo wash in a strong solution of soft-soap. When Mr. Clement Bauer came in from the field, he had the boy bathe again in saleratus water, and covered the affected parts with a common black wash every

half hour until bedtime; and between whiles Grandfather Bauer insisted on smearing the inflamed spots with an ointment of zinc.

Leo must be pretty sensitive to oak-runner poisoning; for, in spite of the promptness and thoroughness with which remedies were applied, his face, neck and hands soon began to get red and to itch, and by morning his countenance was so swollen that his own mother would not have known him. It would have been worse if he had not followed the treatment prescribed by his rustic friends.

All day Saturday he paid the penalty of his rash ignorance, and even on Sunday he was too ill to stir out of the house. He was sorry to miss Mass; but the thought, strange for a boy to have, came to him: that if to labor with a spiritual motive is to pray, then to suffer in a spirit of penance for vanity may be like a sacrifice. And so, doing as his mother has taught him, he offered up his pains in union with the Sacrifice that he could not attend, in expiation of his foolish pride in his own knowledge.

Leo's sufferings rather put him out with the country, and made him long for a sight of his mother. Besides, as Monday was Bessie's birthday as well as his own, he determined to give her a surprise and go home to celebrate the day. So after bidding a cordial good-bye to all the Bauers, and nodding a friendly farewell to "The Red Farm" as he left it in the buggy with the twins, Leo drove to Ilchester, where he assisted at Mass for the great Feast of the Assumption, and then took a train for Baltimore.

On the way home from the station he spent his last vacation two dollars in a store on Lexington Street for a white metal jewel box, intended as a birthday present for his favorite sister, Bessie,—a receptacle which the girl had long desired for her ring, brooch, watch, and other treasures.

When Leo reached his residence, he got oceans of sympathy from his mother and Bessie over the unpleasant consequences of his encounter with the poison-oak; and he felt more relief from their comforting words and soothing caresses than he had from the lotions applied to his smarts. In fact, in the course of a day or two the inflammation all died out, and then the benefits of his fortnight in the country became fully apparent. His eyes were bright, his skin clear, his color bronze, and he walked with a step that was elastic.

But the good results of his trip were not all physical. One of the best of them which he mentioned, although not in the following words, to his associates, Herman, Joseph, Stephen, and William, is a conviction he has adopted that to have contempt for people who are not educated with our education is unreasonable, since they may possess a training that will be of vastly more service to them in their state and condition of life.

(The End.)

One Kind of Heroism.

Of course it can not be denied that the English won the famous battle of Waterloo; but the French gained victories of another sort, and showed heroism even in their defeat. During the thickest of the fight a Highland color-sergeant belonging to one of the English regiments was mortally wounded, and fell, wrapped in his flag, into a ditch which was in exact range of a wild charge the French troops were making.

One of his comrades missed him, and, disregarding the shower of bullets, went to search for him. He was found where he had fallen. The friend tried to disengage the staff of the flag from his stiffening hands, but it was grasped too firmly; so he picked up the sergeant, flag and all, and bore him to a place of

safety. This action won the admiration of the French commander, who gave an order to cease firing; and the soldiers shouted: "Bravo, bravo!" It was not until the brave Highlander and his burden were beyond the reach of bullets that hostilities were resumed.

At last the French, in spite of their valor, were compelled to fall back, and their oft-described retreat began. They were, of course, obliged to rely for supplies upon the kindness of the country people; and two companies of field artillery stopped for food and rest at a little village off the main road, called Loissons. The mayor was in sympathy with the conquered army, and lost no time in ministering to the wants of this portion of it, which, worn out and hungry, had strayed that way. It was easy enough to procure bread, but there was no meat, and no way to procure any.

"Some one must give a cow to be killed, that these poor men may be fed," the mayor said; but no one had the moral courage to offer his pet animal as a sacrifice to the defeated heroes.

"Draw lots," commanded the mayor, and it was done,—a poor and infirm old woman being the one upon whom the duty fell of giving to her countrymen the animal which was her support and sustenance.

She dragged herself forward, leaning upon her stick, and knelt in supplication before the mayor.

"I wish to die," she said. "This cow which you would take from me is all I have—my sole support. If you kill her I shall starve."

"My good woman," replied the mayor, "I am very sorry; but war is war. These men have risked their lives for their country and their emperor. You can at least sacrifice this beast for them."

Then a cry arose from the soldiers.

"We will not eat the old woman's cow!" they said. "We have mothers at

home, and we could not look them in the face if we were so cruel. We will pretend it is Friday, and abstain from meat most willingly."

So the happy old woman led away her four-footed friend with tears of joy and gratitude, and the artillery-men resumed their march.

A Word with a History.

Long, long ago the King of East Anglia had a daughter who was so lovely in character and so devout a child of the Church that her fame went abroad in many lands. This the little princess did not fancy, and she hid from the world, shy as a violet in her own English meadows. Her name was Etheldreda, which love shortened into Audry; and even after her canonization she was frequently called St. Audry. She founded the convent of Ely, and died its abbess, exalted in the hearts and minds of all who knew her on account of her piety and the good works which went with it hand in hand.

As the years went on, an annual fair was held in Ely and called St. Audry's fair; and after a while the necklaces and laces which were there sold were known as tawdry, or St. Audry's laces. This term was afterward applied to any cheap lace or ribbon, and hence the word "tawdry" as we have it to-day.

The remains of St. Etheldreda, after reposing for a long period in the common cemetery of the nuns, were at last placed in a splendid marble coffin within the church of Ely.

PILATE'S question addressed to our Blessed Lord, *Quid est veritas?* ("What is truth?") contains in itself, by a perfect anagram, its own answer: *Est vir qui adest.* ("It is the Man who stands before you.")

With Authors and Publishers.

—The versatile English Redemptorist, Father Bridgett, is about to publish a volume of "Sonnets and Epigrams," mostly on sacred subjects.

—A four-page leaflet, prayer-book size, containing short indulgenced prayers, selected from the latest edition of the "Raccolta," has just been added to the "Ave Maria Leaflets." All the indulgences are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

—Marion Crawford declares that evening is the time to read, and night the time to sleep. A writer or student should take exercise, he says; but no more than is necessary for health. "It is vastly better for the brain to rest too little than to practise athletics too much. Hard rowing, excessive walking and running exhaust the brain as much as the body. I speak with knowledge; for I have done more physical work than most men in my time, and I do not believe it ever did me any good."

—After seventeen years of precious service to the cause of Ireland, *United Ireland* has passed out of being. Vicissitudes it had in plenty, and often when it was a penal offence for it to appear in Dublin it was published temporarily in London or Paris; but it still lived on and rendered the Irish farmer much the same service as that which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" rendered to the negro. *United Ireland* must have been a good property, despite the ruinous wranglings of the Irish politicians; and it is odd that a proprietor was not found to continue it.

—"Crumbs of Comfort for Young Women Living in the World" is the title of a little book, by the Rev. Father Sutton, C. P., which can not fail to profit all who read it with a willing heart. The author has done well, we think, to explain so fully what has been called "the third vocation for women"; for there is a large number of them who are unmarried from choice or duty that have no vocation to the conventual life. Father Sutton's advice on the subject of marriage is very good, and those who follow the rules he lays down will be sure to secure God's

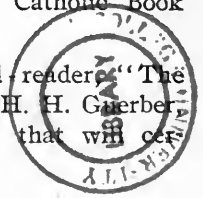
blessing. We commend this little book to the attention of pastors and missionaries, and we hope it will obtain the wide circulation which it deserves. H. L. Kilner & Co.

—"At the Foot of the Mountain," by Emily R. Logue, and published by H. L. Kilner & Co., is a collection of verses which show a love for nature and a tender spirit of piety; earnestness of purpose also breathes through the lines, while here and there one finds a touch of something like poetic feeling which gives promise of better things. A certain carefulness of technique marks Miss Logue's verses, and with time the author of "Alone" will come to realize the difference between that poem and the one entitled "Three Friends of Mine."

—Joris Karl Huysmans, once the friend and associate of Guy de Maupassant and Victor Hugo, having finished the trilogy of novels portraying his conversion, has now determined to embrace the monastic life under the Benedictine rule. Having abandoned his religious faith, he had to learn again in middle life by bitter experience those lessons which the youngest Christian child knows from its catechism. "I am heartily sick of the world and its little loves and hates," he says. "If you set your heart on anything, it fails, it breaks; God will not have a rival."

—The well-known Passionist, Father Edmund, having often been asked what led him to become a Catholic, gives the *clue* to his conversion in a booklet called "The Voice of the Good Shepherd: Does It Live? And Where?" There is a perennial interest attaching to the process, multifarious as it is, by which those outside the Church have been gradually drawn within her sheltering fold; and Father Edmund's all too brief account of the initial steps in his own conversion makes charming as well as most instructive reading. Published by the Catholic Book Exchange.

—As an historical school reader, "The Story of the English," by H. H. Guerber, possesses attractive features that will cer-



tainly commend it to the youthful student who prefers to have the pill of useful knowledge coated with the sugar of interesting narrative. The young reader who peruses its pages will dwell on them with all the intent application that he usually reserves for the story-book alone, while at the same time he will be familiarizing himself with the salient points of English history; and, as is remarked by the author, "down to the colonial period, if not to the Revolutionary War, English history concerns American children just as much as it does their brothers and sisters who speak the same language on the other side of the broad Atlantic." While the author is clearly a non-Catholic, he is not consciously partisan, but narrates events in a fashion far more impartial than do most Protestant historians of England or other lands. The volume is one of a series issued by the American Book Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly*. \$1, net.

Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld*. \$1, net.

The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr*. 75 cts.

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond*. \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray*. 60 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady*. \$1.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., net.

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* \$1.60, net.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Enlarge Thou Me in Love.*

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

ENLARGE Thou me in love, that I may taste

E'en with the inmost palate of my heart—
Dissolved in love—O Love! how sweet Thou art,

How sweet it is to love Thee! Love is chaste,
Patient, unselfish. Jesu! let me haste
To choose, with all Thy friends, the better part;

Thereafter, heeding not the pain, the smart,
Walk bravely in the path which Thou hast traced.

Enlarge Thou me in love, that I may live
With love imbued, fulfilled, inspired; may be
Bathed in Thy love, Thy boundless charity:
Set free my heart, O Love! that I may give
All that I have, whatever is in me—
All love, all homage, O my Love! to Thee.

A Flower of Carmel.†

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IN the early hours of the 28th of March, in the year 1515, a child was born to Alonzo de Cepeda, a Spanish hidalgo of the town of Avila. While the mother, Beatrice d'Avila d'Ahumada, lay back exhausted on her pillow, silently commending to the protection of the Mother of God the new-born infant by her side, the Angelus

rang out from the bell-towers of the town. She knew the note of every one, and recognized each severally, as one after another the sounds were wafted in through the open lattice-window.

When the last note had died away, another and an unfamiliar sound fell on the listener's ear. It was a small bell rung at some distance, yet it sounded clear and sharp on the still morning air. She had never heard it before, and wondered what it could be. It was the chapel bell of the Carmelite convent, recently founded in Avila and opened for the first time that day. A memorable day indeed for Carmel; for the child just born was destined to give fresh vitality and vigor to the institute, and in her person to add one of the most brilliant ornaments to the bright galaxy of saints and servants of God wherewith it has enriched the Church.

The few incidents that are recorded of Teresa d'Ahumada's early years are too well known to need repetition here. The high rank of her parents, their wealth, and the esteem in which they were held (they belonged, respectively, to two of the noblest families of Castile, and were both eminent for their virtues); her own great personal beauty, the warm affections and

* "The Imitation," bk. iii, c. 5.

† The well-instructed reader need not be told that incidents recorded in the Lives of the Saints, form no part of Catholic faith.

rare mental gifts with which she was endowed, to all appearance predicted for her a prominent part to play in the fashionable world; yet from her childhood her thoughts and highest aspirations seemed to be centred upon divine things. The conception of heaven, of eternity, of a life of endless felicity to which the brief day of our mortal existence is but as a shadow, took strong hold upon her ardent imagination. "Forever, forever!" was her cry, as, with childish simplicity and fervor, stimulated even at so young an age by the insatiable thirst for suffering which afterward consumed her, she for whom a living martyrdom was in store wandered forth, hand in hand with her little brother, to seek a martyr's death at the hands of the infidel Moors.

For a short period, it is true, the glitter of the world attracted and fascinated her; for a moment she was dazzled by the prospect that opened before her, intoxicated by the admiration and homage her native charm of person and manners elicited. But this momentary forgetfulness of her high calling was expiated by deepest regret, a lifelong penance. Urged by divine grace, Teresa, while still in the bloom of youth, left the world with its smooth and smiling paths, and began to ascend the stony road that leads to the rugged heights of Carmel.

Had she remained all her life unknown, buried in the seclusion of the cloister, Teresa d'Ahumada would yet, by her sanctity and perfection, have shed lustre on her Order: she would have ranked as a star of the first magnitude in the Church's firmament. But she was destined to do a great work: to give a fresh impetus to the religious life by reforming the ancient and illustrious Order of which she was a member; to train many saints; to bequeath to posterity writings which reveal an acquaintance with mystic theology equalled only by the great Doctors of the Church, and which are

calculated to serve as a guide to those who lead souls in the higher ways of God.

But even when, triumphing over the repugnance of nature, Teresa had broken with the world and bent the force and energy of her soul toward attaining an intimate knowledge of God, a close union with Him, all within her was not yet quite captive to grace, her detachment was not quite complete. The "resistance to grace," of which she speaks in the life written by herself in obedience to her director (which is more properly an account of her inner life, her spiritual growth), is an allusion to the too great pleasure she derived at one time from receiving visits and conversing with persons of her acquaintance. There seems to have been a wonderful charm in her conversation, which attracted many to the parlor of the convent, and was to her a source of too much distraction. She knew she was doing wrong, but tried to quiet her conscience on the plea that she did not talk about worldly or frivolous topics: that her design was to do good to those with whom she spoke, etc. But at length, after several admonitions, Our Lord intimated to her so plainly that He would have her hold intercourse not with men but with angels, that she could not misunderstand and dared not disobey.

It was not in order to induce her to break off this habit, but after she had done so, that she had the vision of hell, and was shown the place that would have been hers had she continued to resist. She describes it as a niche, in which she found herself fixed, and which seemed to press upon her, giving her a sense of suffocation. The torture the saint endured was unspeakable, but did not appear to be inflicted from without: it was interior, and as if self-inflicted. The very remembrance of it afterward made her blood run cold. What was it, then, that enabled her to sever the last bonds which attached her to the world, to lay

herself as a living holocaust upon the altar of charity? It was the twofold spirit of Carmel: the spirit of mortification and of prayer.

At a singularly early age Teresa had experienced an attraction to the prayer of contemplation. She loved to withdraw from the company of her school-fellows; to recollect herself before a picture of Our Lord conversing with the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, and repeat the words she had inscribed below it: "Lord, give me this water!" While in the convent where she was educated she often felt a longing desire for solitude and converse with God; but it was as a nun in the Convent of the Incarnation that this attraction made itself imperiously felt. Then it was that in the prayer of contemplation, as in the chariot of Elias, her soul was elevated to regions where she was initiated into the most sublime mysteries; where the immensity of God, the nothingness of man, was revealed to her.

It was in the prayer of contemplation, of quiet, that the greatest favors, the sweetest consolations, were bestowed upon her; that once, when, disheartened by the terrible obstacles she encountered, she felt her courage well-nigh fail, Our Lord appeared to her, and, turning on her a look of love, said: "Fear nothing, for I am with thee." And on another occasion, worn with great suffering, she beheld Him covered with wounds and blood, after the cruel scourging at the pillar, and learned to count her pains as nothing in comparison with His. It was during her meditation that she formed the heroic vow to do always what was most perfect; that she took for the motto of her life, "To suffer or to die"; that she learned to become a worthy daughter of the Mother of Dolors; that she acquired her love for Holy Scripture, her docility and loyalty toward the Church, and above all her deep humility.

She who was an object of admiration to angels and to men regarded herself as the lowest of sinners; and, had her director not strictly forbidden it, she would have published to all the world, depicted in the most hideous colors, the slight infidelities of which she had been guilty, and which, viewed in the light of God, appeared to her the gravest offences. The enemy of souls, seeing that from this converse with Heaven the saint drew all her strength, all her courage, all her success, employed every wile, made every exertion to deter her from it. For a moment he partially succeeded; but, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, she soon discovered his devices, and he was at length forced to withdraw, vanquished and discomfited.

It was not her raptures, her ecstasies, however, that raised the saint to those sublime heights of perfection and love: it was the penance, the mortification, the sufferings, of which those were the solace and the reward. It would be impossible to enumerate the austerities, the severe penances she imposed upon herself; the physical sufferings from which she seems never to have been free; the interior pains she endured, the periods of desolation and spiritual dryness through which she passed; her conflicts with the spirit of evil; the censures, the rebukes, she had to bear from good men; the calumnies, the derision, hurled at her by professing Christians: all of which made her life a prolonged martyrdom.

In the Reform, she instituted, what a storm of opposition and even persecution had she not to encounter on the part of her fellow-religious, her superiors, the authorities, ecclesiastical and secular! In fact, to restore the strict observance of the Rule, to revive the discipline that had become relaxed in an Order the most ancient, the most celebrated of all the religious orders of the day; an Order which counted among its members some

of the most saintly, the most learned of monks and anchorites; an Order which had rendered great services to religion, which had been distinguished by Our Lady with singular favors and exceptional privileges,—was a task of no ordinary difficulty. Indeed, it was far harder than the formation and foundation of a new order; a task that required superhuman courage, indomitable resolution, untiring zeal, a virile force of will; an enterprise apparently impossible of accomplishment by the exertions of a weak woman. But Sophocles says that, with the aid of the gods, even a man who is no man might prove a conqueror; no wonder, then, that, with the help of Omnipotence, Teresa came triumphant out of the struggle. Personally, she was nothing; but God was with her; and He for whom alone she worked, to whom alone she looked for counsel and assistance, imparted to her the wisdom, prudence, fortitude, which astonished even her enemies, and forced them to acknowledge her work to be of God. Thus Teresa succeeded at last in inspiring many others with the desire of perfection, the love of penance and of prayer; in reviving, in a word, the true spirit of Carmel.

The history of St. Teresa's foundations, written by herself, shows, perhaps more fully than any of her writings, what she was and make us better acquainted with her. What impresses one most in reading of them is that new convents were begun almost invariably, not only in real poverty, but in the face of misunderstandings and contradictions on the part even of pious men. Yet these foundations always succeeded, with the exception of one, the account of which amuses as well as interests. It was one which was not established by St. Teresa in person.

The Princess Eboli was very desirous of having a convent of Carmelite nuns on her property, and importuned the saint on the subject. St. Teresa was most

unwilling to accede to her wish, knowing the capricious, flighty character of the Princess; but at length she reluctantly yielded, and sent three or four of her community, with a prioress on whose judgment and discretion she could rely. They were warmly welcomed by the Princess, who had a house ready for them, and loaded them with presents for the house and the chapel. Acting on the sage advice of the saint, the prioress made an exact inventory of these things, and locked them up that they might not be touched. Shortly after the arrival of the nuns the husband of the Princess died most unexpectedly. He was an excellent Christian and very much loved and respected. In a paroxysm of grief, the Princess went at once to the convent and announced her intention of ending her days there.

When this was told to the prioress, she exclaimed in dismay: "The Princess here! Then the convent is ruined!" Well might she say so. First of all, the lady insisted on entering the enclosure without delay, and having the habit given her *at once*. Then she must needs be waited on by her own maid, whom she had brought with her, and who was, of course, even more troublesome than her mistress. Finally, she would have all her friends admitted into the convent and into her cell, that they might see how she looked in her religious dress. This last the prioress could not possibly allow, as it was quite contrary to the Rule. Then the Princess took up her abode in one of the hermitages in the garden; and caused an opening to be made in the wall of enclosure, in order that her friends might enter by that way, since they could not be admitted through the convent door. To do this was to destroy the enclosure, and the prioress was under the necessity of mildly informing her inconvenient guest: "Madam, either *you* must leave the convent, or *we* must."

The Princess, highly incensed, returned to her palace, and immediately demanded that all her gifts should be restored to her. Upon this the prioress sent for a notary, placed the inventory in his hand, made him examine the objects and sign a declaration that he found all exactly correct, and then delivered them into his hands to be given over to the Princess.

The nuns returned at once to their former convent, very grateful for having escaped; although the Princess was so ungenerous as to threaten that if they left she would accuse them of keeping back some of her presents. The inventory signed by the notary was their safeguard.

Besides the history of her foundations—a book abounding in interest not only for religious but for the general reader,—and her life, which, as we have already remarked, deals with her interior, not her exterior experiences, St. Teresa wrote several other works, of which the best known are “The Castle of the Soul” and “The Path of Perfection.” They exhale the true perfume of Carmel, the fragrance of the rich aromatical spices which she gathered upon the mountain of myrrh, the hill of frankincense,*—in the practice of mortification and of prayer. Nor is this all: her writings serve as a guide to others who would follow in the way she walked; a light to those who would attain the higher degrees of mental prayer. Moreover, she speaks with such correctness, such decision upon difficult points of theology, of metaphysics, of mysticism, not through human learning but through inspired knowledge, that her books are consulted as an authority upon these subjects equally with those of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

Another great work achieved by St. Teresa was that of bringing into greater prominence the devotion to St. Joseph. From the first centuries of Christianity

the glories of the Blessed Mother of God had been the theme of the preacher, the poet, the scribe; but until the sixteenth century public veneration had to no very great extent been directed to the spouse of Mary, the foster-father of Jesus. And yet, as St. Teresa says: “I know not how any one can think of the Queen of Angels during the time she suffered so much with the Divine Infant, without giving thanks to St. Joseph for the services he rendered them.” St. Teresa took him for her special patron and lord, and recommended herself earnestly to him. She used to keep his feast with all possible solemnity, and on that day asked him for some favor, which was always granted her. And if the petition was in any way amiss, he directed it aright for her greater good.

“If I were a person who had authority to write,” she says in her life, “it would be a pleasure to me to speak most minutely of the graces which this glorious saint has obtained for me and for others. He has delivered me out of troubles of great importance, touching my honor and my soul; and rendered me greater services than I knew how to ask for. I can not call to mind that I have at any time asked him for anything that he has not granted. To other saints Our Lord seems to have given grace to succor men in some special necessity; but to this glorious saint, as I know by experience, He has given the grace to help us in all things. Would that I could persuade all men to be devout to this holy patriarch; for I know what blessings he can obtain for us from God. I have never known any one who was really devout to him and who honored him by particular services, who did not visibly grow more and more in virtue; for he helps in a special way those souls who commend themselves to him. He who can not find any one to teach him how to pray, let him take this glorious saint for his

* Cant., iv, 6.

master, and he will not wander out of the way."

The reader need not be informed that during one of her ecstasies St. Teresa's heart was pierced by a Seraphim with a flaming dart, in the Convent of the Incarnation at Avila; but he may not be acquainted with the fact that her heart is preserved to this day in the Carmelite monastery of Alba de Tormes, in the diocese of Salamanca. The heart, which retains its natural color, is enclosed in a vessel of crystal, placed in an elegant and elaborately ornamented silver reliquary, and is exposed for the veneration of the faithful. The wound caused by the flaming dart is distinctly visible, as are also three sharply-pointed thorns, which have appeared at the base of the heart, within the crystal case, during the present century. The first and longest of these thorns was perceived in the year 1836, at the close of the first Vespers of the Feast of St. Joseph; the shortest appeared in 1864, on the 27th of August, the day on which the transverberation of St. Teresa's heart is commemorated. Thus we see that the heart of this great saint, wounded with charity, *corazon vivo sin vida*—"living though lifeless,"—still feels the woes of the Church, the afflictions of her Order.

St. Teresa died at Alva on the 4th of October; but her feast is kept on the 15th, because of the suppression of the intervening days, through the reform of the calendar by Pope Gregory XIII.

We will only add the lines which St. Teresa kept as a mark in her breviary, and which may be said to contain the lesson of her life:

Let nothing trouble thee,
Let nothing affright thee:
All passeth away.
God changeth not.
By patience
All things are obtained.
To him who hath God
Nothing is wanting:
God alone suffices.

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

VII.—THE HERON-HUNT.

WHEN the repast was over, the brilliant company left the castle for the river-shore, which had become the scene of extraordinary bustle and excitement. The river itself was almost covered with little boats filled with hunters—men, women, and children, with hawks on their fists. The hunters on foot and those who had come merely to be spectators of the fun stood in crowds and groups, pressing forward toward the water, or were seen in the distance on the heights above the river. Behind all these, a little more inland, were the mounted hunters, the splendor of their dresses and caparisons of their horses shining in the sun, in and out of the shade of the trees as they moved hither and thither; the little bells on their hawks' jesses tinkling in accompaniment to their voices and laughter. Quite near the castle were the horses, in care of servants, waiting in groups here and there for the summons of their master or mistress, as each issued from the black-browed doorway of the fortalice of Temple Michael.

Some of these noble merry-makers mounted at once, and received the hawk (marlyon for a lady, falcon peregrine for an earl, bastard for a baron, sacret for a knight, lancret for an esquire),—each his proper bird from his own attendant. Others took their seats in the decorated boats which awaited them; and these movements took place with much sweet tinkling of bells, and flashing of colors and jewels in the morning glory of the fair river landscape,—all of which occasioned the liveliest interest among the great crowd of observers by land and water.

Katherine had elected to ride, at least during the early part of the day, as she felt more joy in her horse than in the slaughter; and, as usual, her cousin of Strancally was by her side, looking to her comfort in the saddle, seeing that the hawk's silken jesses were well adjusted on her little fingers, and that his talons did not prick through the embroidered glove. Other noble youths joined the cousins, and Katherine rode on like a queen attended by her courtiers. All unnoticed by her companions, she cast many a wistful glance on either side for the sight of one whom yesterday she had spurned. Would he come down to the sport with the Templars?

It was by a delightful way that the brilliant little company rode,—Katherine in her gold hair and scarlet silken bravery; and the nobles and knights attending her with bare heads, capped only with the satin locks of youth, and clothed in rich-colored trews and surcoats. In the shade of the dark pines on the high places above the river, by bridle paths down into little open spaces close to the water's marge, they followed the chase; their dogs running before; and their falconers beating about with sticks and strange cries, frightening the herons and making them rise from their covert.

The shores of the Blackwater were an excellent ground for such sport. At this present moment herons abound and multiply along their romantic curves; and after sunset it is a curious sight to see them arriving on wide wing to congregate on the lonely bit of strand between St. Molanna's Abbey and the ruin of Temple Michael, there to perch on sticks or stones, huddling together as if seeking protection from an enemy, and filling the evening air with their clamorous cries.

As the sport went on, the herons rose with shrieks; the hawks pounced on and killed them; and those hunters eager

for the game pressed on in pursuit of escaping fugitives. Others kept their hawks close-hooded and held the jesses fast; refraining from the cruelty, and caring only for the society of some gentle or devoted companion.

Katherine was among those who did not love to kill the living, screaming thing that fled before her; or her mind was too much occupied with some matter other than that of the day's amusement. She led her little train in rather erratic fashion, and took advantage of every high opening above the river to draw rein and gaze on the scene below, as though more entertained with the spectacle of the company than by the chase.

In one of these pauses her eye caught the gleam of something white in a boat. It was the mantle of the Preceptor of Rhincrew. With him were other figures, one of which Katherine was not slow to recognize; and after that moment she no longer felt any lack of interest in what was going on around her. As she turned her horse's head and rode away from the river, she told herself that the creature she had hurt was not too much wounded to put himself in the way of having a few more words with her; and, cantering on with shining eyes and heightened color, she struggled with a return of her pride, the while that she delighted her masculine following with her sallies of gayety and the pealing of her musical laughter.

About midday—noon of the brilliant midsummer-tide—a spot was chosen for the open-air feast which was a feature of the day's festivities. On a soft slope of the vale of Affane, where the dense pine woods part, and the heights that bear them recede at either side, the banquet was spread. The personages of high birth were gathered together as the centre of the company; and, at some distance, here and there in groups and little crowds, the less important pleasure-takers had part in the entertainment.

Arriving at the spot, Katherine found a group of her noble neighbors anxiously waiting to receive her, and was at once enthroned on a green slope, on a tapestry strewn with roses, facing the outspread banquet and the river beyond it. As the feast went on, and the different parties arrived to be presented to her and take their seats, she bore herself gaily; but ate nothing, only playing with the flowers that had been placed beside her silver platter, and scanning the near and distant approaching figures with rapid though apparently careless glances.

At last the white mantle of the Preceptor, like a banner-signal, warned her of the approach of the little company from Rhincrew. Philip was standing before her, yet she did not dare to look at him. The Preceptor remained talking to her for some little time, then moved away; and Philip, having received no notice from the lady of the festival, would have followed him, but a startled glance from Katherine arrested him.

The glance, which was involuntary and unconscious, seemed to him penitent, appealing, almost beseeching; and again, as on yesterday, his face suddenly shone with a flash of joy surprised out of a troubled heart. His downcast, abstracted mood disappeared on the instant, and he stood by her side with the air of a conqueror. One other look toward him, and Katherine was in a tremor of happiness. How could she have imagined that this lover had forgotten her? She would be happy now for the rest of the day—for the rest of her life, let his explanation come when it would—

But again, fearing she was too easily forgiving, she hastened to cover her kindness by accounting for it on other grounds than that of over-tenderness for the man who had once deserted her.

"Everyone must be happy to-day," she said, with smiles that would not be repressed. "A truce to all feuds, a blotting

out of all wrongs, a forgetting of all ills and pains. Such is our royal command as queen of these festivities."

"Who would not be happy beside you?" said Philip, in tones too low to be overheard by others, too impassioned to fail to find the ear they were intended for. "Katherine, Katherine, turn those beloved eyes on me once more! Assure me that I am not hateful to you. I have much to tell you. When will you consent to listen to me?"

"Not here—not now," answered the girl, hurriedly. "At some quiet moment, when the pageant is over and the crowds are gone."

"Then will I live in your smiles until that moment," murmured Philip, in an undertone, speaking only to himself; for Katherine had turned from him to make merry with some friends who had come forward to claim her attention.

But Philip, after this, kept near to her side, watching for his hour, waiting for the moment that would wring from him the explanation which must banish him from her presence for evermore.

VIII.—AT THE END OF THE DAY.

The feast being over, the chase began again for the most ardent hunters; while those who had had enough of it rode or rambled on foot about the lovely slope and glades in the neighborhood of Affanc.

Lady Katherine set out with a party of walkers to explore a little grove and "fort" at some distance, merrily relating her nurse's tales about such places to her companions as she went.

Philip meantime wandered off alone to a thickly-wooded height above the water and stood, with folded arms, gazing at the splendors of the western heavens, down which the sun was beginning to tread. In those sanguinary clouds he saw the colors of the banner of the Beau Séar. He turned from them impatiently, and faced the cool heavens above the hill.

peaks of the Tipperary mountains; and saw the midsummer moon, pale and pure as a white flower, growing out of the faint blue. Beautiful as a fair woman was that virgin moon; lovely even as Katherine.

Her eyes had told him plainly that she loved him, that he was the joy of her life. She had forgiven him for the blow that he had already dealt her. How must a proud woman love, so to endure and forgive! And he was about to strike her again to the very core of her most womanly heart.

How could he do it? Why had he thought himself strong enough to meet her to-day and tell her with his own lips of the barrier that parted them? Yesterday she was cold in her anger, and her pride had made her strong. To-day he was weak with the return of her joy. He would speak to her presently; or, in her fidelity, she would meet him. Would that he had allowed the words that passed between them yesterday to be their everlasting farewell!

Could he speak such farewells now? Had he courage, strength? No! Better to hasten away at once before her return to keep tryst,—hurting her as he had done once before; striking her as was inevitable, but at least saving the cause; leaving her to discover truth and reason when he was out of sight and far away, without power more to crush her than himself.

Inspired with this idea, he cast one long, bitter look in the direction from which she ought to come; then turned and walked on quickly, by the way that led backward toward Rhincrew.

Dusk was gathering about the pine woods, and extinguishing, yet intensifying, the red gleams in the western sky. The moon was waxing warmer and brighter, and softly irradiating the outlines of the distant hills. Philip pressed on, allowing himself no time to think or to look back. Like a soul just on

the verge of damnation, escaping from judgment, he hurried in the direction of those cool, moon-silvered hills. Would God yet give him courage to be true to himself and to her?

He had gone but half a mile, and twilight was every moment making the way more mysterious about his feet, when voices and laughter came to meet him on the very line of his path, and he was suddenly in the midst of a merry group of ladies and gentlemen—ramblers who were returning from their excursions, and in search of their horses and servants, and their missing companions. Among them was Katherine. There was no mistaking her delightful laugh. It was a happy laugh in her knowledge that he was near. She had seen him, and believed that he was purposely coming to meet her.

In a few moments—who could say how?—Katherine and Philip were alone, the merry-makers having scattered themselves here and there, as their horses or friends were seen arriving at a little distance. A few ivy-hung trees screened the lovers apart from observation.

"I can listen to you now," said Katherine, gravely. "You may trust me with what you have to say. I will hear it, however sad it may be."

Philip looked at her and caught his breath. The moon shone through the pines, lit up her fair face with a holy radiance, and gave a strange lustre to the golden mantle of her hair. Her eyes had a wonderful light,—the light of a strong soul,—strong for all the sweetness of womanhood that shone in them. Was not this fatality, and had not Heaven itself turned against him? Something seemed to go out from his brain, to break away from the control of his will; and he was mad with forgetfulness, with passion, with delight.

"There is nothing that is sad, nothing but what is gloriously happy if you love me!" he exclaimed, in ardent raptures.

"O tender, faithful woman, can anything be nobler than a holy devotion to thee? Could God endure to part us—"

"If there were no reason—no," said Katherine, half fearful of the sudden change in him.

"There is no reason, there shall be no reason," said Philip, his voice quivering with passion. "Darling, my mind is changed; the world is all changed since I spoke with you an hour ago. Let us have done with grief and bitterness and resolve to be happy. Katherine, will you marry me in spite of all the pain I have caused you? We will go back to France; we will travel the world; we will do good wherever good is to be done—"

"Ah! Philip, can it be possible? What magic has been wrought in you? It is like a joyful dream. Yet is there not something behind that you ought to trust me with? This trouble may return upon you, and I who am to be your wife would share it—"

"My wife!" he said,—"my wife!" drawing her to him and clasping her to his heart. "That word finishes all. With your love, your hand in mine, I can defy the world, heaven, and hell."

"Heaven?" murmured the young girl. "The world, yes; and" (she shuddered) "hell; but heaven, dearest,—heaven will be always with us."

"It will,—I swear it will!" said Philip. "I have been wild, strange, unmanly, cruel, my very dearest! But you shall see me in that character no more. I will ransack the world to procure happiness for my darling."

Katherine laughed a little laugh of indescribable sweetness, like three notes of a thrush or a blackbird in the summer dawn.

"My world, my happiness, will be here," she replied. "But, Philip, I must go; for I hear my name spoken and they are looking for me. I would keep my happiness a secret—for another day

or two. Let us live in the light of our own joy before the broad day turns its glare upon us."

He released her at once, so readily that she almost feared to have hurt him. But a passionate kissing of her hand as she turned to leave him satisfied her that he was willing she should go. She withdrew from him, and went forth into the moonshine to meet her friends; and Philip remained solitary in the shadows among the pine-trees.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Governor Burnett.

III.

Governor BURNETT had ever been opposed to slavery. While he resided in Tennessee and Missouri there was no discussion upon the subject of manumitting the slaves in those States; but after he had been a short time in Oregon, he voted against slavery while a member of the Legislative Committee of 1844. He also presided at a public meeting at Sacramento City, January 8, 1849, which voted unanimously for a resolution opposing slavery in California.

In leaving Missouri, Governor Burnett had three principal objects in view. During his occupation with mercantile pursuits he had become involved in debts, which he hoped a season of prosperity in the far West would enable him to discharge; secondly, his wife's health had been impaired, and he thought it likely that a change of climate would be most beneficial to her; thirdly, he possessed the laudable ambition of a young, energetic and able man to join the pioneers who were then striking out in new directions every day, with (to him, at least) the desire to found a State superior in some respects to the States lying east of the Rocky Mountains.

In two of these purposes he was most

successful. Prosperity and a modicum of fame attended his efforts in the newer country of Oregon; his wife's health improved; and he was instrumental, by his position as a legislator, in framing some wise and prudent laws. Before he left Oregon, in 1848, he had discharged some of his indebtedness; but his family was large, and the burthen of his obligations was not easily lightened.

In July of that year the news of the discovery of gold reached Oregon; and Governor Burnett soon became imbued with the fever which had seized so many adventurous thousands all through the United States. However, being neither imprudent nor foolhardy, he thought it well to await proofs from reliable sources. Having seen a letter which had been written from California by ex-Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, formerly of Missouri, in whose opinion he had great confidence, he resolved, after consultation with his wife, to set forth once more in quest of fortune; arranging that he would send for her and the family when he was located and established in the new land.

Having reached California, after many privations and not a few adventurous occurrences, he paid a visit to the Yuba River mines, where he remained until December, 1848. Having accumulated enough means to sustain him for six months, he decided to leave the mines and go to San Francisco, where he knew there must be congenial as well as profitable work for a man of his profession. However, when he arrived at Sutter's Fort, circumstances changed this plan, at least for the time being.

He had been at the Fort only a few days when John A. Sutter, Jr., in whose name the Sutter grant of eleven leagues then stood, proposed to employ him as his agent and attorney. It will be remembered that the first discovery of gold in California was made on Sutter's land by Mr. Marshall, the superintendent of

Sutter's Mill, on January 19, 1848. This led to a great deal of speculation in land; the original rancho and its surroundings being cut up into town lots, which, for a considerable period of time, sold at very high prices.

Mr. Burnett regarded the proposition before him too good a one to be rejected. He was to attend to all Sutter's law business, sell the lots in Sacramento City, and collect the purchase-money. For these services he was to receive one-fourth of the gross proceeds arising from the sale of city lots. There was a great amount of old business to settle up; and, while the labor was certain, the compensation was speculative: no one being able to tell at that time whether the future city would be at Sacramento or at Suttersville, a rival place about three miles below.

During the month of March, 1849, the rivalry between Sacramento City and Suttersville having reached its height, it was thought best that Mr. Burnett should go to San Francisco in the interests of the former city. He arrived there on March 23. It was then but a village containing about fifteen hundred inhabitants, among whom there were only fifteen women and five or six children. The men were mostly young, generally under forty years of age, and principally of the better and more intelligent class. The sight of a woman or child was regarded by them as little less than the vision of an angel. In allusion to this Governor Burnett observes:

"I had it from good authority that in the fall of 1849 a beautiful, flaxen-haired little girl, about three years old, used to play on a veranda attached to a house on Clay Street, between Montgomery and Kearney Streets; and that many hardy miners might be seen on the opposite side of Clay Street gazing at that lovely little one, while manly tears ran down their bronzed cheeks. The sight of that

prattling child revived memories of the happy, peaceful homes they had left, to hunt for gold on a distant shore.

"In coming to San Francisco from Sacramento in April, 1872, on board a steamer, I made the acquaintance of an intelligent man, who had at one time been a member of the Legislature of California. He informed me that he came to California in 1849, when sixteen years of age, with an uncle of his, who was as kind to him as a father. They located at a remote mining camp, far in the mountains; and had been there some months when he learned one evening that a woman had arrived at another mining locality, some forty miles distant. He had not seen a lady for six months, and he went to his uncle and said: 'Uncle, I want you to lend me Jack to-morrow.'—'What do you want with him, my son?'—'I have heard that there is a woman at — Camp, and I want to go to see her.'—'Well, my son, you may take the mule and go to see the lady.' Next morning he was off by daybreak, and never stopped until he arrived at the place and saw the lady. She was an excellent married woman, and treated the boy with great kindness,—though she was much amused, and esteemed his visit as a sincere compliment to her sex."

Governor Burnett returned to Sacramento in April, 1849. His family arrived in San Francisco about the middle of May, where he joined them in the beginning of June. He soon became a member of the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco, and took from the first a leading part in its proceedings. He was appointed judge of the superior tribunal in August of the same year, and did good work in the forming and framing of a State Constitution.

A few words regarding the singular features of the admission of California as a State into the Union may interest our readers. Although it was discovered

about 1540, it was not until 1825 that Americans ventured into this unknown land. Even then they came in such small numbers that no account was made of it, until July 7, 1846, when Commodore Sloat proudly raised the Stars and Stripes over Monterey, the seat of the Mexican government for the entire territory. One governor after another was appointed. Finally, after the treaty of peace between this country and Mexico had been signed, the Americans began to think of forming a constitution. In the meantime gold had been discovered, and the country was filling up so fast that General Bennet Riley issued a proclamation, and appointed August 1, 1849, as the day for the election of delegates to the constitutional convention to meet at Monterey September 1. The following September Congress ratified all that had been done; and so it was that California jumped into the Union full-fledged, without ever having been a territory.

The health of his oldest daughter being in a precarious condition, Governor Burnett concluded that the climate of San Francisco was not suitable for her; and accordingly he removed to San José, purchasing a house and lot in that city.

In September he was chosen chief-justice by his three associate judges, and on the 13th of November of the same year he was elected the first American Governor of California. He filled the position with great credit to himself and the general satisfaction of the public until January, 1851, when he resigned it for the practice of law. From this time until 1857 he did a lucrative business. Appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of California by Governor J. Neely Johnson, he held the position until the term expired, in October, 1858.

In the latter part of 1859 and the early portion of 1860 Governor Burnett passed some time in the Eastern States. During that period he was an attentive observer

of the signs of the times, and on his return to California made no secret of his conviction that war would follow the election of a Republican candidate to the presidency of the United States. In this opinion he stood alone among his friends and acquaintances. Subsequent events proved that he was right in his conclusions.

No one who had the least perception of his character could doubt for a moment on which side his sympathies would be enlisted. Although born and reared in the slave section of the United States, and having a genuine and deep-seated admiration for the Southern people, he never had a doubt of the injustice of their cause. Governor Burnett writes:

"The unity and perpetuity of this great nation were cardinal objects with me. I could not fight against the grand old flag. If an intelligent stranger from another planet were to revisit this earth, and were the flags of all nations placed before him, he would unhesitatingly select the Stars and Stripes as the most brilliant and magnificent of them all. No one can ever look upon that flag and forget it. Besides, it is the symbol of the first great nation that ever established political and religious liberty in its fulness and perfection. Whatever defects may exist in our theory of government may be corrected, even at the expense of revolution; *but the unity and integrity of the nation can never be destroyed.* The day of weak, defenceless states has passed away forever. Only great governments can succeed, now or hereafter. If our country should err for a time, and commit temporary injustice, let us trust her still; and patiently and lovingly wait for her returning sense of justice, as a dutiful son would for that of his father and mother. He who trusts the *ultimate* justice of his country will seldom be disappointed."

(To be continued.)

Sehnsucht.

"TO-DAY!" I whisper at sunrise,
 My poor heart to deceive;
 And smile as I call the fresh, hot tears,
 The dews of yester-eve.
 A hope that I know is hopeless
 Keeps growing all the day;
 "At dusk!" I say to my spirit,—
 And noontide speeds away.
 "To-night!" and the stars are listening,
 They've heard it all these years!—
 Is it again the dew-damp,
 Or is it falling tears?
 Thank God that the sunny morning
 Shines through the tears of night;
 For it keeps the arch of promise
 Forever in my sight.

A Singer and His Song.

BY M. L. HANDLEY.

BEYOND were the Sabine hills, hazy and picturesque against the clear blue sky. The plain, green with young corn, swept hither and thither in broad stretches. Cherries clustered thick and fresh among the foliage. Between the tall hedges—it was early May and the air was sweet—the old diligence rumbled on. The junction is where the cross-roads meet. There is a wayside chapel, with its frescoed Madonna and blue vase full of withered flowers. Somehow, the flowers always seem withered; but they are there, nevertheless. And as you travel by those dear Old-World Romagna highways you are reminded of Longfellow. He could not write many pages without bringing in the "blessed Mary's image," and the image seems to smile. In Italy they can not make roads or pathways without raising up at intervals shrines to the Blessed Mother; and the whole country looks more peaceful, as though it rested in her smile.

With many groans and much creaking, the diligence came to a standstill. The horn sent its hoarse note of warning to every byway. There was a stir of people alighting and exchanging the vacant seats of the two vehicles. Then Professor Gilgen, who had been looking out with blank, far-seeing eyes, said, in his rough, kind German voice:

"At this very spot, two and thirty years ago, I met the best friend I ever had, Heinrich Dorf."

"Dorf!—the violinist?"

"Yes. You all know him now; then only *I* knew him."

"Do tell us about him. Do you really mean you met him for the first time out here?"

"Here,—I said so. He was quite a young man. I can see him now: the tall, supple figure; the face shadowed with thought; the large, calm eyes, and short bronzed beard. I thought him an artist: he looked like one, with his knapsack and broad-brimmed hat; and he looked like a German. Oh, yes! he got in here, and I spoke German to him directly. There could be no mistake about it. He told me he was taking a holiday; so was I. We were soon friends.

"I remember asking him if he was an artist, and he said: 'Yes, of sound.'—'A musician?' And then he started off with one of his hobbies. 'There is no such thing as music.'—'So?' I said.—'No,' he repeated; 'there is not. We are groping after something which eludes us,—ever grasping snatches of a beauty we can not seize. And there is no perfection. The best we can do is to put our impotency, our despair, the passion of regret, into the few chords we know. That is what you call *divine*.'

"I have heard him express the same idea in different ways a hundred times. It is just Dorf all over, isn't it? At the time I thought him insane. 'Beethoven,' I ventured to say, 'was deaf to the plainest

harmonies; and Chopin knew nothing of the iron of music, the sobs and mockery in minor keys.' He saw I was scoffing, but it did not annoy him. His whole face lighted up and he said: 'Oh! yes, they did: more than we shall ever know. But were they spared our agony? Don't you think they, too, must own they have not attained all? They were searching: they found much; but perhaps they, too, were heartsick, as we are—as we are.'"

The good Professor had departed upon one of his vacancies. When his eyes take that far-away look, if he is smoking, his pipe goes out and he doesn't know it.

"Professor, you were just going to tell us about Dorf."

"Dorf! Oh—ah, yes! Poor, dear, good Dorf! No: it's too long. I've got it written down. I'll give it to you to read when we get back to Rome. I couldn't tell it all now."

"What is it you have written down?"

"*Ach!* only a little sketch—about his ever-famous piece—how he got it—his May-song. I was with him at the time; yes, I was with him. And every time I hear it, it seems to me that I must take off my hat because I am in a great, white cathedral. It is a tender, an exquisite song."

**

Following is the "Memoir" kindly lent for perusal by Professor Gilgen:

When we arrived at the inn Dorf invited me to supper, and we talked a great deal. Before we retired for the night we had decided to leave the *diligenza* and make a walking tour together. I will note down all very carefully; for it was one of the happiest periods of my youth, and an important one in the life of my friend. The pictures I have kept in my mind of those glorious sunrises over the Campagna, sunsets of exquisite beauty, and views of light and color in the Sabine land which Horace loved, will never fade from me.

As we went along we spoke more of our thoughts, such as they were, than of actual things. Our past was short, and the future long and bright before us. Half a century of years borne between us, few sorrows on the horizon, a great deal of joy in our hearts as in the flowers by the wayside; glowing health, and at every place we stopped a homely, cordial Italian welcome, and wine into which the yellow sunlight was dissolved. Dorf told me about himself. We never dreamed then that one day his biography would be written and read, and paid for in ringing gold, that a delighted, enthusiastic people might know some particulars of the man whose violin had set half Europe raving.

Only son of a retired officer and destined for the army, he had refused to follow his father's calling, and was sent from home in disgrace. Never would the proud old soldier consent to having a "fiddler" in his family. Fiddler the good God had made the boy to be, and fiddler he would be. He never could have been anything else. But he came abroad to study, and daily awaited a word from his mother bidding him return to Germany. She had undertaken to reconcile them—father and son. The word was so long coming that our friendship had ripened into brotherly affection, and Heinrich Dorf had become to me the *alter ego* we meet but once in a lifetime.

One evening he received a telegram announcing that his father was dangerously ill. He left within two hours, by the night express. His last pitiful words to me were: "After all, perhaps it was all a mistake. I might have given in to him. I shall snap my bow over my knee if I get there too late." Heaven forbade the sin! The old man forgave him; spoke kindly of his art; and told him to be what he would, so long as he remained a good Christian and a gentleman. He knew well that, however headstrong his

son might be, he was a Christian and a gentleman out and out.

Soon afterward Dorf returned to settle affairs in Rome, before taking up his residence with his mother, whom he loved with exceeding great love. Some tactful journalist has made public the sweet anecdote of Dorf, on the eve of his first concert, taking his violin to her that she might lay her hands upon the strings "in blessing." That was just like Dorf,—tender-hearted, childlike, gentle Dorf! I have seen him do a score of things of that description. I never heard of his loving a woman, but any woman might have given all her heart's love in joy to be loved as he loved his mother.

Yet it was plain that he lingered over his last preparations when the time came to say farewell to Rome. No man with a heart in his breast can leave the city of cities coldly. Dorf had small hope of returning, and he was an artist. I think that explains the change that came over him at the last. He was always moping, always grumbling. We could do nothing with him. And worse came: he gave up playing, and then a sort of madness grew upon him. He said he would not go to live in Germany: he could not stand the little provincial town where his mother lived. He would write and tell her so. They would sell their small house and the bit of garden, every bloom of which she had watched for fifty years. She was so fragile and infirm the journey might kill her, some doctor had said. Dorf declared all doctors were imbeciles. The journey would do her good. Then he broke out into laughter, and asked why one of us did not kick him. I told him the manager of the Royal Concert Hall would do that for him upon his arrival in Vienna.

Dorf had promised to play in one of their grand music affairs. It was his first great public concert, and he never touched his violin from week to week.

We asked which of his compositions he would give, and he said: "None. They are all stuff. I must try to do better." Meanwhile the quire of paper upon his table grew dust-stained and dog-eared without his jotting one note. I gave him up in despair. He gave me his word of honor that he was perfectly willing to engage as sweep or shoeblack, to prove his good-will to work; but as to musical composition, he heartily wished he had never learned the gamut. It was all the fault of his mother's spinet. He never wanted to study music. No one had ever thought of teaching him his notes, and he didn't want to learn them; and because, forsooth, his old nurse had found him at the spinet when he was five years old!—That was the origin of all his troubles.

He didn't say that five-year-old Dorf had been making chords with ten small chubby fingers, used alternately; and that his mother came in and listened, and knew that baby Heinrich was struggling after some law hidden in that key-board. The principle by which, in arithmetic, two and two make four, in music—well, I don't know what it is in music; but baby Dorf knew and was trying to work it out. And at the later time I speak of, when he had mastered it all—knowledge and practice, thorough-bass and harmony, and could hammer out his fancies easier than we express our daily thoughts,—that is what happened to him. He couldn't think or play one note!

And his temper! But he was a man of genius, and men of genius themselves tell us we must bear with them. The little bits of fine work they produce at long intervals should surely recompense us most amply for the trifling matter of having our daily life made miserable. We were all the more willing to bear with Dorf because, as a rule, his temper was the brightest and sweetest thing we knew.

The eve of his departure came. It was toward the end of May, when the days

lengthen.* He received a pressing letter from some one in Vienna. Some bother about the programs: they were being printed, and the directors asked what they should put down against his name. "Go to!" he said. I remarked that I didn't think it would look well. Then his clear, sweet laughter got the better of him for a moment, and he said that it was all well enough to joke; but those sharks lay in waiting, and he didn't know what on earth to play. I suggested two or three of his best pieces. "No one would sit out that rubbish," he expostulated. Somebody else's rubbish, then? No: it must be his own. Worse luck! He had promised. "Oh, I know what I'll do!" he cried at last. "I'll write and tell them it's called 'The May-Song,' and I'll furbish up some jig or tarantella. Whatever it is, between this and the 31st it will certainly be a *May* song; and the greater nonsense it is, the better they'll like it."

We spent our last day wandering about the city. A greater pair of idlers never lived, when the nomad mood came over us. St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Forum; all the streets you don't know at the backs of great palaces,—quiet, sheltered spots that your new Roman doesn't even know by name; places we loved merely because they were sequestered, or because we had discovered a bit of real frieze made into a door frame, or for some other similarly important reason.

Dorf was in a particularly wild state. All the afternoon he talked furiously about the folly and uselessness of music. I told him I readily agreed with him. He said he knew he should never do anything. Who ever had done anything? The very best was imperfect; and as you listened you knew it was not *real* music, but only the shadow, and most unsatisfactory as shadows always are. "You think I can play? I can't. Any fool who has practised six hours a day could put me to shame. I hope some day

to hear music as I dream it should be—but not on earth. Do you know, I believe the voice of God must be the source whence our idea of harmony first came? It may be that every sound we conceive to be beautiful is only so because it is a spiritual reminiscence, an echo of His voice. After all, we know nothing—we know absolutely nothing. At least *I* don't. But, then, I don't study; that may be it. How do *you* feel?"

"Oh, sometimes I feel splendidly! I get into a new subject, and go and go, and feel how glorious it is; and roll about like a merry porpoise, and think there's no end to it; and the end of it comes soon enough: there's a stone-wall, and you either lie flat against it or crack your pate. There's a good deal of pate-cracking going on all the time. But the walls stand; and there are enough of them. We are shut in on every hand. Thank Heaven, we can always look up to the blue overhead!"

Dorf lifted his head as he exclaimed: "Thank Heaven!" Then, abruptly: "Let us go to Santa Maria Maggiore."

Now, I must say a word about Santa Maria Maggiore. It was Dorf's favorite church; though, as he often said: "Don't think I go there to pray. Of all the basilicas, it is the one in which I feel least inclined to pray. I go there to rest and think. It is a wonderful place for meditation: the atmosphere is so balmy and so pure. The very name, too—Our Lady of the Snows! How cool and soft it sounds to us who live in fevers!" But he sometimes said that he went there to rest as he would in his mother's house.

I have often thought the secret of his soul's deep harmony was his love for Our Lady. I remember finding in one of his note-books fragments he had translated from the French of Louis Veuillot: "Because Santa Maria Maggiore is also my well-beloved church." And, farther on, the prayer: "Mother of Christians,

my help, my refuge, and my hope! I have often implored thee in my faults and in my sorrows, and thou hast not forgotten it; for, in spite of all, I have felt my confidence and my love toward thee grow greater. Alas! why is not my heart pure enough, devoted enough, and large in tenderness, for thee to be in it always—both St. Mary Major and St. Mary of the Snows?"

(Conclusion next week.)

A Call at the Convent.

BY FRANCES NEWTON SYMMES.

THE dry leaves rustled around their feet as they walked on briskly with the even step that means good-fellowship. The cold sun dropped low in the yellow west, and a December twilight hid the distant hills. Lights began to glow up the long driveways on each side of the avenue; and a keen wind tossed the flame in the lamp-lighter's torch as he passed them, followed by his dog.

"I am afraid the altar-light will go out when it feels my unhallowed presence," Page remarked, with a laugh. "There is always an altar-light in your churches, isn't there?"

"Yes," she answered; "but you will not put it out by any means. On the contrary, the little spark will burn more brightly to illumine the darkness of your soul. See if it doesn't!"

"But what will the good Sisters say?" he queried. "What will they say when you present me—'My friend, Mr. Page, a Unitarian, from Boston.' Come now! You know they'll cross themselves and run away."

"Is it from me that you have received your amiable and liberal opinions of Catholics?" she said, assuming an air of offended dignity, while she laughed. "I am the only 'intelligent Catholic'

you have ever known, you tell me. The inference is not flattering, Mr. Page."

"Ah! you have me!" he exclaimed. "No: I'll be honest. I'm half afraid, man as I am, of where you're taking me. After thirty years of Boston, on a steady diet of Unitarianism and speculative thought, I feel a fear of this dim chapel we are approaching. I like to believe that I am still formidable enough in my unfaith, even after all my compromises to you, all my surrenders, to frighten the gentle sisterhood."

He spoke half seriously, half playfully; and she looked quickly at his strong face. His brows were knitted.

"It's like this," he went on. "I was so sure of myself, so at rest, until I met you. Now I feel an uncertainty of everything,—a tugging here, a tugging there. The talks we had last summer in the mountains are continually returning to me. Whether it is you speaking in my heart, or faith struggling in my soul, I do not know—and I am afraid to know!"

He turned to her expectantly, but her chin was buried in her fur collar and she was looking down.

"If belief comes," she said in a low tone, "God will send it, not I."

"But," he exclaimed—"forgive me for saying it!—it is so terrible to feel the earth one has stood on for thirty years in perfect security, crumbling away. My father brought us up with unyielding opinions. And Louise! I've told you so often of her—my brother's second wife, a Frenchwoman and a Catholic. She kissed her crucifix and fasted and prayed to the Virgin, and then beat her step-children and deserted her husband."

"I know, I know!" she said gently. "I don't mind your saying these cruel things to me, because I can show you how foolish they really are. What does one weak, wretched, foolish woman mean to you or to me? Would Unitarianism or Episcopalianism or Universalism have

made her any better? But don't let us talk about it. We've talked it all out long ago. There's the convent gate."

She pointed to the iron gateway, with two golden hearts crowning the arch, and below the words "Academy of the Sacred Heart." Beyond, behind the latticed branches of the bare trees, rose the dark mass of the convent buildings. They crossed the road and entered the open gate.

"What! No bars! no bolts!" he said.

"Of course not," she answered, with a tremulous little laugh. "Oh, I do so want you to see the truth!"

"Why?" he queried.

"Oh, because it is the truth, and it is such an inspiration to me! And, then, because—because you are my friend."

"That is what I wanted you to say—'because you are my friend.' I am willing to alter the whole course of my life to be your friend. Do you remember, the Persians changed the course of the Euphrates to take Babylon? But this matter of religion is such a reversal of all the traditions of my life, such a narrowing down of the grand prerogatives of reason, such an intellectual bondage."

"Please don't! You promised to put all those Philistinisms out of your mind for this visit. Stop fighting and listen. I've prayed so hard in the dear old convent chapel, a white-veiled girl with no heartaches—"

"I will stop fighting," he said.

Their footsteps echoed on the stone flagging of the *porte cochère*. He pulled the bell and its deep clangor echoed in the great building. She looked away from him at the crows flying heavily in the growing darkness. Then the door opened, and, in the light from the oak-panelled hall, he saw her clasped in a Sister's arms, her plummy hat meeting the white cap-frill.

"Why, Cecil—Cecil Otis! You dear child!" the Sister cried.

Cecilia kissed her again, and then turned to Page.

"This is my friend, Mr. Page, a Unitarian, from Boston," she said, demurely. "I wanted him to see this precious place. This is Sister Bryan, Mr. Page, who used to see that we girls had as much bread and butter as we wanted in the old times. I always had a fine capacity for bread and butter; hadn't I, Sister?"

The Sister had bowed and held out her hand, looking at Page with her clear eyes; but she did not cross herself or run away.

"She was a good girl always—Cecil was," she said to him.

Page shook her hand cordially, and felt half sorry when she left them in the library and went to call the superior.

Cecilia was gay and flushed, like a child. He had never seen her so buoyant. She led him around, showing him books and pictures.

"There!" she said. "See those lovely thin red and blue books up on that shelf? I used to pine for them when I was a child. They are all about—awfully good little girls who always converted awfully bad little girls. But Mother Emilie said I was too excitable for such reading, and I plodded through Irving's 'Life of Columbus' instead."

The faint smell of freshly-baked bread came to them.

"Do you smell it?" she whispered. "It's for supper: convent bread, so white and sweet! O dear! I wish I were a little girl again!"

Then the Reverend Mother came, taking Cecilia's face in her cool palms and looking in her eyes as she kissed her on both cheeks.

Then Cecilia repeated her little form of introduction.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Page," the Reverend Mother said, when she gave him her hand. "I am a Boston woman myself, and there is nothing like meeting a friend from home."

Cecilia's eyes rested on his face and she was smiling. He felt as embarrassed as a boy.

"You are more than good, Sister," he answered. "Miss Otis promised me your welcome, but I did not anticipate meeting a Bostonian."

"Cecilia always shows us her friends," observed the nun. "We are quite gay sometimes with the worldliness we catch from Cecilia."

She laughed and gently placed her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"I always want your blessing on my friends, Mother," Cecilia said.

"It is yours always, dear," answered the nun, tenderly.

Page threw back his coat. He felt like a man who has taken ether. The warm glow from the gas jets, the beautiful simplicity of the room, the nun's radiant tenderness and gentle gayety, Cecilia's happy girlishness,—all was strange and sweet and thrilling to him. In a little while he found words, and talked—well, brilliantly—of men and books, college life and the world's doings. In everything there was sympathy; but when he found that the good superior had been reared only two blocks away from his own home, and that she had lived in the wide, brown-stone house with the pretty cage of bull-finches in the upper window, he let himself go. He forgot religion, struggles, prejudice, until the nun said, as they arose to go to the chapel:

"And Dr. Brooke Herford? Has he as large a following as ever? I was a member of his church for some years, and have much to thank him for. He made me a Catholic," she laughed. "Though he did not mean to," she added.

Page's eyes met Cecilia's.

"There is another bond to make us friends," he said to Reverend Mother. "I am also a member of his church, but he has not done that favor for me."

"God will attend to that," she said,

with a smile. "He sends His grace in widely differing channels."

They were going through long, wide corridors, meeting occasional uniformed girls, who curtsied as they passed; then on, up the stairs, to the chapel.

Page felt it before he saw it—stillness, faint incense, fragrance, far-off flowers. The doors stood open into the hall, and a nun came out with a piece of altar linen in her hand. The Reverend Mother entered first and knelt in a carved stall, under a gas jet. Cecilia touched Page's elbow gently and signed him to follow her up the aisle into a shadowed bench.

"My old place," she whispered, sinking on her knees.

Page sat down. The altar-light glowed red, as steady as the faith it burned for. The altar, an adoring angel at each end, showed white; and a faint gleam came from a tall brass crucifix and the slender candlesticks. A bowl of heliotrope—his mother's favorite flower—was placed before the tabernacle. He guessed the flower from the fragrance. Marble statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph stood one on either side of the sanctuary, shadowy in the dimness. A nun came in and glided to her place in the stalls.

Page turned and looked up into the arches of the ceiling at the dark organ-loft. Idolatry! Where was it? Degrading superstition? Where was it hidden? Intellectual bondage! The terrors of the cloister! A faint peal of girlish laughter came to him from the far-away school-rooms. He put his head down on the railing in front of him and waited for a prayer. It came, and with it the question, "Is this defeat?" And from some deep, undreamed-of corner of his soul came the answer, "It is victory!"

Cecilia touched his arm and went toward the door. He followed, and she dipped her finger in the font of holy water and blessed him, gently, coolly, on his brow.

Through the Rosary.

THE whirl of the mill had ceased; for in a large, comfortably furnished room in the vine-covered house behind it John Fergus, the miller, lay dying. Until yesterday he had lain for many days oblivious to sight and sound. Now his senses had returned; and the noise of the mill-wheel, once the sweetest of music to his ear, had distressed him so much that old Margery, who had been his housekeeper for many years, had ordered it stopped until her master should be better or had passed beyond that bourne from which there is no returning.

John Fergus had been a kind master; and, though none would be left to grieve for him but his employees and neighbors, he had the genuine sympathy and affection of those whom he had befriended and who had served him. The two women domestics, Margery and Grace, had another source of anxiety besides the approaching death of their master. In early youth he had been a Catholic; but, as he wished to become rich quickly, he had taken what he then considered the quickest means of doing so—viz., joining a lodge of Masons and other secret societies, through which he made the acquaintance and obtained the business of those with whom he could not have established such relations had he remained faithful to his religion.

Mr. Fergus was a jovial man, fond of his glass, yet not a drunkard; and the companions whom he had chosen soon led him farther and farther away from all thoughts of God and religion. When the Catholics of Oldport had begun to build a church, he generously contributed his portion; but when the priest, who augured well from this fact, tried to approach him on the subject of religion, he refused to hear a word. And now, on this beautiful afternoon in October, he lay dying; perfectly conscious of what

was before him, yet as unwilling as ever to be reconciled to the Church.

"I have not been a very bad fellow, Margery," he replied to the entreaties of his housekeeper that he should see a priest. "I don't think God will be hard with me. In my opinion all religions are pretty much alike. I die in peace with my fellowmen, none of whom I have ever wilfully injured."

"No, sir," said the old woman sadly. "'Tis only yourself you have injured. If you'd give up the secret societies all would be right. But as long as you cling to them you can't have the grace."

He smiled, looked at her kindly and shook his head. He did not mean to give up the secret societies. They had been his best friends, he thought; and he would not be so ungrateful as to disown them now when they could serve him no longer.

Presently Margery went away, and a few moments later the sick man heard a murmur of voices in the outer room. Then some one pushed open the door and Margery entered, leading by the hand a child of ten years.

"Who is it?" inquired Mr. Fergus.

"'Tis Bridget Halloran's Annie," said the old woman; "and she would come in. She says she has a word to say to you in private, and I hadn't the heart to deny the child."

"Well," said Fergus, stretching out his hand. "What do you want, little girl?"

"Will you go out, Margery, please?" said the child, gravely. "I can't talk before people."

The old woman vanished, murmuring as she closed the door:

"God grant she has some comfort to bring the poor man! Many a time, I've heard tell, He puts His words into the mouths of His little ones."

"I'm sorry you're sick, Mr. Fergus," said Annie, advancing to the bedside, where she stood composedly, at the same

time taking something from her pocket, which she held tightly in her little hand.

"My mother is sick in bed," she added, gently, "or she would have come herself. But she sent me to you."

"Does she want anything?" asked the sick man, languidly.

"No, sir," replied the child. "Mother says it is you who want assistance now, and she bade me fetch it to you."

"What do you mean?" asked Fergus.

"Mother said I was to thank you for all you've done for us since father died," the little one went on. "Since he was killed in the mill you've paid our rent, and sent us flour and meal and all kinds of groceries. If it hadn't been for you, mother says I should be an orphan to-day. But now she has plenty of work and can even save a little money. She said I was to thank you again and again for all you've done, Mr. Fergus. But that isn't all I've come for."

"I'm sure that's enough, and I am grateful, child," said Fergus, smiling at the quaint little figure before him.

"No sir, it isn't enough," continued the child. "Mother and I have said the Rosary for you every night since father died, and that's over two years. Mother's prayed and I've prayed that God would bless you in every way, and increase your store; and bring you back at last to the Church—your own Church, mother told me I was to say, and the Church of your good Irish father and mother."

"That's what your mother told you to say, is it, Annie?" asked John Fergus, and his voice was husky.

"Yes, Mr. Fergus," said the child. "And mother told me to fetch you this, sir; and if you wouldn't take it, I was to leave it on the bed; for she knew you wouldn't refuse to let it be there."

The child opened her hand to show a small rosary, from which depended a large crucifix. Holding it in front of the sick man, she continued:

"It was my father's rosary. He prayed on it every night, and he kissed the crucifix just before he died. And he was so happy, and he asked God to bless you when he knew from your own lips that you would be good to mother. And mother said I was to tell you that *she's* prayed on it every night since. And she begs you not to send it back, Mr. Fergus, or it will break her heart."

For a moment there was silence in the sick-room, and Annie's heart seemed to thump in her bosom as loudly as the clock upon the mantel. Then John Fergus stretched out his hand, and his eyes had a new light in them.

"Give me the rosary, Annie," he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion; and the child placed it between the miller's long, brown fingers.

Five minutes later the girl made her appearance in the kitchen.

"And what of your errand, Annie?" asked Margery, eagerly.

"Mr. Fergus is saying the Rosary," replied the little one, with great calmness. "And I had to show him how to go about it; but he hadn't forgotten the Sign of the Cross."

On the last day of October John Fergus was laid in the new Catholic cemetery,—brought back to lie among his own people through the prayers of the widow and orphan, and the sweet intercession of our Blessed Lady in her beautiful Month of the Rosary.

DEVOTION to the Mother of Our Lord is not an ornament to the Catholic system, a prettiness, a superfluity, or even a help, one out of many, which we may or may not use. It is an integral part of Christianity. Our Lady is a distinct ordinance of God, and a special means of grace. She is the neck of the mystical body, uniting all the members with their Head, and thus being the channel and dispensing instrument of all graces.—*Faber*.

Notes and Remarks.

Our separated brethren, who are often grieved to find that many Catholics refuse to believe in the intellectual honesty of educated Protestants, would probably cease to wonder if they would frankly consider the sort of books and magazines that bear the official imprint of Protestantism. The *American Journal of Theology*, for example, is published by Chicago University, yet it permits a contributor to say that before the dogmatic definition of Papal Infallibility the majority of Catholics did not believe in it; that when Bishop Dupanloup wanted to consult a Bible in Rome he had to borrow one from a Protestant Legation; that Pius IX. was a violent and rather blood-thirsty old tyrant, etc. It is not conceivable that the gentlemen of the divinity faculty who edit this remarkable periodical really believe such old wives' tales; it is too evident that they are published in the hope of "damaging Rome." If the theological gentlemen in Chicago will read their Bible closely, they may discover the promise that the Catholic Church is immortal, and be convinced that the gates of Chicago University shall never prevail against her.

In a book published by the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, who has Boswellized Mr. Gladstone, the deceased statesman is quoted as saying of the Roman authorities: "They will never excommunicate an English peer. I always say that if Lord Acton had written what Döllinger has written, and, *vice versa*, it would still have been the Professor who would have got into trouble, while the peer would have escaped scot-free." To the Catholic reader this sounds almost as shocking as the blasphemy of that French aristocrat who exclaimed: "Oh, God will think twice before He damns a marquis!" Had Mr. Gladstone forgotten that not merely English peers but English kings had been excommunicated? And did he imagine that a thousand English peers were ever equal to one Döllinger? When, after the Vatican Council, that learned German priest walked out of the Church

rather than pocket his humiliation, the universal Church, if she had been a mere human institution, would gladly have parted with half of the aristocracy of England rather than with Döllinger. But Mr. Gladstone never could understand a church as aught else than "the ecclesiastical branch of the civil service," to employ Mr. Stead's fine phrase.

Any person who has glanced at the "sermons" reported in the daily press on Mondays will understand Mr. Gladstone's complaint that he found in the discourses of American divines an astonishing absence of "the sense of sin." The sense of commercialism or politics or literary gossip is there in full strength; but among these descendants of the Puritans, who saw iniquity in many innocent things, there remains no "sense of sin." It was a Protestant gentleman to whom Mr. Gladstone uttered his complaint; yet that gentleman was frank enough to set up this single sentence from Newman's "Apologia" in contrast with the sinless sermons of the ministers:

The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony—as far as temporal affliction goes,—than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one venial sin—should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse.

Mr. Gladstone's friend might have followed up this quotation by saying that the sermons of the Catholic clergy, which do not get reported in the daily papers, are sometimes lacking in flamboyant rhetoric, but seldom or never lacking in "the sense of sin."

When the devoted Sisters of St. Joseph in Nagpur, India, appealed for help to succor the innumerable children left destitute and friendless by the terrible famine that had visited that part of India, it was supposed that the great majority of them would not survive. Many did die, in fact, soon after being baptized; but scores of others, whom the Sisters rescued and were enabled to provide for, remain in their care. The

burden of supplying them with food and clothing is too heavy for the good Sisters to bear; however, they can not think of sending these poor children away, many of them being of tender age, and none as yet fully instructed in the Christian religion. Help is sorely needed, and it is hoped that those who contributed so generously to rescue these children from starvation, and others who now for the first time hear of their necessities, will be willing to assist in providing them with food and clothing, and enabling them to receive the rudiments of a Christian education before they leave the sheltering care of the Sisters, who by some miracle have kept them together up to the present time.

The writer of an interesting article in *The Contemporary* on the Christian legends of the Hebrides is not an iconoclastic critic, overlooking what is precious in the effort to fasten upon all that appears worthless. He recognizes unsevered grains of truth in the mass of stories told by the islanders,—stories that illustrate not the ignorance but rather the reverence and natural piety of the people, left for generations without books and without teachers. Many of the stories deal with the life of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, and show how deeply the truths of the Gospel had been impressed upon the minds and hearts of the islanders. One of the sweetest of these legends is quoted by the *London Tablet*:

One day Christ and His Mother, wandering over the gray, treeless islands, met a poor orphan girl who was working in hard drudgery. (In the original this part of the story is in rhyme, and her labors are described with much detail.) Our Lady asked her Son to help the orphan; and He put it into the mind of a miller, who was also a carpenter (a common combination in the Hebrides), to marry the girl, who soon forgot her poverty and gave herself great airs; and when the Mother and Son came to see her she hardly spoke to them, but gave them a place far from the fire, and went on fussing about her housework. At last they rose to go, and all she gave them was a ladleful of grain. Then they went to the mill and asked the miller to grind it for them; but he said there was so little of it that it would break the *quern* (mill-stones). "It is food for the needy," said Christ; "and no harm will arise if you grind it." So the miller gave the stones a turn or two, and then went on

with his work. Soon God put it into his heart to look to the grist, and he found that the ladleful of grain had filled the chest with meal of the finest quality. The travellers took part, and went on their way; and the miller went into the house to ask if any one had called that day. His wife said there was no day that people did not call, and that she was wearied and annoyed with beggars such as had come that very day. (This part of the story is also in verse.) Then he told her of the miracle that had been done and she was filled with shame, and hastened after the Mother and Son and said she had not known them. "When you saw My poor did you not see Me?" said Our Lord. "I saw you, an orphan and I gave you plenty."

Christian Science, so called, counts a host of deluded votaries; and, sad to say, there are a few Catholics among them. The evil is spreading, to the dismay of the Protestant clergy. A multitude that formerly flocked to the churches of the various sects now run after the priestess of the new cult, Madam Eddy, and give ear to expositions of "the absolute principle of metaphysical Mind Healing." Hitherto it was not easy to see how any good could come out of so monstrous an evil, but now we begin to think that when the fad has run its course there will be a revival of faith in the sacrament of Extreme Unction. The Rev. Lewis T. Wattson (Anglican) calls upon the clergy of his denomination "to restore this sacrament to its Scriptural, apostolic and primitive use." This, of course, is not in their power, and we are sorry Mr. Wattson is not yet convinced of the fact. His notion of Extreme Unction is a good one, so far as it goes, which, however, is less than half way:—

Among the Church's seven sacraments of divine grace the wisdom of the Holy Spirit has reckoned Unction of the Sick, and enjoined its use in the Epistle of St. James. There is reliable testimony to show not only that the Apostles of Our Lord healed the sick by means of unction, but that the saints, who lived long centuries after them, did the same. In fact, there has been no century of the Christian era when the Holy Ghost has not been pleased to use this sacrament for the healing of the sick.

Every Catholic child knows that the sacrament of Extreme Unction is for the healing of the wounds of the soul rather than for the curing of bodily infirmities; though it often does happen that restoration to corporal health results from its administration. Extreme Unction is the remedy

against discouragement, doubt, and despair. The last moment is the most anxious and thrilling moment of life. The soul experiences then special perils and requires special graces. This sacrament imparts all the helps we shall require at death. It is the crowning grace of a happy end.

The trouble with modern Christians is that they are over-solicitous about the health of their bodies and not solicitous enough about the salvation of their souls. There would be less sickness in the world if there were more virtue. Stomachs are overworked and souls are underfed in our day and generation.

The discussion regarding the existence of a coalition against the United States in the late war and the part said to have been played by England in checkmating the meddlesome powers has brought out no new information on either side, but it has dragged a bit of smothered history out into the fresh air. Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz, declares that in the early years of our civil war Napoleon III. wrote a letter to Alexander II., of Russia, stating that Great Britain and France were prepared to recognize the Confederacy, and requesting the co-operation of Russia in that act. Alexander not only refused to associate himself with those governments, but announced that if England and France recognized the Confederacy, "he reserved to himself perfect freedom to act as he saw fit in the circumstances." A Russian fleet was sent into American waters in 1863; and this fact, together with Alexander's veiled threat, prevented the recognition of the seceding States. This information, says Mr. Curtin, was received from his namesake, the great War Governor of Pennsylvania, who saw the original of Napoleon's letter in the Russian archives while he was Minister to St. Petersburg.

We have no desire to deprive England of any credit which belongs to her, but it is hardly credible that England and Russia should have reversed positions during the last thirty-five years. And, as Mr. Curtin says, "we are free to forgive our enemies, but we are not free to forget our friends."

Notable New Books.

A CITY OF CONFUSION: THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS. By the Rev. Henry G. Ganss. AVE MARIA Office.

The reception of Dr. Briggs into the Episcopal body brought with it much undesirable notoriety for that sect. Dr. Briggs is a man of noble life, and is justly famed as a Bible student; but he had already been expelled from the Presbyterian ministry for maintaining doctrines too heretical even for heretics. His admission, therefore, into a sect which is loudly claimed to be part of "the exclusive Catholic Church" was naturally a cause of mirth to them that sit in the seat of the scorners.

The Rev. Father Ganss, however, more properly regarded the case of Dr. Briggs as a serious matter; and in a most readable series of articles published in this magazine pointed out that in receiving a heretic, albeit a heretic of distinguished mind and unimpeachable morals, the sect founded by Henry VIII. was merely following out its ancient traditions. The main points in the thesis proposed by Father Ganss are: (1) the essential Protestantism of the Episcopal body; (2) the contempt of the Elizabethan "bishops" for apostolic succession to Orders; and (3) the servility of the sect. Father Ganss is everywhere the gentleman and the scholar, without a trace of controversial bitterness. His testimony is all from Protestant pens, and his whole treatment powerfully persuasive.

These articles created a mild sensation on their first appearance, and were widely read by the Protestant clergy. It is to be hoped that they will be still more welcome in the more permanent form in which they now appear. "A City of Confusion" is as timely as it is excellent.

SAINT CLOTILDA. By Godefroi Kurth. Duckworth & Co. Benziger Bros.

This charming biography of Queen Clotilda, by a professor at the University of Liege, is a welcome addition to the series of lives of the saints edited in French by M. Henri Joli, and in English by the Rev. Father Tyrrell, S. J. It will be found very

different from all preceding biographies of Saint Clotilda, the greater number of which are altogether unworthy of their subject. Appearing as she did on the rugged trunk of sixth-century barbarism, "as a rose scented with all the sweet odors of sanctity," it was natural that false fictions of barbarian genius should attach to her memory. All these have been discarded by Prof. Kurth, who presents a biography of Saint Clotilda that is as authentic as it is fascinating. The translation, by V. M. Crawford, is all that could be desired.

The editor of "The Saints" made a good choice in the illustrious daughter of the Burgundian Kings for the third volume of their series. As Prof. Kurth remarks in his preface, "the part played by women in the conversion of nations to the Gospel suggests one of the most beautiful aspects of the history of Christianity." Saint Clotilda shares with the great Bishop of Reims the glory of the conversion of the Franks; and her life affords a striking illustration of the ever-fertile apostolate of Christian women, whether exercised on thrones or restricted to the narrow limits of the domestic hearth.

CLERICAL STUDIES. By the Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D. Marlier, Callanan & Co.

It is one of the difficulties of the conscientious critic that it becomes daily harder and harder to direct attention to the best books. So many mediocre works are overpraised, superlatives are so recklessly scattered through newspaper "reviews," that when one meets with a book like "Clerical Studies" there seems no language left to express superlative excellence. Fortunately, however, the name of the Abbé Hogan is so well known as to render any extended mention of his books unnecessary.

His latest work is in many respects the most valuable service he has rendered to Catholic letters. The reader is constantly reminded of Cardinal Newman's great work on a kindred subject, the "Idea of a University." Indeed, Abbé Hogan's idea of a seminary is very like the Cardinal's *Universitas Studiorum*; and the priestly ideal which he inculcates is one which would have delighted the heart of St. Paul. He

would have the clergy specialists, indeed, in those particular branches of knowledge which are called ecclesiastical; but he would not have them lag behind in that secular knowledge which reinforces theology, and the influence of which is felt in the pulpit, in the confessional, and even in the daily life of the priest himself. The natural sciences, philosophy, apologetics, the various divisions of theology, canon law, liturgy, homiletics, Church-history, the Bible, and the Fathers,—these are discussed in their bearings on the life and work of the clergy; discussed in a way to captivate the reader, and fill him with a holy ambition to become as efficient as possible in the work of the sacred ministry.

With characteristic modesty, the venerable author declares that this book was written only for seminarists and young priests; yet we doubt whether there is one among the ten thousand priests of our country who, if this work came to his notice, would not read it with pleasure and remember it with gratitude. Certainly there is no book in English more helpful to the clergy, young or old. We are conscious that this is high praise, but it is highly deserved.

JEROME SAVONAROLA. A SKETCH. By the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. Marlier, Callanan & Co.

"Sketch" is rather a modest title for this handsome volume of more than two hundred pages, and can be considered appropriate only when one has in mind the bulky books in many languages that treat of the great Dominican of four centuries ago. For those readers who have not access to such books, and not for scholars, Father O'Neil states, in his prefatory note, he has written this work, which finds its *raison d'être* in its appearance during the fourth centenary of Savonarola's death. That it is a well-written volume need not be said. But it has other merits than the graces of literary art to recommend it.

The first half of the book consists of a succinct and graphic biography of the illustrious monk of Florence; and, while of interest even to those who are more or less familiar with Savonarola's career, contains nothing especially novel or noteworthy.

The second half will interest the ordinary reader far more deeply. In this second part the author has "endeavored to give a picture of the man, illustrated by his own writings"; and he has succeeded admirably in presenting a lifelike portrait. Discussing the estimates, Catholic and non-Catholic, that have hitherto been made of his hero, Father O'Neil does not scruple to join issue with such historians as Rohrbacher, Darras, and Alzog; and shows conclusively that much of the obloquy that has for ages attached to the name and fame of the Prior of St. Mark's is totally undeserved. As the general public probably know but little of Savonarola save what they have gleaned from George Eliot's "*Romola*," it may be of interest to add Father O'Neil's statement that "*Romola*" affords "a vivid picture of Florence in the last decade of the fifteenth century, and a fairly accurate portrait of the great preacher."

MEDITATION LEAFLETS. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Burns & Oates. Benziger Bros.

These leaflets are intended to suggest thoughts for meditation, in or out of retreat, on the lines of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. There are thirty-five subjects for meditation, all of them being wisely chosen, practical, and stimulating. The considerations, twenty-one in number, are equally excellent. In the last of these, on "The Economy of Daily Merit," the writer suggests the advisability of making a short act of perfect contrition every night; and adds: "Such an act of contrition, made by a person who frequently receives the holy sacraments, restores him to the state of sanctifying grace, in case he should have had the misfortune to commit a mortal sin; and it obtains for him, from God's mercy, the forgiveness also of venial sins, even independently of the sacraments."

LEGAL FORMULARY. By the Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L. Pustet & Co.

The sub-title of this volume sufficiently describes its character: "A collection of forms to be used in the exercise of voluntary and contentious jurisdiction; to which is added an epitome of the laws, decisions, and instructions pertaining thereto." The

purpose of the author has been to supply the clergy with the usual formularies of procedure in ecclesiastical courts. The work is divided into three parts, the first of which treats of the forms of diocesan appointments; the second, of parishes, precedence, "sacred things," faculties, Index rules, edicts, and property; and the third deals with trials and punishments.

While it can not be hoped that this volume will ever attain the popularity of the "Roman Court," it will certainly be more highly prized by the narrower circle to which it appeals. It is written in the clear and forceful style which Father Baart's other works have taught us to expect from his facile pen.

THE SCIENCE OF SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Father Clare, S. J. Art & Book Co. Benziger Bros.

Persons living in the world, priests, and religious, will welcome a new and enlarged edition of this excellent book, the object of which is to explain the Spiritual Exercises; a work so short and concise that it is not surprising most persons find it a sealed volume. Father Clare has taken care to explain more fully certain passages of his instructions, which, as originally written, were open to misapprehension on the part of the uninitiated; besides developing the contemplations on the life of our Blessed Lord, and adding several contemplations on the Sacred Passion, and a number of new meditations and considerations on subjects of practical importance bearing on the Christian life. There is also a useful appendix for the benefit of those who desire to make a retreat of eight or four days and who can not avail themselves of the help of an experienced director.

OUTLINES OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. By the Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S. Benziger Brothers.

It was a fortunate thought to "stage" the simple "drama" of the New Testament with the scenery which modern archæology offers. Most Christians, doubtless, fancy that the record of the life and death of our Saviour and the early labors of His Apostles is a very familiar story; but it is safe to say that as told in this very relishable

volume the story would have all the charm of novelty to them. It is remarkable how lifelike the whole picture of Christ's work is made by the vivid historical setting—the descriptions of Jewish scenes and customs. The results of the most recent scholarship and topographical explorations are skilfully woven in with the thread of Bible narrative; and the reader actually acquires a good deal of information, while feeling that the sacred text has only been amplified by suitable notes.

The book is intended chiefly for seminarians and catechists; but the clergy, to whom the sources are often inaccessible, will welcome it as an aid to pious meditation. A careful reading of this volume will furnish "local color" for innumerable sermons, vivifying and refreshing the Bible story, and enabling the faithful to look more deeply and sympathetically into the wonderful life of Christ. It is a book for every clerical library, and it would also serve admirably as a book of spiritual reading for religious communities.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Alexander J. Semmes, the Rev. J. W. Book, and the Rev. James Rigney, all of whom lately departed this life.

Sister M. Digna, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who passed to her reward on the 3d inst.

Mr. M. T. Carroll, whose life closed peacefully on the 17th ult., in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Maria Pundt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died a holy death on the 5th ult.

Miss Mary V. Betteridge, who calmly breathed her last on the 1st inst., at Shenandoah, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lannon, of Boston, Mass., who yielded her soul to God on the 24th ult.

Mrs. Catherine M. Sheehan, who passed away on the 22d ult., at Vicksburg, Miss.

Mr. William Allgaier, of Reading, Pa.; Miss Alice Gaffney, Springfield, Ill.; Miss Mary E. Breen, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. P. Duffy, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Elizabeth Yochum, Mr. Patrick Lyons, Mrs. Anna McLaughlin, Mr. Joseph Falkenbach, and Miss M. Meagher, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. B. J. Bradley, Osgood, Iowa; and Mr. John Mullin, Baltimore, Md.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Peter the Banker.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

WHEN St. John the Almoner, much against his will, was made Patriarch of Alexandria, one of his first cares was to draw up a list of all the city's poor, whom he styled his "lords," and for whom he seemed to have a special affection. He found seven thousand five hundred of them.

Habitually to aid so large a number required, of course, considerable revenue; and St. John frequently appealed in his sermons to the charity of the faithful. In order to persuade the people to give cheerfully, he used to relate to them many interesting anecdotes; and on one occasion he told them the following legend of Peter the Banker:

One morning a crowd of beggars were warming themselves in the sun. Their conversation naturally turned on the persons who liked to give alms and those who didn't like to do so. Among the latter class all recognized the prominence of a very rich banker named Peter. He was one of the most miserly men that ever lived, and was especially hard upon mendicants. He seemed to have no heart, no feeling, for the poor or the suffering. To ask him for an alms was to invite a blow.

Several of the beggars had related their experience with Peter, when one of their number exclaimed:

"Look here! I bet you I'll touch this

miser's heart,—I'll make him give me something."

"Yes: give you a kick or a crack over the head with his cudgel," said another.

"No, but give me an alms. What will you bet?"

"Half of my receipts to-day," was the prompt reply.

"Agreed!" cried he who proposed the wager; and off he started to try his luck with the banker. Just as he reached the latter's house it happened that Peter was entering. The poor man thrust out his hand and asked for an alms for the love of God. The furious miser looked around for a stone to throw at the mendicant; and, not finding one, he grabbed a loaf of barley bread from a basket which one of his servants had left at the door, and flung it at the beggar's face. The latter dodged, picked up the loaf, and, hastening to his companions, cried out:

"Here is what he gave me! You see I have won the bet."

A few days later the banker fell dangerously ill, and during his sickness he had a dream. It seemed to him that he was dead, and was standing before the tribunal of God. The Judge took a pair of scales and began to weigh his works. A number of imps piled up all his bad actions on one side, while other beings robed in white looked about for his good deeds to put in the other scale.

Suddenly one of the angels exclaimed:

"Here is a barley loaf that he flung at the head of a poor beggar!" And he put the loaf on the scale. It apparently weighed a good deal, but not enough to

serve as a counter-balance for all the evil deeds that were on the other scale; so the Judge said:

"Bring something else, or the black imps must take him. His intention was not a good one."

Just then Peter woke up, pretty well frightened. He took the dream as a warning from Heaven; and concluded that if the loaf given in spite of himself was so precious in the sight of God, real alms must be of inestimable value. So he resolved that henceforth he would be generous to all beggars. When he got well, he hastened to carry out his resolve, and proved just as charitable as he used to be miserly.

One day, as he was going to his office, he met a poor man who was nearly naked. Peter at once took off his own cloak and gave it to the mendicant. When he was returning home a little later, he saw the cloak hanging up before a shop door. He was deeply afflicted at the sight, for he said to himself:

"I am not worthy that one of the poor should keep a souvenir of me."

That night, however, he had another dream. A figure more resplendent than the sun at noonday appeared before him, and on his shoulders Peter saw the cloak that he had given away.

"Peter," said the apparition, "why do you feel sad? See, here is the cloak you gave me. I am your Lord."

On awaking this time the banker gave his whole fortune to the poor. He did more. Going to his lawyer, he said:

"I want you to sell me as a slave, and let the proceeds of the sale be distributed in charity."

The lawyer carried out the plan; and Peter, having become a slave, was at once employed in the most menial duties. He was despised and often beaten; but Our Lord appeared to him from time to time, wearing the cloak that he had given away; and Peter was quite content.

One day his master gave a sumptuous banquet; and Peter, who was acting as waiter, heard one of the guests remark to his neighbor: "How much that slave looks like Peter the Banker!"—"So he does," was the reply. Then, after a second glance: "Why, it *is* Peter himself! I'm going to rise and accost him."

Peter, however, waited no longer, but turned and fled from the room. The porter stationed at the house-door was a deaf-mute; but when Peter said to him, "Let me out," he regained both his hearing and speech, and obeyed at once.

The astonishment of the host and his guests when the porter appeared and told them what had occurred was naturally very great, and an immediate search was instituted for the author of the miracle. The search was ineffectual, however; for the banker-slave could not be found.

It is quite safe to conclude that when Peter really did appear before his Judge, the angels' side of the scales easily weighed down that of the imps.

A Prize-Winner.

Everyone has heard of the Monthyon prize for virtue, but there was one distribution which has received comparatively little mention. This took place in the year 1823, shortly after the death of the good nobleman who had so thoroughly at heart the welfare of his fellow-beings.

Baron Monthyon was a wealthy lawyer of France, who established at different periods of his life as many as eight prizes to be awarded to worthy recipients; but it was that one which encouraged noble acts done by obscure persons with which we are most concerned. It may seem a little strange to us to think of paying money for praiseworthy deeds; but surely we do not begrudge anything to those who were by this reward relieved from want for the remainder of their lives.

There were five prizes bestowed in 1823: four to women, one to a man. It was the man who received the chief bequest.

During that hideous Reign of Terror called the French Revolution, a country gentleman named M. Chavilliac had suffered death by the guillotine. A long while afterward his widow, old then and infirm, returned to Paris to see if she could recover some of the property which had formerly belonged to her husband. In this task, perhaps because the proper witnesses were dead, or for other equally good reasons, she was unsuccessful, and soon became reduced to the direst want. She was without friends, and would have suffered from positive hunger if, in her distress, she had not met with an old man who had been a servant to the Marquis de Steinfort, in Arras, where the Chavilliacs had lived. He had known them as people of high birth and breeding, far removed from himself. But he was not afflicted with the anarchistic spirit of to-day; and for the very reason that the poor lady had once occupied a high position she was to him more worthy of his devotion, and he resolved to aid her by every means in his power.

Illness had made her helpless and grief had made her blind; and she was a heavy charge for an aged man who gained a precarious and uncertain livelihood by dealing in cast-off clothing. He took her to his house and installed her in the only bed he possessed. Meanwhile, when he was not keeping watch so that he might wait upon her, he took such little naps as he could while sitting in a chair. It is sad to be obliged to tell that she became peevish and ill-natured; but this only serves to make his conduct more praiseworthy. "Poor lady!" he would say. "It is indeed a painful plight for one so delicately reared. No wonder she finds me rude and rough."

Never once did he fail to remember the difference in their stations, and to

treat her with the deference due her former high position. She lived eleven years upon his bounty, and during all that while he begged scraps of food for himself so that he might use his small income to buy wholesome food for her. After her death he requested the *curé* to say Masses for the repose of her soul, and carved with his own hands the wooden cross which was to mark her resting-place.

The French Academy investigated the case, and awarded the prize of fifteen hundred francs and a gold medal to the old clothes-man. Besides that, he received the highest commendation in the presence of the distinguished Academicians.

The Story of a Statue.

There is to be found in Venice, if one knows where to look for it, a mosaic statuette of the Blessed Virgin, before which, day and night, two lamps are kept burning. Long, long ago, when the Queen of the Adriatic was a republic, a young baker was arrested for the crime of murder. The circumstantial evidence against him was overwhelming, and he was pronounced guilty and hanged. Not long after his death the real criminal was discovered, and a revulsion of feeling set in. But it was too late; the senate could only order that every time the court passed sentence of death, a herald should enter and cry, "Remember the baker!" Then a new trial was begun, with a new sifting of the evidence; and many a poor fellow was thus spared a fate he did not deserve.

The little statue was placed in commemoration of the sorrow of those who made so grave and sad a mistake; and, although the republic is but a memory, and the accused and accusers have been dust for centuries, it is still sounding its warning against hasty judgments.

With Authors and Publishers.

—“Why in Latin?” is the title of a sensible pamphlet, by the Rev. George Bampffield, explaining why the Church retains the Latin language in her worship. There are many reasons for this, it will be seen; they are strong and well stated in this *brochure*. (Catholic Truth Society.)

—Number three of the series of Masses transcribed by the Rev. Alphonsus Maria Coenen, from Beethoven's *Orchestral Series*, has reached us; and, like those already noticed, it is adapted for one, two, three or four voices. We heartily recommend these Masses, but we feel sure that their usefulness would be increased were the printing a little more distinct.

—Catholic novelists who complain of the limitations imposed upon them by their faith, ought to observe how popular Catholic themes are with the most successful writers of fiction. Mr. Crawford's books would offer examples enough, not to mention such other works as “The School for Saints” and “Helbeck of Bannisdale.” Finally, Miss Marie Corelli threatens to write a novel dealing with Catholic life in Rome.

—One of our most readable exchanges was sorely perplexed recently to account for the numerous “disappearances,” elopements, and other unfilial accomplishments in which the modern young woman is proficient. It was naturally surprising to find that the short story published in the same issue of our esteemed contemporary was entitled “An Elopement,” and that the action turned on a decidedly lively runaway, with an angry parent and a rifle-shot for accessories.

—In a “pigeonhole paragraph” contributed to the *Irish Monthly*, Father Bridgett, C. SS. R., records that Cardinal Newman wrote his first novel, “Loss and Gain,” solely to assist Mr. James Burns, an Anglican publisher, of London, whose business was all but ruined by his entrance into the Church. Prejudice against priest-novelists was at that time most rife, and in performing this act of charity Newman risked his reputation and actually suffered much severe criti-

cism. “What a falling off!” people said. “Is this the writer of the ‘Parochial Sermons?’” Manning was “pained by it.” Yet such was Newman's humility that he never mentioned his motive in writing the book; and were it not for Father Coffin, who lived with him in Rome while he was busy upon “Loss and Gain,” the true story would not have become known even at this late day.

—The second book of “The Mason School Music Course,” published by Ginn & Co., fully meets the expectations awakened by the first number of the series. The tonal and rhythmic elements are reviewed in this volume, making it thereby partially independent. The collection of songs is inviting; and, as a special feature, we notice a large number of sacred songs and hymns.

—We have received from Mr. R. Washbourne a very neat and desirable edition of “The Roman Missal,” containing the Ordinary of the Mass, with the introits, collects, epistles, graduals and gospels for all Sundays and feasts of the year; also special appendices and a collection of prayers. The object of this excellent manual has been to popularize the liturgy of the Mass by presenting as large a portion of the Missal as was possible in handy form.

—Benzigers' *Catholic Home Annual* for 1899 is among the earliest year-books; and, as usual, it supplements the regular almanac and Church calendar with articles instructive and entertaining. Several old favorites among our Catholic writers have contributed to this number. The numerous illustrations will be an attraction for many; but a little more care in their disposition would have prevented the incongruity which strikes one on meeting a representation of St. Cecilia's martyrdom in the middle of a romance.

—The commonly quoted sentiment “God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb” is not biblical, as many suppose. It is usually credited to Sterne; but that, too, is a mistake. In a volume of proverbs entitled “*Prémices*,” published by Henri Estienne a century and a quarter before Sterne was born, it first appears

in print. Its form is *Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tondue*. It is surprising that no green-goggled critic with a nose for plagiarism has ever stumbled on the original of that famous proverb.

—"A manual of the Christian life intended for Christians of all denominations, but especially for Catholics," is the description of "The Book of the Elect" given by the author himself, the Rev. B. C. Thibault, of the diocese of Syracuse. The book is divided into two parts: (1) "The Christian as He Ought to Be"; (2) "Practical Duties of the True Christian Life." It will surprise Catholic readers to be told that "we are all protestants by birth"; and our separated brethren will be equally astonished to read, "Lucifer was the first protestant." But Father Thibault's motto is, *Non nova sed nové*.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.

Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* \$1.

A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 10 cts.

Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth.* \$1.

Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus.* 60 cts., *net*.

Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.

The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. James Clare, S. J.* \$2.20, *net*.

Memories. *C. M. Home.* 70 cts., *net*.

The Voice of the Good Shepherd. *Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.* 5 cts.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, *net*.

Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, *net*.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., *net*.

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S. S. R.* \$1.60, *net*.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net*.

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Stang.* \$1, *net*.

Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.

Life and Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Two Vols. *Kate Mason Rowland.* \$6.

Biographical Cyclopædia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. *Francis X. Reuss.* \$1.50.

Sermons for the Children of Mary. *Rev. Ferdinand Callerio.* \$1.50, *net*.

Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life: From 1803 to 1844. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Fabiola's Sisters. *A. C. Clarke.* \$1.25.

Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich. *Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.* \$1.50, *net*.

The Prodigal's Daughter, and Other Tales. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* \$1.

The Treasure of Nugget Mountain. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

What the Fight was About, and Other Stories. *L. W. Reilly.* 50 cts.

From the Land of St. Laurence. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 50 cts.

Winnetou, the Apache Knight. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Saint Anthony the Saint of the Whole World. *Rev. Thomas F. Ward.* 75 cts.

Thoughts of a Recluse. *Austin O'Malley.* 50 cts.

Beyond the Grave. *Rev. E. Hamon, S. J.* \$1.

Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic (Barberi), C. P. *Rev. Pius Dezine, C. P.* \$1.35, *net*.

Light and Peace. *Quadrupani.* 50 cts., *net*.

For a King. *T. S. Sharowood.* 95 cts., *net*.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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With Smiling Eyes.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

SHE looks abroad with smiling eyes:
No cloud so dark but she can find
A glint of gold its gloom behind,—
She looks abroad with smiling eyes.
God's gifts to her are a delight:
So green the trees, so blue the skies,
Each budding flower a sweet surprise,—
God's gifts to her are a delight.
She looks abroad with smiling eyes:
Her heart can welcome even tears,
For through their mist the sun appears,—
She looks abroad with smiling eyes.
Oh, who can meet those smiling eyes
Unmindful that they are of God!
I feel myself a sinful clod,
Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.

The Last Abbot of Westminster.

BY THE VERY REV. F. FELIX, O.S.B.

IT is related that the illustrious John Fecknam, the last Abbot of Westminster, was engaged in planting elm-trees when he was handed the message which, by an act of Parliament, dissolved his monastery and exiled the monks. The bearer remarked, with a significant smile, that he had planted those trees in vain; for neither

he nor his monks would enjoy them. "Not in vain," answered the saintly Abbot. "Those who come after me may, perhaps, be scholars and lovers of retirement; and whilst walking under the shade of these trees they may sometimes think of the olden religion of England and the last Abbot of this place." And he went on with his planting.

Not only the elm-trees which once surrounded London's famous Abbey, but every stone in the massive structure, every inscription, monument, and chapel, serves as a reminder of the glorious history of the Church in England and her noble men. And not by the trees but by the immortal grandeur of Westminster is preserved the name and memory of the last of the long line of abbots—he who was a confessor of the faith during the reign of Elizabeth, a perfect example of a dispossessed monk—the invincible John Fecknam.

John Baptist Fecknam was born in the district of Fecknam, Worcestershire, in 1515,—a few years before the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne of England. Although his family name was Howman, it is by the name of his birthplace that he is known to history. His parents were of the yeoman class and in comfortable circumstances. He received the elements of his education from the parish priest; but as Evesham Abbey was the nearest to his home, we may suppose that in

due time he pursued his studies at this claustral school, subsequently becoming a monk. At eighteen, it is definitely stated, he was sent to Gloucester Hall, Oxford; hence, as the monks were not allowed to be professed until twenty, it is possible he went to take the degree in arts as a Benedictine student. Three years later he received the habit; and shortly after, on June, 11, 1539, he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. He then began to instruct the junior monks at Evesham, and was thus engaged when the suppression of that Abbey took place.

Clement Lichfield, a man of sterling virtues and exalted character, was John Fecknam's first abbot. When the official appointed to bring about the surrender of Evesham arrived, and interviewed the administrator of its affairs, he realized that a man of his calibre would never relinquish the venerable cloister; so the only policy to be adopted was to secure his resignation. Letters from Cromwell intrusted to the agent were the means which effected this end; and the Abbot, bowing before the inevitable, left the monastery. He was succeeded by Philip Harford, who surrendered the Abbey to the King on January 27, 1540.

When the religious disbanded, John Fecknam returned to Gloucester Hall, to resume his course of studies. Only a brief interval had elapsed, however, when the Bishop of Worcester, John Bell, invited him to become his chaplain, which office he retained until the resignation of the Bishop in 1543. Later, Fecknam joined Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London; and during this period received the living of Solihull. The oratorical powers which made him famous were now developing. No threat, no punishment, could restrain his keen intellect or check his public utterance; and no doubt it was an offence of this nature which committed him to imprisonment in the Tower in the year 1549.

During the term of his confinement, to use Fecknam's own words, he was frequently "borrowed out of prison" to confer with learned men upon matters of religion or upon vexed questions of controversy; and on as many as seven occasions he distinguished himself as an eloquent disputant. Stevens' "Addition to the Monasticon" records the conferences Fecknam held at Westminster in the house of the Earl of Bedford, Sir William Cecil, afterward the famous secretary of state; and again at White Friars, in the residence of the Greek scholar, Sir John Cheke, the young King's tutor.

Imprisonment had not robbed Abbot Fecknam of the living of Solihull; therefore he was still a beneficed clergyman when taken to the diocese of Worcester to be confronted by Hooper in four disputations; in the last of which he had also for opponent John Jewel, afterward Bishop of Salisbury. Failing to convince the minds of the controversialists, he was sent back to the Tower. There he stayed till September 5, 1553, when, with the rest of the prisoners, he was released for conscience' sake by the new Queen. The 24th of the same month he was again in the pulpit; later he returned to Bonner as chaplain, and was made a prebendary of St. Paul's in 1554. Soon after he was nominated rector of Finchley, then transferred to the better living of Greenford Magna, resigning that of Solihull. Queen Mary meanwhile chose him for her confessor and also named him one of her chaplains, which offices he held for some time in conjunction with the deanship of St. Paul's.

Preferment so exalted afforded ample opportunity for further exercise of his oratorical powers, which he employed in disputations against the influence of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. Fecknam abhorred force in propagating Catholicity. He believed that gentle and eloquent appeals were more successful in securing

the reconciliation of persons estranged from the Church. His influence with the Queen enabled him to obtain clemency where she sought to condemn, and he employed it in behalf of the unfortunate Lady Jane Dudley, not deserting her even when death paid the penalty of her imprudence. To his exertions likewise must be ascribed the liberation, after two months' imprisonment, of the Queen's sister, Princess Elizabeth.

The wish dearest to Mary's heart was the restoration of the Catholic Church. In this Fecknam and other Benedictines rendered the greatest assistance. Bishop Thornton, once a monk of Christ's Church, succeeded in having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass once more celebrated in Canterbury Cathedral, at which revival six Benedictine bishops assisted. This step satisfied the Queen partially; her next attempt was to restore some of the houses to the monks.

Fecknam, together with sixteen brother religious, resumed the habit, although as yet there was no monastery. But, through her Majesty's indomitable energy, the abbey lands vested in the Crown were renounced, in spite of the opposition of her husband and the reluctance of Parliament. A deed signed by Philip and Mary at Croydon, September 7, 1656, approved of the restoration; and Fecknam, the most prominent member of the English branch of the Order, was to be consecrated Abbot of Westminster. An immense concourse assembled; and perhaps the great chasm between centuries is not so vast as to prevent us of the twentieth epoch from appreciating and realizing the feelings of those devout religious once again, after years of deprivation, entering a home truly belonging to God. "The Lord Cardinal, many bishops, the Lord Treasurer, and a great company" were present, we are told; also that "the Lord Chancellor sang Mass and the Abbot made the sermon."

Fecknam immediately vindicated the privileges of the venerable church and set his house in order. After a short time the Queen came in person to visit the monks, and was received in state by the entire community, numbering twenty-eight members. The Abbot's next step was to restore the shrine of St. Edward, which had been despoiled at the time of the suppression of the monastery,—ornamenting it with jewels which the Queen had sent for that purpose.

The records of this period of John Fecknam's life make special mention of the lavish hospitality which characterized his administration. As a mitred abbot, he was obliged to attend Parliament. Westminster was restored, therefore the religious delighted in the anticipation of reopening the other houses. Measures were taken for the refounding of Canterbury, and there was no more zealous worker for this end than Abbot Fecknam. St. Alban's also was to be restored. The zealous Abbot had obtained the necessary permission; but before arrangements could be further perfected Mary died, November 17, 1558; and on the same day Cardinal Pole breathed his last. Thus did the Benedictines lose their two most powerful supporters.

From the beginning, Elizabeth adopted a hostile course toward the Order. Taking offence at some remarks in the sermon delivered by the Bishop of Winchester at Mary's obsequies, she ordered the prelate to be confined to his house. Previous to the opening of Parliament, conforming to the custom, the Queen attended the Mass of the Holy Ghost in Westminster Abbey. On her arrival she was received by the Abbot and a procession of monks, each bearing a lighted torch. When Elizabeth saw the religious carrying these tapers, she exclaimed: "Away with those torches! We see very well!" A second step was the abolition of the Mass.

The new Queen was not averse to

confiscating Westminster, if it could find a place in her wily schemes. At an early date she solicited an interview with the Abbot; and, as an inducement to win him to her way of thinking, offered him the archbishopric of Canterbury. But this appointment was declined.

In the Parliament held close upon Elizabeth's accession, Fecknam strenuously opposed any changes in religion, and rigorously denounced the bills for the supremacy and restoration to the Crown of the first fruits. He also refused to assist at a disputation held under the presidency of Sir Francis Bacon. In spite of the opposition of the bishops, however, the act of Royal Supremacy became a law. Later, Parliament enacted the suppression of the religious houses, and ordered the expulsion of the inmates. Those who were willing to abjure their profession, take the oath against Pontifical authority, and approve the new laws, were awarded with a pension. Agents were appointed to receive these pledges of fealty; and by the end of the year the oath had been formally proposed to all the bishops, who, with a single exception, refused to take it.

While these stormy scenes were being enacted, the Abbot of Westminster pursued the even tenor of his way, knowing full well the evil that must soon befall him in consequence of the course he had taken. In time the oath was again proposed to him, and again he absolutely refused to take it,—the result being deprivation of monastic revenues and property. Thus the end came. On the 12th of July, 1559, the Abbot and monks were turned out, and "Westminster knew the Benedictines no more." We have no knowledge of what became of the religious immediately after their ejection; but it is supposed their dwelling-places were appointed, as were those of the bishops.

Abbot Fecknam persistently refused to countenance the state worship, absenting

himself from the Easter service,—an offence punishable with excommunication and imprisonment. This defiance of the majesty of the law opened the way for a riddance of the "injurious Abbot"; hence he was relegated to the Tower. Life in this dungeon would have been insupportable to any one but a martyr. The cell was damp and unhealthy, and "liberty" was a word never whispered in those gruesome walls. Small concessions were made in favor of the prisoners when, by leave of the council, they were permitted to dine together.

After a time a dreadful plague ravaged the city. The prisoners were removed from the Tower and placed in the custody of the new bishops. Fecknam was first sent to his old home at Westminster, under the care of Goodman, the new dean. Later the Abbot was transferred to Horne, Bishop of Winchester. Horne had boasted that he could prevail over the prisoner's constancy; but Fecknam's pen was ever ready to serve the place of speech, and to aver what he had often preached. He was always willing to listen, and able to prove to his opponents that conscience was the sole power which forced refusal of submission to the royal supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs.

Finding arguments useless and threats unavailing, Horne detained the Abbot prisoner for over six weeks; and finally, after subjecting the holy man to painful indignities and humiliations, procured his return to the Tower. There he remained; but we have no record of his life during this period of imprisonment, nor is the date known when he was removed to Marshalsea. Protestants themselves had complained of the inhumane treatment of the Abbot; and, through the intervention of the council, bail was accepted, obtaining his release on parole. He then retired to Holborn, where he expended his income in works of benevolence. Beggars crowded around him; he relieved the

suffering of the sick and poor, assumed charge of the orphans, and built an aqueduct for the use of the inhabitants.

The rigors of a long imprisonment had undermined the Abbot's constitution and exhausted his vitality. He fell ill; and the council ordered him, as a reward for his good behavior, to repair to the Baths. During his sojourn there he built a hospice for the poor, thus giving them also an opportunity to derive benefit from the health-giving waters. While he was enjoying this freedom, calumnious reports reached the council that he and a few others were inciting ill-disposed subjects to plot against the person of the Queen, and disturbing the public peace by their obstinacy in refusing to attend service. The council was requested to place the troublesome individuals in the custody of the court bishop.

Accordingly in July, 1577, Cox, the Bishop of Ely, was ordered to receive the Abbot. Here, deprived of liberty, companionship, and the consolations of religion; harassed daily by the introduction of vexatious topics, his life became unbearable. In 1580 Cox himself petitioned for the removal of John Fecknam, ostensibly because of illness, but in truth because the Anglican bishops were much humiliated by this indomitable spirit. However, the brave Abbot intrenched himself behind the barriers of conscience, and thus was impregnable to the attacks of his enemies.

The council granting Cox's request, the aged man was removed to Wisbeach Castle, a ruined house, the property of the Bishop of Ely. This place was dreary beyond description. Nature appeared to have exhausted her munificence before reaching the spot; the very earth seemed to mourn, and its desolation chilled the heart. Wisbeach was a prison common to all thieves and criminals; and Fecknam suffered the rigorous treatment meted out to notorious offenders against the law.

But, with saint-like charity, he forgave his enemies, and rendered good for evil on all occasions.

Twenty-three years of confinement had shattered the health of the venerable Abbot, and the end was now at hand. He died a martyr to the faith on October 16, 1584, and was buried in an unknown grave at Wisbeach. To the period of his imprisonment are ascribed his beautiful commentary on the Psalms of David and other manuscripts.

Such, then; is the closing scene in the life of the last Abbot of Westminster,—a man humble in affluence, patient under restraint, poor in the midst of wealth, a strong defender of the faith, and a true son of St. Benedict. Westminster still is mighty and grand. The countenances of kings and holy men carved in stone remain within the venerable pile; but the last Abbot sleeps in a nameless tomb beside the dark waters, o'er whose wave the consoling peal of a monastery bell never sounds.

Westminster, thou art still a glorious instrument, even though mute and discordant! Ignorant and unskilful hands have played upon thee till thou art broken in a thousand parts! But, though disfigured and disarranged, let the master arise who can revive the Catholic chord, and thou wilt again vibrate with the sweet harmonies of faith which broke thy silence in the days of the Benedictines.

WITH many the going to Mass or even to the sacraments generally seems to be considered as entitling them to "marks," as it were, in the Great Book; yet these are intended but as aids for real work. Fancy some great philanthropist, who furnished his workmen with gratuitous food and clothes and money, and to whom one who had not worked at all came to claim reward for using his clothes, food, and money!—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

IX.—LOOKING BACK.

LATE that evening the approaches to Temple Michael were lighted up with flaring torches, which cast their reflection into the smooth black flood of the river. Every window and loophole of the castle was brilliantly illuminated; for the festivities of the day were to finish for the friends of the Geraldines with supper in the great hall. Afterward music, bardic story-telling, and a stately dance were to carry on the amusement till dawn appeared, to serve those of the guests who had come from a distance and needed the daylight for their homeward journey.

Katherine's throne-like chair was placed on a raised dais at the end of the hall; and by it was another, carved with religious emblems, on which was seated the Lady Abbess of the Nunnery of St. Anne at Youghal, in the full robes of her order. For not only as guardian of Katherine, but as a consecrated servant of God, did the Lady Ellinor of Desmond give the sanction of her presence to her niece's hospitalities. On one side of the ladies' thrones were seated in order the Irish harpers in their long gowns and mantles, with their harps in hand; and opposite to them, the troubadours from France.

Katherine, in a clinging robe of white silk wrought with silver, with wing-like sleeves falling from her shoulders to the hem of the dress, and with a silver fillet binding her golden hair, looked like an angel newly strayed from heaven; the more so for the radiance of joy which transfigured her face on seeing Philip take his seat among her guests. She had scarcely expected that he would be there, being mindful that some trouble yet

encompassed him,—some difficulty had control of his movements. Yet here he was, no longer with drooped head and melancholy countenance, but erect, and splendidly handsome, his face transfigured by a triumph and delight which gave him the bearing of a conqueror.

One electric glance passed between them, and the air was full of "the light that never was on sea or land." The girl's heart was thrilling with mysterious music long before the noble troubadours touched the strings of their guitars and gave forth some of the love-ditties then in vogue in France.

Two minstrels sang a quaint duet. One sang a few stanzas first to a melancholy strain, and the other replied joyously to music which had an echo in it of the first song, but was tuned to a gayer measure. In the Provençal tongue the words had a charm of their own, but they were so slight and airy as hardly to bear reproduction in a foreign language. They ran somewhat like the following:

Love that cometh not,
Love that hath forgot,
Love that loved and fled,—
All was quick is dead!

Unloved is the love
Of an old sweet day;
Two have turned to move,
Each a separate way.

Silence like the snow
Blotteth, as we go,
Trace of how we met;
Would *both* could forget!

This was the strain of the melancholy minstrel. The gay one answered him:

Love that comes and stays,
Love that loves always,
Builds a nest and sings
Through as many springs;
Love that comes for all the days,
Love that means to love always,
Crowns its head with flowers,—
Such sweet love is ours!

There's a winter rose
Red as summer shows;
Love that comes to stay
Wears it every day.
Love that laughs amid the snows,

Love that comes and never goes;
 Love that comes to stay,—
 Such our love that loves away!

During the first song Katherine's face became overclouded; she dropped her eyelids, and her fingers played with her silver girdle. When the second minstrel broke into his happy ditty, her head was raised again, and involuntarily her glance fell on Philip, whose eyes flashed back upon her. Strancally, who was standing by her side, caught these extraordinary signals, and turned deathly pale with astonishment and misgiving.

But the troubadours went on, pouring forth one song after another:

Nightingale in a lonesome wood
 Singeth clear in the solitude,—
 Singeth loud and singeth long;
 Ever the burthen of his song
 Is: "Rose, my rose! O live for me!
 Love, love, love, or I die for thee!"

Rose in a garden far away
 Hears what the distant echoes say;
 All day long have the thrushes wooed,
 Yet only that voice from the solitude
 Wins reply from her fragrant heart:

"I love thee, I love thee, whate'er thou art!"

After the troubadours had sung over and over again their slight songs all on one love-note, with string-music honey-sweet, the Irish bards took their place and chanted a number of pieces, half-song, half-rhapsody; the performance being a kind of musical recitation, in which the harps made melodious intervals. One of these was the lament of the Princess Fithir, daughter of the King of Tara, and unhappy wife of the dark Prince Tuahal, of Connaught:

I walked with my pain
 Of heavy loss and lonely gain
 Under the reign
 Of the summer midnight glorious;
 And my bosom could not bear
 The pang of the sword-thrust there,
 Moaned out in despair
 With the moan of the great sea-flood.
 I saw in the southern skies
 The Sign of the Cross arise,
 And bright on my 'wildered sight,
 Sudden shine out victorious.
 I heard all the flowers of the earth

Rejoicing in their birth,
 Though they flourished,
 And were nourished,
 With the human heart's warm blood.

O the sweet and startled moon
 Slid down the sky full soon!
 The strong stars quailed and failed
 In their high eternal places;
 And the heart of the bold sea-wave
 Its long death-sigh outgave,
 As, broken, it found a grave,
 And went headlong into the sand.
 Far-distant beacons flamed,
 And the planets shamed,
 Flashed red and waned
 And hid, like affrighted faces;
 And the dumb trees stood
 On the verge of the wood,
 Drear with fear,
 Like ghoulds or damnèd souls,—
 Stood upstraight in their hate
 On the verge of the darkened land.

My feet passed on through the night,
 And the bright
 Stirring and whirring of life with eyes of splendor;
 While darksome things with wings
 Made music as of strings
 In the hearing of the purple air.
 And a spirit laden with all ills
 Came down out of the misty hills,
 With a legion of other spirits to attend her;
 Weeping, they went in a ghostly trail,
 Like a fleet of sail.
 Swift and frail, I saw them sink and fail
 In a wave of despair on the motionless ocean out
 there.

My lips were dumb,
 But my soul cried: "Come,
 O Death without breath,
 And with sweet closed eyes sleep-walking;
 A star high set
 'Twixt thy quiet brows of jet,
 And a dove above
 The peace in thine ice-cold breast!
 I will give thee my hand in thy hand;
 I will rise and depart;
 I will go to thy land;
 To thy heart I will give my heart,
 With its tortured burning and aching;
 My feet to thy feet will I bind,
 That thou, most kind,
 Wilt lead them and speed them,
 Leaving no trace in this earthly place,—
 Speed them away, I pray,
 Ere another day
 To the unknown land of their rest!"

After much more music and recitation from the bards, legends of fray and battle; of early mythical invasions of Ireland;

of great personages, such as Queen Maer, Cuchullain Kaysar; also stories of the Tuatha de Danaans, of the Firbolgs, of many other races which inhabited Ireland and some of the magical islands round about her; the bards having had their opportunity, a quaint theatrical performance amused the company. And so the entertainment went on till long after the sun had rolled his golden stream into Blackwater's darkling flood.

When Philip returned to Rhincrew in the morning, and saw the spars of the vessels bound for Palestine lying in the harbor of Youghal, he was still tingling in all his veins with the excitements of the day before. He held up his head; he walked like a soldier; the rapture of his new engagement clothed him as with a garment light and warm; he wrapped it about him like a cloak made of the sunshine.

Turning to pass under the dark arch of the entrance to the Preceptory, its shadow fell on him with a chill that made him start, and he drew back after an upward glance at the frowning stone. At the same moment he heard a voice calling him; and, looking round, saw the aged chaplain walking at a little distance on the greensward, with open book in hand. In a few moments he was by his side.

"Why, Philip," said the old priest, with the reproachful yet caressing tone one uses to a wayward child, "what is this wandering spirit that has taken possession of you? A run with the heron-hunters was all very well, but—up all night? I missed you from my Mass. What have you been doing?" he added, a little anxiously; struck suddenly by the young man's extraordinary aspect, and something indescribable in the expression of his face.

"Doing and undoing, both, Father," said Philip, with a strange smile, his eyes still burning with that excitement amounting almost to madness, which

disturbed his friend for his sake. "I have something to tell you, Father, and the opportunity is good."

"Proceed," replied the priest, fixing on him a pair of expectant eyes, which pierced through the drooping fringe of his bushy white eyebrows with a gleam like steel.

"You see those ships in the harbor yonder?" said Philip, stretching out his arm and pointing with his finger.

"I see them, my son," returned the priest. "They sail for Palestine in about forty-eight hours."

"They sail without me," said Philip.

"Without you!" exclaimed the priest. "Do you mean it?"

"I have renounced my career: I shall decline the Crusade—"

"And your vow, Philip?"

"I have forsworn it."

"You are mad," said the chaplain of the Templars. "I saw it in your eye as you came to meet me. Ah! something inconceivable has happened to you and has deprived you of your reason. But it will return."

"Never!" said Philip. "I love and am beloved by Katherine of Desmond."

"It is a temptation, my son; and you will conquer it."

"Listen to me, Father. Confessing to you in yonder chapel, I have asked your aid in a fierce struggle with an overwhelming temptation. Now I no longer look on the joy and the glory that has come into my life as a temptation. I will tell you the whole story if you allow me."

The chaplain bowed his head in assent, but with no encouraging light shining under his shaggy brows.

"I had, in a fit of youthful enthusiasm, taken a vow to join the Templars, to devote my life to the Crusades, before I met Katherine at the court of France, in the company of my relative, the Queen Blanche of Castile. I had never thought

of what it is to be loved by a woman till I saw Katherine. Enchanted with love for her, I gave myself up to the rapture of her society, and forgot to ask myself whither I was drifting, or whether or not I had the right to link my life with hers. Circumstances threw us much together. Modest, childlike, proud as she was, I soon discovered that she loved me. One evening, in a rash moment, I spoke words which could never be forgotten by either of us. That same night I found myself conscience-stricken, and face to face with my vow which must force us asunder for all time. Fearing my own weakness, not daring to see her again, I fled from France the next day—"

"Without a word of explanation?"

"Even so, Father. I did not venture to account for my conduct. I said to myself that the disgust it would awaken in her should be my punishment and her salvation. Resolved not to trifle any longer with what I considered my vocation, I left France for this place, where I might be solemnly received as a Knight Templar, and depart with the expedition as soon as possible."

"So far good," replied the priest, with his eyes still keen on the young man's face; "except for your leaving the lady in ignorance. You ought to have trusted a noble soul, who would have suffered less in the knowledge of your high resolve, of your sacred vocation, in bravely sharing the pain of your sacrifice, than in being left alone to imagine a far different state of things."

"All that matters nothing now," said Philip. "She need never know anything about it. I am master of my own life. I have asked her to be my wife—"

"It can not be," interrupted the old man, drawing up his stooped figure, while his face settled into austere lines. "You must not dare to marry."

"The Church can give the permission," replied Philip, with eyes full of passion.

"I am not a priest. The Holy Father will remit my vow—"

"And afterward—afterward? I know you, Philip. You will not be able to rest upon your broken vow: your conscience is too sensitive to allow you to enjoy that happiness you now covet. When you have leisure to reflect you will be miserable. He who putteth his hand to the plough and draweth it back again—"

"Cease, Father,—cease!" cried Philip. "God is more merciful than you. He will not oblige me to break the heart of the noblest of women. He knows that love like ours is sacred. He will remit, forgive. I appeal from you to Him—"

"Appeal to Him, yes," said the priest. "Appeal also to her whom you call the noblest of women. She will help your vacillating nature; for, if I mistake not, Katherine of Desmond is one who will know better than to prefer the interests of her own selfish happiness to the interests of religion. Go, my son; and in the meanwhile reflect, pray. I am going now to pray for you."

The old priest then passed into the cloisters; and Philip walked on with his quick, proud step, hugging his new resolution; thinking with delight of the assurance he had obtained of Katherine's love; impatient for the moment when he might explain his change of intention to the Preceptor and withdraw from the expedition for Palestine, which within forty-eight hours was to sail from the harbor of Youghal.

(To be continued.)

IT is the glory of women that they have always taken an active part in all the great movements that have done honor to Christianity.—*Abbé Le Monnier.*

ALL noblest things are religious,—not temples and martyrdoms only, but the best books, pictures, poetry, statues, and music.—*Wm. Mountford.*

The Tenant of the Old Mansion.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

HE was a poor man. He owned rows of buildings, which were occupied by prompt-paying tenants; he had curios at which he seldom looked, and fine equipages in which he never took the air; he had a stern butler and a forbidding coachman; he had a host of people who claimed to be his friends; and an army of kinsfolk, who, with an eye to the future, fairly persecuted him with attentions—but he was poor! He fancied that every one had an axe to grind: he scented an appeal in every kindly smile; every friendly hand was to him the hand of a beggar. And he was ill with a relentless disease that cripples but seldom kills; chained to a room, often to a chair, and sometimes to a couch; always in pain, always apprehensive, always rebellious.

His house was an old colonial mansion built by his great-grandfather; and under its stout roof he dwelt, except for the servants, quite alone. His valet was soft-shod, gentle-voiced; his nurses relieved one another; the doctor came when summoned; his man of business dropped in at intervals; the acquaintances who had not become discouraged left cards semi-occasionally. Two or three friends were admitted when his rheumatism was least cruel; aside from them he saw no one but his attendants. He possessed a keen discrimination in literature and read much; he could sleep fairly well, and he had an excellent cook. Sometimes, not often, James wheeled his chair to the window; but he soon grew tired of looking out upon the boulevard.

"It's devilish cold comfort to watch well people enjoy themselves," he would usually say. And James would answer:

"Yes, sir. You're right, sir."

With the genuine artistic hatred of

scientific inventions, he loathed modern appliances calculated to save time and labor; but he made an exception in favor of the telephone, and had one of those useful instruments arranged to suit his invalidism. He was a connoisseur in voices, and was accustomed to chat, when he felt so disposed, with several distant cousins of whose tones he approved.

"It is the voice, not the form, that is the true person," he was wont to remark to James, who, not understanding what his master was driving at any more than if he had been talking Sanscrit, would respond:

"Yes, sir. I dare say, sir."

Sinclair was no longer young,—indeed he had not been young for many years; but a certain fortunate contour of figure had enabled him to preserve a youthful appearance. Twenty years before he had been known in college as "the cherub." Sometimes even now, when the pretty cousin he disliked the least would send a *bon mot* or well-told anecdote flying to his ear over the telephone wire, you could understand why the juniors gave him that sobriquet.

One day in the early part of September was marked in Sinclair's memory with a white stone. He had called for 155, and "central" had given him 145. Instead of the resonant tones of his doctor, his ear was saluted with a somewhat childish treble which made him think of silver bells just tuned.

"Who is speaking?" asked Sinclair.

"I am," came back the voice.

"Are you the office boy?"

"Oh, no! I'm a girl. This is 145."

"Ah—well, good-bye, girl! There's a mistake." And he rang off, and was soon in communication with his medical adviser as to hypodermic injections of morphine, if the usual paroxysms of pain should come on at night.

But Sinclair could not forget that voice. He looked at the telephone list,

and discovered that 145 was the number belonging to Mr. Kenneth Gordon, at the other end of the city,—several miles away, in fact. The spasms of pain were prompt in coming; but between them he heard, "I'm a girl. This is 145," until the morphine prevented him from hearing anything. For two days he hesitated, wrestling with the conventionalities; at last he rang the telephone and said:

"Give me 145."

"Good-morning!" came over the wire, in the pretty, childish treble, that had an undertone of pathos in it.

"Good-morning!" answered Sinclair. "How are you this morning?"

"Quite well. Who is this, please?"

"It's a sick man. I've been awake most every night for a week. Did you ever have a bad case of rheumatism that lasted for twenty years?"

"Oh, no! But I'm sorry for you."

His voice trembled as he answered:

"I don't hear that very often."

"Poor man!" came the voice.

"Will you let me call you up again?"

There was a moment of hesitancy, which he understood.

"I'm an old man too,—too sick and old to be polite like other people."

"But I haven't been introduced."

"Neither have I."

She laughed.

"I'll ask my mother."

"I can't ask mine," he replied. "She died when I was a little fellow. Well, I'll call you to-morrow. Good-bye!"

"I hope you will sleep well to-night. Good-bye!"

The girl gave her *ultimatum* the next morning.

"My mother says," she answered when called up, "that if you are very old and very sick, I may talk with you. How old are you?"

"Terribly old. My hair is white. Do you like white hair?"

There was a silence—oh, how well he

understood that silence afterward! But just then he feared he had seemed too familiar.

"Tell your mother," he resumed, "that I am just the wreck of a man; that I am a prisoner in my room; that your voice is like that of my sister who is dead; and that I know I may seem whimsical, but I want to talk with you for a few moments once in awhile. I ask her to permit this as she would let you give a beggar alms."

This was the beginning of a singular friendship. Of her for a long time he knew nothing save that she was fourteen years old and that her name was Mary,— "Marie," she had told him; but he had misunderstood, and the little girl did not like to correct him. They talked of the weather, of books, of music. Sometimes she played for him, and he could hear her very distinctly. Once he asked her about some pictures concerning which every one was talking, and she did not reply. He thought she did not catch what he said, or she would have answered. She was never rude. One day he resolved to know more of her, if she would permit it.

"I have a lot of questions to ask," he said. "Are you poor?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I have everything I need."

"Are you happy?"

"Oh, yes! Of that I am certain."

"How do you look?"

Another of those awkward pauses, but he had grown accustomed to them.

"Is your other name Gordon?"

"No: it is Paradis."

"What a beautiful name!"

Then came a Babel of children's voices, and she said she must go. He could not understand about the children, who always seemed to be near her, chattering like magpies in very good French. Why should children belonging to the family of a man named Kenneth Gordon speak any tongue but English, or possibly good

Highland Gaelic? And her name was Paradis. It was a mystery which was so delightful that he was in no haste to solve it.

Of him she knew even less than he did of her. He was poor,—of that she was sure; did he not often say that it was charity to be kind to him? Now she had resolved to meet his questions with some of her own.

"May I be very inquisitive, sir?" she ventured.

"As inquisitive as you please."

"Well, what kind of a house do you live in, please?"

"A very big old one."

"Do you live alone?"

"Oh, no! There are James and Peter and others."

An old man's home! She had guessed at last, but she would not let him know that she had found him out. She was even more gentle after that. Perhaps he had been rich once. It was harder to be poor if one had been used to comforts. She knew that well.

"I am going to tell you something," she said the next time they chatted with each other. "I pray for you every morning and every night." She spoke softly, but he heard.

"Pray!" he said,—*"for me! Do you really pray for me?"*

"Yes: I say a 'Hail Mary.' I ask God to make you well and happy. And I pray for James and Peter and the rest."

He smiled cynically, but she could not know it. "James and Peter and the rest of the rascals would be surprised," he thought; but to her he said:

"You are very good,—*too* good."

"Oh, no! One can not be too good. I have wondered if in the—the house you live there is a chapel."

Chapel! He resolved that Voltaire's and Renan's works should go to the furnace the next morning.

"Well—not exactly."

"But of course there is a chaplain?"

Chaplain! The free-thinking Mr. Dane, of the Society of Ethical Culture, could hardly be called that.

"Not a regular one," Sinclair replied, evasively. He had, in a way, grown almost afraid of the little lady of the clear voice; at least he had grown so fond that he could not wound her. But now the operator intervened, cutting short the conversation; and Sinclair was so disconcerted that he made no attempt to renew it.

His mother used to pray for him—to say "Hail Marys" for him; but many years had gone by since she left him. In those years there had been a great deal that he would gladly forget. He was much annoyed. Why should the voice of a child, of one he had never even seen, have such power to stir him? She should not have mentioned such things. It was not quite—delicate or polite. It is bad form to introduce religion when you talk with your acquaintances, especially when you know them so slightly. But here he felt remorse. Perhaps she was not aware; she was just a child. And before he went to sleep he was glad she had said the "Hail Marys."

The next morning she received no message from the old man, nor the next, nor the next.

"He is worse," she thought; "or he may be offended."

But she could do nothing. She did not know his telephone number or where he lived. So she waited; and on the fourth day a strange voice (not his: she no longer called *that* strange) spoke to her when she answered the bell.

"Mr. Sinclair is very sick, and will you and your mother have the kindness to call? Those are his words. No. 1121 Lake Boulevard."

"Tell him we will come."

Mary had spoken for her mother. They set out as soon as possible. There was

a slight accident in one of the streets, which stopped their car; there were troublesome delays of many sorts. But No. 1121 Lake Boulevard was reached at last; and a pale little woman, with a young girl clinging to her arm, went up the great stone steps. A man opened the door.

"James or Peter perhaps," guessed Mary as he spoke.

He took them upstairs, and their feet trod upon Persian rugs and over marble and mahogany.

"I don't understand," whispered Mary, clinging to her mother and trembling.

Sinclair lay with his eyes closed. The trained nurse stepped to one side. Mary and her mother stood by the bed.

"I knew you would come," he said, feebly. "I am much better. They thought I was going to die, and I did not want to die without seeing my little friend. And you are Mary?"

"Yes, I am Mary," she answered.

"You do not look as I thought. You are not so—fashionable; and I thought your eyes were blue, like a turquoise. Pale blue is my favorite color. But tell me: do I look as you imagined?"

"O Mr. Sinclair! have I never told you that I am blind?"

"Merciful God!" he said, turning his face to the pillow.

The little mother, who had known so long and so was brave, came to the rescue.

"But she is happy, sir; indeed, indeed she is happy."

"Indeed, indeed I am," added Mary. "And you must not care so much. It is God's will. I thought you knew. My mother would never have let me talk to a stranger if I had been like other girls; but I wanted to comfort you, who were in trouble too."

"You did, child,—you did!" he found strength to say.

"I have been blind ever since I had the

scarlet fever, and we are very poor; so it seemed to me that we could help each other a little,—you poor and sick, I poor and blind."

"And this house, Mary,—how have you fancied it in your thoughts?"

"As large and bare and still, with James and Peter and the other good old men sitting on benches and softly talking—but I am tiring you."

The nurse said there was no danger of tiring him: that anything that interested him would help him.

"That was one trouble, Mary," he said. "I couldn't get interested in anything until I knew you. And you are poor—would you mind telling me, child, just how poor?"

"Oh, we get on nicely! Mother sews, and I go every day to talk French with Mrs. Gordon's children. And I always answer the telephone; for it is in the nursery."

"Is there no hope that you may see some day?"

"Oh, yes!—when we get rich. There is a doctor in Paris, where father lived, who can bring my sight back when we can pay him."

Then this invalid, given up to die a few hours before, raised himself up on his elbow and said:

"Mrs. Paradis, I have not meant to deceive you or this child; but I am rich, and she shall have her sight again, God willing."

There was nothing heard in the room but the happy sobs of the little mother. Sinclair's face wore a light it had never known before. The nurse had gone to the window. Mary knelt by the bed.

"Thanks be to God!" she said.

"Amen!" whispered Sinclair.

He has adopted her: the law's strong bonds have made her his child, much to the chagrin of the cousins who have been waiting for his money; for the

end of all earthly things is coming with speed to Sinclair.

"Then," he tells her, "you can build your old men's home, and some other James and Peter can be happy there."

Soon—she would not leave him if it were not his earnest wish—she will cross the water and learn her fate from the Paris oculist. But whether she ever sees again or not, she will be glad forever; for the shadows of unbelief no longer darken the old colonial mansion. Its kind-hearted master was more blind than she, and now he sees—"Thanks be to God!" as Mary says.

At Close of Day.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHEN the long day is done, and of duties it brought with it

Conscience declares we have overlooked none;

When the spirit of Indolence, for that we fought with it,

Found us resolved against dallying aught with it,—

Sweet is the sense of repose fairly won
When the long day is done.

Be it never so weary, at length there is rest for us,

Comfort they know not their duties who shun;

For the demon of Idleness proves no fit guest for us,—

Labor-filled hours are sweetest and best for us,

Freest from sins and remorse that stun,
When the long day is done.

When our life's day is o'er and no pleading will stay for us

E'en for a moment its swift-sinking sun,
May the sum of our work with our Father outweigh for us

Trespass and error replete with dismay for us,
Crowning with triumph the course we have run

When life's long day is done!

The Story of Governor Burnett.

IV.

IN the year 1860 Governor Burnett wrote his famous book, "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church," wherein he bases his conversion on clear-cut, logical principles. With regard to this work, in a criticism of some length the illustrious Dr. Orestes Brownson says:

"He needed supernatural grace, as all men do, in order to elicit an act of supernatural faith; but he never needed anything more than a simple presentation of the facts in their true light to believe firmly in the Catholic Church with what theologians call human faith, or a firm rational conviction."

This volume has been the instrument of the conversion of many intelligent persons, some of whom, after reading it through a spirit of idle curiosity, were so deeply impressed by its contents that they sought admission to the Church whose authority and truth it so clearly and forcibly demonstrates and defends.

After its publication, Governor Burnett enjoyed a period of leisure. Having given up the practice of law, and not wishing at so comparatively early a period of life to abandon altogether a career of usefulness, he determined to engage in banking as soon as a good opportunity should offer. Ultimately he became the founder and first president of the Pacific Bank. His connection with this bank was an honorable and successful one; he filled the position for nearly twenty years, retiring from active life in 1883.

If all bankers entertained and carried out Governor Burnett's ideas regarding the best methods of conducting business and the careful selection of employees, there would be fewer failures and fewer defalcations. In connection with this subject he says:

"Frequently the greatest good a banker can do his customers, and the one for which he is apt to receive at the time the least thanks and the most censure, is to check their extreme eagerness to grow rich quickly. Indeed, impatience ruins multitudes of business men. In their anxiety to advance rapidly, and to rival older business houses, they are tempted to go too far. This is generally the error of young men, and especially of those who succeed their fathers in business. Other young business men who have had no fortune left them will be very anxious to make one speedily, so that they can enjoy it before they grow old. When they come to their banker with paper for discount, those ardent customers are nearly always certain to consider *their* paper first-class, and are surprised and much offended because it is declined. If they are about to enter into some outside enterprise, or make a purchase in their proper line of business, but much too large for their capital, they see the great anticipated profits; while the sound, conservative banker can see only probable losses. He therefore refuses to lend them money, much to their disappointment; but he saves them from ruin against their will and their most persistent importunities.

"Another service a banker may do his customers, especially young business men, is to require them to pay their notes punctually, at maturity. This practice keeps them active, vigilant, and firm in making collections from their own customers. If unduly indulged themselves by their bankers, they, in turn, become too indulgent, and ultimate ruin is the natural result. . . .

"The discipline in a bank must be as rigid as that in an army. If an employee wilfully and deliberately disobeys orders, he should be discharged. If when caught in a mistake he manifests no feeling, no regret, but takes it coolly and indif-

ferently, it shows that he has deliberately trained his feelings to bear reproof, and he is not to be trusted. If he shirks his duty and throws an unfair proportion of the work upon others, he exhibits an unjust disposition, and should be discharged. If he is late in coming to the bank, so as just to save his time, he should be watched. If he is too fond of display, and carries a little cane for show, you had better conclude—

Little cane,
Little brain;
Little work
And big shirk.

He will spend too much time on the streets, to show himself. If he is a fast young man *in any way*, he is unworthy. If he expends all his salary and saves up nothing, he is unfit. It will do him no good to increase his salary, because he will be just as poor at the end of the year as he was at the beginning. In fact, an increase of compensation is a positive injury to him, because it increases his fast habits in proportion.

"But a young man of correct habits, pleasant manners, fair health, and good temper, who saves a portion of his income, may be safely trusted. To bear the continual strain of good economy is a clear proof of integrity, sound common-sense, and self-control. Occasionally a young man may be found who is competent, sober, economical, and industrious, and who will yet steal from sheer avarice; but such cases are rare. An inordinate love of pleasure is the ruin of many a young man. Extravagance in dress and living is the great, besetting sin of the times in almost every portion of the world."

No better idea can be given of the general character of the subject of our sketch, no better explanation of his success and of the profound respect entertained for him by his fellowmen, than is shown by these extracts from his "Recollections of an Old Pioneer":

"Since the fundamental change in

my religious views, I have not sought to accumulate a large fortune nor desired to become a millionaire. I understood myself, whether others understood me or not. I do not consider it the happiest state of life: far from it. The poor need money to supply their wants, while the extremely rich desire more wants to absorb their wealth. Extreme wealth and extreme poverty are *opposites*, neither of which is at all desirable. When a man has reached the point of independence, where he is secure of the necessities of life with reasonable efforts, he is as rich as any one, if he only knew it. There are but three legitimate purposes for which a competency may be desirable: first, the privilege of being independent; second, the power to be just; third, the ability to be more charitable. All beyond these purposes becomes a burthen, which costs more than it is worth.

"As a general rule, it is very difficult to acquire a large fortune in any honest, regular, useful business without resorting to measures that can not be approved by conscientious men; such, for example, as monopolies of provisions, fraudulent combinations to depress or put up the price of stocks, sharp tricks in spreading false rumors, and the many other modes of overreaching one's neighbor.

"Before a man can engage in these evil practices, he must expel from his bosom all genuine love for his race. He must first make his selfish thirst for wealth the absorbing passion of his life, and to the same extent crush or smother every feeling of his better nature. He must first destroy his capacity for the enjoyment of the purest and the most enduring pleasures of life before he can hope to succeed. He begins with a demoralized nature, goes on through life in the same condition, 'then dies the same.'

"But when he attains his position as millionaire by these unjust means, he is not at the summit of human happiness.

There are thousands of vexations in his path. His wealth is almost certain to be overestimated, five to one; and while such a false estimate may often flatter his vanity, he is expected to give, in charity or otherwise, an amount in proportion to this overestimate. If he fails to do this, he is most severely censured by his fellowmen; and if he does comply with these expectations, he soon ceases to be rich.... Committees of men and women call upon him for charitable purposes, and they will bring every influence to bear upon him. If he responds, the amount will hardly equal their expectations or secure their genuine respect. He can not go through the streets of a city like other men. If he attempts it, he must dash along at a rapid rate to avoid importunity on the way. If he gives or lends at all, he is beset so often and so persistently that he enjoys no privacy and no peace. If he gives nothing, then he is reproached very justly. He is compelled to go through the streets in his carriage, and to have his regular office hours for seeing people; and his house in the country, where he can not be seen; or he must spend much of his time abroad to escape the importunities of friends and relatives, who desire loans that they are likely never to return.

"If he is vain, they will flatter him to any desirable extent. If he receives any favors, he will often be expected to return about ten to one. Like the president of a large bank who received a present of a fine Durham calf from an applicant for a large loan, he is certain to become a victim if he accepts presents. In short, he is forced to become a being unlike others. To his condition the lines of Pope are most applicable:

Painful pre-eminence, yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

"The most deplorable feature in the condition of a millionaire whose fortune has been acquired by unjust means is

the unhappy effect it generally has upon his own descendants and upon a large proportion of his relatives. It is not the *practical* way to found but to extirpate a family. How few of the children and relatives of such men ever become good and happy members of society! This is particularly true of our country, where the law of entail does not exist. When a rich American dies, his property speedily goes into the hands of his heirs or legatees, or even into the pockets of the lawyers; and, in nine cases out of ten, those who share his estate become poor before they die. (It is well known that rich men make the most complex and silly wills of any class of people in our country.) His children are reared in idleness and luxury. They may have a fair classical education, but no knowledge of business or of economy. The father is generally too busy and too selfish, the mother too fond of travel and display, to give the children any practical ideas of the serious business of life. When the large fortune is divided among a number of children, the portion that falls to each one is not sufficient long to maintain his expensive habits, because he is ignorant of the cardinal principles of practical business. Every true business man knows that it requires more sound business knowledge to retain than to acquire property.

"Even if the parents use all reasonable measures properly to rear and educate their children, they will have a difficult task to accomplish. They will find it impossible to conceal from the children the fact that their parents are rich; and it is exceedingly difficult, when they are once in the possession of this knowledge, to make the young people understand the absolute necessity of labor and economy. Everywhere they go they hear people talk of their father's wealth and how he ought to spend it, and how his children should enjoy life. These false ideas are

incessantly inculcated by multitudes of people....

"The *general* result is as I have stated. Of course there are exceptions enough to prove the truth of the rule. All the close observations of a long and active life have satisfied me beyond a doubt of the wisdom and truth of the sentiment written some thousands of years ago and found in the grand old Bible:

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

(To be continued.)

A Singer and His Song.

BY M. L. HANDLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

THAT evening Dorf knelt for a long time in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, his head bowed and his arms gravely crossed; then he sought a bench and leaned back, resting, with closed eyes, against a pillar. I don't think he was praying; but his whole attitude was that of a man whom the world and the things of the world have sorely tired, and who comes back into his mother's house to rest.

The nave was almost dark. Through the high windows a few late sunbeams lighted here a line of gold, there a bit of faded damask, or glimmered upon the smooth whiteness of a column. Fragrance of incense sweetened the soft, mild air. In some distant chapel canons were chanting a vesper hymn; but only faint echoes and lost chords, from the organ wandered into our retreat. How blue and misty the long aisles looked! I, too, closed my eyes and wished the feeling of repose and ineffable peace might never pass away. It was as though the sanctity of the spot penetrated to our inmost soul, soothing, purifying, healing.

An hour must have elapsed. Dorf did not stir. The edifice sank deeper and

deeper into holy shade; the vault gathered up in its immensity the last accents of praise and prayer; footfalls grew more and more rare under the arches. Still the mystical lamp burned on in the gloom.

A bell sounded. It might have been miles away, the cadence was so soft, so tuneful. It was then Dorf laid his hand upon my arm. I followed him out into the sweet May evening, and I saw he was very pale and seemed to draw his breath quickly. "What's the matter?" I inquired in alarm.—"Nothing, only I believe it has come." His eyes had turned from blue to black in their extraordinary light and brilliancy; and then he smiled into my face, strangely, as men do in joy so immense, so unexpected, they can scarcely credit it.

On the way home he risked being run over a dozen times. Once home, he lighted his lamp with unsteady hands, took the violin from its case, set it down again, and began to pace the floor restlessly. He approached the table and fumbled for paper, as though blind; then left it and took the violin in his hand again. I was watching him from the adjoining room, but he had either forgotten my existence or was completely unconscious. He shut the door in my face, and I could swear he did not see me; so I sat in the dark and waited. Presently, tremulously, the bow quivered across the strings—two or three faltering notes, and that was all. I heard him take a chair, turn over his paper, try a few measures on the violin; then what he could not find notes for he began to hum.

I think of all the beautiful things I have ever heard, Dorf's humming was the most exquisite; or perhaps humming is not the right word for such a rare, sweet thing. Yet it was not a full-throated song. He sang only *mezza a voce*—in a semitone,—a low, modulated, flexible melody, clear and sweet as the warble of the nightingale. And what he sang was

not verse, as I thought at first, but simply the Latin we all know so well—*Ave Maria!* He was having a struggle, though, with that Latin. Sometimes he got the air as he wanted it, and again he did not. Now the pen, now the violin, now the voice. *Ave Maria! Ave Maria!* His heart was in it: you could tell that from the impassioned singing. His whole soul was singing, and every fibre of his being rang like vocal chord.

Then there was silence. I lit a match: it was ten o'clock, and I remembered that neither of us had dined that day. I knocked at the door, but no answer was vouchsafed. I almost knew it would be so. Often had I knocked at his door while he was composing: he never answered; and when he returned to earthly things, and I asked him if he had not heard, he would reply: "I—I believe I did. But it never occurred to me to answer." So I went out alone to my dinner, and for my usual stroll; and when I came in it was nearly twelve. Dorf was still singing to himself. I sat down again in the dark,—I hardly know why. He certainly had no need of me; but he was going away on the morrow, and I wanted to see the end of his vigil. I suppose I must have gone to sleep in my chair.

Toward dawn I dreamed the altar-boy of our parish church was singing a hymn familiar to me, and I awakened on the last exquisite, long-drawn note. The pale morning peeped in at the window. My first consciousness was that on the other side of the thin wall the most ravishing music was being played. I will not tell you what I heard: I could not describe it. All the world has heard it since. But it was he playing, after the long night's agony,—and playing it for the first time. Oh, you do not know, you can not conceive, what it was like! Every now and again a shudder ran through me. I remember I covered my face with my hands and panted for breath. When he

ceased—no, I am *not* ashamed of it—he opened the door, because in the room next to his some one was sobbing.

"*Himmel!* why, it is day! You have not been there all night?"

He was pale, with dark eyes, and the dazed look of a man who is exhausted. Fetching a large sheet covered thick with sharps and flats, he showed me the heading, *Ave Maria*, and the date of the previous day. He did not ask if it was good: he had no need to. All pain and unrest had vanished from his brow, and he was serene as in the hour we first met by the wayside shrine. "I know who will like this," he said; "and that's my mother." Then he folded it and put it in his breast pocket, and we went out together into the May morning. We busied ourselves with breakfast, trains, and so forth, as conscientiously as though we were not the same men who were in that dreamy delirium an hour before. But Dorf was silent, and I felt that I didn't care to have people look me in the face.

After seeing him off, I loitered about all day without going near the house. In the evening I went back, to find our rooms cold and clean, and as empty as good brooms and good women could make them. The litter of torn paper was gone, the candle drippings gone,—Dorf's room tidy! It was like death. I felt savage even with the glutton walls that had drunk in so much harmony and given not a single vibration in return. There is no marble slab on the wall outside, not even a withered garland; but to me that room is one of the few I regard as holy. My heart, now that the man is dead, has placed a tablet upon it: "Here the genius of Heinrich Dorf wrought out 'The May-Song.'"

That night I was ill with fever, and kept waking by starts, thinking I heard in the room next mine a violin sobbing, or the swing of a voice. On the morrow

I started for Vienna. It has been one of the few follies of my life; I will not own to many, but that one I can not deny. And when I reached Vienna I did not seek my friend's lodgings. I bought a ticket and waited for the morrow. I had already laughed a dozen times at his face as I should see it when I went up to shake hands with him.

The hall was a most magnificent one, dazzling with light, the air almost heavy from the scent of exotics; plants and rugs everywhere,—a truly prince-like lavishness of decoration. I chuckled in my beard, knowing in whose honor all this fuss was made. But from the long waiting I became nervous. It was his first great concert. Suppose he should fail, or get stage-fright and lose his fingering? The crowd alone was enough to bother one. And it grew and grew till the hall could not hold one soul more; and the murmur of voices was like surf on a rough beach.

Once there was a slight movement in the dense mass: heads half-turned, glasses superciliously raised. It was caused by the appearance of an old woman in black who was being led up to a front seat. Her faded cheeks were tinted with a soft young bloom of shyness that was both odd and charming; but in her eyes the contained pride, the ill-concealed joy, contrasted with the outward timidity. I think Dorf himself must have chosen her seat for her. It was close to the platform and sheltered by a group of tall palms. From the moment I set eyes upon her I knew I was no longer alone. My bitter, bitter regret is that I did not go up and speak to her.

With hungry eyes she watched the performers come and go. We had a little sugar-and-water piano playing; some mild, harmless singing; then the ladies began to rustle their silks with little sighs of relief or expectation; while the men impatiently adjusted their monocles.

Heinrich Dorf, the new star, so young, so interesting—such wonderful talent!

He came across the stage swiftly, in his own quiet, well-bred way, and bowed. He did not seem at all flurried. I believe his shivering was being done for him by proxy inside my coat. His mother was leaning forward, clutching the rusty silk of her skirt in her dear old hands, and gasping. Then she must have caught his eye—he half smiled, and she leaned back and breathed.

The overture was an *andante* of most hopeless melancholy, but it served well as prelude to the rest. The motive grew gradually more broad, more serene, and widened out like the dawning of a great hope; while the inspiration gathered force and light. Then, tremulously, like a voice searching the past for a song of childhood more than half forgot, beneath his fingers escaped the melody I can never hear without trembling,—the melody I heard first in the breaking dawn. He played it with all the passion of which he was capable, all the purity the song required.

To me there is a story in it,—there always will be, though Dorf may not have written the words. Despair, sin, shame weep and writhe in the beginning. Then follows the sweeter weeping of repentance, the dawn of a remembered hope; and with the tears mingles prayer. The effort to pray grows stronger, fuller: soaring, soaring! The soul has found the innocence, the laughing joy, the fervor of its first love-song. There were no strings to the violin; or if so, they were mute. It was a woman's voice, a girl's voice of liquid harmony,—a voice rising seraphically, with the ecstatic notes of a new-found life; praying aloud, weeping. There were deep music-thrills of laughter even. Oh, the exquisite song of childhood, the holy song—so pure, so pure—"Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"

Echoes in the vaulted ceiling; chimes wrung from every beam. One soft, long-

drawn note, upon which you hang, fearing it is all over and that the hymn will cease; through that one accord, held out at incredible length, the refrain floating imperceptibly upon gossamer wings. And then such a storm of jubilant music—clashing, revelling, flying—that for a time you wonder the violin does not crash to pieces in his hands; wonder by what power he does it; wonder, indeed, the very life-arteries do not burst in his chest; for, verily, veins were made only to channel blood.

I don't know exactly when he ceased. The air seemed full of quivering notes and impassioned accents, inexpressible in their suavity. Yet he had ceased, and not a whisper rose from the immense assembly. It was the grandest testimonial I ever knew man to receive. He bowed himself out in dead silence. Half-way across the platform such a roar of applause broke out that he reeled. Walls, floors, ceiling, appeared to rock in the tempest. His mother had clasped her hands upon the back of the chair in front of her, and bowed her head upon them. Those cries must be ringing in her ears, in her heart, maddening her with the glory of his triumph. I longed to go and say to her in my pride: "He is your boy, but he is also my friend." I could not change place, people were swaying and shouting so. He would be obliged to appear again, as the uproar increased. *Hoch! Hoch!* They would hear him again: they would have an *encore*.

By main force I struggled out into the waiting-room. Lions of music were there to congratulate him and insist that the public must be humored. Men with flowers in their buttonholes pushed him toward the stage, talking volubly of name, popularity, the evening's papers; while outside the refined and aristocratic audience forgot itself so far as loudly to vociferate. In the midst of it all Dorf, pale and worn out as with physical

fatigue, held resolutely back, saying, "I can not! I can not!" I touched his arm, and there was positive joy and gratitude in his eyes when he recognized me.

"Dear old Gilgen!" he muttered. "Will you tell them? I *can not* do it: I've been playing my very soul out. There's nothing left in me."

We escaped into the dressing-room and thence away. The whole street was packed with liveried servants and stately equipages; but the fact seemed to afford him no pleasure.

"Dorf," I ventured to say, "you are hard to please."

"I was a fool to play that to *them*," he answered, rather brusquely. "Don't you think so?"

"Why? I don't quite—"

"Because it isn't concert stuff. The cad always comes out in us one way or the other, though; doesn't it? I should have played that only in the church or for my mother. Did you see her?"

"Yes, and knew her at first sight. The splendor of her face was like sunset when you began to play."

"I wonder if we could go back for her?—if those demons would let us by? It's a question, though."

Streams of people were issuing from the double portal. Dorf drew his hat over his eyes and we plunged in. The stairs were close packed; but by dint of pushing, waiting, and pushing again, we got to the top at last. Most of the lights had been turned off; the few that remained made the huge place look more bare.

"She must have left already," I said.

"No," he replied: "she is there."

Behind the great palms she was sitting, unnoticed, forgotten; her dear, withered hands upon the ledge before her, and her silver head bowed on them.

"She is asleep," Dorf said, with some surprise. "Mother!"

It was the first time I heard him speak to her. I thought I knew Dorf's voice

pretty well, but this tone I did not know. She did not move; and he smiled over at me, and raised her face in his hands, with the simple grace of a boy, to kiss her. Her face was quite calm, with a lingering, pale radiance; the eyelashes moist, the lips not quite smiling—but it might have been a smile. He kissed her—and it was only then he knew!

A Debt Sometimes Ignored.

TO pay one's lawful debts is to do no more than is exacted by the most elementary principles of morality; to neglect such payment is to forfeit one's claim to a reputation for probity, integrity or common honesty. Practical Catholics can not with impunity suffer their debts to accumulate at a rate disproportioned to the means which they have, or are likely to have, of freeing themselves from their liabilities; for a properly instructed conscience revolts at the patent injustice of such a course. Yet there is one debt which a good many Catholics, who no doubt consider themselves perfectly honest, upright and exemplary citizens, allow to run on increasing from year to year without apparently troubling themselves either to liquidate it entirely or even to lessen it by partial payments—that of the parishioner to his pastor.

It is abundantly evident that St. Paul's doctrine, that they who serve the altar should live by the altar, is unassailable by any argument grounded on justice. And even were it of doubtful stability the position of the Catholic would be unchanged; for the fifth Precept of the Church distinctly obliges us "to contribute to the support of our pastors." In countries where, as in France, the salaries of the clergy are paid by the state, this precept is accomplished by the individual Catholic in an indirect manner. He fulfils it unconsciously while con-

tributing to the ordinary revenues of the government. In those lands where the "voluntary system" prevails, the Church's mandate has a direct, personal bearing on the individual conscience.

In our own country, where the pastor relies for his maintenance on a regular collection, it is, perhaps, safe to say that in the overwhelming majority of parishes he receives a salary amply sufficient to support him in a condition compatible with the dignity of his calling. While this is true, however, it is none the less certain that even in such parishes the fifth Precept of the Church is a dead letter to a considerable number of those who attend the church's services and are benefited by the pastor's ministrations. The experience of many a parish priest is that the revenues of his church represent the contributions of only a portion of the congregation who habitually attend Mass on Sundays and holydays.

And it is not the poor who are the delinquents in this matter. As a general rule, the persons most negligent in this respect are those who dilate on the frequency with which collections are announced for this, that, and the other purpose; who grow eloquent on the expense attached to the maintenance of the parochial school, etc. As a matter of fact, were the generosity of their fellow-parishioners no greater, the school would have to be closed, and the unknown poor to whom the pastor is always giving would suffer in consequence.

It is well that this duty, incumbent on all Catholics except the indigent poor, should be occasionally impressed upon their minds by Catholic journals. The average pastor emphatically dislikes to harp on the money question, especially when he himself is concerned; and it often happens that the priest who says least about the subject has most reason to wish that his flock would remember a perfectly plain obligation.

The Master's Rule.

ONCE upon a time there was a master who gave unto one of his subjects a powerful weapon. "Remember," the master said, "the weapon I give thee is two-edged and hath a poisoned tip; but use it for my honor and no harm shalt thou do with it."

And the subject fared forth with his wonderful weapon, such as no man in all the realms over which he travelled could fashion; for it was not of gold nor of silver nor of tempered steel.

Soon a messenger came to the king and said: "O master, thy subject hath raised the weapon thou didst give him against his fellowman! Bid me take the weapon from him." But the master, sorrowing, said: "Do thou counsel and warn him rather, that he may amend his ways."

Then appeared other servants of the king, saying: "O master, thy subject hath raised the weapon thou didst give him against thy sacred teaching, and he striveth to rend the garment of truth! Bid us take the weapon from him." But the master, grieving, replied: "Counsel and warn him rather, that he may amend his ways."

Then came still other messengers, their pinions quivering from the swift flight, and they cried aloud to the king: "O master, thy subject hath raised the weapon thou didst give him against the innocence of a child's soul, and he speaketh evil into pure ears!" And the master arose in his wrath and cried out: "Seize him, and, binding him hand and foot, cast him into exterior darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

THE true rule for a sick Sister is the one imposed by her state of health.

—*St. Clare.*

Notes and Remarks.

At a congress of Catholic teachers held recently in Montpelier, France, one of the questions which were discussed at considerable length was the developing and fostering of vocations for the priesthood. The general sentiment appeared to be that if boys of the French middle class rarely think of becoming priests, one reason is, perhaps, the excessive reserve maintained by certain teachers—their failure to speak on the subject, and to paint for their pupils the ideal of the priestly vocation. This tendency of Catholic teachers is not confined to France. While it may be true that in some of our colleges undue stress is laid on the priesthood as the goal of every bright or good student's ambition, it is passably certain that, in the vast majority of cases, the subject of vocation in general, and of the ecclesiastical vocation in particular, receives altogether too little attention. There is no good reason why students should not hear two or three instructions a session upon a subject of such paramount importance; or why the same subject may not from time to time be discussed in private conversations between students and professors.

The innovation of street-preaching by priests in New York will be watched with deep interest. It has long been a conviction of many observant persons that there is no other way of reaching the immense number of strayed sheep to be found in all our large cities,—people who never or very rarely go to church, who are unknown and uncared for, who live and very often die without the ministrations of religion. Zealous priests would be glad to go out into the highways and byways in search of those who do not come to them. There is no reason why they should not do so. There will probably be opposition to the experiment: those who are disposed to try it must expect to encounter ridicule and remonstrance from friends as well as enemies; but it is to be hoped that they will not yield to discouragement. There are reasons why great numbers of Catholics, especially among poor foreigners,

do not attend church; and these reasons ought to be seriously examined. It will be found that there are obstacles, unnoticed by regular parishioners, at the very doors of many of our churches which repel those whose circumstances are widely different. There is weight in the contention of many an indigent family that they can not afford to attend church. It often happens that they possess only work-a-day clothes, in which they are ashamed to appear among well-dressed people; and when money is insufficient for the bare necessities of life there is none to drop into collection boxes or to give to the renters of seats.

A procession of 10,000 men, all members of the Holy Name Society, marching through the streets of Brooklyn in public protest against the sin of profanity, is an object-lesson that suggests many others no less needful. The time has come for public demonstrations of loyalty to God. We like to believe that the sight of priests preaching in the streets will not only exert a salutary influence over those to whom they address themselves, but quicken the faith and inflame the zeal of Catholics in general. Edification to well-disposed Protestants of all classes and creeds will be a certain result of the movement, which we hope to see extended to every large city in the Union.

The increasing disregard for human life in this country, as shown by the number of murders committed last year, led Prof. Cesare Lombroso to publish a study of the causes of this growing evil. The abuse of the pardoning power, the low standard of professional honor among lawyers in the criminal courts, and the pestiferous yellow journal, were freely condemned; but the moral side of the problem was not even considered by the Italian professor. A writer in the current *North American Review*, however, thus supplies the omission:

We can not but feel that, after all, Prof. Lombroso has omitted all mention of the most needful and effective of all remedies for the prevention of homicide—namely, the Christian religion. Surely it must be acknowledged that Christianity has been the most consistent and powerful champion of the sacredness of human life which the world has ever seen. All the world over we can measure

the value and safety of human life by simply determining the hold which Christianity has upon the people in that locality. It has been abundantly proved in all ages that a high degree of civilization does not guarantee safety of life and limb. The histories of France and Rome are eloquent upon this theme. After all that has been said and done, the only force which can be depended upon to control the settlers of our new lands, the alien multitudes of our immigrants from foreign shores, and our half-civilized millions of emancipated slaves, and to restrain them from crime, is the Christian religion. Until this is brought home to them in all its purity and power, the terrible crime of homicide will continue to be a blot upon American civilization.

The defect in Prof. Lombroso's system of criminology is that he studies men as if they were merely conscienceless brutes or asthmatic locomotives in a round-house. The real science of criminology is as old as Christianity, and its text-book is a volume of Moral Theology. Prof. Lombroso and the gentlemen who, like him, are seeking to eliminate the idea of man's responsibility to God are themselves the first and the chiefest cause of the alarming frequency of homicide.

The attendance of President McKinley at a Solemn Mass of Requiem celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons for the eternal repose of the late Empress of Austria has been widely remarked. More notable still was the memorial service held in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. For the first time since the "Reformation" a Danish king assisted at Mass; and there were present also the King of Greece, the Crown Prince and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. The presence of so much royalty in a Catholic church in Denmark is another most impressive sign of the passing of the old-fashioned intolerance and mistrust.

A most instructive study of Catholic co-operation with Protestants in charitable work is reprinted in the *Charities Review*. The writer, Mr. Thomas Mulry, pleads for a closer union between our charitable organization and those of the sects, offering his own experience as an argument. Some years ago the St. Vincent de Paul Society of New York learned that large numbers of Catholic

children were attending various Protestant missions. Mr. Mulry was appointed to make an investigation, which resulted in an understanding with the Charity Organization Society of the metropolis, whose object is to bring its various charities into closer touch with one another. Let us quote Mr. Mulry's words:

When we first started in this work of co-operation, people were found willing to sell themselves and their children to any religious sect that would pay the price. This traffic has been almost entirely stopped; and if the abuse exists in any shape at all, it is because of our neglect, as Catholics, to enter the field in larger numbers to guard the interest of our children. With our associates on the various district committees of the Charity Organization Society we compare notes, find those of our own people who are attending other churches, report to proper parties, have them turned over to us, and in this way bring them to the notice of the various pastors and charitable societies. When we make our report or notify the proper parties that the people they are assisting belong to us, they at once take their hands off.

People who are in earnest about charitable work are hardly ever bigots; and the evils of proselytism, which often evoke such bitter complaints, are largely the result of the exclusiveness or shyness of Catholics themselves. It would do our people no harm to meet their Protestant fellow-citizens halfway on any errand of mercy; and surely it would be a wholesome experience for our separated brethren to be brought into closer touch with the men who compose our St. Vincent de Paul societies

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has lent the weight of his distinguished name to the assertion that the Protestant gentry of Ireland are the most irreligious men in the world. "Protestantism in Ireland," he writes in *M. A. P.*, "is not a religion: it is a side in political faction, a class prejudice,—a conviction that Roman Catholics are socially inferior persons, who will go to hell when they die, and leave heaven to the exclusive possession of ladies and gentlemen."

A weakness for theorizing is said to be characteristic of the German people, and Americans are commonly dubbed a practical nation. For once, at least, these conditions

are reversed: while American ecclesiastics are still hotly discussing the feasibility of a diocesan Church Insurance Company, our German brethren have quietly formed just such an association. Six German dioceses, headed by Cologne, have already bound themselves to the experiment; and others are expected to follow their example. The object of the federation is to insure church property against fire and accident, without any eye to the profit which under ordinary circumstances accrues to the insurance companies. The amount of premium money thus saved to the dioceses is enormous. It is practically insurance without expense. It is a matter in which the laity and the clergy are equally interested; and those who for a number of years have pleaded for diocesan insurance companies in this country will doubtless watch the German experiment with keen interest.

The proposed visit—or “official pilgrimage,” as some have called it—of Emperor William to the Holy Land has awakened a certain feeling of anxiety in the French nation relative to the stability of the French protectorate in Palestine. A correspondence between Cardinal Langenieux and Leo XIII., recently published, discloses the fact that there has been formed in France, with the fullest approbation of the Holy See, “a national committee for the preservation and defence of the French protectorate.” The Pope bears strong testimony to the special mission in the Orient confided by Providence to France, and deprecates any innovation that would rob that country of her prestige in looking after the interests of the Church in the East. French publicists seem to recognize in this declaration of the Sovereign Pontiff an effective obstacle to the prosecution of the supposed design of the German Emperor—to destroy French influence in the Holy Land.

The Rev. Doctor De Costa, Episcopalian, set the press and pulpit of New York agog lately by stating that the “blessed Reformation,” sarcastically so-called, has proved a failure. “Protestantism,” he observed, “is

fighting a losing battle, not only in religion and theology, but in morals. It is responsible for the present condition of marriage.” There is nothing in this to surprise Catholics. The “reformers” themselves have long since been discredited by Protestant scholars, and only those who expect figs to grow on thistles could believe that the “reformed churches” could endure. In the history of the Catholic Church, the rise and fall of Protestantism is simply a vicissitude. Other heresies have seemed more dangerous, and some have lasted longer; but all have died, as Protestantism must die, because it is the mortal work of mortal man. “For a hundred years, under free government,” said Doctor De Costa, “sectarianism has had a fair field, and one may demand of the sectarians, ‘Where is thy brother?’... On Sunday mornings the masses of all denominations are found with their faces fixed, not on the Bible or prayer-book, but glued to the newspaper.... The more intensely Protestant a people are, the less religion is brought to bear, with united efficiency, against practical vice.” There was need for some brave man to say all this, and we are glad Doctor De Costa has said it. Spoken from a Protestant pulpit, these words will do a world of good; from the lips of a Catholic they would only incite rancor, or at least be set down as bigotry.

It would seem that a crisis has at last been reached in the affairs of the Church of England. Mr. Kensit, who placed himself at the head of the so-called “Protestant party” by profaning a crucifix exposed for veneration in an Anglican meeting-house on last Good Friday, has succeeded in stirring up religious passion as it has never been stirred up since the days of the “Popish aggression.” The madness has gone so far that many old-fashioned Protestants have publicly declared that the Establishment is honeycombed with disguised Jesuits, and Cardinal Vaughan has thought it necessary to deny the statement publicly. The dignified silence of the English Catholics, in striking contrast with the violent diatribes of the warring factions, has won the good-will of the saner elements of the public. The

well-known writer, Mr. Robert Buchanan, expresses the mind of educated Englishmen in these sentences:

It is quite possible for men of all opinions to live in peace with the educated priests of England and Rome, while it is almost impossible to dwell in the same street with the rampant vulgarians who, like the editor of the *Rock* and Mr. Kensit, are forever howling about formulas and hinting at secret Jesuitism. . . . Compare the Irish Roman Catholic priest with his opponent, the emancipating Orangeman of Ulster: the former, as a rule, is a gentleman, kindly, tolerant, affectionate, wise in the ways of human nature; the latter, as a rule, is an arrogant bully, with whom it is almost impossible to keep the peace. . . . The worship of the Virgin, for example, is to my mind—the mind of an unbeliever—full of holiness and beauty. We owe to it a great deal that is ennobling in life, in art, in literature. I myself see in the Virgin the exquisite incarnation of divine motherhood, well worthy of the reverence of any man, whatever his theological belief may be.

It must have been agonizing for the *Rock* editor and Mr. Kensit to read this, coming from one whom even they can not call a "Jesuit in disguise." There is such a thing as bigotry overreaching itself.

In an interview granted to a representative of the Sydney (N. S. W.) *Freeman*, Cardinal Moran told of a pleasant memory he cherishes of Seckingen, a little German town which he visited in 1888, and where is still preserved the shrine of St. Fridolin, an Irish missionary of the early times. His Eminence said:

One of the churches at Seckingen had been handed over to the "Old Catholics." The parishioners numbered 3000, and how many think you attended the service? Six! When we visited the place in 1888 the church had been restored to the parishioners, who had erected a marble slab commemorating the happy day. On the slab I read that through the hostility of the State, the church had been handed over to the enemies of the Catholic faith. Then followed the record that the whole body of parishioners, walking in procession with their children, with banners flying and all singing joyous hymns of thanksgiving, had re-entered their church. I tell you this to show the loyalty of the devoted Catholics of Germany. Such examples of firmness in clinging to the faith are not at all rare.

Mr. A. Oakey Hall, whose conversion aroused such widespread interest last year, passed away recently in New York after a

very brief illness. He had completed the scriptural threescore years and ten, and had in his life played many parts. He attained distinction both in law and journalism, and served four terms as Mayor of New York city. It was during one of these terms that the "Tweed ring scandals" were ventilated; and Mayor Hall did not escape suspicion, though most unjustly, as was subsequently shown. Hearing that his honesty was called in question, the Mayor rode to a police court and insisted on being arrested and formally tried. Mr. Hall challenged only one jurymen, and him only on the novel ground that, being a personal friend of his, the jurymen might be rather partial to him in rendering a verdict. The vindication of the Mayor was complete, and even his political enemies never ventured to question his integrity afterward. Since his conversion he had been most exemplary in the fulfillment of all his religious duties. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Francis Weld, of Isleworth, England; and the Rev. Thomas Seddon, of the Archdiocese of Westminster, who lately departed this life.

Sister Agnes Weldon, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Agnes, of the Sisters of Charity, who lately passed to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Joseph Ballard, who breathed his last on the 4th inst., in Columbus Ohio.

Miss Marguerite Strasser, who died suddenly in Paris on the 19th of August.

Mr. James A. Keane, of St. Louis, Mo., whose life closed peacefully on the 28th ult.

Mr. Frank Maynes, of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Hickey, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. James Bradley and Miss Katherine J. Morrissey, Ottumwa, Ill.; Mr. John McDowell, Alexandria, Va.; Mr. Patrick Lyons and Mrs. Anna McLaughlin, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Golden, Philadelphia, Pa.; Capt. John A. Quigley, New York city; Mrs. Mary Foley, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Andrew J. Glynn, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. John Dunigan, Emmett, Mich.; Mrs. Abigail R. Smith, Des Moines, Iowa; also Mr. John Farley and Miss Eliza Flynn, Adair, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Boy who Stayed with His Mother.

I.

FOR the past four years they have had a militia company in our town; and as the captain was an old soldier, once a corporal in the —th Regular Infantry, the boys prided themselves on their knowledge of arms and the practice thereof. Ours is a very small town, numbering only about two thousand inhabitants; nevertheless, our quota of militia-men was pretty fair — so we thought; for the company mustered eighty-seven, all told.

They were mostly boys, it is true, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-two. But they were strong and healthy, and, on the whole, above the average boy; for each and every one of them had grown up under the kindly tutelage and protection of Father Masselis, a typical priest, who was idolized by every boy in Santa Magdalena. I say tutelage, because, although there is a public school in the place, by far the greater part of the boys, Catholic and Protestant, attended Father Masselis' school, where he taught the scholars church and Bible history, with the adjuncts of fine stereoscopic views, of which he had hundreds on every possible subject which could interest any kind of reasonable boy.

There was a chapter of the Bible read in Father Masselis' school every day of the year. It was not droned out or rattled over, as the case might be, by all kinds of irresponsible boys. It was read in a

forcible, expressive manner by the priest himself, with careful explanations, which rendered it as clear as possible to the minds of the children. It was at once a lesson in history, in religion, in reading, and elocution. Catechism followed, with the most lucid exposition of all obscure points; and few of the Protestant boys ever thought of leaving until it was all over. Thus it happened that they were almost as well informed as the Catholics on religious subjects; although, of course, they were excluded from the First Communion and Confirmation classes.

Good Father Masselis also believed in physical culture, otherwise "hearty play"; and his baseball nine was the best for miles around. I have never had the slightest doubt that it was he who first put it into the mind of ex-Corporal Martin Hynes to organize the company of militia which was one of the first to volunteer for active service in our late unpleasantness with Spain.

When it was known that the volunteer regiment of which Company D was an integral portion had been ordered to report at headquarters on a certain day in April, you may be sure there was a great stir in our small but patriotic town. And when the roster was made a few days before departure, there were but two who failed to answer to the call.

The first was Private Samuel Bickeroff, who, much to his own disgust and the corresponding satisfaction of his mother, was down with an attack of scarlet fever, which, though not dangerous, would, the mother hoped, be sufficiently prolonged

to prevent his joining the company before it should be ordered to the front.

The second member of Company D who, greatly to the surprise and the ill-concealed contempt of his companions, declined to serve his country as a soldier was a boy popularly known as "Big Jim Settles,"—a very large, good-natured yet active fellow, who had risen from the ranks to the grade of corporal; and that by reason of his superior qualities as a shot, as well as on account of his unfailing regularity at drill, and exceptional skill in military tactics, as he knew them, and as they were known to Company D. It was evident that he had had some conversation on the subject with Captain Hynes; for that officer received the news with equanimity, and as soon as the roster had been called, announced that as the position of corporal was vacant, they would now proceed to the election of another to fill the place of Comrade Settles, resigned.

This business over, the boys were dismissed, with strict orders to keep in readiness to march within half an hour after the final word, expected hourly by telegraph, was issued from headquarters. No sooner were they in the street than one and all fell upon their late comrade with questions and remonstrances. He stood leaning against a post in front of the whilom stable which served as an "armory," his huge arms folded, his head thrown back, his usually florid face quite pale,—an evidence that he was stirred by an emotion which he had determined at any cost to conceal.

"What's the matter with you, Jim? Consumption?" queried one, in a tone of ill-disguised sarcasm.

"No: he's under size," said another, in the same tone.

"Under weight you mean," came from the edge of the small crowd; whereupon a general laugh ensued.

"Never thought *you* were a coward,

Jim Settles," volunteered a slender young fellow who joined the little group at this moment. "You're such a splendid shot, no one would have thought you were only a play soldier. What do you mean by backing out this way, anyhow? What are you staying home for?"

"I don't know that I'm obliged to tell my reasons," was the reply,—"especially as you fellows are all down on me so about it."

"Kind of suspicious your making a secret of it, though," observed one of the crowd. "Seems to me such a big fellow as you ought to have a mighty good excuse at a time like this. Can't think but one thing about it, if you are not willing to explain."

Then Jim pulled himself up to his full height, gulping down something in his throat as he answered:

"I'm not a coward, if that's what you mean, Plunkett. You know well enough there isn't one of the boys that's taken more interest in Company D than I have. The truth of it is I *can't* go: I've got to stay with my mother."

A loud shout of mingled amusement, ridicule and astonishment greeted this announcement.

Jim stood erect, facing the crowd.

"Haven't we all got mothers?" asked some one. "And don't we like 'them as well as you like yours, Jim Settles?"

"Maybe you do—I guess you do," was the reply. "And most of you have fathers too; and those that haven't are better off than we folks are."

"*Your* mother's got a house and lot hasn't she? And there's only herself and little Alice to live off it."

"She can't live off a house and lot Tom," said Jim. "She's been living the past two years off my wages. And she isn't able to work; and there's another reason, but I'm not obliged to tell it to you boys. I'm satisfied it's my duty to stay with my mother, and I'm going

to do it. I don't care *what* you think."
 "But you'd get a corporal's pay, Jim," said a boy who had not yet spoken. "That would be much more than you're earning now; and you could send it all, or nearly all, home."

"Perhaps I'd get a corporal's pay and perhaps I wouldn't. It isn't certain that our company will be left as it is. Maybe they'll put three or four into one to make up the complement; you fellows know that as well as I do. Then where would my corporal's pay be? But that doesn't make a bit of difference. If I were sure of a captain's pay I'd stick to what I've made up my mind to do, and that is—to *stay with my mother!*"

With these words he turned abruptly in the direction of his home, and in a few long, quick strides left his companions far behind. It was characteristic of the boy that although by informing them that it was by the advice of good Father Masselis he was remaining behind, he could doubtless have changed the current of antagonism against him, he refrained from doing so. In this he was actuated partly by a feeling of not wishing to make an apologetic attitude for an act in which he felt entirely justified, and partly through the pain and surprise of wounded feeling caused by the conduct of his late friends and companions. As he strode along his big hands clenched more than once in an effort to subdue the strong emotion which threatened to overpower him; sobs arose in his throat, and two great tears rolled down his cheeks. And, though he brushed them away as quickly almost as they came, he need not have been ashamed of them. When he reached home, his mother, a pale and delicate woman, was waiting for him.

"Mother," he remarked abruptly as he entered the room, "they've got enough in the company without me. I'm not going. Two were dropped, and I'm one of them."

"Oh, I am glad, Jim!" exclaimed the

fragile little woman, as he stood with his hand on her shoulder. "I would not have said a word, but I have been hoping and praying that you would not have to go. I have been feeling so ill lately that sometimes I feared I was not going to live long; and if you were gone to the war, and perhaps killed, what would become of little Alice?"

"Don't talk of not living long, mother mine!" said the boy, stroking her hair. "You'll be all right in a short time. You've got to put that needlework by for a few months, any way: you've got to take a rest."

The mother smiled.

"It doesn't hurt me at all to sew, Jim," she said; "and it helps so much. But you're sure you're not disappointed, my son?"

"Not a bit, mother,—not a bit!" said the boy, cheerfully. "But come! Aren't you tired? Let us go to bed."

The mother was soon asleep; but it was long past midnight when Jim, usually a sound sleeper, found repose from the troubled thoughts which filled his soul. When at last he slept, his dreams were calm and peaceful.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Lazy Boy's Discovery.

In the early days of the steam-engine, the regulating and condensing valves had to be shut and opened by a boy employed for that purpose. A lazy fellow, Humphrey Potter by name, cared more for play than work; and one day, to escape his task and get off into the fields, he conceived the idea of connecting the levers which governed the cocks with the beams by a piece of string. This he carried into effect, and off he went. His absence and his contrivance were discovered; but no doubt he was forgiven, as he had led the way to a labor-saving invention which has been used ever since.

Spur-Money.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

Only a few weeks ago a gentleman who entered a certain English cathedral wearing his spurs was set upon by the choir-boys and made to pay a round sum of money. This is in accordance with an old custom which makes the wearing of spurs during divine service a punishable offence, the fine imposed being called "spur-money." As far back as 1495 there is a record of a similar demand. "To the children for the king's spurs, 4s.," we find in an ancient expense book; and again we meet with three separate statements that a certain amount was paid to the "coristars of Wyndesor in rewarde for the king's spurres."

At first this custom appears to have applied only to the king who jingled his footgear while others were praying; but later on everyone who committed the offence appears to have been taxed. We read, in words so quaint that we must modernize them, how the unwary would wear their beautiful silver spurs into the cathedral, and the white-robed singers would swarm about them like butterflies, until from perfumed and embroidered purses the money they demanded would be forthcoming.

The custom of collecting spur-money has never entirely died out, as the recent instance proves. Some years ago a tourist was set upon in Hereford cathedral, and a claim was made for a certain sum as a penalty for wearing his riding-boots within the precincts. He, however, proved stubborn, and so the lads ran off with his hat. The gentleman happened to be one who despised old customs; he promptly laid the case before the local magistrate, who astonished him by deciding in favor of the choristers. "According to ancient law," ruled the magistrate, "you must pay your spur-money unless the youngest

choir-boy is unable to sing the scale." The tourist immediately demanded this proof of the smallest lad's proficiency, and the boy failed; so for once the spur-money was unpaid.

If we would understand these strange happenings of a far-off time, we must try to make a picture of them in our mind. Can you not see the dignified judge calmly announcing his decision, the indignant and hatless visitor fuming with rage, and the fair-haired little boy trying to sing the scale and weeping because he makes so sad a failure?

Bell-ringers used to demand money of any who entered their belfries wearing spurs; and a similar requisition was often made upon uniformed visitors to various jails and courts of the United Kingdom. Formerly only knights were permitted to go booted and spurred into the House of Commons, and woe betided the citizen who dared to follow their example.

The spurs of old were fashioned of precious metals, adorned with jewels, and were worn by women as well as men. Sometimes they were decorated with mottoes, a favorite one being:

A true knight am I,
Anger me and try.

At present the spur is principally confined in our own country to cavalry men and cow-boys; and as both cavalry and cow-boys are, I hear, going out of fashion, the spur is likely to follow. But the sight of one will always recall the chivalry of the past, and the spur-money demanded by the little choir-boys of old England.

THE rarest of known shells is called the "cove of the Holy Mary," though conchologists do not assign a reason for the name. There are only two known specimens in the world; one of them is in the British Museum, the other in Austria. You might offer as high as \$15,000 for this one ocean gem, and England would shake her head.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A volume of poetry, by Miss Louise I. Guiney, is announced by Mr. Grant Richards. Its title is "England and Yesterday."

—The Catholic Truth Society has issued a new edition of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Words for the Worldly; or, Scriptural Jewels." This booklet is as full of good thoughts as an egg of meat, and they are happily expressed.

—Among the forthcoming books is "The History of the Blessed Lady Mary the Virgin, and the History of the Image of Christ which the men of Tiberias made to mock Him." The Syriac text is edited, with a translation, by Dr. Wallis Budge. Messrs. Luzac & Co., publishers.

—A great amount of good advice pleasantly given is contained in "The Man" and "The Christian Housewife," adapted from the German of the Rev. F. X. Wetzel, and published by B. Herder. These booklets deserve to be widely circulated. We commend them to the attention of the clergy.

—The Rev. Charles H. Bowden, of the Oratory, has compiled "A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms," containing all the words in common use relating to Catholic faith and practice. The definitions are short and simple as well as accurate. It is a handy and most useful book of reference, which will be welcomed everywhere. Anything that Father Bowden undertakes is sure to be well done. Published by the Catholic Truth Society.

—An extraordinary evidence of the Blessed Virgin's power, at a shrine near Osimo in Italy, has given to Our Mother another title—that of Our Lady of Campocavallo, the name of the farm where the favored chapel is situated. Under the same title, Mr. R. Washbourne has issued a pamphlet setting forth the wonders which, since the first manifestation, are said to have rewarded the faith and piety of those who visited the shrine.

—"Popular Instructions on Prayer" is the title of a new booklet compiled chiefly from the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, by

the Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R. It reflects the doctrine of the saint on grace and prayer, and is adapted to the present wants of mankind. The absolute necessity of prayer for salvation, the qualities and different kinds of prayer, are clearly explained; and the compiler has added some useful admonitions of St. Alphonsus and a selection of prayers and practices of piety found in his writings.

—We fear that the Rev. Father Woods has attempted to cover too wide a field in his "Guide to True Religion." A general survey of the creed and sects of the world from the beginning is hardly possible in an ordinary 12mo; and the cumulative evidence in favor of the Church is not so impressive as it might have been if the author had limited the scope of his work. Father Woods writes well, however; and there is a pleasing absence of exaggeration and offensiveness in his pages. John Murphy & Co.

—The objection made to one of the most readable of our Catholic newspapers that it contains too much selected matter is hardly worth noticing. The best newspaper editors are those who quote largely, and the "getting up" of select copy is the nicest work that is done in editorial offices. The interest, the variety and usefulness of a newspaper depend in no small degree upon the quoted matter; and few men are capable of quoting wisely who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they copy. A sensible editor desires considerable select matter, because he knows that one mind can not make so good a paper as five or six.

—The advent of short days and the ever-increasing necessity of keeping children off the streets after dark, ought to suggest to parents the advisability of providing good reading for the family circle. Books and magazines are now so cheap that there can be no good reason why every home should not possess a little library. No parent should bring up his children without surrounding them with helpful reading matter. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the thirst for knowledge in a

young mind is a surer protection than many persons realize against the seductions of vice. A home without books nowadays is like a room without windows.

—At the suggestion of many teachers who had successfully used "New Testament Studies" when they originally appeared in magazine form, the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty has consented to their issuance in a form more suitable for the class-room. The method of instruction adopted is the catechetical one, and the author has succeeded in making a useful and interesting text-book for the larger pupils of our parish schools. There is a lack of manuals of this kind, and certainly any effort that may be made to interest young people in the Gospel narrative deserves the fullest encouragement. It is easier to pick flaws in a book of this kind than to produce one. Benziger Bros.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, net.

The Man. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R.* 35 cts.

New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.

Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.

Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* \$1.

A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 15 cts.

Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth.* \$1.

Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus.* 60 cts., net.

Memories. *C. M. Home.* 70 cts., net.

Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.

The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. James Clare, S. J.* \$2.20, net.

The Voice of the Good Shepherd. *Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.* 5 cts.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, net.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, net.

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., net.

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* \$1.60, net.

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., net.

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Slang.* \$1, net.

Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 43.

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Rome.

BY MARION MUIR.

HER tent arose upon the Latin hills,
Crowned with the star of valor; in her
breast

She felt the throbbing of a soul's unrest;
She battled with the seas, the winds, the
wills

Of mighty rivals; reaping for the mills
Of unknown gods a harvest east and west.
Bound the far isles, and pushed her iron
crest

Beyond the heights where Alpine tempest
shrills.

She lost and won the stakes all men desire;
And yet, though twenty centuries have
flown,

She is not wholly desolate nor alone;
But in her heart immortal lives the fire
That draws the pilgrim to her storied
throne,—

The spiritual youth time can not tire
Nor evil vanquish till the world expire.

Reason Falters, but Faith is Sure.

POSITIVE, definite faith," says the Abbé Hogan,* "is fast disappearing from most, not to say all, of the religious organizations outside the Catholic Church." Unwelcome as this sweeping declaration is, a glance at the world around us is proof enough of its truth. Protestantism no longer holds

its old-fashioned camp-meetings; and if foreign missionaries are still sent out to the heathen, they go less in the name of Christianity than in the name of civilization. Mr. Ingersoll grumbles because the sectarian clergy are climbing onto his platform in such numbers as to crowd him completely off. In daily conversation, in newspapers, in books, in magazines, the favorite sentiment is that all religion is a guess in the dark; that the "Christian mythology" is not, perhaps, so transparent as the body of ancient classic fable; but that mythology it is, nevertheless. The catchwords of agnostic biologists have been taken up by the man in the street. Churches are comparatively deserted, or are supported only as ethical clubs where a mild sort of rationalism may still be reconciled with the singing of hymns and the sensational exposure of those special sins of which the church-goers are not supposed to be guilty.

In vain does the sober scholarship of the day affirm "the bankruptcy of science." In vain does philosophy show that the most advanced agnostics of our day are merely "treading in the path that was worn smooth by other feet before our civilization had been born"; that the stupendous labor of the opponents of Christianity has succeeded only in garnishing forth a thesis that was first

* "Clerical Studies," p. 141.

proposed two thousand years ago;—the furious denunciations of clericalism by Huxley and his satellites have done their work; and that conceited entity, the average man, seems still to believe that what he does not know is not knowledge; that Christianity is merely a gigantic scheme for defrauding the public of a penny collection on Sunday; and that faith, if faith anywhere exists, is nothing more or less than “believing things that you know ain’t so.”

But does doubt or denial satisfy the intellect that elects it? Do “untrammelled reason” and “free thought” lead men farther upward or onward? Occasionally a man of strong intellect and broad culture—like Romanes,—who has sounded the shallows of unbelief, will admit the need of faith to supplement reason. More often men with observant minds and keen faculty of analysis reveal to the doubter himself the hopelessness and emptiness of his belated philosophy. So Brunetière has done in France; and so an eminent non-Catholic, Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, has recently done in the *Bookman*.* Prof. Peck’s rhythmic sentences are so well thought out that we make no apology for quoting some of them *verbatim*:

“Unthinking persons sometimes speak of mere ‘blind faith.’ But in the sphere of things like these, it is rather Reason, unguided and uncontrolled, that is really smitten with eternal blindness; that gropes and stumbles; and that, after toiling painfully over many a weary path, finds itself fainting and exhausted at the very place from which it started; while Faith alone, whose undimmed eyes have been divinely opened, sees clearly down the endless vista of eternity. Reason falters, but Faith is sure. Reason becomes at last impoverished, but Faith grows richer with the lapse of time. Reason

sickens and falls fainting by the way; but Faith goes on serenely to the end.

“There is need of Faith to-day in philosophy and in religion—two spheres which in the highest sense are one; for in the end it is Faith alone that satisfies the needs of every human soul. It is here that we can find the secret of the wonderful power of Catholicism—that it has learned and thoroughly assimilated this fundamental truth which Protestantism seems unable to acquire. There come to us the warring of unnumbered sects, and controversial clamor without end between those, on the one hand, who would make religious truth turn on the pointing of a Hebrew text in some ink-smearred palimpsest; and those who, on the other hand, imagine that salvation is to be secured by setting up sporadic soup-kitchens and by stocking missionary homes with parti-colored pen-wipers.

“He who wanders in the darkness of uncertainty and has found in Reason but a treacherous guide, needs something higher, deeper, richer and more spiritual than this. Struggling onward through the storm and night, repelled and driven farther by the cold formalism that looks out on him superciliously from its grated windows, he plunges with a growing terror into a deeper darkness; following perhaps, the fitful lead of Atheism, that with ghastly grin beckons him onward when he shrinks back, shuddering at the chasm’s brink where yawn abysmal depths of infinite despair; until at last, beyond the beating of the storm and the gloom of an unfathomable darkness, he sees the House of Faith, serenely radiant with light, filled with the sound of melodious music, and opening wide its gates to shelter and defend, and to diffuse through all the depths of his poor shaken soul the peace, the comfort, and the divinely perfect beauty of an endless benediction.”

The lesson which Prof. Peck here set forth is the lesson of all the centuries

* September, p. 32.

Death is the key to life; the world to come explains the world that is; reason is powerless to solve the problems itself as raised; faith is an intellectual as well as a spiritual necessity. Where divinely revealed truth has been given up, some poor substitute—spiritism, "faith cure," "Christian science," "the latest thing in ethics," or a body of inane superstitions—must take its place. Prof. Peck's words are pleasant reading for Catholics; let us now supplement them with a truer and heartier view of faith, which, we may hope, will be helpful reading for our Protestant readers. In his latest pastoral letter, Bishop Hedley, of Newport, England, writes:*

"It is a distinctive mark of Catholics throughout the world to be sensitive and particular in everything that relates to the integrity and purity of the holy faith which they have the happiness to possess. The Catholic faith is a direct communication from God, the Father of light and the zealous Lover of souls. Men have not been left to the labor of their own intelligence, to obscure investigation, to guess-work, or to the hesitating guidance of rival philosophers. God has spoken, and His utterance is called revelation. He has spoken not merely by the things He has made—by the visible universe, by the instincts of nature, by the powerful reason of man,—but also in an ultra-natural way, by His Son Jesus Christ; by the Apostles whom His Spirit inspired, and by the teaching Church which that Spirit illuminates and guides during all time, even to the consummation of the world.

"To accept the Catholic faith, therefore, is not merely to give intellectual assent to certain views, or practically to acquiesce in certain arrangements. Faith is the worship of the loyal heart. Faith is a clinging such as that with which

one clings to a father or a sovereign. Faith is the warm fervor of that will-power which rules all human action, and which adores in the divine revelation the clear utterance of Him who alone deserves to be loved for His own sake. Faith is light and faith is service; it guides the reason in thinking, directs the moral powers in conduct, and fills the heart with a spirit of personal devotion to Almighty God; recognizing that any abandonment, any defection, any denial, whether it be before men or merely in the heart, must be not only a mistake, a wandering from the right path, but also an offence, a slight, an injury to God; or, in other words, a greater or a lesser sin.

"The best definition of faith is that which is given in the inspired words of the Apostle in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews: 'Now, faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not.' In this memorable sentence we have the description of a spiritual quality or gift, a commencement or instalment of life—everlasting, which causes the mind to accept what it can not clearly prove—that is, the truths revealed by God. By the word 'evidence' is not meant logical demonstration, but certainty; and this distinguishes faith from mere opinion or probability. By the phrase 'things that appear not,' is denoted that obscurity which human reason must find in the mysteries of revelation, and which marks off faith from the sphere in which the intellect can attain demonstration and see plainly. And in the expression 'things to be hoped for,' we have divine faith distinguished from ordinary faith, which may indeed believe, but which does not turn man's face to eternal beatitude. For divine faith, laboring as it does under the darkness which must accompany mortal conditions, seems to afford to the devout believer the touch or grasp—the

* *Weekly Register*, Oct. 1.

'substance'—of the glorious things of the time to come."

It is a favorite saying of our Protestant neighbors that the Catholic Church demands from her children not only a "blind" but an ignorant faith. One would think that the zeal with which she exhorts her children to the study of philosophy and theology, her rigid insistence on the doctrinal Sunday sermon, and her ingenuity in devising fresh plans for diffusing Christian instruction, would have dispelled this delusion long ago. "It is very praiseworthy to be prepared to accept whatever the Church proposes," says the eloquent Bishop whose words we have quoted; "but it would be still better to take the trouble to acquire a wide and accurate knowledge of those sublime revelations, those salutary doctrines, and those most useful laws and precepts, which it is the office of the Catholic Church to proclaim aloud to an indifferent world." And not only does the Church desire her children to know her teaching in its entirety, but she invites them to the fullest and freest examination of the rational grounds on which her claims as a teacher rest. The believer who allows his reason to lie fallow lest the roots of faith should suffer from the plowshare, she would stigmatize as already half a sceptic. Such a one can never be her apostle. "We are bound to be prepared, according to our opportunities, to give explanation of Catholic practices and reasons for Catholic doctrine to those who show a disposition to inquire. This duty chiefly affects priests and the educated laity. It is St. Peter's injunction that we 'be always ready to satisfy every one that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us.'

"Plain speaking may indeed be necessary sometimes, to show that we are in earnest, and to prevent the simple from being imposed upon. But bitterness always leaves a rankling wound and

stimulates ill-will. It was the way of St. Francis of Sales to give his Calvinist friends the credit of good intention, and to recognize to the full the good truth which was mixed up with their errors. How many of those persons who distrust Catholicism are truly anxious to advance the kingdom of God! How touching, at times, are their devotion to Christ, their recognition of religion in civil and social life, their practical charity, and other good qualities! We should be glad to acknowledge these things wherever we find them, and solicitous at the same time to impart such information as may show where may be found that full and adequate system of doctrine and sacraments which a loving Saviour has left as the inheritance of the Christian world."

There are vast unshepherded multitudes around us to whom the existence and prerogatives of the Church have never been adequately made known. There are other multitudes by whom the Church is seen only through a distorted medium, whether that medium be the misrepresentations of her avowed enemies or the scandalous lives of her own children. It is most true, as Dr. Hedley says, that "it is not fair to judge of a religion by the bad behavior of Catholics in this or that country. The Church, viewed as a world-wide kingdom, furnishes an ample demonstration of her right to be called 'holy.' But, as a fact, the people of [Chicago], for instance, judge her by the behavior of the Catholics of Chicago. We have, therefore, the serious responsibility of living so as to cause men to honor our holy faith. Any man or woman who misbehaves is undoubtedly answerable for the sneers, contempt, and disregard which are too often directed against the religion that we love."

This important lesson is as old as the days of St. Paul himself, who felt constrained, even in that time of pristine fervor, to admonish the faithful against

whatever might prove a rock of offence to the unbeliever. When Catholics, whose rugged faith Prof. Peck so much admires, come to understand that the honor of the Church is in their keeping, that their daily lives is the one controversial book which lies open before all eyes—the only one that many persons ever see,—they will be at greater pains, let us hope, to frame their actions in accordance with their faith. The path of the unbeliever will then have been made more smooth. “So let your light shine before men, that they may glorify your Father who is in heaven.”

Katherine of Desmond.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND-GILBERT.

X.—AH, HERE HE IS!

WHILE Philip was announcing his intentions to the chaplain of the Templars, Katherine was in her aunt's chamber, pouring out her new-found joy into the motherly heart of the abbess. The girl had thrown herself on her knees and buried her face in the lap of the nun.

“Only a few days ago I told you of the sorrow that had driven me here. I had made my sacrifice, accepted my cross; I had put on my pride like armor. Peace had come to me; I was able to see a life of usefulness and contentment opening before me. But now it seems that God was only trying me. He has suddenly overwhelmed me with unexpected joy. You have seen my Philip—the tall Spanish knight who was with the Templars?”

“I saw him—I feared—I guessed,” said the abbess.

“Fear nothing now, dear Mother. The clouds are all cleared away, and there is nothing but happiness before us.”

“Then do I understand, my child, that

he followed you here when he found you had left France?”

“No, Mother,” said Katherine, a slight shadow crossing her bright face. “He did not know I was here: he came on some business to Rhincrew. I do not know all the particulars. I met him quite by accident on the cliffs. He was looking sad and downcast; but when he saw me joy sprang into his face. I could not but see that it was not surprise only he felt at meeting me. I treated him with great coldness, and hastily withdrew when he attempted to explain some matters which had been the cause of his strange conduct toward me. Yet, after all that, he appeared at the heron-hunting. He followed me, he sought me; he persisted in declaring his love for me and his ability to destroy the obstacles which had prevented his approaching me. He asked me to be his wife—”

Katherine raised a radiant face to the grave eyes that were watching her. The elder woman leaned forward and kissed the sweet lips, but a shadow of doubt still touched her brows.

“Did he not explain to you even then the reason of his conduct—tell you what were those difficulties which had been so insurmountable and had suddenly ceased to exist?”

“No, Mother: there was little time; but I am sure he will do so—unless indeed the honor of some other person should oblige him to keep silence. I fancy it is some family matter; a duty to some friend perhaps, undertaken before we met. It seems to me that it must in some way be connected with these Knights Templars at Rhincrew.”

The shade on the face of the Mother Abbess deepened.

“It is all strange,” she said at last. “I thought I had heard—”

“Do not tell me what you heard!” cried Katherine. “There may be many who know Philip's circumstances, but I

will learn of them only from himself."

"And you will leave us again, my darling, having only just come to us?"

"I do not know. Perhaps not," replied Katherine. "I will follow Philip wherever he will bid me," she added, with a sudden bright blush; "but it may be that he will stay here, and I pray that it will be so. But we run on too fast."

"I confess I had other hopes for you," said the nun. "Your relative Strancally is good—is all that a woman could wish. He has loved you from the first moment—when you stepped out of your boat like a fairy princess and took all our hearts by storm. He is not too closely related to you. His property is close to yours; you are much of the same color of mind; you would be happy together—"

"Dear Mother," said Katherine, laughing, "is not this only a pretty dream? Strancally is a dear fellow; I feel that he is like a brother to me. He would probably think it very strange did he know that you were bent on making a present of him to me. At all events, he is, as you say, a little too like myself, even if I had not met my fate before ever he set eyes on me. I can see a certain reflection of myself in him. I have heard it said that in wedded life a certain contrast of natures is better than similarity. And Philip is much stronger, higher, nobler than I am—"

"I can not follow you there," rejoined the Lady Abbess, hurriedly. "I judge him differently, also you. However, I dare not say more lest I should tilt against the arrangements of Providence. I can only pray that God will save you if danger should arise in your path."

Katherine kissed her aunt's grave brow and the strong white hands that held hers so tightly; and then suddenly broke from her and stood up, laughing in her consciousness of the unquestionable possession of her love and her joy.

"Philip will be here presently," she observed. "He will come early to say all that remains yet to be said. And after he has talked to me he shall talk to you, Aunt Ellinor; and after you have heard him you shall tell me what you think of him. Meanwhile take some rest, dear Mother; and forgive your child for causing you so much anxiety and interfering with your holy habits,—turning you into the likeness of a mere noble dame of the world for the nonce. Soon you will be able to return to your beloved nunnery, leaving me in the care of my princely husband. Queen Blanche will also forgive my waywardness when she knows of the misunderstanding which was the cause of it, and that her favorite Philip and I are betrothed."

Then the abbess retired; and Katherine, unable to rest for mere joy, went out to a little wood that stretched inland behind Temple Michael and adjoined the woods of the Abbey of Molanna. She gathered the wild bluebells out of the grass, and listened to the song of the lark overhead, with a rapture that matched its own, and with a divining of the reason for all rapture in the universe.

In the pauses of the lark's ecstasies the solemn sound of the monks' chanting came to her ears. With face upturned to the sun, she sent forth her soul in prayer, along with the jubilation of bird and the prayer of man. After that she returned to her chamber, and decorated the high niche where the lamp always burned before the Holy Mother and Son, weaving thickly-knotted crowns of the bluebells, and placing them on the rudely-carven heads, above the faces which smiled at her out of the sombre stone.

Then, urged by her old nurse, she at last lay down and slept sweetly after her long hours of excitement. The sunshine entered the narrow windows in long, slanting shafts of light, and lit up the faces of the Blessed Mother and Babe,

who seemed to watch while she slept. Blackwater footed on his way under the massive walls of Temple Michael; and the mingled songs of wood and water murmured on, while the morning glory intensified into midsummer noon.

Early in the same afternoon Katherine and her nurse took refuge from the heat of the sun in the upper pine wood, where from the fragrant shades they could look down on the golden flood—could see into the long distances of reedy shore and water, and watch the swimming clouds that circled about the sapphire peaks of the Tipperary mountains.

Katherine, expectant of loving eyes, had put on a dress of spotless white, and in childish delight crowned herself with the bluebells (the Holy Mother's livery, she said) as she sat waiting in the grass; while the old nurse rehearsed her quaint stories of the supernatural beings who lived in a wonderful country down under the neighboring "fort."

An hour passed and Katherine grew restless. Philip was long in coming; but the sweetness of her nature soon busied her in making excuses for his delay. These troubles, these difficulties of his, might they not even now beset him? "Ah, here he is!" cried her heart; and immediately she turned her face from the direction whence he was coming, and pretended not to be watching for him too eagerly.

"Go into the castle, my nurse," she said, "and tell the Lady Abbess that Sir Philip of Castile is coming to pay his respects to her."

XI.—HOW WEAK! HOW CRUEL!

Philip was approaching, yet a slight chill at heart restrained Katherine from making any move to meet him. He was not walking with that quick, eager step which she had expected: his head drooped on his breast as when she had come on him unawares upon the cliffs at

Rhincrew. What was this that had again overtaken him?

He drew near, not lifting his eyes, yet shaping his course straight toward the slender, white-robed figure which stood motionless, awaiting him. At last he was before her, but silent, and not daring to look in her face.

"Philip!" she said, tremulously. "Oh! what terrible thing has returned upon you? Tell me what has happened. In pity speak to me."

"I dare not look upon you: I feel myself too guilty to meet your faithful eyes," he answered. "I have a confession to make. Would I had made it sooner! Before I ever saw you I had taken a vow. I can ask no woman's hand, no woman's love. I have been bold, cowardly, selfish, irreligious. Pity me, Katherine, because I have suffered—because I suffer—"

The girl put both her trembling hands to her head, and stared at him with distended eyes.

"My God, Philip! what mean you?" she whispered. "Do not tell me that you are in sacred orders—"

"Not a priest, but fast bound by my vow. I am a Templar."

"But—but that is only a soldier!" said Katherine.

"It is something more: my vow is as the vow of a monk."

"This was the mystery, and you would not tell me in time—to shield my heart! Ah! you have gone too far—you have drawn me to you too close. Does our love count for nothing? Is not the promise between us as sacred as that other? Such vows as yours can be remitted—when the heart is not with them. Can we not be good together, serve God before all things, make pilgrimages, succor the poor and suffering—everything, anything rather than part—"

She stopped, breathless, and hid her face. He did not raise his eyes, did not dare even to glance at her. Her voice

fell on his ear as something that had to be endured. He answered, gloomily:

"I have thought as you do,—I have tried to think so. Last night I wrestled with my temptation at the foot of the altar. It was there borne in on me that were I to forsake the banner of the Cross and follow my own happiness, God would come between me and my joy,—God would separate my heart from yours in our unsanctified union—"

A wail broke from Katherine, and then for a few moments there was deep silence. A fierce struggle was going on in her inmost soul. When she spoke again it was in a hoarse, strained voice, unlike her own.

"I see," she said. "You suffered temptation and I am the temptress. May God forbid that I should come between you and Him! You ought to have told me sooner. I trust we may meet again where there are no broken vows—and no broken hearts. Pray for me, as I will pray for you. And now let us part at once."

"I sail to-morrow morning at sunrise with the expedition to Palestine," said Philip, in the same even tone of gloom.

"Ah, the ships! I saw them—but I did not know. Go then, Philip! It is our last farewell on earth. At least look at me once and clasp my hand—"

He hesitated, his eyelids quivered and refused to rise. Katherine extended her trembling little hand, and he saw it. In an instant his eyes were fixed on hers with a long, agonized gaze. He touched her hand and dropped it with a cry like that of an animal heart-pierced; then, without another word, he turned and fled from her.

Katherine sank in the grass and lay there, not unconscious, but shuddering with anguish under the blue sky. The sudden reaction from joy had been too terrible. After a time she rose to her feet and took her way back to the castle. She met the abbess coming in search of her,

and expecting to meet her in company with Philip. The abbess started at sight of the change that an hour had wrought in her. Katherine did not wait for her questions.

"He is gone, Mother," she said. "God has wanted him and I did not know. He is a Templar."

"I feared it," replied the abbess. "Ah, how weak! how cruel!"

"Hush, dear aunt! Do not blame him. It is a glorious cause, and he has suffered. And, Mother,"—with a faint smile—"I think God must want me too; for my heart is broken."

The abbess felt more indignant than grieved. She said to herself that after all this trouble Katherine would be happy and marry Strancally. The girl's utter quietude deceived her.

Aunt and niece walked up and down the low path by the shore until evening closed in, and then Katherine asked to be allowed to retire early.

"I am very weary," she said; "and I would be awake at sunrise to pray while the expedition is starting."

She went to her room, but not to sleep. Her slight figure gathered itself into a little heap on the floor under the lamp that burned before the high Madonna with the dark stone face, which, in the joy of her heart, she had crowned with flowers a few hours ago. The flowers were still fresh, but what blast of death had fallen upon the gay young heart that had made the offering? A few of the bluebells still clung to her own hair, and were crushed as that golden hair was swept in the dust. She wanted to pray; but the only words that won through her lips were, "Protect him! protect him!" and, "Accept me too!" Her night passed thus, in a kind of swoon of unspoken prayer. In the long, deep silence she seemed the only living being under the eye of God; but in the morning she was suddenly aware of a change.

XII.—THE SACRIFICE.

The sound that aroused Katherine was the tread of a mailed foot on the stair leading to an outer apartment. It came steadily on and up—the ring of steel on stone. Who was coming to her thus? O Heaven, it could be only one! She straightened her body and knelt erect, then fell back on her heels; gazing up at the dark Madonna, as if asking, "What?—why?" A few more moments and the mailed foot had arrived at the outer door, and the stirring of armor made the stone passage ring.

"Katherine! Katherine! come—speak to me!"

She made no answer, and then a mailed hand knocked on the door.

"O Katherine my beloved, come and listen to me!"

Katherine flung herself across the two rooms and knelt with her ear at the outer door.

"What do you want with me, Philip?" she said.

"To tell you that this madness of parting is nothing but a dream. I can not leave you. I have quitted my company, and they must sail without me. We will be happy together, as you yourself have said. Undo the bar and let me speak to you."

Katherine's hands went to the bar, but fell from it and hung by her side, while she leaned against the door for support.

"This is only a return of weakness," she said. "I will not be your curse. Go!"

"And this is all a woman's love comes to! I have renounced everything, dared everything for you, and you coldly bid me go! Katherine, beloved beyond everything on earth, open the door a little and let me look on you, and I will persuade you that we can yet be happy beyond our wildest dreams."

Katherine had sunk back on the floor under his words, as if they had been blows to kill her; but, gathering herself

up again, half dead with the effort to crush her poor heart, she found courage to answer him back again:

"This is, I tell you, only a passing madness. Did you not assure me only last evening that were you to forswear yourself to Christ, no happiness could be yours or mine? God has chosen you, God has accepted you. It may be that He will take me too, and that we shall meet soon, when the fight is won, when the cross is lifted—where there will be no more strife, where all is peace—and love—"

She ceased; and Philip poured forth yet more ravings of love and entreaty, for all answer to which the girl cried:

"Let not the ships sail without Christ's servant. Go, beloved, in His name; and Katherine will soon follow you."

His answer, wild, broken, impassioned, Katherine scarcely heard: a spasm of the heart had for the moment taken away her senses. In the interval of her silence Philip waited, listening breathlessly for a sound. What passed in his mind in the meantime, as the result of Katherine's constancy was borne in upon him, who can say? The conviction that she was immovable grew upon him; and at last, in a passion of despair, crossed by a glimmering of the return of spiritual resolution, he turned from the door and retreated down the staircase.

The descending step, with its loud, ringing tread, seemed to awake Katherine from her swoon. She crept to her knees again, and listened with her ear to the chink of the door. Lower went the foot, leaving her for all time. She strained to catch the last faint echo of mail on stone; and when the silence assured her that she had banished him forever, the spasm returned again and rent her fragile body. She swung backward from her knees and then her heart broke.

It was near noon of that day; and the ships bearing the Knights Templars to Palestine were already out of the harbor,

taking Philip of Castile among their number, before any alarm was felt in Temple Michael because Katherine had failed to appear as was usual in the mornings. The nurse had been to her door many times; but, finding it fastened, refrained from knocking to disturb her. The abbess, guessing that she had passed a restless night, desired that she should be allowed to sleep. As the day wore on, however, and there was no sound from within the room in response to many knocks, she gave the command to have the door forced open. As it opened, something was found to be in its way—the body of Katherine, lying cold against it! So she had died at her post, a faithful guardian of Christ's honor.

There was woe and lamentation in Temple Michael when its lovely lady was laid among the saints at Ardmore. The abbess and Strancally wept together, and the old nurse keened bitterly on many a summer evening along the river-shore. All her piety could not restrain the Lady Ellinor's anger at what she held as the cruelty of Philip of Castile, until one day when she learned of his early death, fighting in the Holy Land under the banner of the Beau Séant. Then her heart softened toward him, and she rejoiced to believe that the lovers had already met in that highest heaven which is the reward of self-denial and self-sacrifice.

(The End.)

WE shall be tried by that which we have known and done; and we shall be compelled to lay our hand upon our mouth and to confess that in all our life we never did evil, in thought, word, or deed, but we might have refrained from doing it, and might have done good instead if we had had the will; that every act of evil was a free act, and an irrational and immoral abuse of our will.

—Manning.

What Art Thou, Soul?

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

SOUL, what art thou? What art thou, wondrous Soul?

Keen as an edge of flame, deep as the sea:
Yea, souls of men and destinies to be,
All worlds, and every star in thy control.

Lightly thou holdest them, and gatherest toll
From their vast treasure as it pleaseth thee;

And with soft scorn thou knowest certainly
They are the dust thou treadest to thy goal.

Strange one, thou reachest forth with mighty power,

Grasping eternity, thy only gain:
And yet some bauble, in a little hour,
Shall shake thee to thy centre with its pain.

What art thou, Soul, that answerest aye and nay?

A giant-king, housed in a hut of clay.

The Story of Governor Burnett.

V.

WHILE adhering to an inflexible rule in business matters—or we should rather say as a banker, for in that capacity he did not consider himself free to imperil money which belonged not to himself but to his depositors,—Governor Burnett was a most charitable man; not only contributing freely and generously wherever religion, duty or philanthropy called, but privately and not to be seen of men, in hundreds of instances that are recorded only in the grateful hearts of the recipients, and by the pen of the angel whose emblazoned pages are not visible to mortal eyes. And his charity was twofold. No one ever heard him speak disparagingly of another, and nothing gave him greater pain than to hear persons do so. He would always

take the opportunity to bring forward an excuse in favor of the accused, or relate some good quality he possessed. If unable to do this, he either kept silence or spoke of the proneness of human nature to err as long as man wears the imperfect garb of poor mortality.

One of the most remarkable among the many virtues he possessed was that of total abstinence,—something wonderful in the pioneer days, when temperance was an almost unknown quality even among those who possessed fortitude, endurance, and probity, as well as other heroic characteristics. It is said that he never took but one drink of whisky in his life; then, fearing he should grow to like it too well, he resolved to refrain from it forever. When he was governor, the Legislature of a Thousand Drinks held its sessions in the Capitol at San José.

It was thus designated because of the presence, in an anteroom of the legislative chamber, of a barrel of whisky which was open to all comers; but Governor Burnett was not among their number. No one ever saw him at convivial clubs nor in a bar-room; yet in those days, even more than at present, all politicians and would-be legislators thought it as necessary to drink strong liquors as to breathe the air which afforded them life from day to day. But although he held aloof from these indulgences, he lost not one particle of popularity thereby; on the contrary, his colleagues liked him the better for it, and his opponents respected him the more.

After his retirement from active life, Governor Burnett spent the remainder of his days in the same methodical, regular manner which had always distinguished him. He continued to enjoy wonderfully good health, delighting to tell how well and strong he was, and how he succeeded in retaining to a remarkable degree all his physical and mental faculties. On his eighty-sixth birthday he said in an

interview: "My rule is to eat about two-thirds of what my appetite demands; always to go to the table hungry and to get up hungry. I think all men of strong constitution should live to be eighty years of age."

Up to the very last day of his life he preserved his deep interest in the welfare of the State and city where he had resided so long. While not taking any active part in affairs for some time before his death, he displayed until the end, as he had at the beginning, a genuine California patriotism; for, unlike many others, he had not come as a fortune-hunter, intending to return to the East to spend the money which he might accumulate in the El Dorado of the West. In his letter resigning the governorship of the State he said: "In the humble sphere of a private citizen, I shall still cherish for her that ardent attachment she so justly merits. Within her serene and sunny limits I expect to spend the remainder of my days, many or few; and should an unfortunate crisis arise when such a sacrifice might be available and necessary for her safety, my limited fortune and force and my life shall be at her disposal." These words were the offspring of the pure and kindly feelings of a most sincere and loyal heart, and he abided by them to the end.

The account of Governor Burnett's latter days has been furnished the writer by his granddaughter, Miss Sarah C. Burnett, in the house of whose father, John M. Burnett, he resided up to the time of his death.

His wife, Harriet W. Burnett, having died in 1879, after a happy married life of fifty-one years, Governor Burnett lived for some time in the family residence, attended by a faithful old servant. One of his motives in so doing, and which was but another evidence of the innate kindness of his disposition, was to afford the families of his children and relatives

who lived outside of the city a stopping place when duty or inclination brought them to San Francisco. Such, indeed, it had always been for many pleasant years. It was during this period of his life that he wrote and published "Recollections of an Old Pioneer," as well as his latest work, "Reasons why We Should Believe in God, Love God, and Obey God."

Having withdrawn his interests even as a stockholder from the Pacific Bank, he invested his capital in United States bonds, which, requiring none of the care necessary in ordinary business, left his mind free to attend to the affairs of his soul, on which it was wholly bent. It was in the year 1884, feeling that his great age needed more care and protection than he could obtain by living alone, that he broke up housekeeping and went to live with his son.

The change from the quiet of his own home to the bustle of a large family did not seem to disturb his tranquillity. He lived his own life, as methodical as a monk in his cell, yet ever cheerfully submitting to the almost necessary irregularities of a large household of growing children. In the pretty flower-garden in front of the house he spent much of the time not devoted to religious exercises. Indeed, "grandpa's flowers" were the admiration not only of the family, but of the whole neighborhood.

It had always been his practice to receive and return punctiliously the visits of his friends; but at length he began to find this too much of a call upon his strength, and thereafter contented himself with confining his visits to the members of his own family, who were numerous enough in themselves to tax the energies of so old a man.

His fondness for animals, as well as his knowledge of their characteristics, was beyond the ordinary. This was self-acquired; for in his youth he had neither time nor opportunity to study the higher

branches. A strong friendship sprang up between him and the family cat, which, when caught in any forbidden part of the house, would fly to his room as to a haven of refuge.

His religious life was a part of himself; never ostentatious, never paraded, never aggressive, but as necessary and as much a part of his existence as the air he breathed. When very old he joined the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception at the Church of St. Ignatius. In his early days there were not nearly so many confraternities and other helps to religious devotion as now, and it was with the fervor of a saintly soul that he availed himself of this, to him, most precious privilege. The director wished to admit him to full membership at once; but he insisted on going through the usual probation, rather to the amusement of his grandchildren. He declined to hold any office, fearing that his age would prevent him from performing its duties. Nevertheless, he was, up to the last year of his life, a regular attendant at the sodality exercises; receiving Holy Communion every Sunday in the sodality chapel, besides his almost daily Communion in the parish church.

As he grew older, he gradually dropped most of his occupations. The garden was tended by other hands; his grandchildren were wont to call on him more frequently, as he went to see them but seldom; his letters were written by his son and daughter-in-law, as it was now all he could do to sign his name. At the request of his family and by the advice of his physician, he gave up some of his religious exercises, in order to preserve his failing powers. But up to the Sunday before his death he retained the vigor of his intellect, with sufficient physical strength to go about and wait upon himself. His last appearance in the street was his walk to Mass on that morning. He wished to go to the Church of St.

Ignatius that afternoon, in order to pray at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes; but was advised by his family not to do so, as the day was extremely hot. That night he was stricken.

During his illness his mind remained perfectly clear, and he replied intelligently to all questions, passing away at length in his sleep, without any of those who surrounded him being aware of it. The melancholy satisfaction of taking leave of him was thus denied them; but in their minds was the perfect assurance of his readiness to go, as his life for more than fifty years had been a constant preparation for death. While their grief was deep and abiding, it was tempered with a sweet peace, and a certainty that the dear departed was even nearer to them in death than he had been in life; for we know that true Christian affection ends not with the grave, but soars with the spirit to the very bosom of God. The doctrine of the communion of saints is one of the greatest consolations which our holy religion affords us, and few have ever realized this truth more fully than the loving and devoted children of the lamented Governor Burnett.

When the death was announced the papers were filled with most appreciative notices. Persons of all nationalities, of all religions and no religion, hastened to lay their tributes on the bier of one who had ever commanded their respect and esteem,—in whose character, public or private, none could find a stain; and who, though no politician himself, had been their admired and honored leader. Governor Burnett had too lofty a mind for the vulgar traffic and dishonorable practices that so demoralize politics. He could neither bargain in principles nor surrender his convictions for short-lived honors or distinctions, to gain which so many brilliant minds and hearts are prostituted and turned aside from the path of rectitude and honesty.

Although revered and honored by his fellow-citizens, it was in the inner circle of his family—that truest test of virtue and nobility—that Governor Burnett was most cherished and esteemed; for there his affectionate kindness, his thoughtful consideration for others, his deep and unobtrusive piety, shone conspicuously. In his children and grandchildren was revealed the true saintliness of his character; and, be their inheritance what it may, the fairest jewel in the possession of his descendants unto life-everlasting will be the memory of this model of a faithful and zealous Christian. He was in truth a man after God's own Heart, and his name well deserves to be held in benediction.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of citizens, representing every class and condition of men,—from the Governor of the State and his staff to the poorest laborer, who wished to add his sincere if lowly tribute to the universal esteem in which the deceased was held; from the wealthy financiers who had been his colleagues in business to the humble beggar whom he had befriended. After the most solemn obsequies which the Church can bestow upon her departed children, he was laid to rest beside the beloved wife of his youth, who had long preceded him to that heavenly bourne which had been the goal of his deepest aspirations during his long pilgrimage of almost ninety years.

(The End.)

THE aim of education should be to teach rather *how* to think than *what* to think,—rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie*.

AN heresiarch or schismatic is often only a reformer soured and gone bad through anger, impatience, pride, failure of faith.—*Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.*

The Story of Two Necklaces.

BY E. BECK.

I.

"YOU have been fortunate in your choice of a governess this time, Harriet," old Squire Thorburn said to his niece, as they sat together in the library on the day following her return from a six weeks' London season.

Mrs. Heston shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, Mabel seems to have improved somewhat," she admitted. "Still, the girl is scarcely suited for her position. I wish now I had managed a personal interview; but we were so occupied—Ethel and I."

Squire Thorburn chuckled.

"Oh, yes! I understand, Harriet. But what do you object to in Miss Fairfax? She appears a nice, ladylike girl."

"Rather too ladylike," was the ready answer, given with another shrug of the shoulders; "and rather peculiar-looking."

"She is very good-looking."

"Do you think so?" The lady raised her eyebrows.

"Indeed I do. But tell me, was Ethel not the belle of the season?"

"She was universally admired," Mrs. Heston answered, and then sighed. From the time of her husband's death she had made her home at Thorburn Court. Captain Heston had left his wife badly provided for, and with two daughters to support. Between the children's ages almost ten years intervened; and it was a grief and humiliation to the mother that while the elder had been liberally endowed with beauty and intellect, the younger was deficient in both. Squire Thorburn understood the sigh.

"Mabel is much more obedient and much happier looking," he said. He was sincerely attached to his niece. She had made life at Thorburn Court pass away smoothly. The old Squire was a quiet,

studious man, averse to the cares and duties that the management of a large estate and household entail; while Mrs. Heston was an energetic, capable business woman. She kept the servants in order, listened to the complaints of the tenants, and managed the home farm. Her elder daughter, Ethel, attended to the Squire's correspondence, and was supposed to be the person likely to inherit the estate.

"Did you see Mauton while you were in town?" the Squire asked suddenly.

"Yes," Mrs. Heston answered, slowly. "I saw him."

"Well?"

"He is certain Charlotte is dead. She died some years before her husband, at a village in Normandy—Ettienne is its name. Mauton will send you the necessary copies of the certificates, if you wish."

Mrs. Heston spoke more rapidly than was her wont.

"He need not," the Squire replied. "I have long felt that Charlotte was dead."

No words were spoken for a time. It was Squire Thorburn who at last broke the silence.

"I treated her badly," he remarked, in a sad tone,—*"very badly."*

"That can not be altered now," Mrs. Heston replied, soothingly. "Besides, she was to be blamed for marrying one so far beneath her in social position."

"Oh, Melville was a gentleman, though in reduced circumstances!" the Squire said. "And I should not have been so hard on the child: she had no mother."

"Poor girl!" Mrs. Heston sighed.

"And Charlotte had her full share of the family obstinacy and pride. I am certain she would have died of starvation before seeking my help."

"I merely remember her," Mrs. Heston said. "But I think Ethel resembles her somewhat in appearance."

The Squire assented, and at that very moment Ethel Heston entered the room. She was a tall, finely-formed girl, with

delicately-tinted, regular features, and thick tresses of golden hair arranged in the prevailing fashion. Her movements were slow and graceful, and her voice was not unmusical. A keen student of physiognomy might have noticed that her lips were thin and firmly compressed, like her mother's; and that at times her eyes had a hard gleam in their blue depths. But to the ordinary observer Ethel Heston was an unusually handsome and well-bred girl. She greeted Squire Thorburn and took a seat by his side.

"And, Uncle Percival," she said, when she had given him an account of some of the balls, dinners, and garden parties she had attended, "your beautiful pearl necklace won plenty of praise. I must thank you again for your gift."

"Nonsense, my dear! What use had an old bookworm like me for such a bauble? But I am glad it was admired by the smart London folk."

"Lord Annesley—he is something of a judge of precious stones—declares the necklace is worth a considerable sum," Mrs. Heston interrupted.

"Lord Annesley, did you say,—the owner of Strathavon?" Squire Thorburn asked, interestedly.

"Yes. By the way, Strathavon is to undergo a process of restoration," Mrs. Heston observed, with a pleased smile. "Lord Annesley is likely to spend a portion of each year with us."

"I am delighted to hear it. His grandfather and I were close friends at one time," the Squire answered. "I can't understand why he preferred to live and die in Paris."

"He had the reputation of being eccentric," Mrs. Heston remarked; "but his grandson is an exceedingly pleasant, unaffected young man. I was tempted to ask him to be your guest while the workmen are engaged at Strathavon."

"And why did you not?" the Squire said. "You must write at once."

"Very well," Mrs. Heston assented, with smiling acquiescence.

Lord Annesley, it seems, had been most attentive to Ethel at the social functions where they met; and Mrs. Heston felt, as she looked at her daughter's fresh young beauty, that it was more than probable she would one day be Lady Annesley. Some such idea also struck the Squire; for when Ethel left the room a little later he remarked, carelessly:

"Well, the Strathavon and Court lands adjoin each other. It would be a very suitable arrangement if—" he paused for a moment. "Was Lord Annesley one of Ethel's admirers?" he asked.

Mrs. Heston smiled.

"He certainly contrived to meet her a good deal. More than that, however, I can not say."

It seemed to be enough for the Squire. He and his niece spent some time in discussing the Annesley family and the Annesley property. But the chime of the gilt clock on the mantelpiece suddenly reminded the lady that she had several important matters to see to, and she rose to her feet. From the windows of the library a full view of the grounds in front of the mansion was to be had, and Mrs. Heston paused a moment to look at the girl and child who were advancing to the hall door. The latter was a small, misshapen girl, with strange, elfish features, almost hidden by a tangle of brown hair. Her hand was held in that of her companion, and she was talking with much animation and vivacity. Mrs. Heston contracted her smooth brows in a frown as she gazed at the pair.

"Who would think that Ethel and Mabel were sisters!" she said to herself. "But she has improved under Miss Fairfax's care. Yet I must confess I *do* dislike that girl."

Mrs. Heston let her gaze rest a moment longer on her daughter's governess. Mary Fairfax's only claim to beauty lay in her

wonderful grey eyes and winsome smile. She was rather above the middle height and slenderly made. Her plain serge skirt and white blouse were well-fitting, and her movements full of quiet grace.

"Some might call her handsome," Mrs. Heston thought, as she abruptly turned away; "but, as regards appearances, she could not compare with Ethel for a moment."

II.

Lord Annesley had readily accepted the lady's kindly invitation to Thorburn Court. He was anxious to see to the improvements going on at Strathavon, and was not indisposed to become better acquainted with Mrs. Heston's daughter. He was an honorable young Englishman, of no peculiar brilliancy, and—excepting his knowledge of gems—of no extraordinary attainments. Children and dumb animals instinctively trusted him; and his open countenance and bright, pleasant manner won Squire Thorburn's liking at their first meeting.

The men had lingered long over their wine when the ladies left the dinner table on the day of Lord Annesley's coming to the Court; and when they entered the drawing-room Mrs. Heston shook a finger at them in smiling reproach. Ethel, looking very fair and pleasing in her white dinner gown, was seated at the piano; and, after some conversation with the mother, Lord Annesley crossed to her side. The pair spoke of music in general for a few moments.

"Do you sing, Miss Heston?" inquired the gentleman. And the young girl replied in the negative.

Squire Thorburn heard the question and answer.

"I say, Harriet, let us have Miss Fairfax down. She sings beautifully," he said, addressing his niece.

The lady flushed.

"Oh, Mabel would be so tiresome!" she objected.

"Mabel is in bed by this," the Squire insisted. "Miss Fairfax has sung for me on two or three occasions."

"Oh, very well!" the lady answered. "I will go for her."

She knew, once her uncle took an idea into his head, that opposition was fruitless; and she soon returned to the room with Miss Fairfax. Lord Annesley was still by Ethel's side, but he moved forward as the door opened and shut; and Mrs. Heston, much against her will, went through the form of introduction.

"I have met Miss Fairfax," observed Lord Annesley, with a boyish laugh; "but the introduction was needed. When going to Strathavon this afternoon I was lucky enough to render her and your little daughter, I presume"—he bowed to Mrs. Heston—"some assistance."

"We were crossing Farmer Craig's field," Miss Fairfax explained, with a ready smile; "and were rather afraid of the cattle. Lord Annesley assisted Mabel and me over the river, so that we had not to encounter them."

"Pray confine your promenades to the grounds or highroad in future, Miss Fairfax," Mrs. Heston said, coldly. It was not her intention that her guest should see much of Mabel or her governess, and she emphasized this resolution to herself as she sat listening to Mary Fairfax's voice rising and falling in an old Scotch ballad. Her voice lacked power, but it was sweet and evidently well trained.

"Yes," said the girl, in reply to a compliment from Lord Annesley when the song was ended. "My father knew I would have to earn my own living, and he had good masters for me."

And the young man thought it hard that such a delicate, refined girl should be placed in a position of the kind. He said so to Ethel when the governess had retired; and Ethel was foolish enough to answer, with a smile that spoiled her beauty in Lord Annesley's eyes:

"Oh, people of her kind do not feel things very acutely! She strikes me as being a rather common person."

Despite Mrs. Heston's management, Lord Annesley saw something of Mabel and her governess. The latter was not again asked to the drawing-room, and Mabel was kept as much as possible to her own quarters; but Lord Annesley, in his journeys to and from Strathavon, occasionally met the pair, and at times paused for a few moments' conversation. Mabel soon took one of her sudden fancies for the young lord, and was always on her best behavior in his society.

He had not been long at Thorburn Court till he conceived the idea of giving a ball in the family mansion. Mrs. Heston and Ethel were charmed with the plan. Though the renovation of Strathavon was still far from being completed, it was quite practicable to give a ball. The picture-gallery was given over to an array of men from London, and a London house was to provide the supper and refreshments. Invitations were issued to all the country side, and Mrs. Heston consented to receive Lord Annesley's guests.

Among those who received invitations were Mary Fairfax and Mabel, and the latter was in a state of the wildest excitement. Mrs. Heston had not refused to allow them to attend when Lord Annesley pressed the matter; but Ethel knew that, on some pretence or other, both would remain at home. Mrs. Heston, in her character as hostess, was required to make an early appearance at the scene of festivity; and Ethel went in the carriage with her mother, while Squire Thorburn and Lord Annesley walked across the fields. It was understood that the carriage was to return for the governess and her pupil; but when it did return, the footman handed a few lines to Miss Fairfax. They were written in pencil and ran thus:

"I have decided that Mabel would only

be upset by coming here to-night, and I must therefore ask you to remain at home with her. It was only from a foolish but good-natured wish to please Mabel that Lord Annesley asked you and her.

"HARRIET HESTON."

Mabel's tears were not the only ones shed that night. Mary Fairfax was young, and she had looked forward to the little piece of dissipation which seemed to fall in her way no less eagerly than her charge. She folded up the finery in which she and Mabel were to have arrayed themselves, with a slight feeling of bitterness in her heart against her employer; but she had to exert herself to still Mabel's furious cries, and both were enjoying a profound sleep long before the guests had departed from Strathavon.

Neither Mrs. Heston nor Ethel was so satisfied with the ball as she had hoped to be. Lord Annesley had been very kind and courteous, and his name had been written opposite four or five dances on the latter's programme. But both mother and daughter felt that he had been disappointed at Miss Fairfax's absence; and when Ethel met the governess on the stairs on the morning after the ball, she passed her with a slight inclination of the head. Mrs. Heston was already busy devising plans as to how Mabel's governess could be got rid of.

The members of the household lingered longer than usual over the breakfast. Ethel was the first to leave the table, and she went to her room for a book she had been reading. She was absent for some time, and when she returned she was pale and agitated.

"Mamma! Uncle Percival!" exclaimed Ethel. "My necklace is lost!"

"Lost!" Mrs. Heston echoed.

"Yes. It was on the table in its case when I left the room."

"It must be there still," Mrs. Heston replied, rising to her feet. "What could have become of it?"

"It is *not* there!" Ethel insisted. "I am quite certain it was on the table."

In a little while the whole house was in an uproar. The nearest policeman was called in when all search for the necklace proved unavailing, and the officer at once proceeded to search the servants' apartments. He paused at the door of the governess' room when all the other chambers had been overhauled and the necklace was still missing, and asked whether it should be examined.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Heston. "You must examine it at once."

"Oh, no! please do not!" said Mary, opening the door of the room. "Indeed I have not seen Miss Heston's necklace."

"Then there can not be the least harm in searching your room," the officer said shortly, and began his work. He had not long to search. In a few minutes the necklace was in his hands.

"It is my own necklace!" the girl exclaimed to the astonished group that gathered later in the library. "It is not Miss Heston's."

Mary was standing pale and defiant by the centre table.

Mrs. Heston laughed scornfully.

"I wonder why you keep on saying that," she said. "My uncle recognized the necklace at once."

"Yes, yes!" the Squire replied. "My poor girl, why were you so foolish?"

"Nevertheless, it is mine—my own!" Mary Fairfax insisted, looking piteously toward Lord Annesley.

That gentleman's mental faculties were strangely confused. The necklace found in the governess' room was certainly Ethel's, but he was as certain that Mary Fairfax was no thief. He crossed to the window where Ethel stood and whispered a word in her ear.

"Are you in earnest, Lord Annesley?" the girl questioned, coldly.

"Yes, I am. You have the necklace. Let that poor child escape. The officer,

I am certain, will agree to say nothing of the affair," Lord Annesley pleaded.

Miss Heston laughed.

"The poor child,' as you term her, has surely reached the age of reason. No, Lord Annesley, I will not interfere. Let justice take its course."

Lord Annesley looked toward the girl for whom he had interceded. Some words spoken by Mrs. Heston had reduced her to tears.

"Keep the necklace if you like!" she cried. "Keep it! But don't send me to prison! Oh, don't send me to prison!"

Squire Thorburn moved uneasily, but his niece said:

"The officer had better do his duty at once. This scene is painful to us all."

Her last word was scarcely uttered when the door of the library was burst open and Mabel dashed into the room. The child's elfish features were flushed with anger, and her tones, when she spoke, were loud and shrill. She advanced and threw something at Ethel's feet.

"There's your old necklace! It was I that took it, not Miss Fairfax. I took it because you prevented me from going to the ball last night. Oh, I know you did! I heard you and mother talking; and I would never have given the necklace back to you only they said Miss Fairfax was going to jail. You may send me to jail if you like. I don't care."

The child stood looking from one to another of the astonished group. It was Lord Annesley who lifted the necklace from Ethel's feet and laid it on the table.

"There is evidently a mistake," he said, turning to Squire Thorburn. "The two necklaces are exactly similar. But Miss Fairfax's should be restored to her."

"Where did you get it?" the Squire asked eagerly, moving to where Mary, relieved but still tearful, stood. "Where did you get that necklace?"

"It belonged to my mother," the girl answered.

"What was your mother's name?" the Squire asked.

"Charlotte Fairfax."

"Her maiden name I mean?" the old man demanded, impatiently.

"Charlotte Melville was her name," Mary Fairfax answered slowly. "I think she had been married previous to her marriage with my father, but I never heard what her own name was. She died when I was quite a child."

Squire Thorburn faced his niece.

"Did Mauton not know of the second marriage?" he asked.

The lady flushed hotly, and her voice was less firm than usual as she replied:

"I really do not know. I told you what I learned."

"Well, I should explain how it comes that there are two necklaces so exactly similar," the Squire said, after a short pause. "I had an elder brother, John, who married before I did. My father on my marriage had the two pearl necklaces fashioned, and presented them to each of his daughters-in-law. John's wife died under very sad circumstances, and he never recovered from the shock of her death. Before his death he bestowed his wife's necklace on my daughter. Charlotte always considered it her own private property, and on her marriage with Mr. Melville she claimed it."

"Then," Lord Annesley said eagerly, "you suppose Miss Fairfax to be your granddaughter?"

"I do," the elder man replied, with a glance toward Mrs. Heston. "I did make inquiries concerning my daughter, but—" he hesitated—"they were not, I suspect now, truthfully answered. Of course fresh inquiries shall be made at once."

The result of the inquiries which the Squire instituted proved conclusively that Mary Fairfax was his grandchild. His daughter's first husband had died within a year of his marriage, and Mrs. Melville became Mrs. Fairfax a short time

afterward. Whether the inquiry agent, Mauton, or Mrs. Heston had previously lied to him he did not seek to know, but he had his suspicions. The lady and her daughters retired from the Court almost immediately; but the Squire allows them a liberal annuity, and it is said Ethel is likely to marry well. It is also said that the Strathavon and Thorburn estates will be united by the marriage of Lord Annesley and the Squire's granddaughter.

A Relic of Saxon England.

THERE is preserved in a museum in Oxford, England, a curious and beautiful relic of the Anglo-Saxon days. It is an ornament made of gold, and is a proof of the skill which artificers in that metal possessed in the days of Alfred the Great. The goldsmith was held in high esteem; and a strange poem of the period survives, which says:

For one a wondrous skill
in goldsmith's art
is provided;
full oft he decorates
and well adorns
a powerful king's noble,
and he to him gives broad
land in recompense.

After Alfred had succeeded in establishing peace in his realm, he turned his attention to the finer arts, and called workmen from other lands to spread the principles of their craft among the people of his island home. Among all these the workers in gold and silver were most skilful and most numerous. Upon the ornament in question are the words in Saxon: "Alfred had me wrought."

It is easy to believe that this ornament was not only worn by the King himself, but was constructed under his own supervision. Within the letters which encircle the jewel is a crude picture of King Alfred; and at the base appears the head of a griffin, the national emblem of the Saxons.

Notes and Remarks.

For some years the three superior courts of Indiana have found it necessary to set apart Saturday of each week as "divorce day," and it has frequently happened that extra days were also required to hear the pleadings of men and women who found the matrimonial yoke galling. The courts of Indianapolis record cases in which divorces were granted after two months of married life, and some of the judges declare that it is not uncommon to meet the same people in the courts every year. The Protestant clergy throughout the State have begun an agitation for more strict legislation, but we observe that they are not willing that the causes of divorce be narrowed down to "the biblical one." That, they think, would be too austere! The judges who are compelled to undo the knots which the ministers tie so often and so loosely are not of this opinion, however. They declare that if they are called into consultation regarding the proposed legislation, they will go back to Catholic principles and advise that divorcees be prohibited from marrying again. For years some of these judges have regularly enjoined divorced persons from entering anew upon matrimony, but the injunction has naturally been disregarded in most cases.

There will be at least one good result of the celebration in honor of Lafayette. It will teach the youth of our country, and perhaps convince those who, though arrived at the age of wisdom, seem never to have grown out of childish ways, that the patriots and heroes of other days were incomparably more unselfish and patriotic and not a whit less brave than a majority of the celebrities of the Spanish-American war, in which the fearful odds were all on one side,—a war, moreover, which was manifestly unnecessary, and which future historians will declare unjust, as Bancroft characterized our war with Mexico. Foreigners who are familiar with the history of the United States must wonder, as they travel through the country, why the memory of such men as Garfield is so generally honored and why so many

others who performed "deeds worthy of renown" are relegated to oblivion. Lafayette deserves to have a monument. He is not one of those of whom posterity will inquire why he was thus honored.

**

But the celebration in honor of the immortal Frenchman, following so closely on the war with Spain, is not likely to teach the youth of America to be grateful to their country's friends. Our relations with Spain had always been most cordial. The official correspondence between James Russell Lowell, United States Minister at the Spanish court, and the Secretary of State at Washington, teems with references to and illustrations of Spain's good-will toward this country. Her royal treatment of General Grant was intended to show respect not only to him but to the government and people of the United States. Lowell writes: "General Grant several times expressed to me very warmly his pleasure and satisfaction at the manner in which he had been received and treated." We have heard all sorts of slurs on the citizens and soldiers of Spain, but Lowell was charmed with the people he met; and General Grant spoke "in very warm terms" of the excellent quality, appearance, and discipline of the Spanish troops.

The proceedings of the recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America were watched with considerable general interest. Its much-divided members had hoped for closer union; and outsiders were curious to know how the bishops would deal with the question of divorce, and whether, at long last, the delegates would agree upon a name for the American branch of the church founded by Henry VIII. It is plain that the different elements of the organization are more divergent than ever. No fitting appellation could be invented for what a somewhat cynical churchman describes as "the illegitimate offspring of an English king." Divorce, and marriage after divorce, are allowed and justified by the House of Bishops, only, however, so far as concerns the innocent party to a divorce for adultery. But, of course, the liberal

members of the denomination, clerical as well as lay, will continue to recognize divorces obtained for any cause, allowed by any State, as dissolving marriage and justifying both parties in forming a new alliance. There are not a few Episcopalian clergymen who stoutly refuse to perform the marriage ceremony in the case of divorced persons; but the bishops of the "Broad Church" party contend that such action is highly reprehensible, because it casts the stigma of adultery on many existing marriages of devout though divorced Episcopalians.

Truly the Protestant Episcopal Church of America is a city of confusion, and the confusion seems worse confounded since the recent convention in Washington.

Few men of the present century are less in need of a monument to perpetuate their memory than the sainted Don Bosco, founder of the Salesian Congregation and known the world over as the Apostle of Youth. However, since a monument has been erected in his honor, we are glad to know that it is a magnificent work of art. It consists of a group in Carrara marble, which represents Don Bosco standing erect, with his arm resting on the shoulder of a little European boy on his right, whilst on his left kneels a youthful Patagonian in the act of kissing his hand. A smile lights up the amiable features of Don Bosco, which, it is said, have been faithfully reproduced. The monument has been erected at Castelnovo, the birthplace of Don Bosco, a little town situated on one of the many hills in the neighborhood of Turin.

A circular just issued by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice shows the importance and extent of the work that is being done by this excellent association in defence of the morals of the young. We hope that the information afforded will encourage all friends of the Society to continue their co-operation. The death of a number of benefactors has seriously crippled the resources of the organization, and the board of managers appeal for financial assistance to carry on their laudable work.

Its importance may be judged from the fact that the indefatigable agents seized and destroyed in one day 3690 lb. of obscene printed matter and stereotype plates. Parents and other guardians of youth are warned against furnishing addresses to advertising agents. It has become a common practice to sell such addresses at so much per hundred; and lists are eagerly sought by the vile vendors of immoral books, pictures, etc.

Persons to whose knowledge the existence of any kind of immoral literature may come can render a good service by informing the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, *Times* Building, New York city. Circulars or advertisements of anything calculated to corrupt the morals of the young should be sent to the same address, with particulars as to where they were found. All information thus received is regarded as strictly confidential, when so desired.

The announcement that Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans, has been chosen as the direct representative of the Holy See in Cuba, shows that the welfare of that distressful island has already shared in the solicitude of the Father of Christendom. The precise status of Archbishop Chapelle in the hierarchy of Cuba is not yet accurately known in this country, but it is probably that of Delegate Apostolic. There is already a Delegate Apostolic to the republics of Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru; and another to Santo Domingo, Hayti, and Venezuela. The Archbishop of New Orleans is admirably equipped for the important position which he has been chosen to fill, and American Catholics may now speculate with more equanimity on the future of the Church in Cuba.

The Czar's plan for universal peace has been tacitly shelved by the governments of the world, but the idea has taken a strong hold upon many minds. The outspoken Mr. Labouchere, editor of the *London Truth*, cherishes the following plan in his bosom:

Each country should have a secret service corps, well instructed in all the methods of taking life by poison. So soon as a war is about to break out each of the belligerents would endeavor to poison

the sovereign, the ministers, the representatives, and especially the journalists, of the other country. After a very few deaths I am convinced that peace would not be broken. This may seem at first sight a startling proposal; but between poisoning men and taking their lives by shells, bullets, and other such projectiles, there is in reality no difference; and my plan would result in a great saving of life. Instead of mowing down thousands, burning villages, and other such barbarities, a few leading men would be taken off. By the present system the few promote a war and the many suffer by it. This, indeed, is the reason why there are wars. I would bring the consequences of hostilities directly home to those who are responsible for them.

The genial "Labby's" plan recalls Swift's "Modest Proposal" for relieving Ireland of famine. But, seriously, the people ought really to have learned ere this to distrust newspapers and politicians, whose trade is to lie and who slay their tens of thousands for political or commercial reasons. "Labby" himself is a journalist who has not forsworn justice and honor; and we may go out of our way to say that his *Truth* has exposed as many anti-Catholic impostors as any Catholic journal in England.

It has been observed that the secular papers which had much to say in regard to the work of the Red Cross Society are reticent about the services rendered by Sisters in the different camps and hospitals. But this was to be expected. It doesn't matter much, because the patients and all their friends will soon know the truth about Catholic sisterhoods. It would not do for an ex-nun to go about the country just at present lecturing on the horrors of convent life. That creature is silent for the nonce; and when she starts out again she will find her audiences slimmer than ever. It will have become generally known meantime, in spite of the newspapers, that 224 Sisters of different orders ministered to the sick and wounded, and that the services of many more were demanded by those who could best appreciate them. The charity and devotedness of these angels of mercy constitute the silver lining to the war cloud; and when it has entirely disappeared we shall be edified to hear many statements not less creditable than the report that the Sisters of Carney Hospital

in Boston actually gave up their own cell and slept in tents in the back yard, in order that suffering soldiers might receive better care.

The friendship which existed between the lamented Empress Elizabeth of Austria and Archbishop Walsh of Dublin had its origin in an episode which recalls the famous incident which history associates with Sir Walter Raleigh and another royal Elizabeth. According to the London *Weekly Register*, the Empress of Austria, while hunting near Maynooth College during her visit to Ireland, strayed into the college grounds one day and met Dr. Walsh, then president of Maynooth, who happened to be reciting his breviary out of doors. The Empress complained of feeling cold, and Dr. Walsh laid his cloak, not on the ground before her, but upon her shoulders. The friendship begun then continued until the assassination of the Empress. When Dr. Walsh became Archbishop of Dublin, Elizabeth sent him a valuable episcopal ring that had been worn by one of the ancient Hungarian bishops. She afterward presented Maynooth with a statue of St. George, the patron of England; but later on, feeling that possibly she had made a mistake, she sent the College a beautiful set of green vestments resplendent with embroidered shamrocks.

It is said that Tsching-ta-Jen, the new Chinese Ambassador to France, is a Catholic, descended from a family which received the faith two hundred years ago, and has clung to it through vicissitude and persecution ever since. The courtesy of the Chinese government in appointing a Catholic ambassador to a Catholic country is worthy of the imitation of more Christian lands. It is to be hoped that Tsching-ta-Jen will not be scandalized during his service in Europe.

The Most Worshipful and Sovereign Grand Master of Orangeism, Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg, has not improved since his daughter entered the Church. Report saith that, addressing a meeting of the yellow society, "he hoped that the hundreds of

thousands of Orangemen in the United States would hold on to what they had conquered in Cuba and the Philippines, and not surrender them to Spain or any Popish power whatever." We do not believe that either Spain or America would object to the plans of Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg. If he will lend the "hundreds of thousands" of Orangemen in this country a wheelbarrow, they are welcome to take away all the land they ever conquered either in the West Indies or the Philippines. A small wheelbarrow will answer the purpose.

We have frequently advocated the establishment in our large hospitals of schools for the training of nurses, and explained the importance of having hospital Sisters thoroughly equipped for their work; also the need of Catholic lay trained nurses. But it was far from our intention to question the qualifications of our religious who minister to the sick. Even without the special training which seems so desirable, they are incomparably superior to the rank and file of trained nurses, of whose wondrous services we hear so much. It is pleasant to note that this is the opinion of Dr. S. P. Kramer, of Cincinnati, executive officer of the annex of the Government Hospital at Camp Wikoff. He says:

The general hospital here is divided into two equal divisions—the main hospital and the annex. The former has trained nurses—lay women—under a female superintendent; the latter has Sisters of Charity under a Sister Superior. Whatever may be the case in civil institutions, in the field hospital the Sister of Charity is far superior. There is with them none of the bickering with the ward doctor, no fussiness, no refusing to perform menial work when necessary; no desire to "shine," as is the case with the trained nurse. The Sister of Charity has no ambition but duty; she obeys all orders quietly, in a prompt, orderly and willing manner. No sacrifice is too great, no service too menial. It has been a matter of general comment here that the annex is a far superior hospital to the main branch; and, to my mind, this is largely due to the presence of the Sisters of Charity in the former.

Dr. Kramer has been adversely criticised for his opinion, but we notice that supporters are not wanting; one of whom, a patient at Camp Wikoff, writes: "What a difference between the Sisters and other nurses in so many essential respects!"

Notable New Books.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. With Commentary by the Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D. Browne & Nolan, Benziger Bros.

The professor of Sacred Scripture in Maynooth has prepared this commentary chiefly to provide the students of his class with a more compendious exposition of the text of St. John than any other existing in English. He has succeeded in achieving the brevity he aimed at without sacrificing clearness on any notable point. The Catholic commentators, old and new, are evidently familiar to him; and the ordinary Protestant exegesis is also frequently quoted; but the work of what is distinctively called the school of Higher Criticism is not touched upon, as we think it ought to be in a seminary text-book. A proper treatment of the points raised by modern biblical students is one of the chief reasons for the existence of a new biblical commentary; for the old-fashioned questions have already been discussed to exhaustion by the old-fashioned commentators. So far as they go, however, Dr. MacRory's notes are excellent, showing traces of the author's wide reading on every page. Indeed it is the excellence of what the learned professor has done that makes us chiefly regret what he has left undone.

THE GROUNDWORK OF SCIENCE. By St. George Mivart. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The purpose of this work is clearly stated in the preface. Because the value of our knowledge has been questioned, because philosophers have denied that we do, or can, know and perceive an external world existing independently of the mind, and because such denial, if practically sustained, would be subversive of intellectual progress, the author has undertaken to establish "a groundwork of science composed of facts and truths which carry with them their own evidence." It is sufficient praise to say that the undertaking has been eminently successful.

In the present volume Dr. Mivart still maintains the doctrine of Moderate Realism, which he so well defended in the two standard treatises, "On Truth" and "The

Origin of Human Reason." From the point of view of epistemology, the most important problems receive discussion in chapters iii and viii. After demonstrating (chapter iii), with splendid show of reason, that the objects of scientific knowledge are "things," he proves (chapter viii) that the principles which govern scientific knowledge are not merely principles of "thought," but principles of "things." The question "How is knowledge possible?" Dr. Mivart holds to be absurd, because it leads to a *regressus ad infinitum*. "To every possible reply to it, giving some explanation of its possibility, it may be rejoined, 'But how is our knowledge of that explanation possible?' and so on forever." (p. 57.) And again (p. 76): "Our knowledge of the 'how anything is' must always repose on a previous knowledge of the fact 'that it is.'"

"The Groundwork of Science" is distinctly a positive exposition of the author's theory of knowledge. And this, of course, is the chief excellence of the work. It is not so much a destructive criticism of error as a full and consistent establishment of truth. To be sure Dr. Mivart does not scorn to make his point in a negative way also when occasion offers; and so we have admirable refutations of Dr. Bradley, the present champion of Idealism; and of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the chief supporter of the system which affirms the relativity of knowledge.

FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH. Part I.: The Existence of God Demonstrated. From the German of the Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J. Burns & Oates, Benziger Bros.

A belief in the existence of God being a necessary preliminary to belief in God's Revelation, the importance of the theme discussed in this volume need not be insisted on. Father Hammerstein's work has already gone through four editions in German, and has also been circulated largely in other countries in translations. No reader of the volume will be surprised at its popularity; for it is a remarkably able argument for the existence of a personal God, embodying the keenest exercises in dialectics, in a simple and untechnical style which will make it thoroughly interesting even to the unskilled

reader. The author rightly lays most stress on the argument based on the principle of causality; and his review of modern science and philosophy, in their bearings on this principle, is a model of expository and argumentative writing. Moreover, he has been happy in securing the modest translator whose name, we regret to say, does not appear on the title-page, though it well deserves a place there.

The increasing number of such volumes as this, which the conscientious critic can praise without qualification, is an encouraging prophecy for the future of Catholic literature; and we venture the hope that the remaining two volumes of Father Hammerstein's work—those treating of "Christian Revelation" and the "Catholic Church"—may soon be translated into English by the same hand.

MEDITATIONS ON CHRISTIAN DOGMA. By the Rev. James Bellord. 2 vols. Catholic Truth Society.

These handsome volumes are a skilful adaptation of a highly appreciated French work by the Abbé Bail, the first edition of which appeared in 1638. (There were several others before the author's death in 1699.) Its chief merit, as Cardinal Vaughan remarks in an introductory letter, seems to be that it is dogmatic theology brought home to the heart and affections. It was originally entitled "La Théologie Affective, ou St. Thomas en Meditation." Besides being a popular exposition of the principal mysteries of religion, it is an excellent book of meditation, with appropriate applications and "affections." Its method, scope, and spirit are admirable. In giving us an English version of the Abbé Bail's work, Father Bellord has rendered an important service to English-speaking Catholics; for there is no book in the language that we know of that covers exactly the same ground. Preachers and teachers will find it a most useful hand-book, and devout souls who wish to study the science of the saints can rely upon it as a safe guide.

We have referred to this work as an adaptation or English version of "Affective Theology," but it is more than either. The Abbé Bail's bulky volumes are only the

basis of these handy books. Father Bellord makes no pretence of following the original closely, many of the meditations being quite new or derived from other sources. Auguste Nicolas, Père Lacordaire, and even Max Nordau and Herbert Spencer, are laid under contribution. In short, a much-prized production of the seventeenth century has been presented in a form adapted to the present day.

EPOCHS OF LITERATURE. By Condé B. Pallen. B. Herder.

The "epochs" which Dr. Pallen discusses in this volume are the large ones: Greece, Rome, "The Transition," the Middle Ages, and "After Dante." It will be seen at once that the mere outline of his subject is all that the author could venture to trace in so small space. His aim seems to have been to show how the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns; to describe movements and streams of tendency, as we moderns say, in the onward flow of knowledge. The spirit of the Greeks he has caught with admirable fidelity; though we feel sure the adjective-ridden chapter in which he discusses the Hellenes is the worst piece of writing he ever did. The book, as a whole, is a convincing evidence of Dr. Pallen's faculty for both synthesis and analysis; and his knowledge of literature is as thorough as his philosophy is inexpugnable. There is plenty of good reading in this volume, and we are glad to see it issued from a Catholic publishing house. The recurrence of such blotches as "knowing" and "majestrium," however, ought to have been avoided.

NOTES ON ST. PAUL. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. Burns & Oates, Benziger Bros.

These "Notes" amount to an elaborate commentary on four Epistles, which, as the author observes, "form a group"—I and II Corinthians, Galatians, and Romans. A page of the text is given first, and the three or four pages of explanation follow immediately after it, the troublesome expedient of footnotes being thus avoided. St. Paul, as Father Rickaby says, was inspired for all time; and those phases of the apostolic writings which bear most directly

on the needs of the world to-day are wisely marked by special emphasis. Challoner's text is pretty closely followed; and the author, while giving generous credit to the workers who have preceded him in the same field, has not deferred absolutely to any authority except that of the Church. The special value of this commentary is that it enables the reader to see through many passages and allusions that otherwise would remain dark for him.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE AND THE VOWS. A Treatise by Monseigneur Charles Gay. Translated from the French by O. S. B. With an Introduction by the Rev. William T. Gordon, of the Oratory. Burns & Oates, Benziger Bros.

The name of the holy and gifted Bishop of Anthédon is sufficient recommendation of any book on whose title-page it appears. But he is a difficult author to translate, and the translators of this treatise have done well not to aim at literalness. The merits of Mgr. Gay's work on "The Christian Life and Virtues," of which the present volume comprises three chapters, are widely recognized, and we are glad to see even a part of it in an English dress. Religious of both sexes will appreciate this treatise on the evangelical counsels; and in reading it they will be reminded of the gentle Faber, whose spirit it breathes throughout.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Louis de G. Schram, V. G. of the Diocese of Nesqually; and the Rev. S. S. Mattingly, Diocese of Columbus, who lately passed to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. James E. Smith and Miss Mary Smith, both of Trenton, N. J., who recently departed this life.

Mrs. Alice E. Masterson, who died a holy death on the 29th ult., at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. William F. Heinchliffe, of Paterson, N. J., whose life closed peacefully on the 18th ult.

Mrs. Helen Haugh, Mr. Jeremiah Carey, and Mr. John Kelly, Sandy Hook, Conn.; Miss Helen G. Cushing, Corning, N. Y.; Mrs. Daniel Hogan, Savannah, Ga.; and Mrs. Catherine Enright, San Francisco, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Golden Stair.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

WHO'LL lead me safe up the golden stair
That leads from earth to God's kingdom
fair,

Save the gentle Mother, as kind as blest,
In whose tender arms all her children rest?
Full 'bright will each rung of the ladder
shine,—

As bright as thy raiment, O Mother mine!
As a babe who's led by its parent's hand,
Thou wilt guide me safe to the Holy Land,
Heaven and Jesus, heaven and thee,—
Why should earth keep me, *Mater Christi*?

I've sent to thee up the golden stair—
Have sent a message on wings of prayer;
It may be at sunrise, may be at noon,
Ah, Mother! I know thou wilt answer soon.
The light it is dim and the river cold,
But I see thee stand on the stair of gold,
Sweet Mother of mercy, of love, of grace!
I see the light on thy beautiful face.
Heaven and Jesus, heaven and thee,—
Why should earth keep me, *Mater Christi*?

The Boy who Stayed with His Mother.

II.—(Conclusion.)

WHEN Jim went to work the
next morning, he was greeted
by his employer with—

"Hello, Jim! So you've decided not to
go along with the boys?"

"Yes, sir, I have," said Jim, in a some-
what uncertain tone; for he had thought
it probable this decision might not meet
with favor from his master.

"Well, that's right," was the reply. "I
understand the other fellows have been
guying you about it; but if you think
you're doing your duty by staying at
home—and I believe you do,—there's
nothing more to be said, and there won't
be by me neither. It's all a fever, any
way. There wasn't no earthly need of
this war with Spain: it's all been gotten
up by a gang of politicians and sugar-
owners. But the poor fellows who will
have to bear the brunt of it don't see
it that way. Well, they *will* see it before
it's over,—mind that! No sense in callin'
out such a lot of volunteers, any way.
I'm glad you've got enough sense to
see things in their true light, Jim; and
courage enough to stay at home if you
want to. If I had a boy of my own, I'd
advise him to do that very thing."

While the blacksmith was speaking
poor Jim's cheeks began to flush; for
the pallor of the night before had not
yet left them. When his employer had
finished, he said:

"Mr. Snowdon, I don't want you to
misunderstand my case. If I could go in
conscience, I would; but I can't. And I
believe the war's right; so far as I know,
the President didn't make any mistake
in calling out the hundred thousand. I
think the wrongs of the poor Cubans are
crying to Heaven for vengeance."

"Oh, you do!" replied the blacksmith
dryly, as he threw open the door of the
smithy. "What you stayin' home for,
then? Is it because them Spainyards is
Catholics and you've got some religious
scruples agin fightin' them?"

Jim laughed.

"O Mr. Snowdon, you ought to know better than that!" he said.

"Well, I ought to, perhaps," was the reply. "But Father Masselis he come along about half an hour ago, and told me he'd heard the talk, and he hoped I wouldn't be hard on you. He said you had an excellent reason for leavin' the company; and then, puttin' this and that together, I kind of thought I'd guessed it. I really believe he was goin' to tell me what it was; but my wife called me to breakfast just then, and he said he'd see me again. He's a fine man, Father Masselis is; and I don't think he'd advise you to anything wrong, Jim."

"No, sir, he wouldn't," said Jim. "And if everything turns out right, you'll be the first one to know *why* I'm not going, Mr. Snowdon. If it doesn't, I don't care what people think."

"The boys won't give you any peace while they're here," said the employer. "They all set such store by your height and size and good workmanship. But just don't you mind them, Jim; and it'll all blow over."

When Company D marched away the whole town turned out to see them off, with the exception of a few invalids and aged persons, who were unable to leave their homes. Jim's mother was one of those. She was forced to remain in her little house on the outskirts of the town, stitching all day long. The severe pain in her side that had been troubling her seemed to increase every hour. But she never complained to Jim, hoping against hope that it would soon leave her. Little Alice, wise beyond her years, came home silent and thoughtful; but she did not tell her sick mother that she had heard Jim called a coward that afternoon.

"Did you see the boys off, Jim?" asked his mother in the evening.

"No, mother," answered Jim, looking at his plate. "Mr. Snowdon wanted to go,

but we couldn't both leave the shop. So I stayed at work, and he went."

"And I'm glad you did, my boy," said his mother. "You would have felt bad watching them go without you."

Jim made no reply, but went on with his supper. Alice, from the opposite side of the table, saw something very like a tear in her brother's eyes, and felt certain that, whatever was the reason for which Jim had been "dropped," as her mother had put it, he was no coward.

Soon after this Father Masselis called several times at the Settles' house, and Dr. Lindon also paid frequent visits; though Alice ran about as usual, and Mrs. Settles still sat at work by the window.

But one morning the shutters were closed, and a carriage came to the door, into which Mrs. Settles entered, followed by Jim and the doctor. A few moments later Father Masselis' housekeeper was seen issuing from the cottage, holding little Alice by the hand. The child had been weeping. Soon it became known through the town that Mrs. Settles had gone to Almaden to have an operation performed, which it was hoped would result favorably, but which might mean certain death.

The weeks passed. The cottage was thrown open again, and once more Mrs. Settles walked about the garden; still pale, as had always been her wont, but completely restored to health. And Jim kept cheerfully at his work through the long summer days, unmindful of, or at least not caring for, the fact that his old neighbors and the comrades who remained had lost much of the friendliness with which they had formerly regarded him.

Meanwhile Company D, with the rest of the regiment, fretted and groaned in camp at headquarters; for, in spite of all the pomp and pride of circumstance in which they had marched away from Santa Magdalena, they had never been sent to the front at all. However, when

the war was ended, and, after being mustered out, they came home at last, they were received with as much enthusiasm as though they had actually shared in the horrors as well as the glory of the campaign. But as Jim had not been to the station to see them off, neither was he there to welcome them, when every able-bodied man and boy in the town, not to mention the women and girls, helped to swell the joyous crowd. Nor were their greetings exuberant when the next day his late comrades met Jim on the streets of our loyal town.

The week after their arrival a public reception was to be given them at the Armory. On the afternoon of that day Father Masselis visited the blacksmith shop and said to Jim:

"I shall expect to meet you at the Armory to-night, Jim; and your mother and little sister."

The boy's face grew crimson as he answered, quickly:

"I am afraid you'll have to excuse us, Father. Mother never goes out in the evening, and to-night—I can't."

"I insist upon it," rejoined the priest. "I have a particular reason."

"Don't ask me, Father!" pleaded the boy. "I couldn't stand it. I have about made up my mind to get away from here as soon as I can find a job somewhere else. I couldn't bear to have my mother know the fellows give me the cold shoulder as they do, and I can't bear it myself. I told Mr. Snowdon to-day what I'd concluded to do."

"And what did he say?" inquired the priest, gently.

"Live it down, Jim; live it down!"

"And very good advice too," answered the priest. "But, Jim, I have already asked your mother, and she has promised to go. You'll disappoint her. Trust me, Jim, it will be the best thing you can do."

Jim's lips twitched nervously, while he shifted from one foot to the other, and

slapped his great hands together sharply. Finally he said:

"Well, Father, since the request comes from you, who have done so much for us, I'll go; but you couldn't give me a harder penance."

"That's right, Jim; that's right!" said the priest, giving him a warm clasp of the hand. "Believe me, my son, you will feel quite different when it is over. I am sure you will."

After a few moments' conversation with Mr. Snowdon, the priest went away. Jim, slowly going back to his work, wondered what his employer meant by exclaiming:

"That's good, Father; that's good! I had almost determined to do it myself; but you'll be the right man in the right place. Oh, yes! we'll all be there."

Santa Magdalena turned out in great force that night. There was some music and speech-making, and an acknowledgment by Captain Hynes. Then Father Masselis was called upon to say a few words, which he did in his own happy manner. But when he had apparently concluded, he seemed to be looking over the heads of his audience, his keen glance darting from right to left amid the crowd. After a moment he stepped forward and resumed:

"As has been said just now, boys—my boys, I may call you,—I *believe* you are all of the stuff of which heroes are made. By your willingness—nay, your eagerness to go forth to battle for your country you have given proof of this. That the opportunity was not given you has been no fault of yours. But there is at this moment among you yet not with you, allied to you yet not of you, one who has demonstrated during these months of your absence that he is as true a hero, as brave and fearless a soldier, as any who led the charge at Santiago or scaled the heights of San Juan."

Here the audience began to turn their heads, to look around, and to whisper

inquiringly to each other. Undisturbed, the priest went on:

"When word came that Company D had been ordered to the city, this boy was the first to come to me, eager to go, ready to fight; glad that the prospect of increased pay, which he hoped to receive, would contribute more and more to the comfort of his mother, whose principal support he was; for he hoped to be able to hold in the regiment the same rank which he had merited and won here in our little company. And then I told him what I had recently learned: that his mother's life hung by a slender chance—depended, in short, upon an operation, which it was doubtful whether she would be able to raise the means to defray; for which she certainly would not have the courage if he should leave her. And what did that boy do? Then and there, without a moment's hesitation, he said: 'Father, my mother comes first. I will stay with her, and work extra time, so that the operation may be performed at once.'

"He did remain, working late and early through the long, warm summer months; thus being able, with the assistance of a friend, to defray the expenses of the tedious but successful operation, which had it been delayed would have left him and his delicate young sister motherless. Taunts and sarcasm he has borne with patience; of averted looks and silent contempt he has endured a considerable share. He has been called a 'coward,' and has not turned upon his tormentors; though with one blow of his sledge-hammer fist he could have felled to the earth the biggest man in Santa Magdalena. And why has he been thus patient, thus enduring? Because he did not wish that a single word of the feeling with which he was regarded should reach the ears of the mother, who he felt and *knew* was his first care in this world.

"Ladies and gentlemen, young men and girls, boys of Company D, I am speaking

of big Jim Settles—brave Jim Settles, whom I see hiding away on the last bench near the door, but who has the material in him for a hundred heroes, as every one among you will agree, now that you have heard his story."

Father Masselis wiped his forehead and sat down. But the boys set up a cheer; and presently some one was seen pushing Jim forward from the obscure corner where his mother sat, now surrounded by her neighbors and friends, while she laughed and cried in the same breath. It was not long till the whole company were around him, shaking hands, clapping him on the back, and holding him by the shoulders, as is the manner of boys everywhere.

My little story is told. It was a very happy reunion from beginning to end. The boys of Company D were home again; and whatever regrets may have filled their own hearts that they had not been able to participate in the victories they would have died to gain, it mattered little to the joyful friends and relatives who surrounded them. But among them all, restored to his own again, unresentful of the slights he had suffered, realizing only that the miserable experience of the last few months was over forever, I do not believe there was one so thoroughly grateful, content and happy as the boy who stayed at home with his mother.

A Friend in Need.

The Indians of the British possessions in North America tell of a white-man whom they call the "great screamer of the pale-faces." A gentleman interested in Indian lore took the pains to trace the origin of this strange expression, and from him we gather this pretty tale:

A long while ago a bonny Highland man concluded to leave his dear Scotland and come to America. His name was

Lachian McDonald, and he was a piper. Now, there being nothing so precious among all the belongings of a Highlander as his bagpipe, Lachian took his treasure with him when he left the lochs and hills. In the new country he would have died of homesickness if it had not been for that faithful companion; for in the evenings he would make the air resound with the old Jacobite tunes which spoke of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Stuart cause, and would fancy himself back where the heather bloomed and the faces of old friends were near. He was a wood-cutter, and in the morning when he set out with his axe, the bagpipe went too; for he did not dare to leave it behind him in his unprotected cabin.

One day, when he was chopping at a particularly large and stubborn tree, a party of hostile Indians surprised him. They were on the war-path, and saw a foe in every white-man. They gathered about him, talking he knew not what; but he was sure his life was in danger. Then a happy thought came. He seized his pipes and blew a blast so loud and long and shrill that the red-men, thinking the strange instrument part of the wood-chopper, took to their heels, and never stopped running until the forest-trees hid them from the man who could give forth such hideous utterances. They told others of their people, and from that day Indian women would silence their little papooses by frightful tales of the terrible being who was always known as the "great screamer of the pale-faces."

Lachian was very thankful to have escaped a cruel death at the hands of the savages. He treasured his bagpipe more than ever before, and never tired of relating his wonderful experience. We have not heard what became of him in after years; but we hope that he saw his Scotch home again, and once more woke the echoes of the Highlands with his faithful bagpipe.

An Old-Time School.

The rules set forth for the government of one English school four hundred years ago afford a good picture of the way in which lads were expected to behave at that time. "The children shall come into the school at seven of the clock, both winter and summer, and tarry there till eleven; return against one of the clock, and depart at five. In the school, no time in the year, shall they use tallow-candle in nowise, at the cost of their friends. Also I will they bring no meat nor drink nor bottle. They must use in the school no breakfasts; nor drinkings, in the time of learning, in nowise. I will the children use no cock-fightings, nor disputing, which is foolish babbling and loss of time."

This is different enough from our modern school system, where the hours for study are so short and the hours for play so long. Only a king or a bishop could venture to ask for a holiday for the children of this ancient school, and needless to say holidays were not frequent. And how delighted the pupils who were forbidden even to bring their own meals would be if they could live in modern Chicago, for instance, where text-books are not only supplied free, but where it has actually been proposed by the local authorities to provide the children with free meals, "just to teach the young ones what to eat"! It may be well to observe, too, that the quaint expressions quoted in the foregoing paragraph are quite as remarkable for what seems to us their divergence from the rules of grammar as for the discipline enjoined; and while they may amuse a person nowadays, they afford a good illustration of the growth of the English language.

THE difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy.—*Dr. Arnold.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—"O Holy Name!" is a hymn which can not fail to give pleasure to the devout musician. The words are by T. Willard Hanson; and Charles A. Zimmermann, band-master at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, has set them to music. This composition can be used either as a solo or unison chorus. J. Fischer & Bro., New York, are those who have enriched musical literature by giving the world this hymn.

—Part second of Miss Dobrée's "Stories on the Rosary" has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co.; and, as in part first, we have a series of short stories, with some connection, more or less remote, with a mystery of the Holy Rosary. The sorrowful mysteries form the text in part second; and, while there is an air of sentimental piety about some of the characters, the stories on the whole are interesting, and the lesson taught is in every case admirable.

—It ought to mean something to the Catholic reading public that the ablest literary journal in this country, the *Bookman*, is always disposed to do them justice. And it is the only one apparently so disposed. The *Literary News* is supercilious; the *Critic* is ultra-Protestant when not openly agnostic. (In a recent issue there was a fling at "Christian mythology.") The *Bookman* is honest, consistent and scholarly. A good illustration of its spirit and ability may be seen in our leading article this week.

—It is hard to convince amateur writers that there is an unwritten law to the effect that no editor is under the slightest obligation to assign a reason for his non-acceptance of a manuscript; and that he is not called upon to write a criticism of contributions that he declines. All sub-editors and reporters understand that it is an unjustifiable impertinence to ask the managing editor his reason for publishing or not publishing any article submitted to his judgment. Aspiring amateurs, on the other hand, often demand explanations and take offence when they are not forthcoming. All who write for the press should know that the nature of editorial

work requires absolute power of decision, in order to preserve the unities of the periodical the editor conducts.

—We have received from Rand, McNally & Co. a cheap edition, with notes, of the poetical works of William Cullen Bryant. It forms a welcome addition to the Rand-McNally School Library. The same publishers have sent us also a copy of their "Primer and First Reader," edited by Sarah E. Sprague, Ph. D. No prettier school-book was ever prepared for children. The editor's "Words to Teachers" are well worth considering.

—To those who consider that it was the solemn duty of every able-bodied American to spend the heated term waiting, in the malaria and uncertainty of the far South, for something to happen, the song "He Answered his Country's Call" may appeal. The words are inoffensive and the music pleasing. C. W. McLaughlin is the composer, and Legg Bros., Kansas City, Mo., are the publishers.

—"Madge Hardlaun's Money," by Mary Cross—issued from St. Andrew's Press, Barnet, England,—is a love story, with the familiar motive of an heiress fearing that her betrothed is a fortune-hunter. After the usual vicissitudes, heartaches, etc., all things adjust themselves happily. The religious element is in evidence, though we must say it seems like a separate part of the story rather than as a natural feature of the character portrayal.

—The American Book Co. have added to their series of State histories "Stories of Indiana," by Maurice Thompson; and "Stories of Ohio," by William Dean Howells. The editors have drawn from standard historical works a collection of interesting stories, and so weaved them together as to form an outline history of each State from the earliest times. Men and events in both cases have been preferred to philosophical reflections. We are pleased to notice that the authors show a disposition to be fair to Catholics. Mr. Thompson has not overlooked Father Gibault, "a Catholic priest of great influ-

ence and noble character, who [during the Revolutionary war] undertook to win the inhabitants over to the American cause, and succeeded perfectly in his mission." And Mr. Howells pays tribute to Januarius Aloysius MacGahan in a chapter entitled "Notable Ohioans." We venture to say that heretofore MacGahan was better known to young folk in Bulgaria, of which he is considered the savior, than to children of his native State; though it was given to him to make history and to change the map of Europe. Mr. Howells notes that "Januarius A. MacGahan was born in the same county as Philip H. Sheridan, of the same Irish parentage, to the same Catholic religion, and the same early poverty." It is well that the youth of America should possess information like this, and who will not rejoice that the day has come when it can be included in school books? These attractively published volumes are adapted for both home and school reading.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Groundwork of Science. *St. George Mivart.* \$2.

Epochs of Literature. *Condé B. Pallen.* 75 cts., *net.*

Foundations of Faith. Part I. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Gospel of St. John. *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D.* \$2, *net.*

Notes on St. Paul. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$2, *net.*

Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. *Rev. James Bellord.* \$2.50.

The Religious Life and the Vows. *Monseigneur Charles Gay.* \$1.60, *net.*

Striving after Perfection. *Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J.* \$1, *net.*

Madge Hardlaun's Money. Part II. *Mary Cross.* 35 cts.

Stories on the Rosary. *L. E. Dobrée.* 50 cts.

Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, *net.*

The Man. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R.* 35 cts.

New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.

Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.

Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* \$1.

A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 15 cts.

Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth.* \$1.

Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus.* 60 cts., *net.*

Memories. *C. M. Home.* 70 cts., *net.*

Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.

The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. James Clare, S. J.* \$2.20, *net.*

The Voice of the Good Shepherd. *Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.* 5 cts.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, *net.*

The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, *net.*

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., *net.*

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* \$1.60, *net.*

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net.*

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Slang.* \$1, *net.*

Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

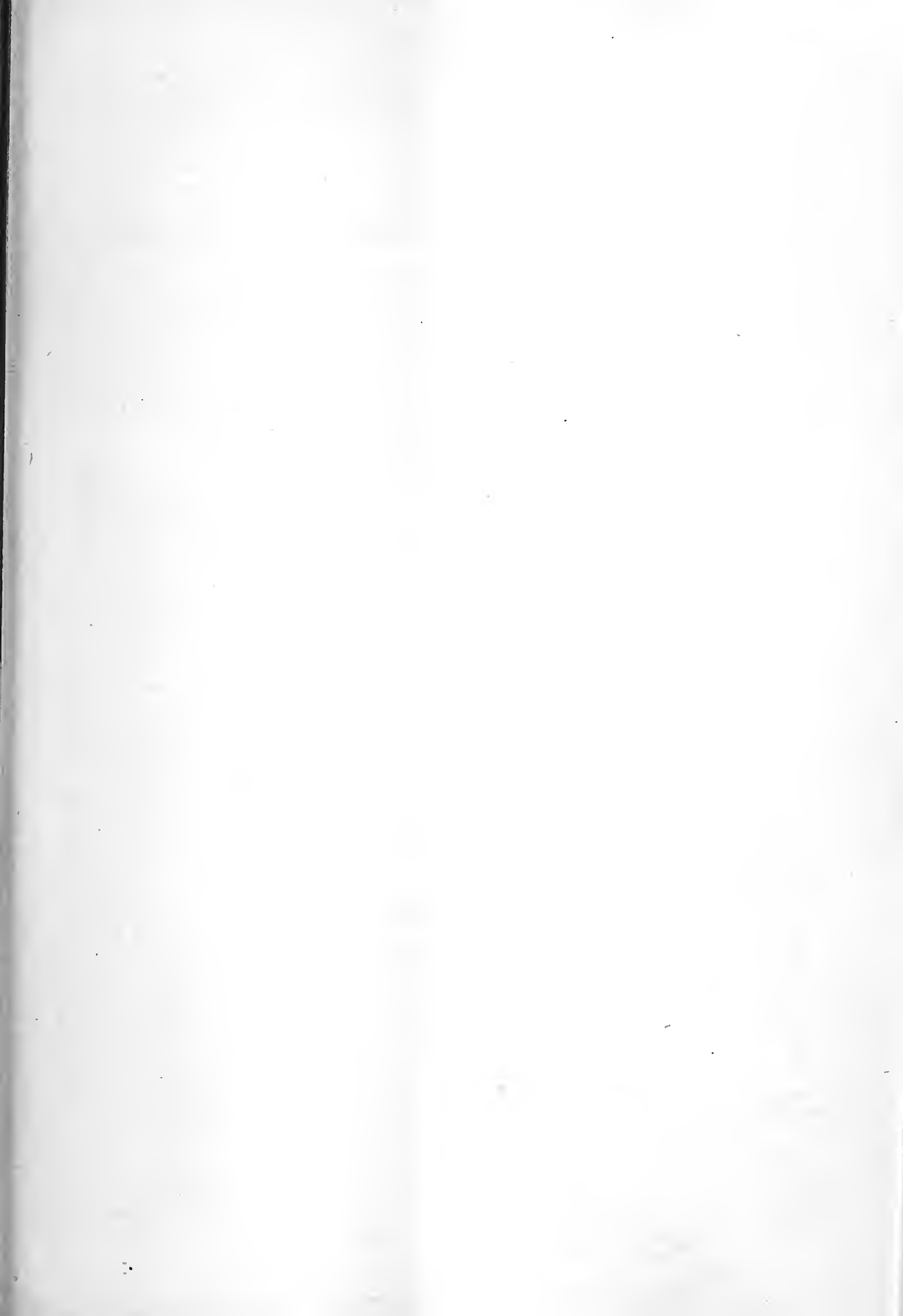
Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.

Protestant Belief. *J. Herbert Williams, M. A.* 50 cts.





QUEEN OF ALL SAINTS.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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The Eve of All Souls'.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

TO-DAY ten thousand voices,
Through all the joyful earth,
Sent forth loud *jubilates*

In strains of heavenly mirth;
And many a saint from heaven
Leaned forth to hear and see
The singing and the singers
That made such harmony.

To-night the winds are moaning
Through wold and forest drear,
Like ghostly harpers playing
Wild dirges far and near;
And many a lonely spirit
Racked by unending pain
Yearns for a *requiescat*—
And yearns, alas! in vain.

A Duty in November.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

TO the truly fervent Catholic the Church's calendar is ever replete with the most beautiful symbolism. He who unconsciously classifies the successive seasons of the year in accordance with the ecclesiastical rather than the civil division—he who habitually thinks of Advent and Lent instead of winter and spring; and in whose vocabulary May, June, and October

are not more familiar terms than are the months of Mary, of the Sacred Heart, and of the Holy Rosary,—such a one discovers in the physical characteristics of each season much that harmonizes wonderfully with the special devotion which Holy Church has associated therewith.

And if ever such symbolism becomes strikingly manifest, it is assuredly during the present month, when the age-stricken year is being hurried to its dissolution. A spirit of sadness and gloom invests the leafless trees, the bare brown fields, and sodden meadows; ashen clouds sweep across the unlovely firmament like the trailing winding-sheets of our departed dead; and the desolate sighing of the November winds is incessantly wailing the sad plaint of each suffering soul in purgatory: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me!" (Job, xix, 21.) The depressing aspect of the physical world during this dreary month must typify to every sensitive, sympathetic child of the Church the cheerless and wretched condition of hosts of our brethren detained in sad and lonely exile from the heavenly home they long to enter, doomed to wear out a tedious probation of keenest pain and keenest sense of loss before they may hope to stand "before the throne, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." (Apoc., vii, 9.)

Even the brief interval of recurring warmth and sunshine and cloudless skies that has lent to one portion of November the title of "St. Martin's" or "Indian" summer finds its counterpart in the world of the faithful departed. It symbolizes those blessed days when, thanks to the prayers and good works of mindful earthly friends, vast throngs of the holy souls see their prison doors swing open, leaving them free to spring upward on wings of impassioned love to the long-sighed-for realms of eternal sunlight. To see to it that, before the present month draws to its close, we shall have done our best to bring an Indian summer to our dear ones in that land of shadows, that valley of expectation,—such is the November duty which no practical Catholic may disavow with candor or shirk with impunity.

Of little or no avail would it be to present to such a Catholic the cumulative arguments which conclusively establish the existence of the place or state to which the name of purgatory has been assigned. Proofs based on Scriptural texts, on the dictates of sound reason, and on the instinctive tendencies of human nature, could only confirm a belief which he already firmly holds on the authority of Christ's infallible Church. That purgatory exists, and that our prayers and good works are efficacious in aiding its inmates, either by lessening the intensity or diminishing the duration of its torments, the Council of Trent has solemnly declared; and hence, so far as Catholics are concerned, these points admit of no discussion.

Nor need we linger long on the nature of the pains endured in purgatory. In what the pain of sense actually consists, whether the fire mentioned in Holy Writ ("he shall be saved, yet so as by fire") be material or otherwise, and how such fire can act on disembodied spirits,—these points may serve as matters of curious speculation to the learned, but are of

little or no consequence to him whose chief concern during this month of the holy souls is to liberate, if possible, deceased relatives and friends from that lugubrious prison beyond the grave; or, at the very least, to afford them genuine solace in their affliction and woe.

Of far more practical utility than any such intellectual processes of argumentation or speculative hypotheses, is the awakening of the heart to a realizing sense of the undoubted fact that in the other world we all have loved ones whose piteous cries are incessantly soliciting our assistance. The important questions on which it behooves us to reflect with earnestness are not, Is there a purgatory? and, What do the faithful departed suffer? but rather, How shall we succor the suffering souls? and, Why should our aid be prompt and generous?

Foremost among the means by which our charity may best be manifested to the members of the Church suffering is unquestionably our having the Holy Sacrifice offered for their intention. No other good work, prayer or mortification that we can proffer as satisfaction for the uncanceled debts of the holy souls can, of course, be considered as at all comparable to this supreme act of infinite worship, meritorious beyond all else performed on earth. Yet how few, comparatively, are the Catholics who avail themselves of this means of acquitting themselves of a bounden duty to the faithful departed!

What parity is there between the amount set apart for the celebration of Masses for the repose of the soul of a departed father or mother and the sum expended for a "handsome casket," costly funeral trappings, and the polished shaft that surmounts the grave! Evidences of our filial respect are these, no doubt; and occasionally, it may be, more or less conscious tributes to personal vanity—tolls exacted by our human respect. The

simple cross that marks full many a grave has oftentimes been placed by one who has expended for Masses a sum that would have procured a towering granite monument; and, alas! not a few granite columns reared above trimly-kept graves are sterile tributes to the worth of those for whose eternal rest few prayers have been offered. During November, at least, let our remissness in this respect be remedied. As often as may be let us have the ever-blessed currents of the Precious Blood poured on the flames that torment our dear ones in God's purgatorial crucible. No other solace like to this can be proffered by the enduring love that follows its cherished object beyond the tomb.

If unable to procure the celebration of as many Masses as we would wish to be offered primarily for the repose of our dead, most of us can apply to them our share in the merits of the daily Mass at which, with very slight inconvenience, we may be present. Next to the charity of having the August Sacrifice celebrated for the specific purpose of aiding some of the holy souls, ranks this transferring to them of the graces of satisfaction and impetration accruing to all who join with the priest in the offering of the "clean oblation." Never until we ourselves inhabit that land of shadows where our loved ones languish shall we fully appreciate the stupendous effects of a single Mass devoutly attended on behalf of the souls in purgatory. Happy for us, then, if memory does not reproach us with the wanton neglect of hundreds on hundreds of such charitable acts!

Among other suffrages that certainly alleviate the woes of the holy souls is the offering of devout confessions and Holy Communions. It is indeed elementary that earnest petitions addressed to the Eucharistic Christ present in our hearts must be efficacious in procuring relief for those in whose behalf we plead for mercy.

If it be a "holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead" at all times, it can not but be especially wholesome and peculiarly effective to pray for them at the moment when Jesus, reposing in our bosom, is most willing to accede to our unselfish desires.

Another means of acquitting ourselves of the debt which we owe to these uncrowned saints of purgatory is to enlist in their cause the potent interest of our Blessed Lady. Mary is Queen of All Saints, crowned and uncrowned; she is peculiarly the sovereign of the holy souls, since among her most distinctive titles are Mother of Mercy, Comforter of the Afflicted, and Gate of Heaven. She is, indeed, Queen of Purgatory; and while we may not doubt that, even unsolicited by us, she assists all the inmates of that temporal prison, it is equally certain that those for whom we fervently beseech her powerful intercession will most abundantly reap the benefit of her aid. And so the special devotion of October, the Holy Rosary, should be continued by us throughout the decades of November. Our devout recitation of the beads for the eternal repose of departed relatives or friends will ensure for them the special compassion of the Queen of Heaven, and for us the reward of truest charity.

Among the more richly indulgence exercises of piety, the performance of which is most salutary to the members of the Church suffering, particular mention may be made of the Stations, or the Way of the Cross. Indulgences almost without number, and all applicable to the souls in purgatory, may be gained by retracing in spirit the doleful journey of Christ to Calvary. And there is this to recommend the Stations in an especial manner as an excellent practice for November. While the exercise, in virtue of the indulgences attached to it, is of the utmost benefit to our dear departed, the meditation of the Passion of Our Lord is not less directly

beneficial to ourselves. No one can habitually, day after day, make the Way of the Cross, reflecting be it ever so briefly on the dolorous events depicted on each of the fourteen Stations, without educating his soul to a vivid and earnest detestation of sin, as the efficient cause of our Saviour's sorrows and the supreme evil of life. More, perhaps, than most other suffrages which we offer for the faithful departed, the Stations not only give them notable succor, but materially lessen the term of our own future probation in purgatory's cleansing fires.

It is needless to add that the recitation of a multitude of indulgenced prayers, the giving of alms, the performance of good works of every description, and the accomplishment of acts of mortification of whatever kind, are each and all most excellent methods by which to come to the relief of the vast multitudes whose doleful complaints and piteous supplications assail our sympathies throughout this Month of the Dead. Practically, God has placed in our hands the keys of their prison-doors; and, in a sense, it depends upon us whether their blessed ransom shall be effected soon or late. Powerless to help themselves, incapable of meriting either liberation from their bonds or alleviation of their misery, these poor sufferers can but appeal to the friends whom they have left behind them on earth, begging earnestly the charity of our assistance.

If ever we entertained for some of those hapless Prisoners of the King sentiments of tender affection, of engrossing love; if ever we rejoiced in their presence and experienced the bliss of their unfailing sympathy; if ever we vowed undying remembrance of their manifold kindnesses, and proffered them the tribute of our enduring gratitude,—now is the time to make good our protestations, now the time to prove the genuineness of our love.

Mary Gainor's Inheritance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

WHAT a beautiful face! One seldom beholds such modesty, dignity, and loveliness of expression, and without even a shadow of self-consciousness! If Bouguereau or Baudenhausen could see her, we should have another exquisite Madonna picture."

Mrs. Cadwallader Biddle then raised her lorgnette, and, with the supercilious approval she would have bestowed upon a canvas of the incomparable Raphael, stared at the young woman who sat before a table in the office of Sartoris' fashionable photographic studio, critically examining a miniature.

"Who is she, my dear?" continued the lady, recalling the wandering attention of her companion—a handsome matron, also of mature years, who had come to be photographed in all the glory of a new Paris gown.

Mrs. Guy Peniston raised her eyebrows indifferently as she replied:

"Oh, the girl is simply in charge here! It struck me on one occasion that she might be 'possible' as a picturesque effect in one's drawing-room,—merely as a lay figure, you understand, perhaps at an afternoon tea. But Mr. Sartoris said he feared Miss Gainor would not appreciate the—eh—arrangement; that, although better educated than many of higher social pretensions, she does not assume to be of other than humble origin. Her parents are plain, honest, hard-working people; so of course my plan would not do at all."

They had passed into the reception room, but Mrs. Cadwallader Biddle cast another glance backward through the door at the face which had charmed her.

"What a pity!" she exclaimed, con-

clusively. "In her sphere such beauty seems really—out of place."

Unconscious of the perfunctory attention of society, as represented by these aristocratic personalities belonging to that class of wealthy Americans who live abroad but condescend to revisit their native land occasionally, Mary Gainor continued her occupation.

Hers was a simple, industrious life. For three years she had been employed here, and now all the work must pass her inspection before being sent out. She was also book-keeper and cashier. At this season—it was just before the Christmas holidays—her hours were longer than usual; but the busy day came to an end at last, and she set out for home.

The clock in the tower of Independence Hall had already struck seven. There was a light snow on the ground, but the stars shone resplendent; and the girl found the crisp air invigorating after having been all day within doors.

In this winter of 1860 the horse-car was still the ideal of rapid transit. The young working-woman boarded a car going south, and after a chill ride of some twenty minutes alighted and turned down a side street. As in most of the resident streets of Philadelphia, either side of the way was lined with a row of red brick houses; the cheery effect of which was enhanced by the whitest of shutters and lintels, and marble steps.

In this locality, however, the buildings were the substantial little homes that mark the reward of self-denying industry and thrift; and now, save here and there where the shutters were closed and tied with black ribbon in token of a family bereavement, the windows twinkled with the pleasant lights that welcomed the returning bread-winners to the firesides kept aglow by daily toil.

Before one of these houses, where the light shone cheeriest, Mary stopped. At the click of her latch-key in the lock, and

ere she had time to turn the knob, the door flew open, and a portly, comfortable woman, in a neat black gown, greeted her with a beaming countenance, yet crying, with good-natured reproach:

"You are late, *alanna!* I have been watching for you a full half hour."

"Why, mother—"

"Oh, I know! It is the busy season, and I did not *expect* you earlier; but my heart begins awearying for you as soon as the dusk falls, and the moments drag until you come."

"Never mind, dear! When we grow rich I will stay with you always. Then what good times we shall have together!" said Mary, with playful affection, kissing the rosy cheek of the older woman.

"So we shall; and, for your sake as well as my own, may God speed the day!" ejaculated Mrs. Gainor, fervently. "But come! Your supper is keeping hot, and you must be fagged out."

"Nonsense, mother! You spoil me and forget that I am young and strong. I will confess to being ravenous, though; and there never could be nicer little dishes than those you always have ready at this hour. Nevertheless, I wish I could earn enough so that you should not even cook my supper unless you wanted to."

"Tut, tut! I should always want to," protested Mrs. Gainor, yet smiling withal as she bustled about.

"I hoped to be in time to see father," said Mary, as in the small dining-room she sat down to the table daintily laid for her by loving hands.

"He went out some time since," the mother rejoined, rather absently.

Mrs. Peniston had said aright. Mary's parents were plain people. Peter Gainor held the position of night-watchman at one of the grade crossings of the railroad. But, although humble, it was a very responsible post; and so conscientious in the discharge of his duty had he ever been that no employee of the road

possessed a more enviable reputation for fidelity and trustworthiness.

"Father must have gone earlier than usual to-night," observed his daughter, as, having finished her simple meal, she sank down upon a hassock at her mother's feet, and gazed contentedly into the fire that burned in the open grate of the ornate "parlor stove."

"Yes, dear," assented Mrs. Gainor once more; and then quickly parried the query with another. "Where is Bernard this long time?" she inquired, as if the question had just occurred to her. "I thought he had fallen into the way of walking home with you once in awhile, *mavourneen*?"

There was a glint of humor in her eye, and her lips twitched nervously in a rather unsuccessful effort to repress an amused smile; for the excellent young man to whom she referred had been until recently unremitting in his attentions to her daughter; and if a coolness had come between the two, she knew it must be a great disappointment to the earnest suitor.

"Oh, I begged him not to come any more, since his doing so has become a subject for gossiping tongues!" answered the girl, a trifle pensively.

"What! because one of the neighbors remarked to another 'twas strange such a fine man as Bernard Colter, who is like to be a partner in Hazelton's Mills some day, should not look higher than the daughter of old Peter the watchman! Tut, tut! 'twas but envious tattle, child. Do not let your pride make you unjust to Bernard. Has he not always shown the best of feeling toward your father and me? Were he our own son he could not be more respectful and considerate; and we both feel sure there is no one with whom your future would be safer, *mavourneen*; though God knows we are in no haste to have you leave us. What has come over you? Can it be that dare-devil George, the son of old Judkins,

come back from the West with a gold piece or two in his pocket, has caught your fancy? I would grieve if 'twere so, since help it I could not."

"No, mother: it is no one at all; and I have no thought of leaving you, so please let us not talk about it any more," pleaded Mary, falteringly.

A silence fell between them, during which the girl continued to watch the fire.

For awhile the mother gazed upon the graceful figure and gentle face with wistful tenderness, in which was blended a certain indecision. At length, smoothing down the folds of her black silk apron, she said:

"Mary dear, do you remember the times before we came to these parts?"

"When we lived on the farm up in the coal regions? Why, yes, a little, mother. I was sorry to leave the old home among the mountains; and yet what a grand thing it seemed to come to settle in a city like this, as much beyond my most extravagant dreams as a trip to Europe would be now!"

"Do you recollect anything before—when your father worked in the mines?"

"Not very distinctly; of course I shall never forget the accident, but—"

"I know, I know!" nodded the older woman, momentarily saddened by the allusion to the most tragic incident in her life, and not wishing to dwell upon it now. "Since you have been a woman grown," she continued, hesitatingly, "I have often thought you ought to understand more concerning those early days; yet I shrank from talking to you about them, lest perhaps you might come to be ashamed of the homely beginnings and ways of your father and myself."

"Ashamed of you and father!" echoed the girl, indignant at the imputation, and impulsively caressing the strong, deft hands folded upon the housewifely apron. "Do you think I could be so contemptible as thus to repay the love you both

have lavished upon me all my life, the self-denial that has given me so many advantages? O mother!"

"No, no! of a truth I did not mean it, dear," replied the mother; "yet—there is one thing I wish you to remember. Mark well my words, darling. Whatever comes, you may comfort yourself with the knowledge that your parents were worthy people; and, though they had little to give you, God's providence is the sweetest and best inheritance—"

"Yes, yes!" broke in Mary, marvelling at her serious tone. "But you promised to tell me of the time when you and father were young—I mean before you were married, when you first began to think of each other."

"Like you and Bernard," observed Mrs. Gainor, teasingly; for the nonce banishing the train of thought that had evidently troubled her.

A slight flush overspread the girl's expressive face. But possibly it was only a reflection of the glowing coals in the stove; for she shrugged a shoulder a bit impatiently, and, sitting there on the low cushion by the fire, leaned her head against the mother's knees as she had been wont to do in childhood.

Mrs. Gainor patted the pretty brown hair and took up her story:

"Well, to begin at the beginning, my dear. A poor Irish boy, deprived by the effect of the old penal laws of much schooling, Peter Gainor emigrated to this country thirty-six years ago come next Lady Day; he told me the date years ago, and it has never slipped my memory; being not long after I left home myself, though I had no knowledge there was such a lad in the world at the time. A man from the one town with him was known to have come to Philadelphia. Hither accordingly Peter made his way soon after landing at Castle Garden. He hunted up this whilom acquaintance, but neither one of them was able to obtain

steady employment. When the tide of their fortunes was at its lowest ebb, they fell in with an overseer who had come to the city to hire men to work a new coal mine up in Clarion County. Gladly they went with him; and thereafter, during the best years of his manhood, Peter toiled in the mines.

"The house where he boarded—a rude but decent place—was kept by the widow of a miner who had been killed by an explosion of fire-damp. She was my sister, and I had come out to her from the old country; for, with five small children, she needed my help badly. So 'twas here Peter and I first met. He was a fine, stalwart young fellow; and I—well, I was not altogether ill-looking, and had more than one string to my bow,"—and she sighed with a woman's retrospective satisfaction in her youthful attractions.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mary, humoring the little innocent vanity. "I have heard father say that you were the loveliest *colleen* in all the country round when he first saw you; and so happy-hearted, industrious, and pious too, that not even the roughest of the men thereabouts ever failed in respect to Margaret Darcy. And he still boasts of having won your favor over half a dozen rivals; although he has said to me, regretfully, you might have done better from a worldly point of view."

"God guided my choice, and I have never wished it had been otherwise," returned the mother, while her eyes grew dim as she recalled her husband's loyal affection during all the years since then.

"Peter and I were married in the village church," she went on; "and set up housekeeping in a cabin not far from the entrance to the mine. He was hard-working and steady, and I did my best to be economical and thrifty. Almighty God prospered us; for we strove to serve Him, and did not forget those who were poorer than ourselves. Ere long we were able to remove to a better house; and

here you came to us, *alanna*. Peter often told me that sometimes in the depths of the mine, beside the rough masses of coal, are to be found beautiful forms of delicate ferns and foliage that once belonged to the world above them, yet were placed by God amid the darkness of that lower earth for His own good ends."

"You mean the plant forms found in the coal shales?"

"Yes. Well, my darling, like to them amid the rudeness of our life you seemed to me. But had Peter been a laborer in a diamond mine instead of a miserable coal pit, and had he become possessed of the grandest jewel that ever graced a royal crown, he could not have felt prouder than he was of you; and it was the same with me."

"Indeed, mother, you have ever loved me almost too fondly,—been too good to me—"

"No; but thenceforth our one worldly thought was to plan and save for you. As the years passed we had managed to lay by a snug sum, and I persuaded my husband to buy a small farm in the wilds, thinking we might clear it off by degrees, and then the land would be worth treble what we gave for it. Alack! how little can we count upon the future! All might have been well, for Peter's health was good and his place secure; but there came the accident: he was lamed for life; he could no longer work in the mine, and all the money we owned had been sunk in those few acres of waste mountain land.

"It was my fault, but Peter never spoke a word of blame. The farm-house at least gave us a roof of our own over our heads, and there we went. The fine air, and being out of doors so much, helped him wonderfully; but he did not get back his full strength, and could not till the soil enough to get more than a wretched living out of it. Then, too, he began to be anxious about you. He said you were

growing up there as wild as a little mountain rose; and, if he could not give you anything else, he must provide so that you should have a fair education."

"Dear father!" ejaculated the listener.

"And so the end of it all was," Mrs. Gainor proceeded, glad to be nearly through with her tale, yet with a strange hurriedness only dimly perceived by Mary. "As he was hurt in the mine, one of the directors took an interest, and, through influence with the railroad, got him this place as night-watchman here in Philadelphia,—a place he has kept ever since.

"His brother Michael rented the farm from us for a small sum, which, in faith, has not been paid regularly. Peter would have sold it to him for almost nothing; but Michael laughed and said he was too shrewd to lock up his money in that way, but he did not mind hiring the land to oblige us. I was not for letting him have it on those terms; but Peter said 'twould make ill-feeling to refuse, and that since Michael meant kindly we ought to accept the offer in the same spirit. So, as you know, Michael took the farm, and we have heard very little about it from that day to this. When he wrote it was always to complain of his bad bargain. But to-day there came a big envelope, which, without saying anything, your father took away with him; and really, Mary, I have a suspicion that *there was something in it*."

(To be continued.)

The Cypress.

STOOD by a grave in cypress wreathed,
 And there, on the grassy mound,
 The spirit of death new life had breathed
 From the tear-stained holy ground.
 The cypress bloomed on the lonely grave;
 And the red star-flower that grew
 Was a tiny torch that guidance gave,
 And kindled life's hope anew.

A Pope's Private Letters.

THE art of letter-writing is all but lost in our age. The charming collections of letters, full of thought and of earnest sentiment, abounding in true personal interest, and of genuine historical value on account of references to contemporary celebrities and passing events, so common two or three generations ago, are now almost unknown. There is no time left for them. Modern life is too feverish and has too many demands. There is neither quietude nor seclusion; innumerable trifles, absorbing amusements, and constant travelling, together with the pernicious flood of ephemeral literature, and the swift diffusion of all information by means of newspapers, have robbed us of the pleasure that letters used to afford. It is our good fortune, however, that those who possessed the art of letter-writing have handed down to us some of its choicest productions; and, if we will, we may enjoy in some measure what must have been a delight of social intercourse in former times.

Among the collections of private letters for which we are indebted to the enlightened foresight of their recipients, a high rank must be assigned to the letters of Cardinal Ganganelli, who became pope under the title of Clement XIV. In point of style as well as of interest, these letters are a most important contribution to the literature of the time. They throw a strong side light upon many questions and events which the prejudices and narrowness of not a few historical writers, both Catholic and Protestant, have greatly obscured. The variety of his correspondents and his mastery of the art which has so obviously declined render the letters of Clement XIV. peculiarly entertaining. In some respects the world has changed very little since they were

penned, and many of them possess all the interest of contemporary correspondence.

It has been said that nothing so much reveals a man's true character as his private letters, particularly when written with his own hand, with no thought of their ever being made public. This was certainly the case with Cardinal Ganganelli. There is a freedom of expression, a directness, sometimes even a playfulness, in his correspondence which is born of ready sympathy, confidence, and the fervor of noble interests. Some passages are marked by rare insight and weight, proving that Clement XIV. was of superior mind as well as of noble heart. Whatever may be said to the contrary, he was one of the worthiest occupants of the Chair of Peter in modern times. His letters are an index to his character, and prove that he was possessed in an eminent degree of the very qualities he is supposed to have lacked.

Francis Laurence Ganganelli was the son of a physician who resided at the little town of St. Arcangelo, near Rimini; and was born in the year 1705. His boyhood was uneventful. From his parents he inherited a sunny temperament and a taste for the refinements of life. His talents were remarkable. We are told that at twelve years of age he had acquired a mastery of the Latin language that astonished the learned ecclesiastics who sometimes visited the school where he began his education. He was always to be found with a book in his hands, and seemed to have no desire for other recreation. At the age of eighteen he entered the Order of St. Francis, the spirit of which he deeply imbibed. To his dying day he was an humble Franciscan. Honors were thrust upon him, and responsibilities sometimes weighed him down; but nothing could rob him of his simple cheerfulness. "Every man," he used to say, "has some gift which is his natural inheritance. Mine is cheerfulness. It is

the only patrimony my good parents left me, but I value it more than all the treasures of this world." An English peer, who often visited Padre Ganganelli after he became a cardinal, used to say: "I can not find the Cardinal Ganganelli, but only the friar."

After completing his ecclesiastical studies, the future pontiff taught philosophy and theology in various monastic schools, and held different offices of trust in his community. When thirty-five years of age he was called to Rome to fill a chair in the College of St. Bonaventura. So great was the esteem in which he was held by his brethren that he would probably have been elected general of the Order had he not influenced them to make choice of another. Although a lover of study and by taste a recluse, the fame of his learning, piety, and affability drew to his cell many of the most distinguished men of the time; and all who came in contact with him became his attached friends. He himself was an ideal friend, ever faithful and sincere, as his voluminous correspondence attests.

As often happens with men of his stamp, the honors which Ganganelli sought to avoid came in quest of him; though compulsion was always necessary to make him accept them. Having foreseen his unwillingness to be promoted to membership in the Sacred College, the Pope positively ordered him to submit under pain of disobedience. A son of St. Francis could not refuse, and went trembling to acquaint the brotherhood with the news. "Do not be startled at this announcement," he said to them. "I will continue to live with you, like one of you; always as your friend and servant; nor shall you ever perceive that I have changed my condition." How faithfully this promise was kept his letters will show.

It was the unexpected that happened when, on the sudden death of Clement XIII., Cardinal Ganganelli was elected

to succeed him. Those were troublous times for the Vicar of Christ. The Court of Rome was involved in deep distress from ruptures with friends within and the attacks of foes without. The Kings of Spain, France, Portugal and Naples were disaffected for various reasons, and it was not supposed that one like Cardinal Ganganelli would be able to satisfy them and placate the enemies of the Holy See. It was openly declared that the situation called for a pope more politic if less pious than he. The conclave lasted three months and some days. To the great surprise of those who were supposed to know most about the difficulties to be encountered and the influence that had been brought to bear upon the members of the Sacred College, Cardinal Ganganelli was seated in the Chair of St. Peter. No one was more surprised at the result than the Cardinal himself. There was great rejoicing over the event, however; for the new Pontiff was known to be amiable, learned and virtuous. It was said that his election was like a rainbow that had appeared in the heavens issuing from storm-clouds to announce the return of pleasant weather. So little dazzled was the humble Franciscan by his elevation that next morning it was difficult to awaken him. Unlike an ambitious man, he had never slept more soundly.

He was crowned in St. Peter's on the 4th of June, 1769. When the ceremony was over he was asked if he was not much fatigued; and made answer, with his usual simplicity, that he had never witnessed the ceremony more at his ease, having been nearly crushed to death by the crowd on one occasion when he attended it as a simple friar. When it was suggested that a courier should be sent to inform his sisters of his elevation to the Chair of Peter, he had replied that a letter by post would answer the purpose, adding that they were not used to receiving papal ambassadors. He

discouraged all kinds of flattery, and never permitted himself to be ensnared by the petty artifices to which designing persons are wont to resort. A general of one of the religious orders having paid him a visit, left a bill on his table for four thousand Roman crowns, payable at sight. He immediately returned it to him, declaring that he knew no other riches but poverty, and that the acceptance of the gift would place him under obligations which he was not free to assume.

In becoming Pope he made no change in his manner of living, preferring to lead the simple, abstemious life to which he had so long been accustomed. When he was told that the papal dignity required a more sumptuous fare, he answered that neither St. Peter nor St. Francis had taught him to dine splendidly. "You shall not lose your position," he said to the head cook; "but I will not endanger my health to keep you in practice." Nothing delighted the new Pope more than to converse with some old-time friend when the labors of the day were over. "I have been a prince and a pontiff all day," he would remark. "Now I want to be Father Ganganelli again. Come, let us have a chat as in old times."

Nothing but praises were heard of the new Head of the Church; and, though his after acts naturally lessened the regard of those who had thought to influence him in certain ways, and learned that he was neither to be led nor intimidated, he never lost the confidence or esteem of men like himself, whose chief concern was the glory of God and the salvation of souls. A more just, disinterested man than Clement XIV. never breathed. If at times he was slow to act, it was because he feared to do an injustice. When urged by princes and their ambassadors to carry into effect a project said to have been contemplated by his predecessor, he made this noble answer: "I am the common Father

of the faithful. I can not do what you propose without having sufficient reasons to justify me in the eyes of posterity, and, above all, before God." Justice has yet to be done to the memory of Clement XIV. He has been represented as a man of the common sort, without any rare qualities of mind or heart. In reality, he was as learned as he was humble, and as just as he was zealous. Prejudice alone can withhold the praise which is his due.

Having given the reader some idea of the personality of Clement XIV., we may now proceed with the letters, the perusal of which will be no less edifying than pleasurable. We present only those of general interest, passing over such as might revive points of controversy long since suspended. We are aware that the authenticity of these letters has been questioned—the enemies of Ganganelli held that they are too clever to be his work,—but no attentive, unprejudiced reader will doubt their genuineness. They are in striking conformity with the spirit and character of Clement XIV., and display the same religious principles which he taught and which were exemplified in his beautiful life.

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To a Knight of Malta.

SIR:—The solitude which you have formed to yourself in your own breast makes it unnecessary to seek another. Cloisters are only to be preferred in proportion as the mind becomes more recollected there; for the merits of a monastery are not in the walls. The Convent of La Trappe which we have in Italy, to which you propose retiring, is no less orderly than the one of the same Order in France; but wherefore quit the world while you can improve it? It will remain forever wicked if abandoned by all the good. Besides, is not the Order of Malta, in which you live, a religious order, and capable of sanctifying you if you perform

your duty in it? One ought to deliberate well before taking upon one's self a new load of obligations. The Gospel is the best guide for a Christian; and to admit of our being buried in solitude, the vocation ought to be well tried.

There is something extraordinary in whatever takes us out of the common road of life, and in embracing the life of a monk we ought to dread some illusion. I truly honor the monks who follow the institutions of the Chartreuse and La Trappe, but only a few of these orders are needed. Besides the difficulty of finding a large number of religious truly fervent, they ought to be apprehensive of injuring the state by rendering themselves useless members of society. We are not born monks: we are born citizens. The world requires people to contribute to its harmony, to make empires flourish by their talents, labor, and virtues.

These profound solitudes, which show no exterior signs of life, are only graves. St. Anthony, who lived long in the desert, did not make a vow to remain always there. He quitted his retreat and came into the middle of Alexandria to combat Arianism; for he was convinced beyond the slightest doubt that the state and the cause of religion were to be served by actions as well as by prayers. When he had accomplished the purpose of his mission, he returned to his hermitage, in sorrow for having preserved the little blood which old age had still left in his veins,—that he had not won the crown of martyrdom.

When at La Trappe, it is true, you will pray to God day and night; but can you not direct your thoughts continually to Him though in the midst of the world? It is not in words that the merit of prayer consists; our sovereign Law-giver Himself tells us that it is not the multitude of words which can obtain for us the favor of Heaven.

Many respectable writers have not

hesitated to impute the remissness in monasteries to a tiresome repetition of forms of devotion. They hold, and with reason, that the attention can not be preserved during too long prayers; that labor is of more advantage than continual psalm-singing. The world would not have exclaimed so much against the monks if they had been seen usefully employed. The memory of those who cultivated wilds and enriched cities with skilful productions, or ascertained historical facts or the dates of events, is still respected.

The Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur in France have acquired lasting honor by the publication of a number of works both curious and useful. The celebrated Montfaucon, who is one of their greatest ornaments, filled all Italy with the fame of his learning when he applied himself entirely to the study of antiquity. St. Bernard, the reformer of so many monasteries which follow his rules, rendered himself very useful both to religion and to his country,—not when he preached the Crusades, which could be justified only by the intention, but when he gave advice to popes and kings, and composed his immortal works. He could not have become a Father of the Church had he done nothing but pray....

You will do more good by relieving the poor and comforting them by kind words than by burying yourself deep in a desert. John the Baptist, who was the greatest of men, quitted the desert to declare that the kingdom of God was approaching, and to baptize on the banks of the River Jordan.

Do not imagine, my dear sir, that in speaking of a useful life I want to make an apology for the religious mendicants at the expense of the anchorites. Every order has its rules, and the maxim here should be: "He that doth not eat flesh should not despise him who doth eat." But I own I esteem the Brother Minors the more, because they join the active

life of Martha to the contemplative life of Mary; and I believe, whatever certain enthusiasts may say, the active life is much the more meritorious. St. Benedict was sensible that we ought to be useful to our country, and in consequence he instituted a seminary for gentlemen at Mount Casino. He knew what sort of laws the love of our neighbor inspires.

If, however, in spite of all I have said, you still feel a secret inspiration which calls you to the monastic life, you will do what you think proper; for I should be afraid to oppose the will of God, who leads His servants as He pleaseth, and often by uncommon means.

I wish I could be with you at Tivoli, to meditate in sight of that famous cascade, which, dividing into a thousand different torrents, and falling with the greatest impetuosity, presents to the mind a lively picture of this world and its various agitations. I wish you agreeable holidays; and am, more than Ciceronian eloquence could express, sir,

Your most humble, etc.,

FR. L. GANGANELLI.

To an ex-monk.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Wherefore do you hesitate in addressing yourself to me? Am I another man than what I was because I have the honor of being a cardinal? My heart and my arms shall always be open to receive my dear brethren. I owe them too much ever to forget them; for I owe them everything.

The confession which you make of your fault persuades me that you truly repent of it. However little a man may deviate from the straight path in cloisters, he insensibly gives in to excess. You have not sinned through ignorance, and therefore you are the more to blame; and, what is still worse, your fault has blazed abroad. Humble yourself before men, and show your contrition before the throne of grace, that you may obtain forgiveness.

I shall write to your superior to receive you again with mildness.

Dear Brother, you have imagined that in quitting your retreat you would find the greatest satisfaction in the world at large. Alas! this world is but a deceiver. It promises what it never performs. Viewed at a distance, it appears to be a parterre of flowers; when nearer seen, it proves a brake of thorns.

I pray the Lord that He may touch you feelingly, for every good impulse comes from Him. You must resume your religious exercises with the most lively fervor, and oblige those to admire your reformation who might otherwise reproach you with having gone astray. You may be fully assured that you will always be dear to me, and that I sincerely bewail with you the error you have committed.

I am your affectionate, etc.,

THE CARD. GANGANELLI.

CONVENT OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,
18 November, 1760.

To one of his sisters.

The loss which we have had of so many relatives and friends, my dear sister, declares to us that this life is only borrowed, and that God alone essentially possesseth immortality. What ought to be our comfort is that we shall be reunited in Him if we attach ourselves constantly to Him. The troubles you speak of ought to be more precious than pleasures, if you have faith. Calvary is in this world the proper place for a Christian; and if he mounts upon Tabor it is only for an instant.

My health continues with its usual vigor, because I neither live too sparing nor too full. Once in awhile my stomach inclines to be sick; but I tell it that I have not leisure, and it leaves me in quiet. Study absorbs those trifling inconveniences which mankind complain of so frequently. It often happens that we are indisposed through idleness. Many

women are sick, without knowing their complaint, because they have nothing to do; they grow tired of being too well, and this condition is oppressive to people of fashion.

I am very glad to have such good accounts of little Michael. It is a plant which will produce excellent fruit, if carefully cultivated. It is true that all depends upon careful culture. We become everything or nothing according to the education we receive.

You regret that we do not see each other; but neither our presence nor our words form our friendship. Provided our affections and thoughts unite us, what signifies our persons being at a great distance? When we love each other in God, we see each other always; for He is over all. The good God ought to be the centre of all our sentiments, as He is of our souls.

I embrace you most cordially, and am sensible of the value of the letters you write to me. They recall the memory of a father I knew but too little, and of a mother whose life was a constant lesson of virtue. I have never failed to remember them at the altar; nor my dear sister, to whom I am, beyond all expression,

A most humble and affectionate, etc.

To a Carmelite Nun.

It appears, my Reverend Mother, that God Almighty has preferred mountains as the most proper places for displaying His glory and His mercy. I see by the Sacred Scripture that Mount Sinai, Mount Tabor, the Mount of Olives, and Mount Calvary were the most privileged spots in the world on account of the miracles which were wrought there. And I see in the history of the Church, Mount Casino and Mount Carmel as the source of two religious orders that do honor to religion by their penitence.

The illustrious Teresa, your holy reformatrix, is one of the greatest souls

that God hath raised up for the good of Christianity,—a parent of the Church for her knowledge and writings, and a model of penitence by her austerities. There is not a cloud which can in the least obscure her actions. Always with God to study Him; always with the faithful to instruct them; and always in the same degree of perfection. She is a prodigy of science and of sanctity. But her works are not sufficiently known. The best is undoubtedly the wonderful harmony that reigns among so many illustrious females, to whom she is a support and model.

You have no occasion for any instructions, my Reverend Mother, but what have been given by this great saint. She hath said everything, she hath foreseen everything, and she hath taught everything. The nuns can not choose a better director; and it is to her that they should address themselves, if their piety has none of those too keen affections which hurt true devotion.

Consult holy Teresa, then, and not Brother Ganganelli, who is the weakest person I know. I can only glean after those who have reaped a full harvest; and all the correspondence that I can have with you is to beg that you will be so good as to pray for me. The prayers of the Carmelites are the most agreeable perfume which can ascend to the throne of God.

Not to interrupt any longer that silence which is prescribed you, I shall content myself with adding to this letter the respect with which I shall be all my life

Your most humble, etc.

CONVENT OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,
19 June, 1749.

(To be continued.)

IF during life we have been charitable toward the suffering souls in purgatory, God will see that help is not denied to us after death.—*St. Paul of the Cross.*

Voices.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHEN the leaves of scarlet, red, and gold are falling,
 And the summer blossoms no more scent the gale,
 When the restless plovers 'mid the reeds are calling,
 And the song birds sing not in the wood or vale;
 'Mid the dreary moaning and the fitful sighing
 Of the winds when sunset's gloomy splendors fade,
 We can hear in fancy well-known voices crying
 From their dungeons to us for our love and aid.

In the days departed oft we heard those voices,
 Giving kindly counsel, speaking words of love;
 Sounding gaily as the bird's that first rejoices
 For the springtide's coming in the budding grove.

Now while of their vesture winds the woods are robbing,
 And the skies are sombre north, south, west, and east,
 Those remembered voices are in anguish sobbing:
 "Oh, have pity on us, you, our friends, at least!"

A Handmaid of the Lord.

ALL who are interested in the wide-spread and most successful work of the Sisters of Notre Dame will rejoice to hear that a biography of their foundress, the Venerable Julie Billiart, the process for whose beatification is now in progress, has just been published in an English form. We desire to call the attention of our readers to the life of this "eminent laborer in the harvest of the Lord," as

she is termed by Pope Leo XIII. in the pontifical decree, because she furnishes one of those instances in which the hand of God is more strikingly apparent on account of the absence of natural talent and social advantages in the instrument He chooses to accomplish His will. Here we see an obscure peasant girl, without money, without friends, the victim of an apparently incurable malady, with no other learning than the science of the saints, the infused knowledge of divine things, inaugurating a great and lasting work,—founding an institute the object of which is the education of girls, more especially the instruction, both religious and secular, of the children of the poor, and the training of school-mistresses.

A brief sketch of the career of this eminent servant of God may serve as an introduction to a book* replete with interest and edification; by the perusal of which a closer acquaintance may be gained with her lifelong sufferings, her heroic virtues, and the rare supernatural gifts and graces which were conferred on her from on high.

Julie Billiart was born in 1751, at Cuvilly, a village in Picardy, of pious and industrious parents in a humble station of life. The shadow of the Cross seems to have rested upon her almost from her birth; for in her childhood she evinced a remarkable spirit of seriousness and a self-sacrifice beyond her years. She was wont to withdraw to solitude for prayer, and to practise secretly acts of penance and mortification, as if to school herself for the trials, the toils awaiting her in the future. And, as if she had a presentiment of what her work was to be, she made the catechism her favorite study. Before she was seven years old

* "Life of the Venerable Servant of God Julie Billiart, Foundress and First Superior-General of the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame." By a member of the same Congregation. London: Art & Book Co.

she had quite mastered its contents, not only knowing every word by heart, but understanding its meaning so perfectly that when school was ended she taught it to her companions, explaining to them the portion they had to learn, as well as all the mysteries of the faith, with a clearness, correctness, and simplicity that would have done credit to an experienced and able catechist. This task delighted the child. "I want plenty of little souls," she would say, "to teach them how to love and serve God."

The village *curé*, a most excellent and holy priest, naturally took notice of this pious young girl; he initiated her into the practices of the spiritual life, teaching her the method of mental prayer, and assisting her to conquer the natural impatience and impetuosity of her character. A devotion to the Sacred Heart had been instilled into her by her mother, who used to say it was hereditary in the family. The Sisters of Notre Dame are accustomed to recite a daily act of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The same prayer is inscribed in a little manual which formerly belonged to Julie, found in the sacristy at Cuvilly; the paper, worn and stained, testifies to the frequency with which she recited that prayer. Cuvilly furnished evidence of her love for the Immaculate Mother of God also. A white satin banner, embroidered by her hands, taken thence and now kept in the convent at Namur, bears the monogram of Our Lady, with the inscription, *Tota pulchra es, Maria, et macula non est in te*.

When she was about sixteen Julie was called to enter on the *via crucis*. Heavy losses came upon her parents, reducing them to complete destitution. She exerted herself to the utmost to provide for, or rather contribute to, the support of the family, laboring in the fields with a courage and energy beyond her strength. Scanty food, exposure, want of rest—for amid all her incessant labor she kept up

her religious practices—broke down her health and reduced her to a condition of complete helplessness. Owing to the injudicious treatment she received from a country doctor, she became a cripple, both legs being paralyzed. From her couch of suffering the poor girl was not to rise for many years; for a long time she lay between life and death, to the great grief of her parents, whose stay and support she had been. Yet even in those days of affliction Julie was able to gather around her the children of the village, to teach them their catechism and prepare them for their First Communion.

But when the storm of the Revolution broke over France, and the good priest who ministered to her so faithfully was banished on account of his refusal to take the oath to the Constitution, and a schismatical priest introduced into his place, Julie's trials began in earnest. Deprived of the sacraments, she was also abandoned to severe interior desolation. Moreover, her rejection of the services of the new priest excited the rage of the Republicans to such an extent that her life was in danger; and *la dévote*, as they called her, was forced to seek shelter in a neighboring chateau. But when her noble hostess was compelled to quit the country, there was no more safety for Julie; and she would have been burned alive by a furious mob had she not been carried down and concealed in a cart, covered with straw. Attended by a most devoted niece, she escaped to Compiègne; but during the four years of her stay there she was compelled to change her abode five times to elude the animosity of her enemies.

During her residence there she had a vision of the order she was to found. Whilst rapt in ecstasy, she beheld a number of religious, wearing a habit which was unfamiliar to her, standing beneath the Cross on Calvary. The vision, we are told, was most clear, the features

of the individuals being so imprinted on her memory that in after years she was able to say to many who sought admission to the institute: "God wills that you should enter our society: I saw you amongst the Sisters at Compiègne." When the time came for her to choose a dress for the religious, without the slightest hesitation she gave orders as to the shape and the material of the garments, saying, "It was shown to me at Compiègne."

At length, on the cessation of the Reign of Terror, a refuge was offered to Julie at Amiens; and there she became acquainted with Mlle. Blin de Bourdon, a young lady of good family and with considerable fortune, who was to be her companion and co-foundress of the Congregation. There it was that she gathered round her a group of disciples "who followed a rule of life, recited the Office of Our Lady, lived in common, and called Julie *ma mère*." Fresh storms, however, dispersed the little community; and it was not until the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow, August 5, 1803, that, a suitable house having been found, the two friends removed thither and began their work by undertaking the care of eight poor orphans.

Some postulants joined them, and on the Feast of the Purification, 1804—a day ever memorable in the institute,—Julie Billiard, Mlle. Blin de Bourdon, and another, took the vow of chastity, to which they added that of devoting themselves to the education of girls. They further proposed to train religious teachers who should go wherever their services were called for; and no one will deem it a mere coincidence that when, half a century later, the Sisters of Notre Dame undertook the direction of the first training college for Catholic school-mistresses in England, it was opened on the Feast of the Purification. Mary thus seemed to have thrown her mantle over

her daughters from the very outset. It was on the Feast of the Visitation, 1805, that their new rule was (provisionally) adopted; but it was from the Feast of the Purification in the preceding year that the existence of the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame, as known by that name, virtually dates.

It is now time for us to speak of the manner in which Julie was raised from the couch of suffering whereon she had lain so long and so patiently. God, who had given her the qualities necessary for the task He destined her to accomplish, was about to restore to her the bodily health which would enable her to do active work for His greater glory.

In May, 1804, a mission was preached at Amiens. The day after its close one of the missionaries, a Father Enfantin, came to Mère Julie and desired her to join in a novena which he was beginning that day for a person in whom he was interested. Without asking any questions she promised to comply with his request, and prayed with great fervor for the unknown intention. On the evening of the fifth day her confessor came to her when she was sitting in the garden in her invalid chair, and said: "Mother, if you have any faith, take one step in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." "Julie rose," says her biographer; "and the feet which for twenty-two years had refused to support her took the required step in obedience to the command. 'Take another.' She did so. 'A third.' She obeyed. 'That will do: sit down.' And Julie, with the simplicity of a child, sat down, declaring at the same time that she could walk farther. But the Father would not allow it. And he went away, forbidding her to tell the Sisters what had happened. It was Friday—the first Friday in June." (p. 88.)

When alone, Julie poured out her heart in thanksgiving, but she did not betray her secret. She went to bed that night

as usual. The next morning she mounted the stairs leading to the chapel in her habitual manner, sitting down and raising herself from step to step by aid of her hands. At the moment of Communion she stood up and walked to the altar rail; but, owing to her place being close to the sanctuary, this escaped observation. In accordance with Father Enfantin's injunction, she did not reveal the favor bestowed on her until the close of the novena, when she was authorized to make her cure known. Erect and with a firm step, she then entered the room in which the Sisters were sitting at breakfast, saluting them with the words, *Te Deum laudamus*. In a transport of delight and gratitude, the Sisters, on recovering from their first stupor of astonishment, hastily returned to the chapel with their Mother to give thanks to the Giver of all good.

This cure made a great impression on all who heard of it, and it gave a fresh impulse to the devotion to the Sacred Heart. "The popular voice," her biographer tells us, "attributed the miracle to Mère Julie's simple faith and obedience. The Fathers who gave the mission at Amiens saw in it an index of God's will to use her as an instrument for the extension of His glory. The thought of God's glory was, indeed, the soul of Julie's actions. 'Lord,' she would repeat in her unselfish love, 'if Thou dost not will to employ me to gain souls to Thee, give me back my old infirmities.'" (p. 91.)

The time of suffering was, however, by no means over for this valiant soul. Whether Father Enfantin feared for her some self-complacency in consequence of the extraordinary favors she had received, or whether he merely indulged his own rigorous and impetuous character, it is impossible to say. At any rate, he now, with an unsparing hand, subjected her to every kind of humiliation and mortification. Although the paralysis was cured, her stomach remained very weak and

unable to bear certain kinds of food, nor could she drink cold water. Her director obliged her to make her meals of the dishes in question, and overwhelmed her with penances far beyond her newly-acquired strength. Furthermore, in the presence of her community, he loaded her with reproaches of the most unjust nature, couched in terms of stinging contempt; so that the Sisters trembled and wept to hear him. At length this terrible director was satisfied, and he expressed to the community his deep veneration for their superior, who, he said, had received very great and rare graces from Our Lord.

The servant of God was now able to organize more fully her rising institute and give to it a regular religious form. Novices soon flocked in, attracted by Julie's reputation for sanctity. She also opened free schools for poor children; and in order to fill them adopted St. Francis Xavier's expedient. She sent into the streets two novices, who went in different directions ringing a bell and announcing: "We let you know the Sisters of Notre Dame have opened free schools for little girls. Go home and tell your parents the news." The appeal was responded to: on the first day more than sixty children presented themselves.

We do not propose to follow Mère Julie through all the vicissitudes of her chequered career. Her path for the most part lay in shadow, though at times it was illumined by gleams of sunshine. In reading her life, our feelings are deeply touched, our sympathies warmly enlisted on her behalf, our indignation strongly aroused against the calumniators and persecutors whom the devil stirred up to hinder and injure her work. The hostility and opposition she encountered from civil authorities and ecclesiastical superiors, the injustice with which she was treated, the wrongs done her, the personal unkindness shown her, were

enough to dishearten a saint. Her life appears to be one unbroken series of suffering and sorrow, yet her hope always remained firm. *Que le bon Dieu est bon!* were the words most frequently upon her lips. Amid all her tribulations her indomitable courage and confidence in Divine Providence never gave way. We are penetrated with wonder and admiration at the heroism wherewith, however painful and harassing her trials, this servant of God practised the virtues of obedience, humility, faith, prudence, fortitude, and charity.

Mgr. Pisani, Bishop of Namur, who knew all the circumstances of her many troubles at Amiens, did not hesitate to say after her death: "Mère Julie will be canonized one day, because during all her prolonged trials at Amiens she never once failed in charity." (p. 149.) The Bishop was referring to the period when M. de Sambucy, who had been appointed confessor to the Sisters, interfered with the administration of the convent, and sought to modify the rules and alter the constitutions, thus greatly impeding the work of the foundress. He succeeded in poisoning the mind of the Bishop against her; so that at his instigation a prelate otherwise estimable, virtuous and wise, rebuked with great severity, treated with much harshness, and was on the point of banishing from his diocese one whose only object was to do good.

But though Mère Julie mourned over the vexatious opposition to her projects, she was never wanting in respect toward her superiors. "Remember," she wrote on one occasion to her fellow-foundress, "how you used to say it was unfortunate to be with me: there was nothing to be expected but crosses. Indeed we have our share. Our institute must be built on the foundation of the Cross. Every rising congregation destined to further God's glory must have crosses."

Despite all this opposition, the work

spread rapidly and flourished amazingly. One house after another was founded; one poor school after another was opened. More foundations were offered in France and Belgium than Mère Julie could accept.

It would be impossible for us in this brief sketch to enter upon the constitution of the order (of which Julie became the first superior-general), the work of the Sisters, the rule observed in the houses. Suffice it to say that the holy foundress constantly reminded her daughters that our Blessed Lady was not only their patron and protectress in the work of Christian education, but the model they themselves were to copy and to hold up before their scholars. On this point her rule is explicit: "All the members of this institute shall choose the august Queen of Heaven for their mother and their advocate with God; wherefore they must not only respect, love, and honor her, but with filial confidence they must have recourse to her in every need." (p. 110.)

The Sisters were, moreover, taught to love and cherish poverty, to regard it as the wall and rampart of the religious life. At the outset extreme poverty prevailed in the convents. The beds were paillasses laid on the floor; the food consisted of bread and water for breakfast; for dinner, soup and vegetables. In many places there would have been nothing to eat had not their mother, as long as she remained with them, found provisions multiplied in her hands.

"One day," say the annals of Nouveau-Bois, "the community sat down to table, but there was nothing to put before them save one piece of bread, barely enough for one person's breakfast. The superior, not telling her Sisters that it was the last morsel in the house, had it passed round; and when they had divided it amongst them there was still a portion left for the next meal. In the evening of the same day a sack of flour and a sum of money were brought to the door, though the

donor was ignorant of the straits to which the religious were reduced." (p. 273.)

God frequently vouchsafed to manifest the favor wherewith He regarded His servant by investing her with supernatural powers. We read that on one occasion when returning to the mother-house, she found that a malignant and highly-contagious fever had broken out in the convent. Twenty-three of the Sisters were still in bed with this fever, and showed no signs of improvement. Mère Julie went at once to visit the infirmary, and on entering exclaimed: "My children, if you have faith, rise up!" All got up at her bidding, perfectly cured, excepting four, whose convalescence was very slow, and who, after their recovery, were found to have no vocation and left the convent. This striking miracle, quoted in the Process *de fama sanctitatis*, confirmed in no slight degree the opinion entertained of the Superior-General's sanctity. (p. 173.)

Another mentioned in the Apostolic Process, is as follows: "A Sister belonging to the community at Namur was one day chopping wood, when she let the axe fall upon her foot, cutting it very severely. The blood flowed profusely, and her companions ran in alarm to fetch Mère Julie. She traced the Sign of the Cross on the injured foot, and said to the Sister: 'No harm is done, my daughter; go back to your work. Almighty God knows you want your feet for His glory.' No sooner were these words uttered than the Sister was perfectly cured; so thoroughly was the wound healed that not even a scar remained."

Nor were these powers exerted only on behalf of members of her society. One day while she was a guest at the house of a benefactress who wished to establish a school on her estate, two little girls, one of whom was suffering from a disease of the eyes, came to the chateau to ask for some medicament. As the mistress was absent, the servants were sending

the children away. "What is the matter, my child?" Mère Julie asked the little girl. "My eyes are very bad," she replied. "Come! that is nothing much. Let us kneel down and say a prayer together." This they did; then Mère Julie made the Sign of the Cross with her thumb on the child's eyes, and all traces of the disease immediately vanished. (p. 344.)

After a comparatively short but painful illness the Venerable Servant of God expired peacefully at Namur, on April 8, 1816. It was the Monday in Holy Week. A few hours before her death her feeble voice all at once began to sing very softly her favorite canticle, the *Magnificat*. To those who were watching beside her it seemed as if in the long, silent hours she had been recalling all the graces of her life, and before her departure desired once more to express her gratitude in that hymn of thanksgiving and praise. Soon after she lost the power of speech. What more touching, more fitting end to the story of her life than the acknowledgment that He that is mighty had done great things unto her; that He had regarded the humility of His handmaiden, and that all generations would call her blessed!

Mère Julie's expressed wish had been to be buried like any one of the ordinary Sisters; but the Bishop would not allow this, and her obsequies were conducted with great solemnity. The whole population of Namur, as well as the Sisters and children, followed the funeral to the grave,—a thing not customary in the country, but granted in this case by the civil authorities. A year and a half later her remains were transferred from the cemetery to a vault adjoining the convent, which was prepared to receive them. The body was found to be still entire and incorrupt; a clear, fragrant oil exuded from the fingers. It is said that since her death numerous striking favors have been obtained from Heaven through the intercession of the Venerable Mère Julie.

The Communion of Saints.

How can we communicate with the saints or make them hear our prayers?

THIS question is proposed by a Protestant correspondent, who tells us that he has never found a satisfactory answer to it, and wishes to be referred to some Catholic work which throws light on the subject. It is one of a numerous class of religious questions more easily asked than answered; not because the answer is difficult in itself, but because, if complete, it would require many words, whereas the query is expressed in a baker's dozen. We could name many books in which the invocation of saints is treated learnedly and lengthily, but our correspondent evidently expects a reply that will be complete without being verbose. Our task is simplified from the fact that he holds no theory of the unseen, and is not disposed to be captious. Although the difficulty is not shared by Catholics, our readers will be strengthened in their faith on this point by a presentation of the grounds upon which it rests.

We communicate freely with the servants of God whilst they are in the way with us. Why should such communication cease when they have passed to their reward? Should not their knowledge be enlarged and their love increased by their nearness to the Infinite Source of each? To think differently would be opposed to the principles of humanity and the laws of our being. Communion with Saints is simply the reaching out of heart to heart in the fellowship established forever by God. In Him we all live, and it is through Him that we commune with those who, though removed from the pale of our vision, are as much alive as we ourselves. Death is only the beginning of another phase of human existence.

The posthumous life of the saints is a continuation of their earthly life, and consequently they experience a continuation also of those psychological powers with which they were endowed when created. But as they are now with God, their will must conform exactly to His will; their memory must be purged and perfected, and their understanding enlightened to its fullest capacity. "What can the elect be ignorant of," says St. Gregory, "seeing they know Him who knoweth all things?" Death does not rob the soul of its extraordinary powers, but expands them.

So much for the knowledge of the saints. The same is true of their love. We can not suppose that the accident of death changes the disposition of the saints toward their brethren on earth. Their love must be rendered inconceivably more intense and entirely unselfish by their nearness to Love Itself. For God is love. If their hearts were warmed by the fire of divine charity here, they must be inflamed with it, now that no obstacles exist. Well does St. Augustine say of his departed friend Nebridius ("Confessions," book ix): "I do not think that he is so inebriated with that Wisdom as to forget me, seeing that Thou, O Lord, of whose fulness he drinks, art mindful of me."

But the question proposed is not yet answered, it will be said. "How can we *communicate* with the saints or make them *hear our prayers*?" In order to render our answer brief it was necessary thus to lead up to it. Some general statements were requisite to clear the way. Charles Kingsley reproached Protestants for not remembering these things about the life everlasting. The objection under consideration was raised by Vigilantius and met by St. Jerome. "If the Lamb is everywhere," says that holy Doctor, "then those who are with the Lamb must be everywhere too."

It is certain from Scripture that the angels are cognizant of what we do and what we say. Why not the saints as well? They still live and are near to us in God, who is everywhere, "even at the door." The knowledge of the saints can not, of course, be derived through the senses. It would be necessary for us to know the nature of a spirit in order to understand how they see without eyes and hear without ears. One can avail himself of the telegraph or the telephone without in the least comprehending the nature of these inventions. So we can communicate with the saints of God and make them hear our prayers without ascertaining all the relations of a spirit to time and space. Although we are ignorant of the way in which the saints have knowledge of our affairs, we can not reasonably doubt that they possess such knowledge. St. Peter was able to know the acts of Ananias and Sapphira without witnessing them,—even to read the secrets of their hearts; and yet this does not involve ascribing to him any divine attribute.

It is enough for us to know that the saints are in a condition compatible with the full exercise of all their faculties. They can not but will our welfare, remember our needs, and understand our dependence upon Him upon whom they also depend. We can communicate with them as we communicate with God; and we can make them hear our prayers by simply addressing ourselves to them.

THE electric light and force are only supplied by the continuous exertion of the dynamo; if it relax an instant, there is darkness. It is so with life, every instant of which is furnished to us by special act of the Almighty. So, too, is it with our worldly goods and fortune, each day's enjoyment of which is renewed to us by the same Providence.

—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

Notes and Remarks.

If the people of the United States do fall into the pit of "imperialism" which designing politicians have industriously dug for them, they will probably come to look less intolerantly on the manners and customs of other nations. Intolerance in such matters is the inevitable mark of provincialism. There are many phases of American life which strike the traveller as grotesque or offensive—sometimes even as scandalous. A Peruvian Catholic, writing of the late Archbishop of Lima, affords us the wholesome advantage of seeing ourself as others see us. He says: "To a Peruvian entering a New York church for the first time, it is not only strange but also shocking to hear the sounds of money in the sacred edifice, and to pay for the privilege of occupying a seat. He has been accustomed to seeing churches open day and night; no ushers or sexton, no locked or barred pews to confront him. The only sound of money in a Peruvian church is when charitable persons drop money in the box for the poor or for the relief of the sufferers in hospitals."

We Americans are so very prompt to condemn concordats and the evils arising from the union of Church and State that we are prone to overlook certain advantages possessed by some Catholic countries. Now that Spain's former colonies have passed into our keeping, it will be profitable to remember that we have many things to learn, and that scandal may be given as well as taken.

The chief barrier to the conversion of the Welsh people is the dearth of priests equipped with a good working knowledge of both the Welsh and the English languages. The temperament of the people seems to be favorable to Catholic missionary work. Remnants of the old pre-Reformation beliefs and practices, which have survived all the shocks of time and change, are met with continually in the language and customs of the people. The Welsh equivalent of "Take care!" is simply "CROSS yourself"; and the word for clergyman is "offeiriad,"—

literally, a "sacrificer"; though the notion of sacrifice has long since disappeared from the popular worship. The imagination of the Welsh people yet lives largely in the supernatural world, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints still appeals to them in spite of centuries of Protestantism. Catholic instincts still assert themselves, too, at funerals, which are attended by thousands of people, even when the deceased is wholly unknown to them; and it is almost an invariable custom to place lighted candles about the corpse from the moment of death till the time of the funeral. The Catholic reasons for the honor shown to the dead are no longer understood; but the survival of the reverence itself, as a writer in the *Tablet* observes, may be turned to good account, and the dry-bones of old custom may be revived by a true devotion to the Holy Souls.

In his "Talks with Mr. Gladstone," the Hon. Lionel Tollemache says that the late ex-Premier was keenly alive to the money-loving tendencies of his fellow-countrymen. When it was suggested to him that, in the event of a war with other European nations, certain English manufacturers might supply the enemy with guns and ammunition, Gladstone replied: "Oh, yes! for filthy lucre they would supply arms to the rebel angels against Heaven."

The discussion regarding our Catholic colleges in late numbers of the *Freeman's Journal* is likely to serve a useful purpose. There is hardly any point on which the conscience of Catholics in the lump is so sluggish as upon the duty of supporting and encouraging our institutions of higher education. The figures compiled by Prof. Austin O'Malley, of the University of Notre Dame, fully justify the caustic comment he makes on them:

We American Catholics puff out our breasts and make speeches about the glorious effort under which Catholics of the Republic have been sweating to have "colleges second to none, b'gosh!" and there is more money contributed in benefactions in one year to one college by the Congregationalists, who are one-twelfth our number, than we have contributed to all our leading colleges since the Revolution.... In New York there are 210,820 more

Catholics than all the Protestant church members combined—there were 1,153,650 Catholics in that State in the year 1890. There are many Catholic millionaires in New York; and last year these Catholics tore open their hearts wide enough to present \$11,000 to the eight local Catholic colleges; and they tied up most of this dribble in scholarships, or they founded medals with it, and let the faculty keep the change the jeweller sent back. Some Protestants say we American Catholics are one in politics and in all other aims. We are one in faith, but otherwise we have no more unity than a boiler explosion.

It is, perhaps, the most serious arraignment of the work done by Catholic colleges that the needs of such institutions are so little understood as they are. Our wealthy people understand about hospitals, asylums, etc.; but the claims of the college at which their boys are educated are no more regarded by most people than the claims of the grocery where they buy their sugar. The ventilation of this serious neglect in Catholic journals may do something toward fastening the attention of our people on a condition which does them little credit.

An army officer writing from Santiago tells how the agile Cuban has been struck with the march of progress. A house painter from Savannah having prepared a seductive new sign to catch American trade for a grocer, a duplicate was immediately ordered by a Cuban undertaker in the hope of increasing local patronage. The painter was somewhat taken back when he learned that the sign would read: "Miguel Ortez y Salvan, funeral director. Everything popular, and latest American style. First come, first served. Call early and get the best."

It is an interesting fact that our war with Spain, which interrupted travel and traffic so seriously, had no effect on Irish immigration. The interesting and edifying report of the New York Mission for the protection of Irish immigrant girls shows that during the last twelve months eleven thousand Irish girls landed in Castle Garden. The Christ-like work which the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary has done for these poor people during the fifteen years of its existence may be known from the fact

that full three thousand of these homeless and friendless immigrants were gratuitously housed and fed and protected from the dangers and temptations of a strange city until positions or friends were found for them. Thousands of others were met at the landing by representatives of the Mission and assisted in reaching their final destination. The report is supplemented by a readable sketch of the ill-starred insurrection of '98, which caused the beginnings of the great Irish exodus. There are also good portraits of the self-sacrificing priests who devote themselves wholly to the welfare of the immigrants; and of the agent, Mr. Patrick McCool, whose shrewd but kindly face would indicate that he is more than a match for the wildest "landshark" that infests the harbor of New York.

The fall of the Brisson ministry in France has again inspired the Catholics of the Republic with the hope that a more conciliatory policy toward the Church may find favor with the incoming government. The Holy Father's friendship for France, as displayed in the matter of the Oriental protectorate, has strengthened the hope; and there are not wanting signs that both clericals and anti-clericals, weary of their prolonged struggle, are ready to make concessions. M. de Haussonville, director of the French Academy, has come out for a policy which rejects all intervention of the State in Church affairs on the one hand, and all needless interference of the Church in domestic policy on the other. Such alliances, he says, are equally injurious to the government making them and to the Church accepting them. "Is it not better," he asks, "for the Church to preserve toward public powers, whatever their bearing, an attitude of just deference, never failing to show all due respect to them, demanding all rights due to her, neglecting no duty imposed by the concordat, permitting the violation of no right there conferred?" An attractive program, surely; but what militates against it is the prosaic fact that the worthies who call themselves the government of France do not want peace with the Church. It is certain, however, that Brisson

will be succeeded by a better man than himself; we are of opinion that it could not possibly be otherwise.

Eight Spanish priests *en route* from the Philippines to South America were interviewed by the San Francisco *Monitor* last week. We venture to say that their observations will be more startling than agreeable to those foolish people who fancy that America has a sacred mission to liberate the noble Filipinos from the yoke of an ignorant and oppressive clergy. These *padres* argue shrewdly, as the reader may judge from their own words:

"Before anything else," said their spokesman, Padre Antonio, "I wish to protest against comparing Manila with Paris or New York. This is obviously unfair. You should remember that the Filipino has not been in touch with civilization as long as the Parisian or the New Yorker. It is contrary to the nature of things to transform in a generation a nation of herb-eating savages into drawing-room brilliants. You have been four hundred years trying to civilize the American Indian, and only last week the Chippewas—well, that will do for a preface," he added, smilingly. "What have you to ask me?"

Further questions elicited the information that the insurgents are a mob of rioters led by a demagogue,—men without either principle or property in most cases, and young fools who do not know why they are rebelling. Aguinaldo is a half-educated renegade and ingrate, who received a thousand kindnesses from the priests only to turn against them. No fewer than fifty were brutally murdered. Having failed as a schoolmaster, he became "the generalissimo of a ragged band of law-breakers." As to the status of education in the Philippines, Padre Antonio observed:

Well, I will say that the boy or girl who graduates from the higher schools in Manila, of which there are a number, is as well educated as an Oxford or a Harvard graduate. The poorer class of natives do not, of course, educate their children as *littérateurs* or musicians. Do they in this country? . . . As it is, the Filipino will compare favorably with the Anglo-Saxon in a corresponding state of evolution.

The Filipinos are reluctant to give their country over to the United States, say these priests; but they welcome the American army for the peace it insures. The interview closed with the remark that, 'at the

risk of alarming the friends of your soldiers, we must say the insurgents are likely to cause much more bloodshed.'

In a plain-speaking community it would be said that the late Harold Frederic, novelist and journalist, died of foolishness. The testimony offered at his inquest showed that Mr. Frederic had been treated by a regular physician "for a blood disorder and paralysis following rheumatism." The patient was on the fair road to recovery when the physician was dismissed and a leader of the so-called "Christian science" cult was called in, with the novelist's consent, to complete the cure. No medicine was administered, the patient was permitted to eat and drink whatever he fancied; and the result was a fatal relapse. A physician was again called about thirty hours before Mr. Frederic's death, but the case was then past hope. Members of the distinguished novelist's family testified that he was practically insane on the subject of "Christian science" for some time before his death. It is hard to understand how one whose novels, objectionable as some of them are from a Catholic point of view, contained so much shrewd criticism of life, could have become the dupe of so transparent a sham. The one redeeming phase of the whole unfortunate occurrence is that the case of Mr. Frederic may serve as a danger-signal to those who are tempted to jeopardize the health of soul and body for the sake of a fad which is neither Christian nor scientific.

In a valuable letter to the *Midland Review*, the Bishop of Havana expresses his horror at the report circulated by anti-Catholic papers that the Cuban insurrection was made known to the authorities through the confessional. "Never has any Catholic priest abused this trust!" exclaims the Bishop. Neither is it true that the clergy were hostile to the insurgents. They certainly thought them mistaken, but neither pastoral help nor sympathy was withheld from them; and "I myself," says his Lordship, "have interceded for them until I incurred the suspicion of the authorities; yet I saved from death several who were already condemned." The insurgents have not

interfered with the work of the priests, who are even now welcomed with honor to the hospitals of the rebel camp. The Bishop adds: "It is not true that religious indifference prevails here. There are in the larger cities indifferent Catholics and sins and scandals, but the people are religious. And those who do not practise their faith are not hostile to us,—not even the Masons." Evidently the Cubans are not so ripe for the invasion of the sectarian preacher as many persons suppose.

There are seven thousand Catholics in Hong-Kong; two thousand of whom are Chinese. "At six o'clock Mass this morning," says a correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, "it was a godly sight to see old Chinese women as devout as Irish women, the men with their pigtails, the little altar-boys, and above all the European priest with a pigtail." Another correspondent of the same journal observes that "in every insignificant village in the Far East there is a Catholic church and priest." There is still plenty of missionary work to be done both at home and abroad, but nobody need be perplexed for an answer when asked which is the universal church. The microscopic sects that arrogate to themselves the title of *Catholic*, like the three little tailors of Tooley Street who began their petition with "We, the people of England," are hopelessly lacking in the sense of humor as in many other things.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Thomas F. Ward, of the Diocese of Brooklyn; and the Rev. J. M. McCloskey, Diocese of Trenton, who departed this life last month.

Mother Mary Austin, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Rosalie, O. S. F.; Sister M. Marianna and Sister M. Kathleen, Sisters of the Holy Cross, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. William Cotter, of Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Rose Gorman, Adams, Mass.; Mr. Michael Mulligan, Mt. Union, Iowa; also Mr. John J. Coudon, New Haven, Conn.

May they rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Our Lady's Praises.

LIKE a thread of virgin silver
Through white pearls of rarest sheen,
Weave through heaven's endless *Sanctus*
Praises to our dearest Queen.

Ave! sing the host of angels;
Gratia plena! wave-like swells;
Ora, Mater! comes the answer,
And that cry its birthplace tells.

Ora, Mater, nunc! it pleadeth,—
Hope's one guard against despair;
Et in hora mortis nostræ!—
'Tis the soul's resistless prayer.

So the litany e'er surgeth,
Ave! round our Mother's throne;
Answered by the *Ora, Mater!*
Of hearts waiting—Mary's own.

Stand Fast.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I.

HE was never permitted to forget
that he had been born a Gordon.
"You's just done disremembered
you's quality," his faithful old black
nurse would say.

"Donald my son," his father would
remark, as he looked over a rather untidy
copy-book. "These scrawls ill become a
Gordon."

"You have no proper pride," his Aunt
Janet would complain. "You take after
your mother's people. No one would
imagine you were born a Gordon."

His mother never joined this chorus,
but often had a look on her face which
in a less amiable woman would have
betokened irritation; and when she was
alone with him would tell him stories of
the peaceful life she had led when a
girl, with companions very different from
the lords and ladies who simpered and
giggled through the tales of his Aunt
Janet; or the roystering crew of marauders
that dwelt on the border of the "land of
cakes," of whom his grandfather told.

But his mother was not a Gordon.
Donald was quite a lad before he knew
where his father first met her, and the
circumstances attending their marriage.
One day he coaxed the whole story out
of Aunt Hebe, and indeed it took but
scant persuading.

"Well, you see, honey," she whispered,
"your paw was sent up North to get
an education; and he fell in love with
your maw, and she married him without
knowing that your grandpaw had been
ripping and tearing ever since he heard
about it."

"Why was he ripping and tearing?"
the boy inquired, all the blood within
him boiling.

She dropped her voice still lower.

"'Cause she wasn't quality. She just
worked in a mill.

"I don't believe it!" he cried, bravely;
though with a sinking of the heart, at
which he had, even then, the sense to
be ashamed. "And what if she did?"

"Gordon women folks," replied Aunt
Hebe, her face stern, "don't work in no
mills; and your grandpaw swore awful,

and hollered out that your paw had disgraced the name."

"I'm tired hearing about the name!" Donald fairly shouted. "Why is it better than any other? What have we done to make it better? Did grandfather make it better when he swore and 'hollered'? Mother had a name, too. What was the matter with her name?"

"Now, now, honey!" said Aunt Hebe, alarmed at the storm she had raised. "Come and see the nice little possum Uncle Jake done cotched for you."

Donald was a boy, a little boy, uncommonly fond of "possums," and the bait took; but he gave his mother an extra kiss that night because she was not a Gordon, and he gave her another because he loved her so. It was years before he could understand why the name of Gordon was such a one to conjure with.

His mother must have discovered that Aunt Hebe had been too communicative: shortly after that she was taken from the nursery and put to work in the kitchen, much to her annoyance. She was not a slave any longer; for the war was over, and she was free to go or stay as she liked. But she and Uncle Jake, having never known any home but Heather Hill, would have been helpless out in the world, and had judgment enough to know it. And in the straitened and troublous times ahead—but I am coming to that.

It may as well be said here that Aunt Hebe's story was substantially, although not wholly, true. Old Gordon did send his only son to a Northern college; and Mary Danforth was a shrinking girl, who helped her uncle to keep the accounts of the cotton mill he owned,—not a "hand," as tale-bearers had insisted; and Gordon did "rip and tear" as only an angry old gentleman of that period was capable of doing. He was reconciled in time, and learned to love very dearly his shy young daughter-in-law. How could he help it? But from that time on something seemed

to have gone wrong with the Gordon arms which were emblazoned in the great hall, and the Gordon crest which adorned the door of the old-fashioned coach in which they drove to the kirk on the Sabbath, as the children were taught to call it. Old Mr. Gordon always said "kirk." The word "church" sounded too Catholic for him; and "meeting-house" had been appropriated by the New England Puritans.

Donald's people were very religious—or at least they thought they were,—of the old, stiff, unflinching sort; and in his grandfather's house there would have been no peace otherwise, for he quite forgot to stow away any tolerance or charity when he packed his luggage to come to America.

Donald's mother had been an Anglican before her marriage; and sometimes she would show the boy her prayer-book and a little gold cross which she kept put away in a box, and concerning which she charged him never to speak.

"Why not, mother?" he asked.

"Your father would be displeased."

"I do not understand," he said. "Why is it wrong to have a cross when our Saviour was crucified on one?"

"It is not wrong," she replied, quickly. "When you are older, Donald dear, you will understand."

"I think I can understand now."

And so she told him what he had never known: that she was not of the same belief as his father, and that she had always loved and honored the symbol of our Blessed Lord's sufferings; but that, for the sake of peace, she had gone to the kirk and hidden away her cross and her prayer-book.

"Your father is a good man," she said. "And a wife must go with her husband in all things."

"If I ever have a wife," cried Donald, stoutly, "she shall have as many crosses as she pleases!"

"Hush, dear!" said his mother, and led him to talk of other things.

But he whittled a cross out of a piece of wood and kept it under his pillow at night; and sometimes when he could not sleep, being a nervous child, he would hold it fast in his hand and then drop off into a quiet slumber. On Sundays he hid it in the breast pocket of his jacket, finding it a companion when the sermon was dull and long—and that was often. Once he came near dropping it into the green bag with which the elder collected the money, and his heart thumped when he thought of what might have happened if he had not remembered in time.

One day he went to Aunt Hebe, who had solved so many problems for him.

"Aunt Hebe," he demanded, "which is the right religion?"

She seemed amazed as she looked up from the chicken which she was making ready for the frying-pan.

"That depends," she answered, with a dignity suitable to the subject. "Quality folks ought to be Presbyteriums, and colored folks ought to be deep-water Baptists, with their shining robes washed clean." This last she sang in a quavering tone, picking out a feather with every word. "It don't make much difference about po' white trash. I reckon the good Lord 'll make allowances for um."

"But," he asked, "which is the right way, Aunt Hebe? They can't all be right. Our Saviour didn't make a whole lot of churches: He made only one. Which do you think it is?"

He was in too deep water for poor Aunt Hebe to follow.

"Oh, law, honey! you done got my old brain all upsot with your good-for-nothing questions. I heard Uncle Jake say that he cotched a coon in his trap last night down by the spring house."

But her attempts at diversion failed for once. Donald would have none of Uncle Jake's coons; he wanted to know some-

thing, and people would not tell him. They could not tell him what they did not know, but he did not reason that way then. He had been trained to reverence the opinions of his elders, and here he was feeling as if he had nothing to cling to but a little cross whittled out of a piece of kindling wood.

Just then he saw his mother coming, walking very fast. His grandfather was seriously ill, she said, and Uncle Jake must go for the doctor.

The old master died about two months after. The children wished to see him, but their mother gently forbade it; and there was a strange look on her face one day when she left the sick room for a bit of fresh air.

"Why can't we see grandfather any more?" asked Donald.

"He's out of his head," replied Aunt Hebe, "and saying things a Presbyterium shouldn't." And they believed her.

After the stern old man had been laid in a grave close to the kirk, Mrs. Gordon called Donald into the pleasant garden and told him some surprising things.

"We are poor," she said. "The time has come for me to tell you this. And we shall have to leave Heather Hill."

"Go away!—do you mean go away?"

"Yes, Donald."

"How can we go away, mother? It is our home."

"Other people have left their homes," she answered, bravely.

"But we are Gordons, mother dearest! Gordons do not leave their homes. It is not as if we were like other people."

His mother smiled. It was years before he knew what that smile meant; before he could understand why, even at that sad time, his boyish egotism amused her.

"But father—what does father say?" he went on. "Will he say we must go?"

"He does not know that we are poor, my child."

"He does not know! Why, mother dear, how can that be?"

At that she hid her face upon his shoulder, as if she were the child. He waited patiently and silently for a little while, and then she spoke again.

"Donald my son," she said, very slowly and distinctly, as became so serious a matter, "have you not noticed something strange about your father?"

Suddenly the boy saw clearly that to which he had hitherto been blind, and remembered how strangely his father had taken old Mr. Gordon's death, not seeming to care or realize.

"Do you mean that he does not listen or seem to understand as he used to? Yes, I have noticed that."

"That is what I mean, dear,—that and more: your poor father's mind is failing. You are the oldest, my brave little man, and I wished you to learn of this from me. I thought it would be easier."

Thoughtful little mother! He did not let her know how hard it was to have even a mother give him such a blow in one breath,—to say all at once, "You have no home and no father." But he told her that she must lean on him; that he was growing fast, and almost through algebra and Cæsar. "And, mother," he went on, "by the time father is quite, quite well—"

"O Donald," she interrupted, "father will never be well, I fear! Not much worse, the doctor says; but never himself again."

Then, being taken by surprise, and such a little lad, and never having had a trouble before, he did not really know what to say.

They walked up to the house, hand in hand, and Aunt Hebe came in haste to meet them.

"The lawyer man's talking to Marse Robert," she said; "but he ain't making head or tail of what he's saying. So come quick!"

Mrs. Gordon hurried into the library, and Donald went into the garden again—his mother's garden. Another year, she had told him, she hoped to have every walk bordered with mignonette, her own dear flower of flowers. He sat down and put his hot cheek against a rose. Go away from Heather Hill, the place that was to have been the family home for all time! His grandfather had often said that the old law which gave all the property to the oldest child was a just one; and that if he could have his way Donald Gordon should be sole master and proprietor of Heather Hill; and the bells should ring when he came of age, whether anybody listened or not.

Donald thought of this now. Whatever happened, he must be true to the family traditions and brave like the Gordons; and although there would be no ringing of bells when he became a man, he would remember the honor of his house just the same. "Stand fast," was the motto of his people. He would stand fast.

After remaining in the garden for what seemed to him a long time, he walked down to the bridge which spanned the river, and strolled across. He had not been there before since his grandfather's illness began; and now there was a little new church in view, with a shining cross upon its spire, and two men were setting posts for a fence. Donald sat down on a large bowlder and watched them. One was dressed in the rough clothes of a laborer; the other in a strange garb—a gown with a cowl, and there was a triple girdle about his waist.

When they saw the boy they bowed,—one with a funny little jerk of the head; the other in a gracious, courtly way.

"You can get on without me now, James," said the one who had bowed so well; and he walked toward Donald, holding out his hand.

"I do not think I have the pleasure of knowing you," he said.

"I am Donald Gordon, of Heather Hill," the lad answered, making himself as tall as possible.

"Ah, that is a fine name, my boy!" the other said. "It belongs to the land of the thistle."

"My grandfather was Scotch. There are a great many Scotch people about here."

"So I have heard. But I must introduce myself. I am Father Anselm, of—wherever I happen to be, just now of Peeblesburg."

Donald, not knowing exactly what was expected of him under the circumstances, put out his hand again.

"What a soft little palm!" said Father Anselm. "This hand has never done any work, I am sure."

"Oh, no!" answered Donald, quickly. "The negroes do the work—" then he stopped. How long would they have Uncle Jake and Aunt Hebe and the rest? In a little while he would be homeless and would have to work, and his hands would grow like those of the funny little man so busy with the fence posts.

There was a kindly twinkle in the priest's grey eyes, which Donald felt although he did not really see it. To this day he can not think of his boyish boastfulness without a blush.

"It was your grandfather who died not long ago, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you have a father?"

"Yes, sir," he said again, not daring to betray to a stranger what his mother had told him. And yet it seemed as if it would be very easy to tell his troubles to this kind man.

Father Anselm took out a little silver watch—not half as fine as Donald's,—and said he must be going.

"You might look into our new church if you like," he remarked.

"But it will be a trouble for you to unlock it," said the boy.

"It is never locked except at night," answered the priest.

"Never locked! Do not tramps go in and steal things?"

"There is little there that they would wish," said the priest.

"But they stole the cushions off the seats in our kirk. Are you not afraid they will steal your cushions?"

Father Anselm seemed quietly amused as he replied that there was no danger; then he said good-bye and walked swiftly away, having asked the boy to come again.

Donald did not tell him that this visit was an accident, for it did not seem that to him. He never thought of anything as happening by chance, and so there was at least one good resulting from his stern training. Everything was ordered, he had been told, and loved to believe.

(To be continued.)

The Count's Pockets.

The Count de Corbières, Minister of the Interior during the reign of Louis XVIII., was noted for his scrupulous integrity. One day he was at work in the King's private apartment, and, without thinking, laid his snuff-box upon his Majesty's desk. The King made no remark, but waited to see what the Count would do next. Presently the Minister made use of his pocket-handkerchief and laid it beside the snuff-box.

His Majesty was unable to keep silence any longer.

"Monsieur de Corbières," he said, "one would think from your actions that you were emptying your pockets."

The Count went on with his writing; then, after a moment, quietly responded:

"Very likely, sire. But it is better to empty one's pockets than to fill them."

He alluded to the various defalcations of his dishonest predecessors; and the King smiled, for he had long known how to appreciate the strict honesty of the Count de Corbières.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Undeterred by the storm which his attempt on the life of Cardinal Manning provoked, Mr. Edmund Sheridan Purcell has published a volume entitled "Cardinal Newman as Anglican and Catholic." Throughout the much-discussed biography of Manning it was evident that Mr. Purcell had far more sympathy with the Cardinal of the Oratory than with him of Westminster.

—"Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King," by T. D. B., is a charining story of a sweet, pure Irish maiden and her devotedness to an invalid father and an unfortunate brother. The scene is set in Ireland and England, with enough of India to lend color and interest. The "Sea King" is a very kind relative, whose privilege it is to set some wrongs right in a fairy godfather style—or is it only the fairy godmothers who go about giving pleasure? Altogether, "Kathleen's Motto" is a wholesome, interesting story, with romance enough to make it thoroughly enjoyable to young readers for whom it is intended. St. Andrew's Press.

—A singularly beautiful sermon on "The Woman that Was a Sinner," delivered by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., has been published in handsome book form. Father Vaughan ventures the assertion that "the penitence of Magdalen has brought to the feet of the Saviour a larger harvest of souls than even the innocence of John." Out of the life of the holy penitent he has framed a sweet and tender appeal to sinners,—an appeal that breathes the spirit of Him who changed Magdalen into a great saint. A sermon at once so attractive and effective deserved publication, and we are glad to think that, through Longmans Green & Co., it will have many Protestant as well as Catholic readers.

—Cardinal Newman, using the term "classic" in a narrow sense, seemed to think that the classical period of our language had passed away forever. There is a wider meaning of the word, however, which permits the Cardinal himself, for instance, to be counted among the classics. On this

point, Mr. Brunetière gives us this admirable bit of criticism:

What constitutes a classic is the equilibrium in him of all the faculties which go to make the perfection of the work of art—a healthiness of mind, just as the healthiness of the body is the equilibrium of the forces which resist death. A classic is a classic because in his work all the faculties find their legitimate function—without imagination overstepping reason, without logic impeding the flight of imagination, without sentiment encroaching on the rights of good sense, without good sense chilling the warmth of sentiment, without the matter allowing itself to be despoiled of the persuasive authority it should borrow from the charm of the form, and without the form ever usurping an interest which should belong only to the matter.

The volume in which this passage appears contains an admirable judgment—such as only a French critic could pronounce—on Voltaire and Rousseau, whom Brunetière calls "two shabby fellows." He adds: "When I think of one, I always prefer the other."

—"Life in a Modern Monastery," the production of a renegade priest, recently published by a London firm, is painfully interesting reading. It is calculated to do a great deal of harm, because it is very much less gross and by no means so exaggerated as most anti-Catholic books. It is likely that publications of its class in the future will be on the same lines. Nine parts falsehood with even one part truth is a more mischievous compound than one that is wholly untruthful. If the book we have just finished reading could be read by those against whom, instead of for whom, it was written, it might do much good, bad as it is. We need say nothing further. Having taken the trouble to read the work with attention, it is well, perhaps, to say this much.

—Mr. Orby Shipley announces a new series of "Carmina Mariana," an anthology of poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The new volume is drawn chiefly from sources not represented in the first series, and ranges over the field of early English religious poetry, old German verse, poems selected as testimony from Anglican writers

of the XVII century and afterwards; unfamiliar poems from the Italian, French and Spanish; some new translations from early Greek and medieval Latin, with a collection of rare flowers of Marian verse culled from the literature of other lands. Far from exhausting the poetry that has grown up around the name of Mary, this second octavo volume is to be followed, if all goes well, by another; and even then, Mr. Shipley declares, the store will not be exhausted. The energy and discrimination needed to carry this great work to a triumphant conclusion can be appreciated only by the few. The cordial welcome offered to the first series, however, encourages us to hope that enough subscriptions will be forwarded immediately to enable that ideal editor, Mr. Shipley, to venture on the publication of his third volume with an easy mind. Orders may be sent to the Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S. W.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Woman that Was a Sinner. *Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 40 cts.

Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King. 60 cts.

The Groundwork of Science. *St. George Mivart.* \$2.

Epochs of Literature. *Condé B. Pallen.* 75 cts., *net.*

Foundations of Faith. Part I. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Gospel of St. John. *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D.* \$2, *net.*

Notes on St. Paul. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$2, *net.*

Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. *Rev. James Bellord.* \$2.50.

The Religious Life and the Vows. *Monseigneur Charles Gay.* \$1.60, *net.*

Madge Hardlaun's Money. *Mary Cross.* 35 cts.

Striving after Perfection. *Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J.* \$1, *net.*

Stories on the Rosary. Part II. *L. E. Dobrée.* 50 cts.

Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, *net.*

The Man. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R.* 35 cts.

New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.

Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.

Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* \$1.

A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 15 cts.

Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth.* \$1.

Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus.* 60 cts., *net.*

Memories. *C. M. Home.* 70 cts., *net.*

Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.

The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. James Clare, S. J.* \$2.20, *net.*

The Voice of the Good Shepherd. *Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.* 5 cts.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, *net.*

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, *net.*

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

The Four Gospels. 12 cts.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., *net.*

Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. *Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.* \$1.25.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* \$1.60, *net.*

Flowers from the Franciscan Crown. 90 cts., *net.*

Virgo Prædicanda. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* 50 cts.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica. *G. Slang.* \$1, *net.*

Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. *Bernard Holland.* \$2.50.

Gladly, Most Gladly. *Nona Bright.* \$1.

A Good, Practical Catholic. *Rev. F. Buckler, O. P.* 20 cts.

Christian Philosophy. *Rev. J. T. Driscoll.* \$1.25.

Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman. 80 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Wisdom.

BY THE RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D.D.

A LITTLE more, a little less,
A little patience, friend,
And all thy pain, all thy distress,
Shall surely have an end.

Why fret thy soul, O anxious man?
A little learn to wait:
Thy life is but an hour's span;
Death stays to shut the gate.

A little less, a little more,—
A moment more or less,
And all thy troubles shall be o'er,
Gone all thy pain and stress.

Then neither greatly joy nor grieve—
Too brief for this thy day,—
But with good deeds the time reprieve,
And bear and watch and pray.

Our National Anthem.

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.—THE SINGER.

DEAR to the heart of every true American is the song of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Its inspiring words recall a century's victorious memories, and its martial air serves like a bugle-call in battle to excite among the citizens of our republic a fervor of patriotic devotion. North and

South, East and West, at home as well as abroad, it is now recognized as the national anthem of the United States.

The poet who gave to his country that deathless song should be immortalized with it, and his memory should be cherished by his fellow-countrymen until his name becomes familiar as a household word in every American home.

Not far from the Catoctin Mountains of Maryland, beneath whose shadows he now lies sleeping, Francis Scott Key was born on August 9, 1780, at "Terra Rubra," near Double Pipe Creek, in Carroll County. His father was John Ross Key, an officer in the Continental Army during the war of the Revolution. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, which is a State institution. He studied law with Jeremiah Townley Chase, and was admitted to the bar at Frederick. After practising there for a short while, he removed his office to the District of Columbia. "He was," said his brother-in-law, Chief-Justice Taney, "a volunteer in the Light Artillery, commanded by Major Peter, which was composed of citizens of the District of Columbia who had uniformed themselves and offered their services to the government" during the war of 1812. It was on the night of September 14, 1814, at the bombardment of Fort McHenry, on Patapsco River, near Baltimore, that "The Star-Spangled Banner" was conceived.

From the camp near Benedict, on the 23d of June, 1814, Key wrote to his mother a hopeful letter, in the course of which he said:

"We came to this place on Monday night, and after the enemy had left it; a few of them who had landed being driven off that evening, with some little loss, of which I suppose you have seen the account. They have now gone down the river, and nobody seems to think that there is any chance of their coming back again, at least while the troops are in the neighborhood. How long they will keep us here I can not tell, but I trust not long. As soon as we are discharged I shall try to be with you. I have a more comfortable time of it than I expected, as I was appointed quartermaster to the detachment, and consequently made an officer. It is a troublesome place, but far better than being in the ranks. . . . The British have driven all the people from their houses here; and though the houses are not burned, they might almost as well have been. They are torn to pieces inside and out."

A little later he was made aide-de-camp to General Smith, and rendered useful service.

After the war, Mr. Key returned to the practice of his profession in Washington; and was appointed District Attorney during the administration of President Jackson. While on a visit to Baltimore, he was stricken with pneumonia, and died there on January 11, 1843, aged nearly sixty-three years.

The remains of the poet were first interred in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore; but in 1866 they were borne back to his native soil, in accordance with his wish, and placed in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick. They were finally moved from that grave early in the present year, together with the body of his wife, and were laid to rest in a crypt beneath his monument.

Francis Scott Key was physically a small man; however, he was so well-proportioned, stood so erect, and bore himself so gracefully, that his diminutive stature was not noticed. He had a handsome countenance, with fine features, dark blue eyes, and dark-brown curly hair. In accordance with the custom of his times, he wore neither beard nor mustache. His disposition was affectionate and his manners were very winning. Altogether, his personality was so magnetic that he drew to himself the hearts of all who knew him; and the more intimately they were associated with him, the more they loved him.

He used to retire to his country home at Pipe Creek to rest from his labors, and there he was wont to keep open house all summer. He gathered his kindred and other friends about him, and was happy in dispensing a generous hospitality. He was the life of the family circle, and was ready for any fun. Once, when he had spent several hours in his library absorbed in the study of a law case, the young people of his kith, who were his guests at the time, thought that they had been deprived long enough of his company. They went to the kitchen and seized all the pots and pans they could find; then, taking up a position beneath his window, pounded and banged with sticks and pokers and spoons until their host was forced to shut up his books and join them. He surrendered good-naturedly, and was soon the gayest of the merry crowd.

He had a talent for versification and wrote many poems and hymns. A volume of them was collected after his death, and was published, with a letter concerning "The Star-Spangled Banner" written by Roger Brooke Taney. His daughter-in-law, the widow of his eldest son, who now resides at the Church Home in Baltimore, says of him: "He had a beautiful voice in conversation or reading, though he never could turn a tune. When he wanted to

write a poem to special music, one of us would have to sing the tune for him. He used to read to us by the hour. Scott was his favorite writer. He didn't care for Byron, and told his wife to burn Tom Moore's poems."

He married Mary Tayloe Lloyd, when they both were very young; and had eleven children, all of whom are now dead. He has many grandchildren and great-grandchildren still living, a goodly number of whom reside in the State of Maryland.

In religion he was an Episcopalian, to which denomination his family belonged. While he inherited a number of slaves, and used them to cultivate his plantation, he did not approve of slavery; and eventually he liberated all who were in bondage to him. He was an indulgent master, whose farm was rather a support for his negroes than a source of revenue for himself; so that it was a common saying in Frederick: "Farmer Key spends all that Lawyer Key earns."

In peace and plenty he spent his days, happy in his domestic relations, prosperous in his profession, beloved by a wide circle of friends, and celebrated as the author of a patriotic poem of widespread popularity; and when death came upon him, near the close of his three-score and three years, it ended a life of more than average honor and felicity. His life, written by Mr. Edward Higgins, whose grandfather, Mr. Richard R. Walters, of Montgomery County, Maryland, was a personal friend of Key's, will shortly be published.

Four years ago an association was formed at Frederick to erect a suitable monument over the grave of the poet. The work was entrusted to Alexander Doyle, the sculptor. It was ready for public inspection on the 9th of last August, the one hundred and ninth birthday of Key. His great-granddaughter, Miss Julia McHenry Howard, unveiled it; and Mr.

Henry Watterson delivered the dedication oration in the presence of an immense gathering of citizens. It has a statue of Key in bronze, nine feet high, standing on a round granite pedestal nearly fifteen feet in height. The figure points with the right hand to the flag that still floats above the ramparts, and with the other he holds high in air the hat that he has taken off his head in reverential greeting to the emblem of his country. On the plinth at the feet is the inscription: "'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner!" At the base of the pedestal is a group of three figures—a woman holding the flag, and two boys: one leaning on a sword, the other holding a lyre—emblematic of patriotism.

In his speech at the unveiling of this memorial, Mr. Watterson said of Francis Scott Key:

"His life of nearly sixty-three years was an unbroken idyl of tranquil happiness, amid congenial scenes, among kindred people, blessed by wedded love and many children, and accompanied by the successful pursuit of the profession he had chosen for himself. Goldsmith's sketch of the village preacher may be not inaptly quoted to describe his unambitious and unobtrusive career:

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place.

Yet it was reserved for this constant and modest gentleman to leave behind him a priceless legacy to his countrymen, and to identify his name for all time with his country's flag."

II.—THE SONG.

The poem of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was conceived at the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, by the fleet under Admirals Cochrane and Cockburn during the war of 1812. The British had invaded Washington, burned the Capitol, set fire to the White House, and sacked the city. They resolved next

to destroy Baltimore. Toward it they gave orders for their ships and their army to converge.

As they hurried on to the District of Columbia, the English troops had passed through Upper Marlboro, Maryland, where resided an aged and prominent citizen named Dr. Beanes. But for him our national anthem would not have been written. "He occupied," as Justice Taney testified in 1856, "one of the best houses in Upper Marlboro, and lived very handsomely; and his house was selected for the quarters of Admiral Cochrane and some of the principal officers of the army when the British troops encamped at Marlboro on their march to Washington. These officers were, of course, furnished with everything that the house could offer; and they, in return, treated him with much courtesy, and placed guards around his grounds and outhouses to prevent depredations by troops. But on the return of the army to the ships, after the main body had passed through the town, stragglers who had left the ranks to plunder, or from some other motive, made their appearance from time to time, singly or in squads; and Dr. Beanes, put himself at the head of a small body of citizens to pursue them and make them prisoners. Information of this proceeding was by some means conveyed to the English camp, and the detachment of which I have spoken was sent back to release the culprits and seize Dr. Beanes. They did not seem to regard him, and certainly did not treat him, as a prisoner of war, but as one who had deceived and broken his faith to them."

He was hurried on board ship, sent forward among the common sailors and soldiers; not provided with a change of underclothing all the while that he was held, and not permitted to hold conversation with the officers. "Something must have happened," added Taney, "when the officers were quartered at his house

on their march to Washington, which, in the judgment of General Ross, bound him not to take up arms against the English forces until the troops had re-embarked. It is impossible on any other ground to account for the manner in which he was spoken of and treated."

The news that Dr. Beanes had been taken prisoner by the British was quickly carried to his friend, Francis Scott Key, who proceeded to plan for his liberation. A personal appeal was made to President Madison, by whose direction the cartel boat *Minden*, then in the harbor of Baltimore, was placed at Key's orders; and John S. Skinner, government agent for the exchange of prisoners, was bidden to accompany him.

When Key and Skinner sailed down the Patapsco into the Chesapeake Bay, they did not know where the British fleet was, nor what was its destination. They found it at the mouth of the Potomac River, heading toward the city whience they had just come. Key was courteously received by Cochrane, but he was not encouraged to expect the release of his friend until letters from British officers wounded at Bladensburg, which had been entrusted to Mr. Skinner to deliver, were read. These gave such testimony to the kind treatment that the writers of them were receiving, that the Admiral, touched with gratitude, consented to let the Doctor go. He grimly announced to his visitors, however, that he would have to detain them until he had concluded an enterprise in that vicinity. They were transferred to the frigate *Surprise* until the fleet reached the Patapsco, when they, together with Dr. Beanes, were sent on board their own vessel; but they were placed under a strong guard, in order to prevent them from slipping away to spread an alarm over the projected attack on the city.

The fleet, numbering some fifty vessels, including frigates, bombships, and barges,

approached Baltimore on Saturday, September 10, and on the evening of that day landed 7000 men at North Point. On the following Monday the invaders began their twelve-mile march to the town. But they were soon confronted with the soldiers of Maryland; and, after a sharp engagement, in which their General Ross was killed, they fell back in defeat and retired to their ships.

The Admiral then determined to make the attack by water. Before entering the harbor, however, he had to undertake to batter down the fortress that defended it. On Tuesday he began the bombardment, which he kept up for twenty-four hours. Fully 1500 bombs were thrown at the entrenchments. The Americans, under Armitage, reserved their fire because the ships kept out of their range. All day long and all through the night the cannonading was kept up without apparent effect. Under cover of the darkness 1500 men were sent in small boats to make a landing, pass around the fort, and assault it from the rear. The noise made by the oars revealed the plan to the Americans. They waited until the enemy was well within reach, and then they poured a rain of shot into the crowded transports. Shrieks and groans told them that their aim was accurate. Some of the boats were sunk, the others put back to the fleet.

The American loss in the action amounted to four killed and twenty wounded, while the British lost between four and five hundred men. So vigorous had been the American resistance, so great the expenditure of ammunition on the part of the British, and so numerous were the killed and wounded, that their Admiral considered the case hopeless; he abandoned the undertaking of laying waste Baltimore, and ingloriously sailed away.

From the deck of their vessel Key and Skinner watched the bombardment. When evening fell, old Dr. Beanes, worn

out from his trying experience, went below to get some rest. But the two others could not sleep. All through the weary night they paced the deck, "watching," said Chief-Justice Taney, "every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed. While the bombardment continued it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. But it suddenly ceased some time before day; and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck for the residue of the night, watching with painful anxiety the return of the day, and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait for it; and as soon as it dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy. At length came the light, and they saw that 'our flag was still there'; and as the day advanced they discovered, from the movements of the boats between the shore and fleet, that the troops had been roughly handled and that many wounded men were carried to the ships."

During the night of the bombardment the Spirit of Song brooded over the emotional heart of the poet; and when "the dawn's early light" showed him the flag still streaming over the battlements, his exultation had to find expression in triumphant verse. Line by line the poem came to him, but not connectedly; and as a verse or a thought suggested itself he jotted it down on some paper he had in his pockets. On the boat that carried him from the scene of combat back to the city, he wrought still further at the elusive verse and finished it. That same night, in a hotel in Baltimore, he

wrote out a perfect copy of it from the notes that he had made and the lines that he had committed to memory,—complete as it stands to-day; and that first copy was in ink and was made on the back of an old letter.

The next morning Key showed the poem to Judge Joseph Hopper Nicholson, a brother-in-law of his, who was so struck with its beauty and fervor that he carried it immediately to the job-office of the American newspaper to be printed. It was put in type by a young apprentice named Samuel Sands; and within an hour after it was off the press it was all over the lower part of town, hailed with delight by the inhabitants, who were in a fever of rejoicing at the defeat and departure of the British.

Judge Nicholson, who himself was somewhat of a poet and musician, set the poem to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven," which was then a very common tune; and soon the people were singing as well as reciting the stirring words.

The song was first sung in public at the Holliday Street Theatre, in Baltimore, on October 19, 1814, by Charles Durang, a young actor; and it aroused a pandemonium of applause. The original copy of the poem is in the possession of Mrs. Rebecca Lloyd Shippen, a great-niece of Key and a granddaughter of Judge Nicholson. She has also one of the first printed copies of the song with the melody of "Anacreon in Heaven" written above the words.

The flag that inspired the poet has a charming history. While the bombardment of Fort McHenry was at its height, the brave leader, Lieut. Col. Armitage, received a message from his quarters that a daughter had been born to him. In honor of the event he ordered a brand-new flag, that had been made by some ladies of Baltimore, to be raised above the fort in place of the wind-worn and shot-torn banner that was then afloat. That

was the brilliant "Star-Spangled Banner" that Francis Scott Key descried through the mist of the morning and the smoke of battle.

After the attack was over, Col. Armitage wrote his name on one of the stripes, together with the date of the bombardment, and kept the flag for his own as a precious souvenir of the gallant defence made by the fort and of the birth of his little daughter.

The baby then born and so welcomed was Georgiana L. F. Armitage, who subsequently became Mrs. William Stuart Appleton, of Baltimore. At the death of her father, then General Armitage, the flag became her property. She bequeathed it to her son, Mr. Eben Appleton, who is a resident of Yonkers, N. Y. It is regarded as an invaluable heirloom in the Appleton family. It has been displayed on several notable occasions,—it was used to adorn Washington's tent at Fort McHenry on September 14, 1824, for the reception of General Lafayette; it was carried in the parade at the sesqui-centenary celebration of the founding of the city of Baltimore, and so forth.

During the eighty-four years that have elapsed since the song was written it has sung itself into the affection and the admiration of the whole American people. It is now inseparable in the thoughts of men from the beloved flag that it eulogizes, just as that flag is identified with the principles of liberty and the institutions of government that it symbolizes.

How much mud and mire, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided, if we could tread but six inches above the crust of this world! Physically, we can not do this,—our bodies can not; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles.

—*Hawthorne.*

Mary Gainor's Inheritance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

A LETTER from Michael Gainor was one of those rare incidents likely to bring about a difference between Peter and his wife, as Mary well understood. Although she had known little of her parents' earlier life, of late years her father often talked over with her his simple business affairs; and she was also the silent confidante of her mother's views and judgments.

Accordingly, she strongly suspected that, in putting the communication in his pocket and going off without giving his wife any satisfaction, as the latter said, he wished to put off the discussion of the subject as long as possible. Another reason probably was because he himself wanted first thoroughly to master its contents; for, a man of quick intelligence and sound common-sense, self-taught in a wider knowledge than can be obtained from books, Peter yet found reading and writing a slow task; although mother and daughter would have considered it a breach of affectionate loyalty to him to admit as much even to each other.

Next morning, as Mary flitted about upstairs, to finish various small household tasks before setting out for the studio, she heard her father come in from his work.

Presently he called to her; and, running down to the cosy parlor, or "home room," as they named it (there was no room kept drearily sacred to "company" in the unpretending house), she found him sitting in his own especial easy-chair by the window, with a letter in his hand.

At first glance, one ignorant of the strong affection between them might conclude there could be little in common between Peter Gainor and his daughter. If in the long ago he might have been

a young fellow pleasant to look upon, because of his sturdiness and strength, he now presented the commonplace appearance of a man of few advantages, who during the best part of his life had worked with his hands.

A striking contrast to his ruggedness and the irregularity of his toil-lined features was Mary's refinement and her delicate, spiritual face. True, the eyes of both were grey, and met one's gaze with a similar frankness and fearlessness; but while Peter's were simply bright and kindly, Mary's were deep and thoughtful.

That the daughter of hard-working Peter and his worthy wife should be so "superior to her surroundings" was often a matter of comment to their friends; yet might it not be readily accounted for by the love and care they had ever lavished upon her? To her Peter's voice was always gentle; while Margaret's motherly solicitude had shielded her from every hurtful influence. Then, too, from the time they came to the city they had, by many sacrifices, managed to send her to the convent academy near which they lived; "for the Sisters," Margaret affirmed with confidence, "will make her all she should be." Was it to be wondered at, then, that ennobling and refining influences should develop in this girl with a Madonna face something of the loveliness of the Madonna nature?

During this digression, however, Peter has been sitting by the window studying the letter.

"Here, Mary," he said in answer to her morning greeting. "This is from your Uncle Michael, up in Clarion County. Read it, till I see if you make the same sense out of it as I do. I have mislaid my spectacles, and my sight is not as good as it used to be."

"Yes, father. Why should you trouble yourself when there are younger eyes to decipher it for you?" she replied; and, taking the missive, read as follows:

DEAR BROTHER PETER:—This letter leaves me in good health, and I hope will find you and your family in the enjoyment of the same. You have not heard from me in a long time; for I am not much better at the writing than yourself, and the crops have been so scant I have had no money to send you. The land is mighty poor, as you know well; and it is hard enough for me to make ends meet, let alone paying rent. Besides, we have had a deal of sickness during the year. But now, I am happy to say, I have a great piece of luck for you, my dear brother. There's a man come up here lately who may perhaps be brought to take the farm off your hands and mine altogether; and I don't mind owning I'll be glad to get quit of my share in the bargain I made with you, since it has turned out but ill for me.

The land would be of no value at all to this man but that he wants a place to pasture his horses. He buys up worn-out horses for a song, and keeps them out here under sheds all winter. The keen air makes them fractious as colts, and in the spring he takes them to the city and sells them for young horses. He says there is more stone on your land than pasturage; but this I will not admit, for I have cleared some of it since you left. Howsomever, I did my best crying it up for you, and at last he made me an offer.

"Well," says he, "I'll give thirteen hundred dollars for it."

Think of it, Peter! Five hundred more than you paid for this farm of rock and stubble. But I did better for you still,—I brought him up to fifteen hundred.

"Only," says he, "I'll not deal with any outside party. If your brother is the owner of the land, he had best make it over to you, so you can manage the sale for him and give me a clear title. You can send him another paper, promising to pay over to him the money. Thus he will be secure, and may well thank

you for doing better for him than he could for himself."

So you see, Peter, it is all fair and square, and above board; for I've had a care we should not be tricked; and, sharp as the fellow thinks he is, I'm a bit shrewd myself too, and I know it is a better bargain for us than for him. Fifteen hundred dollars will set you and Margaret and the daughter up wonderfully; and with it you can take your comfort, now you are getting old. Lest you might lose the best part of it in fees to those sharks of city lawyers, I have had the deed and the other paper made out here by a competent young attorney, who is well esteemed by all. To save time and make you quite satisfied in your mind, you see, I have already signed the paper promising to pay you the amount; so if you don't put your name to the deed and send it back to me, you will have me in a bad fix. I won't charge you anything for my part in bringing the sale about, save just the sum I have had to pay out, notwithstanding that an agent would ask a commission.

My respects to the wife and daughter. I was glad to learn from your letter there is a chance of Mary's getting married soon. The money will come in handy then. Of course, fond as you are of her, you will want to fit her out well.

For the sake of your own interests, I beg of you to sign the deed and send it to me by the first mail, for fear the man would change his mind and refuse to take the land, after all.

Your brother and well-wisher,

MICHAEL GAINOR.

"Well, now, that is what I call a true brother's letter!" exclaimed the old man, wiping away the tear that caused the objects about him to appear misty, as he listened. "Ah, here is your mother! Read it over again to her, dear. Listen, Margaret! After this I know you will nevermore harbor a hard thought of

Michael. 'Tis well he has done for us. In exchange for that useless land up in Clarion County, how would you like to have fifteen hundred dollars in your hand to do what you pleased with, my good woman? Faith, I know Mary and I would not be forgotten in the spending of it. Haven't you always kept the purse?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" echoed his wife, in dazed wonder. "And for the farm we never could turn to account!"

"To be sure. Let her hear, my dear."

Slowly Mary re-read the letter.

"What have you to say to that?" cried Peter joyfully, when she had finished. "Why don't you speak, Margaret? Yet I do not wonder so great a surprise should put even a woman at a loss for words. Come, what do *you* think of it, Mary? You ought to be dancing round the room with delight, only such is not your way."

"Oh, but I *am* delighted, especially for your sake, father!" replied Mary, her face beaming with gladness. "Fifteen hundred dollars is a good sum, and will make you and mother very comfortable."

"Yes; we shall be able to take things a little easier, no doubt; but that's not what's in your mother's mind any more than in my own," said her father, with affected impatience. "As Michael remarks, the money will make a fine wedding for you, my girl. Come, you need not flush red as a rose! Bernard has asked our consent; and has, I'll venture, spoken to you too. He should not be kept waiting too long for his answer, *mavourneen*. Well, Margaret dear, I'll wager *you* are planning that the first of this money shall go to the orphans or the Old People's Home, as a thank-offering! See, Mary, have I not hazarded aright?"

Thus caught intent upon "the charities that soothe and heal and bless," Mrs. Gainor looked almost as confused as Mary, who, to hide her own discomfiture, had also turned to her mother inquiringly.

But Peter was waiting to hear his wife's opinion; and her deprecating smile, called up by his words, gave way to a sigh as she responded slowly:

"I don't know, Peter. I am sorry to say it, but somehow I do not set great store by the letter. It does not seem to ring exactly true. So he's glad Mary has a chance of getting married! In faith, if that pert daughter of his could have her choice of all the opportunities our Mary has let pass, she would be the greatest belle in Western Pennsylvania. No, Peter, I don't find the letter exactly satisfactory."

"By the ghostly horseman of Killarney, if that isn't like a woman!" cried Peter, aroused; and speaking the more testily, perhaps, because he also secretly resented Michael's reference, and had seen by the contraction of Mary's brows that she did not like it.

"How comes it he is so zealous for our interests now? He never was known to take such trouble on our account before," persisted Mrs. Gainor, shrewdly.

"Because until now no one wanted to buy this wild land. But if you do not wish to give him the credit of doing me a brotherly turn—you always were prejudiced against Michael, Margaret,—well, then, there's what he says himself: he is not sorry to get out of a bad bargain; for the farm has been a loss to him, as he has told me over and over. Here—I give into your hands for safe-keeping this paper in which he promises to pay me the fifteen hundred dollars. Since we have him at a disadvantage until he gets back the deed signed and witnessed, how can he possibly wrong us, even if he wanted to?—which, of course, is not to be thought of, and he my only brother. Must he slap each one of the gold pieces down on the table before you to make sure it rings true? Not satisfactory, indeed! I thought you knew more of business, woman!"

"Alack, Peter! easily satisfied I'd be for myself; only I would fain make sure you and Mary suffer no injustice," faltered Margaret, quite ashamed of even the passing impeachment of mercenariness.

"I mean no reproach," answered Peter, mollified. "Mary my love, bring pen and ink that I may put my name to this and send it back to Michael at once."

Mary hesitated; she noticed that her mother was still anxious and perplexed; that Peter, dazzled by the prospect of the unexpected competency, was too excited fully to consider the question.

"Is there, indeed, need of such haste, father?" she asked, persuasively laying a hand upon his arm. "Would it not be better to consult some one who is familiar with these matters?"

"But, child dear, Michael warned me against these legal fellows. If the money once gets into their hands, there may be none left for us."

"Mr. Peniston, for instance, has a great reputation. He certainly can not be termed a shark of a lawyer; and I feel confident he is too high-principled to overcharge you," she said, quietly. "Take the papers to him, father, and make sure they are correct. Uncle Michael may be kind to wish to save you from annoyance and to economize the money, but he has no right to dictate what you shall do."

Involuntarily, she had touched the right chord. Peter Gainor was jealous of his dignity. Once more he conned the letter carefully. After all, Michael need not be so eager to manage *him* as well as to effect the sale.

"H'm! So you think your old father ought to be allowed to use his own judgment in this business?" he said, with an approving nod. "The old man can attend to his own affairs yet, eh? Well, to please you, I will see Peniston to-day. Time enough if the deed goes by the evening's mail."

(To be continued.)

In November.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

LOVED once, forever loved! Where'er thou art—

With God or waiting,—in one lonely heart,
Wide as the world and deeper than the sea,
The tide of mem'ry ceaseless turns to thee.

Loved once, forever loved! When Autumn flings

Her crimson down, when the sad night-bird sings

The summer's dirge, and blessed souls go free,

Then are my thoughts one long, long prayer for thee.

A Pope's Private Letters.

To the Abbé Nicolini.

SIR:—The picture of infidelity you have drawn alarms without astonishing me. Besides its being foretold, even to the least iota, in the Holy Scriptures, the mind is capable of going astray the greatest lengths when the heart is once corrupted. From a desire that there should be no God to punish crimes, the wicked conclude that He does not exist. *Dixit impius in corde suo, Non est Deus.* Deism leads imperceptibly to atheism. We have no compass when we have no religion; it is the only prop by which we can reasonably be supported.

Notwithstanding the dreadful consequences of this new philosophy, I am of opinion that we ought not to exasperate those who profess it. There are people unconvinced who deserve to be pitied; because, after all, faith is a gift from God. Jesus Christ, who rebuked the Pharisees so sternly, said nothing to the Sadducees. Unbelievers will be much easier led back by gentleness than by severity. They affect a haughtiness to those who wound them keenly; and the more so because

they are answered frequently with much worse reasoning than is found even in their own discourses and writings. The incompetent controversialist sets about attacking them, without thinking that, though his zeal is laudable, his understanding by no means keeps pace with it; thus he may do more harm than good.

Converts are not made by declamation or invective. Examples and reason and moderation are wanted; and we should begin by allowing that religion has its mysteries, which are incomprehensible and can not all be explained. There is a chain reaching from heaven to earth, and unless we keep hold of the links we shall never confute infidelity. Vague declamation is not reasoning. Knowledge, method, and precision are necessary in order to contend with able men in the science of argument.

All that impetuous zeal which would bring down fire from heaven excites only hatred. The Church has the reputation of being of a persecuting spirit in the camps of the unbelievers, from many of its ministers showing a too ardent zeal. A good cause supports itself; and religion needs only to produce its proofs, its traditions, its works, and its gentleness, to be respected. Christianity of itself overthrows every sect which may be inclined to schism or which breathes a spirit of animosity.

I very frequently meet with people who really detest the whole body of the clergy, and those are just the people whom I endeavor to conciliate. If I had leisure and abilities to combat the new philosophy, I have the presumption to believe that no philosopher would ever complain of me. I would lay down principles which could not be denied; and when I met in my way with those too celebrated men who profess infidelity, I would show them with the greatest candor that they have not taken the Holy Scriptures in their true sense, or that

they have no good reasons for denying their authenticity. I am sensible I should not convert them, for it is God alone who enlighteneth the understanding and changeth the heart; but at least they would not be so apt to inveigh against the defenders of religion. We must endeavor to gain something if we can not gain all.

If God bears with unbelievers, we ought to bear with them, since they form a part of His plan; and by them religion appears stronger, and the faith of the righteous is exercised. It is by no means surprising that ages of superstition should lead the way to an age of infidelity; but these are tempests which pass over, and only show the face of Heaven more pure and serene. The more unbelievers increase, the more ought the ministers of the Gospel labor to render religion respectable by their love of study and the purity of their morals.

Behold a number of things which you knew before! My pen leads me on insensibly; it is a fault with which I often reproach it, but it will not correct itself. I beg your pardon for it, in favor of my intention, and in consideration of the pleasure I have in assuring you of the respectful and sincere attachment with which I am, etc.

ROME, 28 February, 1750.

To the Bishop of Spoleto.

MY LORD:—What your Lordship wrote to me on the subject of the relics of saints does honor to your discernment and to your piety. There are two rocks to be shunned by all true Catholics—that of believing too much and that of not believing enough. If we were to give credit to all the stories told of the relics which are shown in every country, we must frequently suppose that a saint had ten heads or ten arms.

This abuse, which has drawn down on us the charge of superstition, has taken

root only among the ignorant. Thank Heaven, it is well known in Italy (and the clergy repeat it often enough) that there is nothing absolutely necessary but the mediation of Jesus Christ; that of the saints, as the Council of Trent has formally declared, is only *good and useful*.

The relics of the Blessed deserve all our veneration, as precious remains which will one day be gloriously revived. But while we honor them, we acknowledge that they have no virtue in themselves; and that it is Jesus Christ, of whom they are in some sort fragments, and the Holy Ghost, of whom they are the true temples, who communicate to them a heavenly power capable of working great wonders. Notwithstanding this, the attention to the worship due to God is but too often apparently overshadowed by that which is paid to saints. Hence that wise order was given in Rome never to place relics upon the altar where the *Venerabile* (the Holy Sacrament) is deposited, lest they should occupy the attention of the people.

Our religion, which is so spiritual and sublime, is unjustly accused of countenancing abuses of which there is not a vestige to be found in the cathedrals or old monasteries. If men will condescend to hearken to the ignorant, who do not seek instruction, there is not a statue but has spoken, nor a saint who has not risen from the dead, nor a dead person whose apparition has not been seen. But the enemies of the Catholic religion falsely impute to the Church of Rome the apocryphal facts to which superstition daily gives vent. It would seem useless to preach to the people on that subject. They do not easily recover from their obstinacy when they persuade themselves of something contrary to the doctrines of the whole Church.

I lately obliged an Englishman to admit that the Protestants make it their business to charge us constantly with

absurdities which we stoutly reject, and that they have a very unfair method of judging us. Italy always had eminent pastors, who lamented the credulity of weak minds and the incredulity of Free-thinkers. It is not from the credulity of the ignorant people that a sensible man would judge of the faith of a land.

It would be extraordinary if Rome, the sovereign and mother of all the churches,—if Rome, the centre of all truth and unity, should teach absurdities. My Lord, she is justly vindicated in the work you sent me. I advise you to publish it, to close the mouths of the enemies of the Holy See; and to convince the whole world that if there are perhaps more superstitions in Italy than elsewhere, it is because the people have a more lively imagination, and consequently are more ready to catch without reflection at everything that is presented to their minds.

Take care of your health, notwithstanding the zeal which consumes you; and deign to believe me to be, with the greatest respect, my Lord, etc.

ROME, 17 May, 1751.

To Madam —.

True devotion, Madam, neither consists in a careless air nor in a brown habit. Most votaries imagine—though I don't know why—that clothes of a dark color please the celestial beings more than those of a lighter and more lively hue; yet we find the angels are always painted either in white or blue. Sincere piety does not proclaim itself. Modesty does not depend upon colors. If it be decent in dress and manner, it is what it really ought to be. . . . Singularity is so little allied to devotion that the Gospel tells us to wash our faces when we fast, that we may not appear remarkable. I am, therefore, of opinion, Madam, that you should make no alteration in the form or color of your dress. Let your heart be directed to God, and all your

actions relate to Him; and that is the sum of religion.

Every person who is truly pious is patient, gentle and humble; unsuspecting of ill, never splenetic; conceals when he can not excuse the faults of his neighbor. And every truly pious person "laughs with those that laugh and weeps with those that weep," according to the advice of St. Paul—"Be wise with soberness," because there should be temperance in all things.

In fine, true devotion is charity; and without it nothing we can do is of use to salvation. Narrow devotees do little less injury to the cause of religion than the openly profane. Always ready to storm against those who do not agree with them in their humors and opinions, they have a restless, impetuous, persecuting zeal; and are commonly either fanatical or superstitious, hypocritical or ignorant. Jesus Christ does not spare them in the Gospel, that He may teach us to be on our guard against their example.

When you find, Madam, that there is neither rancor in your heart nor pride in your mind nor singularity in your actions, and that you observe the precepts of God and His Church without affectation or trifling, you may then believe you are in the way of salvation.

Above all things, make your domestics happy by abstaining from tormenting them. They are counterparts of ourselves, and we should constantly lighten their burden. The way to be well served is to have always a serene countenance. True piety is at all times tranquil, while false devotion is incessantly varying. Support your nieces according to their rank; but do not exact of them to do precisely as you do, because you have a particular turn for mortification.

This subject would require a whole letter. Young people are often disgusted with piety, because too great perfection

is required; and works of penitence even tire ourselves when they are immoderate. The common way of life is the most safe, though perhaps not the most perfect. It is being too violent to forbid all visiting and relaxation. Take care that the instructions of your spiritual Father do not end in making you scrupulous rather than pious.

Does piety require that we should be self-tormentors? Religion teaches us what we should do and what we ought to believe; and there can be no better instructor than the holy Gospel. Mingle solitude with society, and get acquainted with such only as will neither lead you to melancholy nor to dissipation.

It were to serve God like a slave to imagine we are always offending. The yoke of the Lord is easy and His burden is light. "Love God," says St. Augustine, "and do what thou wilt"; because then you will do nothing but what is agreeable to Him; and you will act with respect to Him as a child toward a father whom he loves. Above all things, be charitable; and the more so as you are in a situation to assist the poor.

It is not just to impoverish families to enrich communities. There is ever an outcry against the rapaciousness of monks, and you should not give occasion for new complaints upon that score. Our reputation is our greatest riches; it should be founded on disinterestedness and the practice of every virtue.

Although a friend to my community, I shall never encourage any one to make presents to us, nor persuade anybody to become a monk. I dread giving room for reproach and repentance; as I dread tiring you should I prolong this epistle, which has no other merit in my eyes than the opportunity it affords me of assuring you of the respect with which I have the honor to be, Madam, etc.

ROME, 2 January, 1749.

The Strayed Soul of Doña Lísá.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

I.

LEGENDS—who does not love to gather them,—those tinted shells we find bestrewing the yellow shore of Time; softly singing to us the music of that gray old sea, the Past, which tossed them there!

Some graceful as smoke wreathed by summer breeze, but all glowing pulsate warm with life, the people of our story rise before us. Good Don Pascuel, solemn figure, outlined by soft lightning flashes against a tempest-torn night-sky; quietly standing on his sinking vessel's deck, with faith-calm eyes upturned to those threatening cliffs that guard the Spanish coast near Terragona; murmuring his vow, so piously fulfilled, to rear upon their beetling height a beautiful chapel to St. Anthony were only succor sent him in his sore distress.

And Daniello, God's chosen instrument of succor,—the old fisherman, he "of the arm of oak and heart of swan's-down"; mighty wrestler with the angry surf, and unerring thrower of the saving rope which drew the shipwrecked to the land.

Then there was haughty Doña Lísá, Don Pascuel's wife, the repining invalid, for whom—last act of love—he built, in sight of his cliff-chapel, but away up, within the city's sheltering walls, that princely castle to which first she came a widow, there to pass the remnant of her divided life with Angelo, her only child, shining pivot of her revolving hopes, the fancied hero of yet unwritten epics.

A fair young knight indeed was he, nodding his graceful head at Life, sure of his sword, surer of himself, meaning to carve his name on many a stone; dreaming of Fame's gold crown and Glory's scarlet sash, to be won on fields of future

warfare; while lapped in present peace, finding bright and beautiful the world and all else that God made, but sweet Antonia most perfect of His creatures.

It was not strange when those who knew her best averred that to describe her personal charms was to talk of an endless subject,—in their own expressive language, "*hablar de la mar*"; while for spiritual graces Padre Agostino, that good, gray gardener of souls, was wont to declare that of all the human flowers over whose growing he was permitted to watch, Daniello's orphan granddaughter was one of the rarest—hybrid of white lily, and white rose, a blossom destined for Our Lady's altar.

"*Si, si*, Antonia will be a nun, bless the pretty dear!" whispered the women, wisely. "Her grandfather is the one man in the world who knows the true color of her curtained eyes; for what other has she glance or smile?"

But with the advent of Don Angelo—ah! then youths and maidens who, in silence, had endured many a jealous pang because of Antonia, sought base revenge in poisoned speech.

"Great lords choose not their ladies from among poor fisher-maidens. Only sorrow and undoing in this sinful sphere follow Love's careless building of a bridge between the towered castle and the moss-thatched cottage."

At length some well-wishing friends, bearers of good advice, sought Daniello. When he had heard them through, he lifted proudly his red-coifed head and crossed his sinewy arms.

"With Our Lady's blessing, I can take care of my motherless Antonia," he said. "Don Angelo is his father's son, a noble and true knight. As such he woos my little lady. Her heart is hers to give or to withhold."

"*Caramba!* But old Daniello speaks with an arched tongue," they muttered as they went their way. "To hear him

one would think his hand had always fitted in the clasp of nobles, because he chanced to save the life of one on that dark night, thanks to fierce storm and shipwreck."

In the meantime, in her invalid chair, wheeling through the castle's domain, Doña Lisa was thinking of the day when she should surrender the ring of silver keys which dangled from her girdle to her whom she had chosen for Don Angelo's bride, an old friend's heiress-daughter, as yet safe hidden in a convent schoolroom. Once she deigned to share these thoughts with Padre Agostino.

"And Don Angelo—does he love this maid?" asked he.

"They have not met since they played together as children," she replied. "He could not choose but love her, his equal in rank, and dear to me as a daughter,—the only one in all the world with whom I would share my Angelo's heart."

And these words of the mother rang through the mind of the priest as he listened to those of the son:

"*Sí, Padre amado*, I have reflected long. For me there is none other than my first, my chosen love, my sweet Antonia. Nor is this a secret marriage which I have asked you to solemnize. It is only that my mother need not know till I return. Without me near, Antonia fears to be left up in the great castle with every face about her strange; she deems it best to pass the months of my forced absence among her own people, under brave Daniello's roof and Teresa's care. But, ah! the moment—how proud will it be when I proclaim to *all* the joyful news, lead my bride to her new home, her new and larger life! Father, say 'Yes.' There is but a month ere my departure. We will find you waiting us to-morrow in the chapel of our beloved St. Anthony, patron of sailors and of lovers. Was his blessing ever withheld from those who leave their fate, as I shall, to his care?"

So on the morrow, in the cliff-chapel reared by the last Don Pascuel de la Concha, his only son, Angelo-José, and Antonia-Maria were made one; while the dearest of her "people," group for an artist's brush, in their quaint holiday attire, looked on as witnesses, their dark faces filled with mingled pride and wonder. For—oh, the thought!—little Antonia a noble's bride! True, kind Heaven had made her fair enough; and, far better, good enough,—yet was it still a miracle—"un mirabilla del amor!"

A month later and Don Angelo was gone, with scores of brother officers, to respond to his country's call to arms, behind him leaving two bleeding hearts. For the men on the field, grim war wreathes laurel crowns; to the women at home, he gives the martyr's palm.

Down in the village, the gentle young wife, sitting by her cabin-casement, looked wistfully seaward,—a lovely *Penserosa*, dreamily caressing or tearfully kissing a monogrammed ring which gemmed her third finger. Up in the castle the stern lady-mother grieved silently, upholding with Atlas-like strength her world of lonely pride, striving to find echo in her pain-embittered soul for the words which Padre Agostino was constantly repeating to her:

"Whatsoever God wills is best, and whatever is He hath willed to be."

Ah, patient parish priest! How many a hard task falls to his outreached hand, on how many a sorrowful errand speed his tireless feet! For when, after a long famine of letters from Don Angelo, the word reached Terragona of his "glorious death," leading his men to victory in one of the war's last and bloodiest battles, who but Padre Agostino must go to break the news to Doña Lisa,—abiding with her till she wept, else her heart must have broken under the cruel strain of anguish? And 'twas that moment which the priest chose to tell the secret

he had kept a year. Then, as mourners will, the stricken mother moaned aloud: "O God, to what a desolate old age hast Thou foredoomed me, in taking him to Thee! I who fondly dreamed that these hushed halls one day would ring with the glad voices of his children, proud inheritors of his noble virtues, worthy bearers of his noble name!"

The good Father drew yet closer to her side, whispering:

"Nay, daughter,—nay! Thou art not all bereft. *Two* lives remain to grow about thine own, making it fair with hope and love. One month ere he departed—no appeal of mine availing to turn him from his purpose,—in our dear chapel of St. Anthony, thy son was wedded to a maid of humblest birth but noblest soul—*Antonia, brave Daniello's*—"

There he needs must pause, trembling at the transformation which his words had wrought. For, bowed in grief no more, Doña Lisa had tottered to her feet, with flaming eyes and head held high, a haggard incarnation of her race's pride and most royal anger.

"And, then, 'tis true," she cried, her voice sharp as Damascus blade,—"'tis true this rumor whose winged seeds once blew into my window to be with scorn crushed 'neath my foot! Speak, thou bold abettor of the base deception! Say it yet again! *My son—my Angelo*, last scion of his line—has he dared stoop so low! Can the world name him husband of a—fisher-girl?"

"Yes, daughter," rejoined the priest. "Husband of the truest, gentlest wife that sacred title ever crowned,—'whom God hath joined let no man put asunder'; father of the sweetest babe that ever blossomed on a mother-breast—*Antonio-Angelo*, whom but to look on is to love and bless."

"Then"—and Doña Lisa spoke as one distraught,—"then, well it is that he who *was* my son is dead—dead as my soul!

Henceforth I walk alone, knowing no God, no creed; no hope of heaven and no fear of hell. Never again shall these feet cross the threshold of a church, these hands be clasped, this head be bowed in prayer. Go, take thy priestly presence from my sight! Go!"

And, breaking with a wrench her neck's encircling chain, she flung toward him her rosary and medals.

He knelt and gathered to his breast the holy objects, sobbing:

"Farewell, my poor lost daughter! I go; but from this moment until death will I pray God in His mercy to pardon, comfort, find and bring thy strayed soul back to Him at last."

And, scattering benedictions as he went, the priest passed, weeping, through the castle gate; while, following him as though they had been called, all the doves that nested under the castle eaves, outspreading fluttering wings, flew down the winding road, until the gray-white cloud sudden descended soft as flakes of snow upon the chapel belfry of St. Anthony's, thenceforth their dwelling-place. And from that hour there seemed to all who abode therein no drearier, God-forsaken spot than Doña Lisa's castle.

The country-folk dared not to pass it after dark,—daylight is the peasant's golden coat of mail in chance encounters with evil spirits. But morning, noon and night, when sweet the Angelus rang from the cliff-chapel's tower, there was not one of faithful Padre Agostino's faithful flock but breathed the prayers that he had asked of them for the "strayed soul" of Doña Lisa,—"*one to Our Lady, one to St. Anthony.*"

(Conclusion next week.)

THOUGHTS are fruits, words are leaves. Let us strip off the leaves!—let us strip off the leaves! in order that thought, thus exposed to light, may gain strength, beauty, and flavor.—*Abbé Roux.*

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

WHEN a boy has done wrong do not speak vaguely to him about morality and law; he will think the worse of morality and law. He does not understand abstract argument: we must touch his concrete sense of things.

**

When a man dies we talk of his going into the presence of his Maker, as if he had been out of that presence. The dawn of reason, not death, puts us in the presence of God.

**

After thirty-five a man begins to have thoughts about women: before that age he had only feelings concerning this subject.

**

If we offend a strong, kind man, who has shown us remarkable friendship, and he forgives us, we say, "How good he is!" If we offend the strong, kind God, who has shown us remarkable friendship, and He forgives us, we say, "How good *we* are!" The asininity is none the less because we cloak it in the lion-skin of assiduity at the confessional.

**

We laugh at boys that would be famous ball-players rather than bishops, while we ourselves are toiling to be rich men rather than Christians.

**

Catholic literature is not necessarily an anecdote about a pearl rosary and a mixed marriage. It requires months of patient work, with careful preliminary training and a certain natural aptitude, even to find out the meaning of the word literature as a fine art. Up to the present time in the United States the Catholics, or Protestants for that matter, that have won entrance within the frontiers of literature could be entertained simultaneously

at a small dinner-party. There would be four Catholics, all prose writers; and none of these will ever become even feebly classic. Brownson, the greatest mind we have had in the Church in America, was a philosopher, not a producer of literature. As a sad proof of the ignorance concerning that word literature, we have many "critics" that solemnly call Father Abram Ryan a poet! Do not worry concerning "Catholic literature," the "bigoted conspiracy of publishers," the "neglect by our co-religionists." When the artist comes we shall hear him, and the "bigoted publishers" will show undignified haste in burning incense before him.

**

Why do the census-takers so markedly neglect the sect of the Pharisees? It is the largest religious body in the world.

**

We wonder at the foolishness of men that strive to fast for thirty days for notoriety or a few dollars, while we deem ourselves the salt of the earth if we go to Communion once a month. We make ghostly Doctor Tanners of our souls, then complain because the police permitted the physical Doctor Tanner to live on water.

**

The American Declaration of Independence says that all men are born equal. They are not: they die equal. The Land of Death is the only perfect Democracy: there is no aristocracy among skeletons.

**

Ordinary persons have a certain modesty in passing judgment upon painting, sculpture or music; but every lawyer, baker, physician, editor, candlestick-maker, and young woman will fight for his or her opinion on a matter of literature,—an art wherein the technic is much more complicated and difficult than that of painting, music or sculpture. Years of exclusive study must be expended before any one can make a judgment in a single

phase of literature—on the novel, the drama, the epic—which will be better than a student's theme or an exhibition of impudence; but that fact has not yet reached the amateur's brain. The formula for producing the popular "literary critic" that thunders from the weekly journal is: Take ignorance so befogged it can not find itself; let it read "Trilby" and "Quo Vadis," to be in the upper light; set it in an editorial chair with plenty of ink and superlative epithets; fill the bellows, then out with all stops!

The greatest error we make about the confessional is to think that after absolution our case is closed.

I do not believe that every man has his price, but I think that every man has his vanity—at the least, I never knew one that had not much vanity.

The only men that never feel fear are idiots and liars.

There is a new species of so-called Catholic journal that has appeared within the past few years. It seeks a *clientèle* by writing insolent remarks about bishops. The style is that of Brann's "Iconoclast" since Brann was shot while evangelizing the Baptists,—the wit and quaintness are omitted, leaving the billingsgate trouserless before the world. No respectable editor is willing to attack these journals, for the reason a gentleman has in avoiding a street row with a fishwoman. I do not wonder at the fellows that make a living by these means, but what of those that take in the stale herring? Have we reverence to spare in America that we can afford to pay for destroying it?

Opposition is a ghost that appears solid until you pluck up courage enough to walk through it: then you find only mist.

Where Honor is Due.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

ONE would think, from the sensation which the Czar's appeal for peace created, that he was the first sovereign to desire the disarmament of Europe; yet it is a well-known fact that one of the dearest wishes of the Pope is to see the world on a peace footing before he dies. This knowledge, however, is ignored or defied; and societies and individuals trip each other up in their haste to express to the Emperor of Russia their admiration of the unique and admirable proposal which, they aver, none of his distinction ever before proffered.

There has been no time during the pontificate of Leo XIII. when his policy has not been to quiet the warring tendency of men and nations; and the late unhappy contest would have been averted if the wise and humane counsel of his Holiness had prevailed.

But it is beyond the skill of the most powerful to prevent wholesale bloodshed when a nation wearies of the monotony attending peace. At such times any pretext will suffice. We hunted up an excuse, and proceeded to put ourselves on a war footing. We, who had announced to the world that we were so excessively civilized that arbitration would henceforth settle all disputes, polished our rifles and put our navy in fighting trim. We chose to declare that we fought in behalf of humanity; and then attacked a foe, or what we termed a foe, that, as our own statesmen admit, had made every concession demanded.

Our country was young and strong; Spain was impoverished and decrepit. We had an easy task, for seventy millions were pitted against seventeen. We were always the aggressors, always taking the initiative, always forgetting that our

pretext was based upon an avowedly uncertain foundation. We wanted to fight. Business men with supplies to sell demanded the encounter; job-seeking politicians demanded it; the youth of the country, with the boyish love of the glittering panoply of war, demanded it; religious bigotry, with its hatred of the "wily, crafty, medieval Dons," demanded it; many worthy people, who were led to believe that patriotism and humanity were arrayed against the owners of Cuba, demanded it.

But we can not retrace our steps. We can, to be sure, avoid other blunders in the future: we can not turn the pages of our history backward. We can only, as a powerful and conquering nation, remember that magnanimity is a virtue of the great; we can forbear to turn the childlike captives of far-off islands from their simple ways; we can refrain from exulting over a fallen foe. But will we?

The echoes from "peace jubilees" have not ceased. Thanksgivings for our victory still make the air vibrant; and the spirit of conquest has turned a heretofore isolated nation into one which threatens to employ the methods which it condemned in Pizarro or Cortez.

There are a few causes which justify war, but neither the politician nor the journalist seems to know what these causes are. It is to be hoped that we may not have too much for which to apologize to posterity when it asks for the *casus belli* of the recent struggle.

Meanwhile let the honor remain where it belongs: let Leo XIII., not the Czar of Russia, have the credit of advocating the abolition of the standing armies of civilized nations, and the ushering in of a reign of universal peace.

TRUE science begins in the love, not the dissection, of your fellow-creatures; and it ends in the love, not the analysis, of God.—*Ruskin*.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the few incongruities in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's portrayal of "Helbeck of Bannisdale" is her permitting him to consent, even for a time, to the prospect of a mixed marriage. No such staunch Catholic as Helbeck would have entertained the thought. Nor can we agree with a Catholic critic for whose attainments and judgments we have the highest regard when he says that, "though open to a thousand objections, mixed marriages may sometimes be *good* and lawful." They are sometimes *lawful*, as when the Church, rather than permit one of her children to turn himself away from the faith, reluctantly grants a special dispensation; but we do not see how they can ever be *good*. Statistics show that less than half the children of mixed marriages are raised as Catholics, Protestant fathers being more persuasive in this matter than Catholic fathers. In Prussia last year fifty-six per cent of the children of mixed marriages followed the religion of their Protestant fathers, while only forty-four per cent of the children having Catholic fathers were reared in the Church. "Helbeck of Bannisdale" is portrayed not only as a consistent Catholic, but as an ascetic; and not even his love for the agnostic Laura would have tempted him to run this awful risk.

It would make all the difference in the world, of course, if one could know whether the next funeral in one's neighborhood were to be one's own or a neighbor's. It is astonishing to what an extent our views on any subject are influenced by personal considerations. Many of our leading citizens, especially men who have suffered much of late at the hands of the modern scribes, are now advocating press censorship and the suppression of yellow newspapers, which they denounce as a disgrace to civilization. But the freedom of the press was never considered too great before these worthies were made the subjects of ridicule and misrepresentation. A reverend gentleman of some distinction complains bitterly that the newspapers have attributed opinions to him

which he not only never held, but has always combated; and *he* inveighs against the ribald press. He is one of many who are educated and enlightened enough to know that some millions of their fellow-citizens are constantly calumniated from Protestant pulpits and by the Protestant press. Why is it, if these men are really sincere and upright, that we do not oftener hear of their protesting against the injustice done to Catholics? These pious gentlemen—many of them—have always asserted that the Church is opposed to progress, and that she keeps the intellect of her children in slavery; though the only thing that could give color to this charge is the censorship exercised over the press, to restrain it within the limits of the divine law and to suppress impious and corrupt literature. Now that the newspapers in this country have become so ungodly as to publish calumnies against the Protestant clergy, it ought not to be too much to expect that these innocent persons will henceforth refrain from bearing false witness themselves and rebuke the offence in their co-religionists.

The Duke of Argyll recently said: "Even in the House of Lords I have noticed for many years that the bishops themselves never employ theological argument on any subject without making some apology for doing so, as if they felt it to some extent out of place." That is precisely the most striking characteristic of the sects: they do not believe in themselves. "Theological argument" is no longer employed, because even the heterogeneous writings that formerly passed for theology among sectarians are now openly scoffed at.

According to the San Francisco *Monitor*, Gen. James H. Wilson, who is representing the United States at Porto Rico, uttered this astounding sentence: "There is a grave objection on the part of many good people against the admission of a purely Roman Catholic State into the Union." Our Western contemporary is usually accurate, but we can hardly believe that this was actually said by Gen. Wilson. Such sentiments may be expected from the beetle-browed, but

certainly not from one whose salary ten millions of Catholics are helping to pay. It is commonly understood that the territory of New Mexico is barred out of the Union because its population take their religion from Rome; but, so far as we know, no official has ever had the hardihood to say so in plain words. If the sentence quoted above was really uttered by an official of the United States, however, Catholics ought to find some way of resenting the ignorant slur. If they suffer it to pass without protest, it will tend to confirm the notion that the prejudice to which Mr. Wilson refers is well founded, and that Catholics are not the sort of people who make good Americans.

In placing at the disposal of his Catholic subjects the traditional site of the house of the Blessed Virgin in Jerusalem, which he acquired during his recent visit to the Holy Land, Emperor William performed an action as appropriate as it is gracious. Many persons will, perhaps, regard the gift as a stroke of policy rather than as an act of genuine kindness and generosity, but no one can doubt the appropriateness of the transfer. The Emperor knew that only the Catholics of Germany would appreciate the possession of a site sanctified by the footsteps of the Mother of our Redeemer. As yet her prophecy, "All generations shall call me blessed," is fulfilled only in them.

There are now twenty-three priests serving as soldiers in the barracks of Lille; and every morning they may be seen, clad in their uniforms, entering some sacristy to prepare for the celebration of Mass. An hour later they emerge from the sacristies, once more wearing their military apparel, and prepare to take up the daily life of the camp. Commenting on this incongruity, the *Sacred Heart Review* says:

There is not a soldier living, with a single trace of religious sentiment, who does not shrink from seeing the priestly dignity so insulted. What, then, must be the feelings of the faithful to see their parish priests obliged to leave them, while their friends and families may die without the sacraments and their children are waiting to be baptized!

We regret that we can not mingle our tears with those of our esteemed contem-

porary. No doubt the law which requires priests to do military service is a prodigious insult to priestly dignity, but it isn't half so bad as the other insults daily meted out to priests on the streets and in the "Catholic" homes of Paris. And, despite the enlistment of these twenty-three, there are still enough priests left to baptize all the French babies and to administer the sacraments. In all other respects the military law will probably be advantageous to the Church throughout France, little as the government intended that effect. It will do the clergy good to get out of their sacristies and rough it awhile with the soldiers; and it will certainly do the soldiers good to observe the manly and edifying deportment of the priests in camp. It has been our conviction from the beginning that the enactment of the military law by a Chamber hostile to the Church was a providential measure to bridge over the gulf that now yawns between the French people and the French priests.

President McKinley's Thanksgiving proclamation is decidedly perfunctory. Its brevity is the redeeming feature. It would be hard to avoid cant if the strain of this paragraph were long continued:

The skies have been for a time darkened by the cloud of war; but as we were compelled to take up the sword in the cause of humanity, we are permitted to rejoice that the conflict has been of brief duration. And the losses we have had to mourn, though grievous and important, have been so few, considering the great results accomplished, as to inspire us with gratitude and praise to the Lord of Hosts. We may laud and magnify His holy name that the cessation of hostilities came so soon as to spare both sides the countless sorrows and disasters that attend protracted war.

The President's pen must have moved with reluctance when he wrote, "We were compelled to take up the sword in the cause of humanity."

Admiral Sampson has narrowly escaped finding his Delilah in the Grand Old Woman of Know-nothingism, the Rev. Justin D. Fulton. The apostle of foulness and falsehood had arranged a grand anti-Catholic demonstration in Havana, and had invited the Admiral to be present for a speech, under the pretence that the meeting was

merely a peace jubilee and thanksgiving service. Sampson was almost at the door of Fulton's conventicle before he learned from a friend the true nature of the service he was expected to render, and then he promptly ordered his carriage back to the hotel. Fulton vomited forth his soul against the Admiral and the Catholic Church; but the people of Havana may as well get used to that at once, now that the country has been opened up to the "missionaries" of mendacity. If the Cubans were not already good Catholics, the best way to bring them to their duties would be to turn such crusaders as Fulton loose among them.

Bigotry spells boomerang, as was shown by the storm of public indignation among the Protestants of Ontario last week, when some good Orangeman tried to derail a train bearing hundreds of Catholics back to their homes from Kingston, whither they had gone to see Archbishop Gauthier consecrated. And already the best Protestants of America have begun to blush for Fulton, as witness this from the *Congregationalist*: "It is a most lamentable fact that the Rev. J. D. Fulton should have journeyed to Havana and begun a Protestant crusade against Roman Catholicism there. He is the incarnation of the type of Protestant which will do the least good and most harm in that country now and evermore."

A writer in the current *Catholic World* pays fitting tribute to the late Richard Malcolm Johnston, "gentleman and man-of-letters." There is much that is edifying, instructive, and stimulating in the story of his conversion to the Church. He was over thirty years of age, it seems, before he saw a Catholic priest:

During the Know-nothing campaign of 1855 it was necessary to offset the diatribes of his opponent against the Catholic Church. For this purpose he consulted Catholic books, a friend lending him the writings of Bishop England. These not only furnished him with arguments but dispelled his own prejudices. . . . His wife had been a Catholic for some years, and he knew that his acceptance of her faith would be a joy and comfort to her. He relates that he was sitting out under the chestnut-trees on his lawn, reading Balines, when the decision came to him with overwhelming force. He closed the book and walked to the house. The struggles, inde-

cisions, and waverings of years had been brushed aside by the wings of faith on which his soul must evermore rest. To his wife he said simply: "I am going with you, my dear." This was in 1875.

He was not unmindful of the fact that such a step would provoke difficulties and work material changes for him. But it was not for the man to falter who had refused the presidency of Mercer College, with such incidentals as a house and a three-thousand-dollar yearly salary, because he had felt that his Baptist faith was weakening, and he could not therefore loyally accept the offer. He did not stop to consider. He had turned his face to the light; humbly yet firmly he would follow the way it led. The attendance of his school began falling off; his most intimate friends, while unchanged in their affection, could not conceal that they felt that a barrier had come between them. But he never wavered or seemed to acknowledge the change. In a spirit of gentlest resignation he accepted whatever conditions confronted him; and, instead of repining over individual misfortune, with calm eyes looked over the broadening horizon and publicly remarked: "I am glad to see the prejudice concerning the Catholic Church fade away." Of Southern Protestants he said: "None have doubts now that a Catholic may be as much a patriot and a gentleman as other people. Thousands and thousands not only say prayers for their dead, but are glad when Catholic friends and sympathizers do likewise."

Colonel Johnston had the consolation of seeing his son elevated to the priesthood; and those who saw the venerable author serving his Mass will not forget the scene or the edification it afforded them.

Notable New Books.

THE SAINTS. SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL.

By Emmanuel de Broglie. Translated by Mildred Partridge. Duckworth & Co. Benziger Brothers.

It can no longer be truthfully said that the saints are unfortunate in their biographers. If future volumes of this series are up to the high standard of the present one and of those previously published—there is no special reason for thinking that they will be inferior in any way,—we shall possess biographies of all the great saints of the Church that saints themselves might rejoice to see. In the volume before us we have a life of St. Vincent de Paul so different from any other that after reading it one can not help feeling that he never really knew the great apostle of charity before. St. Vincent

is depicted in these pages by means of his actions; and the biographer, faithful to the canons of his art, allows his subject to speak for himself as often as possible. The result is that the facts of which the life of the saint is made up are presented with full significance. The reader recognizes him as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race; one of the most marvellous examples of what the grace of Christ can accomplish in a docile heart and loving soul. And it may be said furthermore that the example is a most winning one.

The life of St. Vincent de Paul is deserving of special study on account of his practical grasp of far-reaching principles in dealing with difficulties which stand in the way of so much good work everywhere. As Father Tyrrell remarks in the preface to this volume, "he held in his hand and bequeathed to his children the keys of many of those problems whose solution social and political philosophers are still groping after, but will never find until they return to those deeper religious principles from which St. Vincent de Paul drew his most practical conclusions."

THE WORLD'S UNREST AND ITS REMEDY.

By James Field Spalding. Longmans, Green & Co.

It is with a deep sense of gratification and gratitude that one lays down this book,—gratification that another light has been provided to guide the wandering feet of those who walk in the darkness of religious error; gratitude to the one who has rendered this important service, and performed it with so much carefulness and devotion. It is high praise of Dr. Spalding's work to say that it recalls "The Invitation Heeded," one of the best books of its kind in the language. Both have a distinct purpose never once lost sight of; both are well written; and, while advocating the claims of truth, they do not violate the laws of charity. "The World's Unrest and Its Remedy" is calculated to aid thousands who are honestly struggling with religious doubt; and it can be recommended to any one who is willing to consider the great question, What and where is the genuine religion of Jesus Christ? The author has experienced the deep unrest so prevalent in the religious

world of to-day; and having found the remedy, he is desirous of making it known to all who are suffering the pangs of mental disquietude. He shows that Christ is the beneficent comforter of the souls of men, and that the Church which He founded meets their deepest needs and is the only goal of rest and peace. Its claims upon the allegiance of all mankind are admirably set forth; and the obstacles which prevent so many from recognizing these claims and yielding assent to them are discussed with a keenness and clearness seldom excelled.

It would be a mistake to suppose that this book was intended exclusively for those outside the Church. Dr. Spalding would have Catholics understand the position of outsiders, and sympathize with them in their difficulties and struggles. With a frankness which need not offend any one, he indicates some obstacles in the path of inquiring Protestants that Catholics ought to labor to remove. No excuse for lack of zeal in this duty can be found in the consideration that the hindrances referred to do not touch upon the nature or the character of the Church itself. Every Catholic should feel interested in knowing what are the obstacles pointed out, and should be filled with zeal for their removal as far as may be.

The publishers have made a handsome little book of "The World's Unrest and Its Remedy," and it is to be hoped that it will have the wide sale to which its importance and merits entitle it. The author has provided a full index, a glance at which will suffice to show the scope of the work and the treatment of the questions under discussion.

THE DIVINITY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

From Pas al. A Commentary by William Bullen Morris, of the Oratory. Burns & Oates. Benziger Brothers.

This work consists of five chapters, the first of which describes the complexion of Pascal's mind and compares him with other great thinkers on spiritual matters; the second gives his estimate of the Jewish race and the value of their testimony to Christianity; the third sets forth Pascal's attitude toward the prophecies of the Old Testament; the fourth quotes some of his

direct arguments in favor of the divinity of Christ; and the last discusses "the new unbelief," the theories of Kant and Huxley.

It would be untrue to say that the book fulfils all the expectations which its title arouses in one's mind. On the other hand, there are valuable thoughts, quotations, and *obiter dicta* scattered through the volume,—the fruit of reading good books carefully with pencil and note-book. For these the reader will be grateful. The best chapter in the volume is undoubtedly the fourth, but that which deals with the prophecies of the Old Law is also suggestive and helpful. Pascal, like Sir Isaac Newton, preferred the prophecies to the miracles of Our Lord as witnesses to His divinity; and this chapter raises the question as to whether modern apologetics do not make a mistake in their comparative neglect of the prophetic books of the Bible. It is needless to say that any work which bears the name of Father Morris is written in a good English style.

MOTION: ITS ORIGIN AND CONSERVATION.

By the Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. Brown & Nolan.

The opinion that there is no such thing as potential energy (energy of position), and that therefore all energy is kinetic (energy of motion), is coming to be generally accepted in the world of science. To this view, however, which of course identifies force and motion, is opposed the doctrine of Dynamism, which holds that force is a reality distinct from motion. Moreover, the Dynamists—or at least some of them—contend that the kinetic theory is not only false but uncatholic; and that such important truths as efficient causality, the action of grace, the freedom of the will, can not be explained on its hypotheses. It is to assail the latter position that Doctor McDonald writes this treatise; his object is "not so much to prove the truth of the kinetic theory as to show that the theory is not in any way opposed to Catholic teaching." (p. 152.)

Doctor McDonald brings much learning and originality to his task; and in reading his arguments one feels that if they lack anything to their special purpose, they lack nothing which the author could not have

supplied. Whether he has succeeded beyond his intention in proving the truth of the kinetic theory may be questioned; but he has surely demonstrated that it in nowise conflicts with Catholic orthodoxy. By careful analysis he shows that the treatises on motion of Aristotle, St. Thomas and the greatest of the schoolmen, can receive interpretations altogether in accordance with the kinetic theory; indeed, he makes it doubtful that the theory, at least in its bare conception, is new at all.

Certain chapters of the work are deserving of special mention. That on "Agents, Occasions, and Conditions" is a fine bit of criticism, in which the author discloses many evident inconsistencies of terminology in the writings of eminent philosophers and theologians. Of equal excellence are those that treat of Grace and Free-will, the points at issue in the discussion of these subjects being presented with admirable clearness. We are confident that any student of science, metaphysics or theology would derive immense profit from a careful reading of this work.

LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER. By Josephine Marié. Benziger Brothers.

This is above the ordinary Catholic novel in power of expression as well as in intensity of feeling. The movement is rapid; and, while here and there an effect bordering on the exaggerated detracts from the artistic merits of the work, "Let No Man Put Asunder" is worthy of commendation. The pure sentiments which breathe through every incident distinguish it from the novels wherein sentimentality is made to do service for sincere feeling.

In these days, when so-called poetic justice sets aside the ethics of Christian teaching, it is good to see Catholic principles emphasized, and art thereby vindicated; for, as Maurice Francis Egan says, "art is true art when art to God is true."

THE DATA OF MODERN ETHICS EXAMINED.

By the Rev. John J. Ming, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

It is always wise for the Catholic reader who may happen to meet with writings that are avowedly or even presumably unchristian to have at hand a work of reference in

which the more subtle arguments against pure doctrine are directly disproved. Of such a character is the present work. Although this volume is directed against the erroneous moral teachings of recent agnostics and positivists in general, it is Mr. Herbert Spencer who receives the lion's share of attention. Copious extracts from his "Data of Ethics" furnish for the most part the text which the author aims to refute. As the exponents of new theories have not thus far attempted to indicate in detail the more particular moral duties of the individual, Father Ming limits himself here to a discussion of ethical problems that are basic. These he treats in the main with fulness as well as clearness, illustrating his points by frequent quotation of approved Catholic moralists. The fact that this book is now in its second edition is proof that it has met a want. We feel, however, that its usefulness would have been greatly increased by the addition of an index.

SONGS FROM PRUDENTIUS. Translated by Ernest Gilliat Smith. John Lane.

Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, a contemporary of St. Augustine, was born probably in Spain in 348. He was at different times a lawyer, a judge, and the holder of an important military post; but little else is known of his public or private life. Seven metrical works from his pen survive, however; and it is the "Cathemerinon," the best known of these, which Mr. Gilliat Smith has done into English blank verse in this volume. The "Cathemerinon" is a series of twelve Latin hymns, appropriate to different parts of the day or seasons of the year; and some of them were very generally sung in the churches of Europe for centuries. Selections are still chanted in local Offices.

The most striking poem in this volume is that entitled "At the Lighting of the Lamps," one stanza of which was quoted anonymously by Dr. Mivart in the first of his much-discussed articles on "Happiness in Hell." Mr. Gilliat Smith renders the lines in this way:

And e'en to the lost souls our God shows His pity.
Days free from suffering oftentimes gladden them.
Thus on the Night when from Acheron's sad waters

To breathe earth's living air, Life's Lord comes
back again—
Not like to Lucifer rising from Ocean,
Who with a kindling torch bids night and mist
give place;
But o'er this land of tears, than the sun's might
greater,
From the Cross on which He died new daylight
shedding—
With gentle punishment Tartarus languisheth,
Nor do Hell's waters roll their wonted sulph'rous
waves,
Nor doth Hell's furnace raise its lambent tongues
of flame,
Nor doth Hell's wailing cry, dismally echoing,
Break the tranquillity of their sad prison house
Who, in their respite time, revel exultingly.

He who would render Prudentius into smooth, fluent verse meets more than the common obstacles of a translator; and it is but justice to say that in these pages the spirit as well as the verse-forms of the original is fairly reproduced. Certain rugged passages might perhaps be toned down, but the translator evidently wished to avoid refining away the substance of the poetry,—a process not unknown to those familiar with English renderings of the old Church hymns. The name of John Lane on the cover is assurance enough that the book is well published.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.
By the Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. B. Herder.

We are inclined to look to distant periods of history and to the lives of canonized saints for examples of heroism in a notable degree; and when the question of fidelity in maintaining the seal of confession comes up for discussion, we cite the example of St. John Nepomucene, who died rather than betray his sacred trust. Yet the priesthood of to-day is as strong in heroism as it was in earlier ages, were our eyes only properly focussed to see evidences thereof. A proof of this is furnished by the Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J., whose thrilling story, "A Victim to the Seal of Confession," is founded on fact. The story itself is true, the names alone being changed; while of course, for artistic purposes of construction, etc., the author has drawn upon his imagination. Besides the lesson intended—that suggested by the very title of the book,—we have here another proof that circum-

stantial evidence is not always trustworthy; and that human justice is, after all, a very poor thing.

MISS ERIN. By M. E. Francis. Benziger Brothers.

Lovers of good fiction are aware that the name which appears on the cover of this volume is the pen-name of Mrs. Francis Blundell, to whom we are already indebted for some of our best Catholic stories. Those who are not familiar with her work, however, could not do better than make her acquaintance through "Miss Erin." It is a most characteristic Irish story, the smile and the tear coming everywhere together, yet each having its own full effect despite the propinquity. Miss Erin herself is a charming creation, and even the most devoted Home Ruler comes to admire Mark Wimbourne, for all his Tory policy. The priest, Father Lalor, is the ideal Irish pastor; no reader of this absorbing story is ever likely to forget the good man's attempts at feeding the baby Miss Erin when he first meets her. The plot of the story is delightfully fresh, and interest never flags for a single paragraph. Indeed, the reader who could find "Miss Erin" tedious would be very hard to please. The volume is sure to make many new friends for Mrs. Blundell in America.

STRIVING AFTER PERFECTION. By the Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

In this translation from the Latin—a treatise addressed especially to religious,—we find pious reflections on the various stages of the religious life, from the motives that should encourage one to aspire to the perfection of his state to the practice of the virtues which must conduce to perseverance. It is to incite religious to obey the injunction of St. Peter, who says we should "make sure our election by good works," that Father Banna's book is offered. It is written much after the manner of "The Imitation of Christ"; each paragraph containing a salutary thought, which, like a seed falling upon good soil, must bring forth fruit a hundredfold. The convenient size, handsome binding, rounded corners, and excellent print, further commend it to the reader.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Flag We Love.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

FOLDS of blue and scarlet,
O waves of spotless white,
O starry field of azure,—
Our pride and our delight!
No flag e'er waved above thee
On land or over sea;
We honor thee and love thee,
Bright emblem of the free.

Red is the type of valor,
Blue of fidelity,
And white of stainless honor,—
United all in thee.
May War, green-eyed and gory,
Soon vanish in the past,
And Peace uphold "Old Glory"
Long as the world shall last!

Stand Fast.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

II.

DONALD went into the church, and his first feeling was one of disappointment. There were only plain benches to sit upon, and the bare floor seemed very cheerless to one whose Sunday prayers had been said where a warm carpet and soft cushions made religion a very comfortable thing. He looked around to see if the kind gentleman had not a pulpit which made amends, and his eyes fell upon a picture of Our Lady which adorned the white-washed wall; he saw nothing else.

"If we had a picture like that in our kirk," he thought, "the sermons would not seem so long." And he resolved to ask the minister about it. He fancied the face to be one of the prophetesses of the Bible. He saw the altar and the throbbing light before it, and the pictures of the Stations; but he did not know what they were, so bare had his short life been of any teaching save that of the Covenanters, who had no altars and no pictures of Christ's Mother.

Then he softly opened the door again, looking back at the altar as he took his departure. An old-fashioned carriage—how well he knew it!—was passing the church at that moment; but a voice bade the coachman stop, and then a black-bordered handkerchief was violently waved from the window by his Aunt Janet.

Donald's Aunt Janet had been for some years the widow of Mr. Laurie, formerly the minister of the kirk. She was the tiniest of women, yet impressed one as being of ordinary size. She had the softest voice imaginable, but it had a way of making itself heard. She wore a snug little black wig, which was at once the mystery and terror of her brother's children; for it was in the habit of slipping to one side in uncanny fashion and showing the white locks underneath. No one ever saw her in a strictly new gown, and how she always managed to keep her attire at the same stage of genteel shabbiness was never known.

Aunt Janet was a good friend to those in affliction, but to the sinner she was a terror. She was inexpressibly small

in dealings where trifles were concerned; but gave generously when she gave at all, always to worthy recipients who attended the kirk. She lived alone on a farm with two servants—a black man and Scotchwoman; not upon property left her by her husband—for he endowed her with nothing but his blessing and the memory of a good though narrow life,—but upon a certain income duly paid by her father. She was fond of Donald,—a favor, I fear, he never fully appreciated. In short, she was an excellent woman, but as unyielding as the granite of the Scotland she loved so well.

You can now imagine the feelings with which Donald climbed into the carriage and prepared to account for himself when asked why he was doing so strange a thing as visiting a Catholic church. But she did not refer to that at once.

"Your mother sent for me," she said. "I suppose you came to meet me. Has anything happened to the children?"

"No, Aunt, nothing has happened." And yet everything, it seemed to him, had happened.

"I do not know why she sent for me. It was thoughtless of her. I was so busy with the grape preserves, and I left everything. Ann can never do anything by herself. I have a mind to go back at once."

"I wouldn't go back, Aunt."

"Did I ask your advice, Donald? Little boys should be seen and not heard. When I was your age I never sat down in the presence of a grown-up person unless I was invited to do so. If I wished to learn my duty from you, I could ask you." Then, suddenly changing her tactics, she inquired: "Why wouldn't you go back?"

"Oh, I mustn't tell, Aunt!" he said. "I mustn't tell anybody."

"Yes, you should tell *me*. There isn't anything you shouldn't tell me."

"O Aunt, I can't, I can't!" he replied, hiding his face in the carriage lining.

"Donald," she exclaimed, "you have disappointed me! And please remember that tears will leave spots on green. And I am not going back, for here we are at Heather Hill."

So they were, and the coachman was opening the carriage door. Aunt Janet entered the house, and Donald went to where the children were playing. It was Saturday; there were no lessons and the governess had gone away. He could not play. The sunshine seemed pale and the sky only a faint blue.

"Why don't you play?" inquired little Kenneth. "Are you sick?"

"No," answered Donald; "only tired."

He did not know what he was tired of, but he could not think of anything else to answer. Aunt Janet had sent the carriage home and would stay all night, Aunt Hebe told him at supper time; and she and his mother were "talking up things." He could not bear to go to bed without seeing his mother, and so he gave a little tap on the library door as he started upstairs. No answer coming, he tried to open it, and it was locked.

"Mother!" he called.

"Donald," came her soft voice, "I will see you in the morning."

In the morning! For one brief and angry moment Donald almost hated his aunt for coming between his mother and him; but he repented of his fury before he went to sleep. At midnight he awoke. He had been dreaming of the picture in the church. The silver moonlight was streaming in, and his mother was going about from one little cot to another to make sure that all was well. At last she reached Donald.

"Mother," he whispered, "I am awake; and the lady was beautiful."

"You have been dreaming, dear," she said; and then he, being a healthy little fellow, and so glad to have her by him, cuddled down in her arms and went to sleep again.

III.

Aunt Janet was equal to the occasion. "If there's a difficult situation to meet, why, meet it," she had often counselled; now she took her own advice.

"You must come to the farm—every one of you," she said to her sister-in-law. "I do not know just how we shall get on, but we will find a way."

Poor, stern, dictatorial Aunt Janet! Her little income was swept away with the rest; it was her brother whose mind was clouded, her father who was dead; but of grief she made no sign.

The cause of the tumbling of the family prospects was comprised in one word—speculation. Old Mr. Gordon had pinned his faith on mining stocks; and, the market fluctuating, some one had to lose. *He* lost.

"Have we nothing left, Aunt?" asked Donald; and for once she forbore to chide him for questioning his elder.

"Yes, a little—a few hundred dollars a year. We shall have to work."

He recalled the Gordon motto, "Stand fast." But that meant to be true and brave and strong. It could not mean that a Gordon should be glad to work. Well, it must mean that now. If he could only work like a gentleman, he thought: do things with his brain—make plans for others to carry out. But work must now mean picking berries and driving cows and taking cabbages to market.

"A servant with this clause makes drudgery divine." He had read or heard that somewhere, and wished he could remember the rest of it.

The lawyer had told them, delicately and reluctantly, that a gentleman from the North wished to occupy Heather Hill for the winter, and would buy it in the spring, if the climate suited his son's health; and that it would be better for them to go to the farm at once. Putting it off would not help matters, only make them worse. They did as he advised,

packing away many of their belongings in an unused room, and leaving the heavy old mahogany for the new people. They could not bear to sell it. There were no tears shed and no complainings made. Mrs. Gordon bore up for the sake of the rest; Aunt Janet, from stern principle, which had a bit of stubbornness mingled with it; Donald, because he was determined to *stand fast*; the father, because he did not comprehend; and in a little while the change was effected.

Aunt Hebe and Uncle Jake trudged on behind the last load of furniture.

"You good-for-nothin' white trash!" Aunt Hebe had exclaimed to one of the incoming servants, who had expressed surprise that she followed the fallen family. "What you take me for? Don't you know I toted Marse Robert round when he wasn't bigger'n a hoptoad? And do you s'pose I's gwine to leave him just 'cause your folks done stole his roof offen his head?"

A curious change came over Aunt Janet with the new order of things. She became strangely gentle, never scolding the children or chiding their mother; and it was not long before an unaccustomed cheerfulness took the place of the gloom which had reigned.

As to the estate of old Mr. Gordon, it had suffered complete wreck. There was absolutely nothing left save the little farm and a small sum of money. The fortune of his son had gone with his own.

"But Robert had ten thousand dollars in government bonds," Mrs. Gordon told the lawyer. "And you have said nothing of them."

"Because I knew nothing. If he had them he probably has them yet."

When questioned, the dazed man could give no information.

"Try to think, Robert," said his wife. But he shook his head. The bonds were not in his safe nor in any bank, and the house was searched for them in vain.

"They may have been put in his father's hands and gone with the rest," suggested Mr. Weldon.

"No, I do not think so. Robert said he would keep them safe for the children."

But they were not found.

The situation was unusual. Strangers ruled at Heather Hill, and its former owners sold vegetables and butter at the back door. At first it was not easy for Donald to find himself an alien within his own gates, or what had been his own; and he had to say "Stand fast" to himself a good many times to keep from crying.

One day, as he was leaving, a voice called to him:

"Hello! I say, won't you come here?"

A little boy of about his own age was taking the air in a wheeled chair. He was very pale and his forehead was covered with fine wrinkles.

"Hello!" said Donald, accepting the invitation with the fine frankness of one lad in the presence of another, however strange.

"I've seen you every day. I only wish I was you. It must be great fun to take round the butter and things. How old are you?"

"Twelve—most thirteen."

"Why, so am I! I've got a nice new microscope and a set of ivory chessmen. Can't you come and see me?"

"Maybe," said Donald.

"Come to-morrow. Can't you come to-morrow?" asked the invalid, eagerly.

"I'll ask my mother."

"I haven't any mother. She's dead. Be sure and come to-morrow!" he called.

The next morning Mr. Gordon was missing from the farm.

"I reckon he's up at the old place," ventured Uncle Jake. "He's been sayin' that the roof of the coach-house needed fixin'. He can't realization things nohow."

Donald was sent off to find his father. The sick boy sat in the invalid chair as on the day before.

"You see I've come," said Donald. "I *had* to come. I can't find my father. We thought he might be here. He used to live here. He was born here, you know; and so was I."

"You don't mean to say that you're the boy that used to live here! Why, I know all about you. It's like a story-book. It's better than Robinson Crusoe. Father, come here!"

A portly man, holding a newspaper, emerged from the house.

"Father, this is—I don't know what his name is,—he's the boy that used to live here, and he is looking for his father."

"I think, my boy," said the gentleman, as kindly as possible, "that your father is in the stable."

There they found him, giving orders to the amazed hostler.

"You neglect things shamefully," he was saying. "You are not worth your salt. Where is Uncle Jake?"

"Father," said Donald, gently touching his arm. "Uncle Jake is down at the farm. You know we are staying there now; and mother is expecting you. And this is Mr. May, who is staying at our old home."

Mr. Gordon held out his hand, saying, with a dignity and courtesy which no wavering of the intellect could affect:

"It affords me pleasure to meet you, sir. Consider my roof your own. At present we are living—where did you say we were living, Donald?" He put his hand to his head.

"With Aunt Janet, at the farm, father; and mother is waiting."

Then they said good-day and walked off down the river.

"That's the kind of a boy I like," declared the invalid when he heard of this. "I wish I was that kind of a boy, father."

Mr. May turned his face away.

"I want him to come here every day; and when I get well we'll get up a base-

ball nine. He's a lucky chap. Did you see him jump off the porch? I couldn't jump off a toadstool."

This was the beginning of a firm friendship. Donald went to Heather Hill when he could be spared, and that was often now; for the crops were housed and the work at the farm light.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Soldier-Saint.

After winter appears to have set in there comes a delightful season, when Nature smiles, the winds are soft, and summer seems to have returned. In fair Acadia this was called by the peasants the Summer of All Saints on account of its nearness to that festival; but we term it the Indian Summer.

"The summer is gone!" cried brave Miles Standish to the Indians when the first snow came.

"No," they said. "The Good Spirit will send another summer." And a few days proved the truth of their words.

The French call this mild, smoky, quiet period the Summer of St. Martin; for autumn lingers long in the south of France; and St. Martin's Day, which falls upon the 11th of November, finds the flowers still in bloom and the air balmy.

Little Martin, the future soldier-saint, was the son of a Roman tribune. He was a Hungarian by birth. There never was a gentler boy; yet, much against his own inclination, he became a soldier. For several years he wielded a sword; then laid it aside for the sword of the spirit, and quietly withdrew into the wilderness. We fancy it must have been a trial to him when, called by those who knew his worth, he emerged into the white light of publicity to become Bishop of Tours—and such a bishop! In time he converted the whole diocese, and everywhere pagan temples were swept away in

order to give place to Christian churches.

Every Catholic child knows the story of St. Martin and the beggar: how the saint, while yet a soldier, divided his cloak with one stroke of his sword, giving the better half to a poor man whom he found shivering in the cold.

We may here speak of the derivation of the word "chaplain." The cloak, or *chape*, was preserved by a miracle; and the place in which it was kept was called a *chapelle*, and its custodian a *chapelain*, or chaplain. In the hottest fights this precious relic was borne aloft, until at last a dispute, which continued sixty years, concerning one of the sleeves, ended, sad to say, in the destruction of the entire garment.

One of the strangest legends extant is told of the soldier-saint. It is said that while bishop he set out to visit Rome; and, having no horse, started on foot. On the way he met Satan, who jeered at him on account of his manner of travelling. At that Satan himself became changed to a mule, which St. Martin mounted and pursued his journey. Whenever the mule made slow progress, the Bishop made the Sign of the Cross and the animal would hurry his pace. Finally Satan said:

"Signa te Signa: temere me tangis et angis;
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor."

Translated, this runs thus: "Cross, cross thyself. Thou plaguest and vexest me without necessity; for, owing to my exertions, thou wilt soon reach Rome, the object of thy wishes."

You will observe that the Latin lines read the same backward and forward, forming a very good instance of the strange thing we call a palindrome.

St. Martin has always been a favorite in England; and in London alone there are seven churches dedicated to him.

The Church celebrates not only the day of St. Martin's death, but also that of the transference of his relics to the cathedral of Tours.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new edition, in very attractive form, of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," translated by Abbé L. Alger, has just been issued by Little, Brown & Co.

—The article on our national anthem and its author published in the present number of THE AVE MARIA settles the question of Francis Scott Key's religion. He was not a Catholic, but an Episcopalian; and seems to have been a man of deep religious feeling. Some of the information given in Mr. Reilly's article has never before been printed.

—We welcome a new edition of the excellent life of St. Anthony of Padua, by Father De Chérancé, O. S. F. C., rendered into English by Father Marianus, of the same community, and published by R. & T. Washbourne. Devotion to the great Franciscan wonder-worker is sure to be promoted wherever this charming biography is read.

—The new edition of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," selected and edited by Mr. Andrew Lang and generously illustrated by Mr. H. J. Ford, is probably the best edition of the famous Arab stories ever published. (Longmans, Green & Co.) Mr. Lang has followed the French version of M. Galland, who omitted a great deal that is dull and a large number of wearisome verses. Happy will be the children who read "The Arabian Nights" as Mr. Lang has presented them, with Mr. Ford's charming pictures. We long to see a story-book about saints and angels as attractive as this one.

—The *Monitor* Publishing Co. of San Francisco has undertaken to provide a series of manuals of graduated religious instruction for the use of children in parochial and Sunday-schools. The basis of the series is the Baltimore Catechism; and the aim of the general editor, Father Yorke, is to lead the child by gradual steps from a simple bird's-eye view of the essentials of Christian doctrine to a fuller knowledge of his religion. A careful examination of the "first grade," in which the simplest truths are expressed in the simplest language, and of the "third grade," in which the child is preparing for

his first Confession, convinces us that, both in plan and execution, the series will prove to be both popular and useful. Priests and teachers would do well to look into these books.

—The compiler of "Father Faber's May-Book" has prepared another booklet, which sets forth the association of Our Lady and the Holy Eucharist in selections from two of Faber's best known works. Tastefully published by R. & T. Washbourne.

—*Der Familienfreund* for 1899 is unusually attractive, both in regard to illustrations and reading matter. The story of Joseph Rouski's probation is extremely interesting and is calculated to make a beneficial impression on the youthful reader. The poetry is of a high order, and there is a judicious mixture of humor. Published by the *Herold des Glaubens*, St. Louis, Mo.

—"Carpenter's Geographical Reader," dealing with North America; and "Outdoor Studies," a reading book of nature study by James G. Neidham, are school-books that our teachers would do well to examine. The former seems to be the initial volume of a most useful series; the latter belongs to the Eclectic School Readings. Published by the American Book Co. The text-books of this firm are of a high order of excellence, and most of them will be found altogether unobjectionable on the score of religion. There is one paragraph on page 339 of the "Geographical Reader," however, that calls for emendation. The author seems to justify the confiscation of Church property by the Mexican government. Taking possession of monastic buildings and selling them for factories and hotels ought to be called by its right name, which is robbery. Children should not be left under the impression that a government is justified in stealing the property of the Church, or they may grow up with the idea of some of their elders that it is no sin to steal from Uncle Sam.

—King Edgar having asked St. Dunstan to postpone his Mass one morning until his Majesty should return from the hunt, the

holy bishop fell asleep in his chair and dreamed he was in heaven, listening to the *Kyrie Eleison* sung by the angelic choirs. Awaking, he asked if the king had returned; and on being told that he had not, Dunstan again slept and dreamed that he heard the *Ite missa est* sung in tones of ravishing beauty. On awaking the second time a courtier announced that King Edgar had returned from the chase and was awaiting Mass; but the saint refused, saying that he himself had already heard Mass in heaven, and forbidding the king to hunt henceforth before hearing Mass. This legend and another telling how the good St. Dunstan interfered with the custom of impartially flogging all the boys in an old abbey school five days before Christmas, are told in blank verse by Mr. E. Gilliat Smith. The thin volume is handsomely published in antique style, and contains some very effective illustrations by the celebrated artist, Flori Van-Acker. Elkin Mathews, publisher.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The World's Unrest and Its Remedy. *James Field Spalding.* \$1.25.

St. Vincent de Paul. *Emmanuel de Broglie.* \$1.

Miss Erin. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.25.

The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *William Bullen Morris.* 80 cts., net.

Let No Man Put Asunder. *Josephine Marié.* \$1.

Fantasies from Dreamland. *E. Gilliat Smith.* \$1.50.

The Arabian Nights. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

The Data of Modern Ethics Examined. *Rev. John J. Ming, S. J.* \$2, net.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession. *Rev. Joseph Sillmann, S. J.* \$1.

Songs from Prudentius. *E. Gilliat Smith.* \$1.75.

Motion: Its Origin and Conservation. *Rev. Waller McDonald, D. D.* \$3.50, net.

The Woman that Was a Sinner. *Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 40 cts.

Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King. 60 cts.

The Groundwork of Science. *St. George Mivart.* \$2.

Epochs of Literature. *Condé B. Pallen.* 75 cts., net.

Foundations of Faith. Part I. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Gospel of St. John. *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D.* \$2, net.

Notes on St. Paul. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$2, net.

Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. *Rev. James Bellord.* \$2.50.

The Religious Life and the Vows. *Monseigneur Charles Gay.* \$1.60, net.

Madge Hardlaun's Money. *Mary Cross.* 35 cts.

Striving after Perfection. *Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J.* \$1, net.

Stories on the Rosary. Part II. *L. E. Dobrée.* 50 cts.

Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, net.

The Man. *Rev. F. X. Welzel.* 40 cts.

The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Welzel.* 40 cts.

Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R.* 35 cts.

New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.

Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.

Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* \$1.

A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Gaus.* 15 cts.

Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth.* \$1.

Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus.* 60 cts., net.

Memories. *C. M. Home.* 70 cts., net.

Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.

The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. James Clare, S. J.* \$2.20, net.

The Voice of the Good Shepherd. *Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.* 5 cts.

The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, net.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, net.

The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.

Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.

Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady.* \$1.

Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., net.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Unmarked Graves.

I'M thinking to-night of the unmarked
graves

Where fameless heroes lie,
Afar where the grass of the prairie waves
'Neath the stars of the western sky;
Of the young and the strong that fell by the
way,

Their faces turned to the west,
Their brows anoint with the dawn of day:
Unweary, yet called to rest.

I'm thinking to-night of the unmarked
graves

Where fameless heroes sleep,
Afar where the requiems of the waves
In endless music sweep;
Of the young and the strong that knew no
fear

As they rode the billows' crest,
With never a thought of a harbor near,—
The harbor of long, long rest.

And thinking to-night of the unmarked
graves

Where fameless heroes lie,
The wind of the west and the moaning waves
That plead to the starless sky
Of the thought of my soul are ever a part
That cries aloud in prayer,
That casting anchor in Christ's Heart,
Their souls may find rest there.

HE that can not forgive others breaks
the bridge over which he must pass
himself; for every man has need to be
forgiven.—*Herbert.*

A Popular Tradition of Constantinople.



AMONG the last behests which
the Blessed Virgin on her death-
bed is said to have made to St.
John was one to give two robes,
or tunics, which belonged to her to two
women whose attachment to her and
whose services merited such a legacy. One
of these robes, religiously preserved, was
afterward to enrich Constantinople. The
strange circumstances of its transporta-
tion thither are related by Metaphrastes,
whose narrative, embodying the popular
tradition, we shall for the most part follow.

It may be well to premise that the
standing and authority of Metaphrastes,
which were almost universally discredited
by sectarian writers of the sixteenth and
seventeenth centuries, have in later times
been somewhat rehabilitated. Much of
his interesting biographical encyclopedia
is lost to us: there remain only twenty-
two biographies, forming three volumes
of Greek patrology. His work is now
very generally recognized as one of the
most attractive collections that have come
down to us from Christian antiquity;
and the narrow literalism of critics who
could not differentiate between history
and poetical legend has not lessened his
popularity. But, like all such writings,
the narrations of Metaphrastes are not to
be scanned too severely.

To return to our subject. During the reign of the Emperor Leo the Great, two brothers, Galbuis and Candidus, were the distinguished commanders of his armies. The Arian heresy, transmitted to them by their fathers as a deplorable inheritance, unfortunately kept them outside the Church; but, on the other hand, their blameless lives and their constant and generous almsgiving could not but win for them the special favor of Heaven. Providence chose them as the instruments of its loving designs on Constantinople, which city was then most notable for its devotion to the Blessed Virgin; for before Catholic France emblazoned her name on its banner, or Catholic England was known as Our Lady's Dowry, Byzantium gloried in the title of *Regnum Mariæ* (Kingdom of Mary).

The Mother of God inspired these two brothers with the desire of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Manifesting their desire to the Emperor, they were accommodated with a numerous escort. On arriving in Palestine they chose the route leading through Galilee, as Nazareth and Capharnaum held more attraction for them than did the Syrian coasts. One evening, after quitting Capharnaum, they were forced by the profound darkness of the night to seek hospitality in a small village. They knocked at the door of a modest cottage, tenanted by a Jewess more venerable even for her virtues than for her white locks. She cordially greeted the two strangers, bade them enter, and at once set about preparing a repast.

On their way to the dining-room, the brothers perceived toward the rear of the house an apartment all sparkling with lights and redolent of delicious odors that permeated the cottage. It was to all appearances the rendezvous of a throng of sick people. So strange a spectacle naturally excited their curiosity; there was evidently a mystery of which they determined to discover the explanation.

With this intent, they invited their hostess to share their supper. At first she refused, alleging that her religion forbade her to eat with Christians; but on their insisting and telling her that she need partake only of such viands as were permitted by the Judaic law, she yielded and entered the room.

During supper, Galbuis and Candidus avoided the subject that had so vividly piqued their curiosity. The meal being finished, however, they questioned the Jewess as to what they had seen in the strange room, their supposition being that they had witnessed some Jewish rite or ceremony. In reply, their hostess began to relate marvellous incidents of which the room in question was the daily theatre, but told nothing else thereof. Numerous inquiries were made with the view of getting to the bottom of the mystery, but to these she returned no answer. Our pilgrims, however, persisted; and their entreaties finally won for them the desired solution.

"Never until this day," said the old woman, "has any one penetrated this mystery. In my family it is a secret that has been religiously preserved and transmitted from one generation to another. As I am speaking, however, to serious and discreet men, I will reveal the matter to you; for I have no one among my people to whom I can transmit the secret confided to me. I feel assured that you will keep it faithfully hidden. In the room of which you speak is kept a tunic worn by Mary, the Mother of Jesus."

At these words the pilgrims were seized with the most profound astonishment, and listened with intense interest to the progress of the narrative.

"The Mother of Christ, when dying," continued the Jewess, "left her robes to two virgins. One of them belonged to my family; and she, in dying, expressed the desire that this treasure should always remain in the care of a virgin."

The chest which you may see in the room was made at the time to receive this robe, and the robe itself is the cause of the prodigies that occur here. Such is the explanation you have solicited. Let me conjure you to keep these things to yourselves: let them come to the knowledge of no one at Jerusalem."

The joy of the brothers upon hearing this wondrous story, to which what they themselves witnessed, as well as the evident sincerity of their amiable hostess, lent an air of unmistakable reality, was unbounded. They at once begged permission—readily accorded—to pass the night in the blessed sanctuary. Much of the time they spent in fervent prayers; but while the sick people present were tranquilly sleeping, our pilgrims carefully examined the precious chest, took exact measurements thereof, and noted the nature of its wood. Before taking leave of the hostess on the following morning, they asked her what commission they could execute for her in Jerusalem, as they would be most happy on their return to pay her another visit. She demanded only their prayers, but expressed the pleasure with which she would welcome their return.

Having acquitted themselves of their devotions in the Holy City, Galbius and Candidus proceeded to the shop of a skilled workman and commissioned him to make a chest, the exact counterpart of that whose measurements they had brought with them. The artisan was told to use the oldest wood and to provide for the chest a gold-cloth coverlet. The Galilean Jewess was not forgotten: for her they purchased rare spices for the sacrifices prescribed by the Mosaic law.

On their return to the little village, they once more solicited the hospitality of their former hostess, and asked also the privilege of spending the night near the holy robe. In the course of the night, while the sick, always in numbers

beneath that blessed roof, were deep in slumber, they cautiously approached the precious chest—not without emotion, for at first fear seemed to paralyze their arms. Oza, struck dead for having touched the Ark of the Covenant, naturally occurred to them. Were not their hands about to commit a sacrilegious profanation? Overcoming their momentary reluctance, however, they substituted for the Jewess' chest the one which they had procured in Jerusalem, and which they took good care to adorn with the golden coverlet. At daybreak they bade farewell to the old woman, having previously called her attention to the coverlet, which she looked upon as a gracious present rather than a means of averting her suspicion as to any change that had been effected in the appearance of the chest.

Once more in Constantinople, the two returned pilgrims were greatly perplexed as to their further disposal of the holy tunic. Should they offer it to the emperor or to the patriarch? In either case, they themselves would be deprived of a rich and holy treasure. Finally they determined to keep it near themselves. They owned an estate at Blaquernes, and here they constructed a little church, which, the better to avoid suspicion, they dedicated to St. Peter and St. Martin. The holy tunic remained therein for some years; but at length the desire to see a more solemn cult rendered to so venerable a relic decided them to tell the whole story to the emperor.

Notable was the joy of Leo the Great as he listened to the narrative of his gallant captains, and their desire was at once carried into effect. The little chapel was replaced by a magnificent edifice, celebrated during many years at Constantinople as the Blaquernes church. There the holy tunic was deposited in a silver coffer. This event, considered glorious for the imperial city, was registered in its annals, and the anniversary of its

occurrence was celebrated every year on July 2. The Emperor Manuel Comnenus, in his edict as to the ferias to be solemnized, wrote the following lines: "The second day of July will be celebrated, because we then commemorate the deposition of the precious Tunic of the Holy Mother of God."*

Miracles did not fail to draw to the sacred relic crowds of the sick and infirm. Universal confidence regarded it as the tutelary rampart of the city, which more than once received proofs of the sacredness of the tunic, and of the power of her to whom it had once belonged.

Cedrinus relates that in the reign of Michael the Stammerer the city was besieged by a great body of hostile forces. From an elevated position outside the walls, the leader of the opposing army saw the emperor himself planting his standard on the roof of the Blaquernes church, as upon a fortress that would defy all assaults. At the same time his son Theophilus followed, with the court and the clergy; also the venerable patriarch, who carried a fragment of the True Cross and the holy tunic in solemn procession around the ramparts. This spectacle rather shook the besieger's confidence in the issue of the combat; but he gave orders that at daybreak on the following morning both his fleet and land army should advance and attack. A sudden and violent tempest arose, however, and the powerful fleet was dispersed without any exertion on the part of the defenders of the city.

Nicephorus tells us that in his time the holy tunic was still preserved, in its entirety, at Constantinople. Possibly this "entirety" is not to be taken literally. While by far the greater portion of the robe may have still been treasured at Constantinople, pieces of it had no doubt been given away or abstracted. As

a matter of historical fact, fragments of it were treasured in Oviedo, Toulouse, Rome, and elsewhere.

That the holy tunic was venerated with genuine devotion at Constantinople we have abundant evidence in hymnology. Josephus composed no fewer than seven odes to celebrate its "deposition" in the church at Blaquernes. One hymn, sung on the festival (July 2) in honor of the Tunic of the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, Cardinal Pitra publishes in his "Analecta Sacra." We give herewith a partial translation:

"O Immaculate Virgin, most pleasing to God, thou hast given to all the faithful the Tunic of immortality,—that sacred Tunic which thou hast woven in corporal purity! O thou protectress of all mankind, we celebrate the deposit of this treasure, exclaiming, *Hail, Virgin, superb joy of Christians!*

"Let us say with faith: Mary, Blessed Mother of God, pure and true tabernacle of God; we who have been redeemed by His birth venerate the holy tunic with which she was robed when she carried the Infant God clothed with that flesh which elevated human nature to the higher life and the kingdom of heaven. Therefore do I cry aloud to thee: *Hail, Virgin, triumphant joy of Christians!*

"The Creator of all things, architect and Lord, has adorned thee with glory, O Mary, Immaculate Virgin, as His true Mother! And thou hast appeared as the potent guardian of our city, its help, its rampart; proof against enemies when, a general without arms, thou overturnest alien phalanxes. Thou in thy wonderful clemency dost cover thy people with this veritable mantle, whilst we exclaim: *Hail, Virgin, glory of Christians!*"

THE force of a temptation may be said to lie in its correspondence with some unconscious or some admitted desire.

—John Oliver Hobbes.

* Theod. Balsamon, in *Til. VII Photii*.

Mary Gainor's Inheritance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

I KNOW, Mary, you said I must not escort you home; but this encounter is entirely accidental. What am I to do? Since it has begun to rain, and you have no umbrella, perhaps you will accept mine? And, now if I might be permitted to carry it for you—"

The tall, broad-shouldered young man glanced down at her with frank and pleasant eyes.

Mary laughed in spite of herself.

"Of course, Bernard, you may come," she answered, a trifle shyly, yet falling in with his teasing humor. "It would not be fair to deprive you of the umbrella, and—" her glance travelled to the neat gown in danger of being spoiled by the drizzling rain.

"Exactly! The elements are in my favor," he rejoined, continuing to walk beside her. "Have you ever heard the simple little ballad—

You and I together, love,
Never mind the weather, love?

No? It is a very pretty song—one your father might quote to your mother, for instance; since they have travelled on together through all sorts of weather for so many years."

An appreciative mention of her parents always warmed Mary's heart to any one; accordingly she forgave Bernard by a deprecating look for his half-merry unwillingness to let slip an opportunity of helping her "to make up her mind," since this appeared to be the state of affairs between them. But he had the good sense to realize that the occasion was inopportune for more than these passing words of honest love-making; and as there was in the attraction of these two young people for each other

the element of genuine friendship which constitutes a firm basis for sincere and lasting affection, they were soon chatting good-humoredly, and in a matter-of-fact manner, of many things.

The threatened rain did not amount to much, after all; and even Mary forgot to suggest taking a car; for often she was forced to acknowledge to herself that to be with Bernard rendered her tranquilly happy and content. Confident of having a sympathetic listener, the young man talked of his work, of small events of the day at the mills, of his prospects and ambitions; all the while ingenuously revealing to the girl beside him how "through each labor, like a thread of gold," was woven the hope of her sweet companionship in the future.

"By the way," he said at length, after a pause, during which he seemed lost in reflection, "I have been considering an opportunity about which I should like to have your opinion. A woman's advice is sometimes invaluable to a man even in a business matter; for whereas his judgment may be swayed by apparently opposing interests, she seems to perceive intuitively what is best for him to do."

"Especially when she is not indifferent to him," thought Mary, blushing. It was not difficult to surmise that his reason for consulting her was because the point at issue might affect her future as well as his own, provided she consented to marry him, as she knew in her heart she intended to do. And Bernard understood pretty well too; although, with the innocent coquetry of maidenly timidity, she would fain put off giving the solemn promise which she felt would be only less binding than the marriage vow itself.

"I must begin by assuring you," he went on, prosaically enough, "that I have never speculated in stocks nor any of the schemes in which a fortune is sometimes won as by the cast of a gambler's dice. I have preferred, when practicable, to put

the little I have been able to save into some small investment, satisfied with its security, and by no means anticipating a phenomenal return, nor expecting to gather wealth as a boy rolls up a giant snowball until it becomes too unwieldy for him to manage.

"To-day a party of gentlemen came to the mill to see Mr. George Hazelton, the junior partner. After they were gone, as I was passing his office, he called to me and asked me to step in a moment. You know, both he and his father, the founder of the firm, are kindly disposed toward me, and I am to have an interest in the business next year. It appears Mr. Hazelton's friends are now forming a syndicate to develop certain lands in the northwestern part of the State, which, according to their representations, are likely to prove a perfect El Dorado."

"More coal?" inquired Mary, much interested.

"No, but something analogous and fully as valuable. You have heard, of course, of the many experiments of late years to distil from coal a fluid for illuminating purposes, and have seen the new product in use. Hitherto the process of manufacture has been too expensive to admit of its general adoption, however. We residents of the city, having the superior illuminating gas, can hardly appreciate the disadvantages of people in small towns and remote country places, who, by reason of the high cost of this new fluid—kerosene or petroleum oil—must still depend for light during the long, dark winter evenings upon the dim flame of a burning wick fed by sperm or paraffine oil, or else fall back upon the candles and tallow dips of the last century. Now, it is claimed, the slow and expensive process employed to obtain the petroleum from the coal is no longer necessary; that up in Clarion County a practically inexhaustible supply of the crude oil may be found merely by boring

or blasting wells of a considerable depth. If this be indeed the case, the importance of the discovery is simply immense from a commercial point of view; and any one fortunate enough to have a share in the enterprise is likely to wake up some fine morning a millionaire.

"The land up there is rocky and sterile; much of it is lying utterly waste. The portions under cultivation yield but a poor return; and the inhabitants are, for the most part, too ignorant to be able to turn to account the stream of wealth flowing in subterranean channels far beneath their rugged fields. Already several companies have been formed to buy up these lands for a sum, small yet sufficient to render the rude mountaineers comfortable for the remainder of their days; and then the object is to try for oil. A promising piece of ground may prove a disappointment and a loss to the investor; but, on the other hand, if he 'strikes oil,' the profits will be enormous.

"The projectors of the scheme are keeping very quiet about their plans. If the news of the ostensible discovery were noised abroad, the people up in that region would either refuse to sell or else would hold their farms at such fabulous figures that it would amount to the same. Mr. George Hazelton is already an enthusiast upon the subject. He has invested to a considerable extent; and he offers me, as a special act of friendliness, an opportunity of joining with him. Mr. Hazelton senior, on the contrary, being an ultra-conservative, stands aloof from the enterprise, and has no faith in it. He maintains that it is altogether too chimerical,—a fairy tale; the honorable men who have gone into it, he says, may be the dupes of the others. Of course, one might visit the locality and examine for one's self; but even then, who knows but sharpers might put oil into the wells surreptitiously, with intent to deceive, as gold mines are 'salted'? Who ever heard

before of wells of coal oil? And, then, who knows that the speculators ever intend to put the money subscribed into land for the benefit of the stockholders at all? The old gentleman advises his son to go up there and buy land independently, if he is determined to take up with the idea. Now, the question is, how do *you* regard it all? Why—what is the matter—dear?”

Bernard had refrained from watching Mary's face during the last few minutes. Not wishing to be distracted in his statement of the case, he had kept his eyes fixed the while upon a distant church spire outlined against the horizon, which he half-unconsciously likened to a commentary exclamation point upon the text of his remarks. Now when he turned to her, he saw that her countenance was singularly white, and wore the expression of one who had received a mental shock of some kind.

“Mary, you are over-tired, and I have selfishly induced you to walk! Shall I hail a car?” he asked, anxiously.

“No, no! I am not tired. I have had a revelation and am dazed, that is all.”

How could Bernard but misconstrue the remark! “She thinks I have become possessed by an inordinate eagerness to be rich,” he thought, with a tinge of bitterness at being so misjudged.

“There is little likelihood of my developing into an insatiable speculator absorbed by the passion of money-getting, pray understand,” he continued, in a hurt tone. “My highest ambition is to make a happy home for you to share; my dream of wealth, to be able to gratify your every wish.”

“I know, Bernard,—I know!” she gasped. “In my thoughts I did you no injustice; you are too generous and upright ever to aggrandize yourself by unjust means. You want my advice? I think, with old Mr. Hazelton, it would be better to buy land independently and

deal personally with the present owner. In this way you would be confident of treating him honestly and at the same time would protect yourself. These people *are* trying to buy up the land; for—well,—father has a little farm up there.”

“Your father!”

“Yes. Did you not know he once lived in Clarion County? And yesterday, quite unexpectedly, he had an offer for the property,—an offer that seemed most advantageous, but which is in reality a paltry sum in view of this project.”

“Oh, beg him to hold on to his land by all means, then!” broke out Bernard, in joyous congratulation. “It will secure to him and to your mother every comfort against their old age.”

“Alas! he was this very evening to mail the papers transferring all right and title to it to—another,” faltered Mary. “I pray God I may reach home in time to prevent this misfortune. You will permit me, I am sure, to repeat to him so much of what you have told me as may serve to warn him?”

“That goes without saying. Mary, how you almost *fly* along!”

“I must. An—old friend has sought to wrong father, I am afraid. However, perhaps I am at fault, after all,” she exclaimed, stopping short. “His farm is some distance from the coal fields; there is not a bit of coal on the place, I have often heard him say. Yes, I must be under a misapprehension; for the oil is found only in the vicinity of the coal veins.”

“By no means. A peculiarity of the discovery is that the subterranean stores of oil are located at a considerable distance from any trace of coal.”

“Then there is still a chance,” she continued, hastening on again. “No doubt father will be glad to have a chat with you upon the subject later, but I will ask you not to wait to see him now: it will be better for me to break the news to him alone. At last here we are at

the door. Good-evening, Bernard! I shall pray that your every venture may be attended with success. Perhaps you have not only furthered your own fortunes but saved ours from wreck to-day."

The vision of prosperity conjured up in her mind by Bernard's story, and its bearing upon her father's affairs, was not a selfish one. The fifteen hundred dollars would, she knew well, have been either laid by against the hour of need, or spent mainly for her. Peter would still have been obliged to retain his post of night-watchman. But if oil should be found on Peter Gainor's land, then indeed might he and his good wife enjoy the contentment of well-earned ease and rest for the remainder of their days.

"Oh, that father may not be gone!" she exclaimed. "Ah, here is his hat in the hall! Father!" she cried aloud, no longer able to restrain her impatience,— "father, did you mail the deed?"

"No," he answered from the dining-room, and came out to meet her. "But I have it signed and ready. Mr. Peniston says everything is all right. He wrote a bit of a letter to go with it, and addressed the packet so there would be no mistake. See, here it is! I shall drop it in a post box on the way to my watch. I was just going out. Good-night, *alanna!*"

Mary threw her arms about his neck and burst into tears.

"No, no, father: everything is not all right!" she said, brokenly. "But, thank God, 'tis not too late to make it so." And she hastily related to him what Bernard had told her.

Peter stood listening with the packet in his hand. When she had finished, he took out the deed, and, after running his eyes over it, tore it into shreds, cast the fragments on the floor and stamped upon them with a muttered imprecation. Then he put on his hat and went out, banging the door after him.

(To be continued.)

The Angel and the Poet.

FROM THE SPANISH. TRANSLATED BY R. HOWLEY.

ANGEL.

WHAT of thy gift—the sacred store
Of living light thou hoard'st within?
What of that grace divine that o'er
Thy spirit ruled and made thee kin
With Heaven?

For grace it was, not earthly gift,
The flame that lent thy word its spell,—
The poet-power that dared uplift
Thy thought to heights where angels dwell.
Thy being's law, thy conscience' guide,
Thy inmost self, was breath of song
Unveiled in vision, poised in pride
A god wert thou amid the throng
Of earth.

What of thy gift? A rebel thou
To Him who would thy soul exalt;
The withered wreath that crowns thy brow
Was plucked from passion's charnel vault.
The goad of grace thou wouldst not brook;
The light within thou wouldst not free,
The fettered flame wild vengeance took
And made a Hell where Heaven should be.

Rise, Soul, from out thy prison vile!
On rank, on riches, on renown,
Earth's vain rewards, man's frown or smile,
From poet's proudest peaks look down;
And in thy mind's majestic flight
Still upward urge, nor cease to soar
Till, bathed in Beauty Infinite,
Earth's shell shall sound thy song no more.

POET.

Ah, cruel Sprite,
Thou tak'st delight
To wound the wounds my heart must bear!
In pity, cease
Nor give increase
To pangs that drive me to despair.
My lot is found
Where wrongs abound
That wring the withers of the mind;
Beset with woes
Man only knows,

And griefs removed from spirit kind,
 Thou own'st no fount of tears and blood,
 No felon flesh enfolds thee round;
 Thou float'st not on the fetid flood
 Where carrion reeks and shrieks resound.
 Sunk in earth's slough, thou bid'st me deal
 With angel themes, with worlds of bliss!
 Am I not human,—formed to feel
 The ills that kill all joy in this?

Enough that I no solace sought,
 Nor power nor praise nor gilded crest;
 Too near my poet insight brought
 Earth's scene of anguish and unrest.
 O cruel gift, O crowning pain!
 (Would that the poet's soul were blind!)
 To see the depth—yet not sustain—
 Of woe and wrong that wastes mankind.

And yet through me, indefinite
 And vague, there breathed a brighter sense,
 As April's flowery breezes flit
 And perfume e'en the vapors dense.
 And to the world my thought (outpoured
 While wandering wistful o'er its face)
 Lost gleams of light, mayhap, restored,
 Lost grace of hope or hope of grace.
 But ne'er shall Poet drown the cry
 That through the world rings loud and high:
 Earth's unison of agony!

Come, Spirit bright,
 Cast forth the night
 That broods upon my sombre soul;
 Give me to cling
 Beneath thy wing,
 With thee to win the Poet's goal.
 Above the hurricane's wild way,
 Beyond the stars through ether spread,
 Above the orb that lights the day,
 Through spanless space and darkness dread,
 Lead thou me on, till Heaven's own beam
 Rest on the Poet's gladdened eyes;
 And lower life's delirious dream
 Be changed to light that never dies.
 Then shall the Bard's sweet song be sung,
 Then shall his pent-up music flow,
 And all his soul to strains be strung
 Unutterable here below.

LONDON, Oct. 14, 1898.

A Pope's Private Letters.

To a Physician.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am grieved that your domestic affairs are in so bad a condition; and that your wife, by her excessive expenses, labors constantly to make them worse. There is nothing but patience and mildness which can affect her. Gain her confidence, and you will afterward gain what you please. You should never reproach a wife, whatever she may have done amiss; but hit upon some means of opening her eyes. Try to reason with her; seem to enter into her views, so as not to have the appearance of contradicting her; and insensibly, by candid representations, by good treatment, by sensible arguments, by the effusions of the heart, she may be brought to accept the advice you have for her; but you must not assume either a pedantic manner or the tone of a moralizer.

Above all things do not complain of your wife before your children, and still less before the servants. They will acquire the bad habit of showing her disrespect, and they may even come to despise her. Women deserve consideration; the more so as it is almost always the temper of husbands or domestic vexations which make them peevish. Their tender nature requires attention, as well as their condition, which does not permit them to divert their cares so easily as we can do, whose lives are divided between business and study. While the husband goes abroad on business or pleasure, the wife remains confined at home, necessarily employed in minute duties, which are consequently wearying. Women who love reading have a resource, but they can not be always reading; besides, almost every woman who reads much becomes vain.

I advise you to recommend to her creditors to come frequently to remind her when she is in their debt. She will

KNOWLEDGE is the star of faith.

—Schlegel.

soon grow tired of their visits; and then you may explain to her that there can not be a greater misfortune than to be in debt when we are unable to pay promptly. You will engage her attention by mentioning the necessity of saving something for her children. She loves them tenderly, and that motive will be the best lesson which can be given her.

I formerly knew an old officer at Pesaro who had suffered much from the passionate freaks of his wife. When she fell into a rage, he remained impassive and did not speak a single word; and this silence very soon cooled her passion. The passionate are to be disarmed by mildness....

The confidence which the first people of the town place in you does them honor. They must know from frequent cures that the reproaches uttered against physicians are not always well founded. The fashion is to be merry at their expense; but, for my part, I am convinced that there is more enlightenment among them than in almost all the other professions, and that their science is not so conjectural as is commonly thought. But man, ingenious in deluding himself, says that it is never death but always the physician that kills. Besides, what learned man never deceives himself? We should not meet with so many sophisms and paradoxes in books were it not that writers are fallible, though they may know a great deal.

What I say to you, my dear Doctor, is the more generous on my part because I am blessed with the most perfect health and have no need of physicians. I take my chocolate every morning, lead a frugal life, use a great deal of snuff, and walk frequently; with such a regimen one may live to a great age. But I am not desirous of a long life.

Love me always as your best friend,—the friend of your family, and as one who most sincerely wishes to see you happy.

My compliments to your good wife, whom I wish to see as prudent in her expenses as you are. That time will come. The happiness of this life consists in always hoping.

ROME, 30 September, 1756.

To the Same.

You will see, my dear friend, by the enclosed memorial of your colleagues, who tear one another to pieces, that study does not exempt us from the weaknesses incident to human nature. Nevertheless, the learned ought to set an example of moderation, and leave quarrels and jealousies to the vulgar as their proper elements. Every age has produced intellectual combats very humiliating to common-sense. The merit of one man is not the same in another; and I can not see why envy should be so exasperated as to decry those who have reputation. I would rather never have read an author than to conceive the least hatred against him. If he writes well, I admire him; if he writes badly, I excuse him, because I suppose he did his best.

The greater the number of mean souls who rank themselves in the list of writers, the more they detest and tear one another to pieces. Men of genius, like the generous mastiff, despise the barking of little curs. The truly great never reply to critics,—satire and abuse are best answered by silent contempt.

Men of superficial knowledge are much more exposed to these squabbles than the truly learned, because their application is quite different. The learned are too much absorbed in study to hearken to the whispers of jealousy; while the others, like light troops, are scattered about on the watch.... The learned man writes for posterity; the superficial, for the present age. The latter is in a hurry to gain reputation for the immediate gratification of self-love, preferring the applause of a day to a more lasting reputation.

I am delighted to hear that your wife is now disposed to listen to your remonstrances; she will possibly at last become a miser! But take care of that, for then she may suffer you to die of hunger; and, you know, a physician prescribes strict regimen only to his patients.

I hardly have time to read the work you mention; but as you speak so highly of its latinity, I shall endeavor to glance over it. There are some books which I run over in the twinkling of an eye, others which I dive into so as to lose nothing.

I love a work whose chapters, like so many avenues, lead agreeably to some interesting prospect. When I see the road crooked and the ground rugged, I halt at once; and I do not go farther unless the importance of the subject makes me forget the manner in which it is treated.

I leave you to visit an English lord, who thinks, as he speaks, with energy. He can not conceive how Rome can canonize men who have lived holy lives; as if we did not judge of men by their lives, and as if God had not promised the kingdom of heaven to those who faithfully follow the Gospel! I think, however, that that excellent work of the Holy Father, "On the Canonization of Saints," will open his eyes; he esteems the Pontiff greatly, and has a high opinion of his writings. Adieu!

CONVENT OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,
5 November, 1756.

To Cardinal Valenti, Secretary of State.

MOST EMINENT SIR:—This letter is the supplication of a poor monk who intercedes for a poor man who is humble indeed in the eyes of such a lord as you, but nevertheless a subject worthy of all your attention if you look upon him with that Christian philosophy which places all mankind on a level and ever directs your actions.

The subject in question is Dominic Baldi, a domestic who has long been attached to your service, and who has

been dismissed for a sally of passion. As he comes from the place where I was born, and I know him to have a number of good qualities, especially his singular attachment to you, I venture to supplicate you in his favor.

My lord, you have a great soul, and I am sure of success if you will only hearken a little. Your heart will be my best intercessor with you. Men are not angels: servants have their faults and so have their masters.

I ought to have solicited this favor in person; but probably I should have been obliged to wait in an ante-chamber, on account of the people and business which beset you, and I have no time to lose.

If you hearken to my petition, my gratitude shall be as lasting and extensive as the profound respect with which I am
Your Eminence's most humble, etc.

ROME, the 1st of the month.

To a Monk setting out for America.

The seas will very soon separate us; but such is the lot of this life: that some are scattered to the extremities of the world, while others remain always in the same place. One thing is certain—that my heart follows yours; and that wherever yours shall be, there will mine be found also.

If you have not laid in an ample stock of piety, I shall be exceedingly fearful for you on a voyage where all the words you will hear will not be those of edification, and in a country where all the examples that will be presented to you will not be found the most correct models of virtue. America is the earthly paradise, where they frequently eat the forbidden fruit. The wicked serpent is continually preaching up the love of riches and pleasures.

We are unfortunate enough in this world not to be able to restrain our passions, when we perceive no other superior but God, unless a lively faith be

the principle of our actions. And such is the case of the religious who live in America. Not having any superior who has a right to prescribe rules, or an authority to exact their observance, they are lost if the Gospel does not reign in their hearts.

I am persuaded that you will not fail to beg of Almighty God to give you strength and support against all kinds of dangers. Much good may be effected even among the negroes, notwithstanding the fact that they are generally addicted to the grossest vices, provided a pastor can contrive to gain their confidence and be able to impress their minds with a certain awe.

Think that the God of the universe will be as near you in America as in Europe; that His eye seeth everywhere, His justice judgeth all; and that it is for Him alone you ought to act. Lead a diligent and regular life; for, unfortunately, should indolence once get possession of you, the vices will very soon beset you and you will not be able to defend yourself. Never suffer one word to pass your lips which can be interpreted against religion or morals. Even those who seemingly approve will, in fact, despise you, as an unworthy servant who makes a mockery of the Master whose bread he eats and whose livery he wears.

God preserve you from heaping up riches! A priest who loves money, but more especially a monk who has taken the vow of poverty, is worse than the wicked rich man, and deserves to be still more rigorously punished.

Be sociable and gain your parishioners' affection and confidence by your great charity. Let them see that it is true piety which governs you, and not fancy. Do not meddle in secular affairs, except to restore peace.

I will pray for you to Him who commands the waves, who calms the tempests,

and who does not abandon His servants wheresoever they be. What comforts me is that souls know no distance; for by the ties of religion and the heart we are always neighbors to one another.

Adieu! I tenderly embrace you.

To a Gentleman of Ravenna.

SIR:—I could never have supposed that you would apply to an obscure monk like me to decide a family dispute. There are a great number of eminent lawyers here, who can give you a reliable opinion. Besides my incapacity in this particular, I do not like to give advice in secular matters. I remember that St. Paul prohibits every minister of the Lord from interfering in temporals. A man who is dead to the world should never meddle with its affairs. Every religious society that neglects this maxim will sink into oblivion sooner or later; and any monk who should intrude into families in order to know their secrets, to regulate marriages and testaments, would be equally contemptible and dangerous.

We have too many duties of our own to have leisure to busy ourselves in other people's affairs; and we should be heartily detested if we dared to attempt it. We made noise enough formerly by merely striving to preserve the use or property of our own rights. Let us not meddle, therefore, with the inheritances of the world. St. Francis, the seraph of Assisi, who preached up disinterestedness and poverty, would anathematize us if he saw us attempting to undertake the management of secular affairs.

All that I ought or can do is to exhort you to peace and concord, and not to show a criminal avidity for the things of this life, which passes away and leaves us nothing but our works. Let us take care that they be good, that we may not appear before God empty-handed.

ROME, 3 March, 1750.

(To be continued.)

A Boy and a Balcony.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

I.

IT was the most gorgeous thing in the way of a balcony that I ever saw. Up a dark and dirty alley, overhanging a wretched slip of a yard, but visible from the whirring trolley cars bearing their crowded, pleasure-seeking passengers to the great green depths and stretches of the Park, "so near and yet so far" from those tiny, shabby homes, I noted it one lovely but very warm Sunday morning when we were riding home from Mass. It was early, and there was a suspicion of freshness in the air and in the lingering shadows at the street corners; the sun had not yet reached over the taller roofs. Even a suspicion of freshness had come to be a blessing that stirred the heart; for day after day and week after week had gone in unchanging monotony of blaze and blister and scorch, and smells that were never savory. To come out of the dim church with the tranquil consciousness of all that has been done for us, and all that is so mercifully promised us if we fail not, and to find at the very door a way open to a glimpse of the beautiful earth, was another blessing. We always took the longest way home when we dared; and so it was I came to a sight of the balcony with which I began.

The streets of a city are never quite the same to a passer-by on Sunday morning as they are on other mornings or at another hour of the day. There is a sort of peace and rest about them which speaks of something a little better than the sorrowful cares of the week-a-day world. In the summer time there is a gala-day appearance, particularly in the newer and "up-town" neighborhoods. There the people are still individuals, and are free to do as they please: to be

comfortable as they like, and to snatch from the fleeting hour all that it has of sunshine or shade as they choose.

The master of a modest home comes out to his doorstep, shaven and shorn, clean-washed and spotlessly shirted, as his stiff white cuffs and smooth sleeves give proof, and sits him down for an absolutely idle few minutes. The children hover around him, enjoying the holiday sense of a father neither at work nor too tired to answer questions, to look at the last new thing of interest to them. The mother comes through the narrow entry to look benignantly over his shoulder, a little neater and fresher, a little more smiling and youthful-looking than she was on Saturday night. Pretty girls in best dresses—and very neat and stylish they are, too, in our America,—and older sons in Sunday coats, and hats quite as fashionable as any Vanderbilt derby, appear here and there.

All the corner stores are decorously open—for in the homes of too many of the poor there is no spot where they can "keep over" the day's bread and meat; the barber-shops hang out their little sign inciting to hurry and get it over before nine, or go unshaved; the drug-stores have their shades drawn down, and not so much as a fancy soap visible in the great plate-glass windows that until a late hour the night before glowed like the jewels in the garden of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. And, then, over all and through all (if you are early enough) there is a golden, misty glow, and an odor that is like the breath of green grass and woods' blossoms. One who loves beauty as God gives it lavishly and unceasingly year after year, may be content with the hideous masque of a city at that hour.

I was thinking something of this kind, and wondering, gratefully, what it was that moved the frowzy, the dirty, the drunken and the vile to hide themselves; to lurk and sleep and drowse out of sight

when they are usually so defiantly to the fore in the neighborhood we were threading, when every sort of moralizing and speculating was driven from me by that balcony—which we have reached again. I was, fortunately, prying up the alleys to see if I might have overlooked the loafers, or I might have missed it.

It was old and tottering, hanging on "by its eyelids" to the back of a dirty brick tenement, very high and narrow, and with every window smashed or patched. But it was painted a vivid green, picked out with red—cardinal red of the most flaming tint; and it had boxes—many boxes—of all shapes and sizes, and of the brightest yellow possible to paint, ranged along it and mounted on small wooden brackets wherever they would cling. In every box there was bloom and verdure. There were vines and bushes; small, flat plants, and tall, large-leaved plants; honeysuckle (you can't mistake it even as you flash by in a trolley), sweet-peas, geraniums, and a sunflower.

Then suddenly it was gone, and we were swinging round at the Park entrance.

"Did you see that?"

"What?" asked Elizabeth, who was thinking.

"That gorgeous balcony. We passed it a moment ago. It is up an alley and in the most dismal surroundings."

"I did not notice," replied Elizabeth, with her most quietly superior air.

She is good—"as good as gold,"—indeed, she is far and away better than any gold that was ever refined; but she is trying sometimes when I am interested in something she sees no use for. Of course I said nothing more about the balcony then or at any other time that week.

One reason why Elizabeth, and all the family, in fact, are so superior now and then where I am concerned, is that I am not "practical,"—that I am a "dreamer" and have "no common-sense." I am not

so very young now, and I have managed to earn a pretty fair living and not waste it, for a good many years; but, all the same, I am a very inferior person when it comes to anything "sensible." I spend a good many hours in thoughts about people whom I don't know, and probably would not like if I did know; and I do dream of things farthest removed from their thoughts. But I get a great deal of good out of the thoughts and the dreams. They make me more forbearing toward others, I know; and they stir me up to be ashamed of myself and my failures to make the most of what has been given me; because, in my own mind, I have seen what others seem to do with much less that has been given them. And I did think a great deal of that poor woman and her balcony,—for I was perfectly sure she was a woman.

The next Sunday morning I wished Elizabeth might feel like going home the longest way; but I thought it might not be really "sensible" to propose such an expenditure of car fares, and I said nothing. But the instant we came out of the church she stopped on the pave, and my mind was at rest.

"I enjoy this ride more than all the rest of the week," she said. "No one is waiting for us or wondering where we are; and, then, it is such a delightful relief from the heat."

So we were off. And I began at the first turn to look for the balcony; for it is not possible to remember exactly where one sees a new thing in strange neighborhoods. It was a real Sunday morning, such as I have hinted at before; and if we did not see the same fathers and mothers, we saw their doubles; for the people who live up-town, dwelling all in the same kind of houses, grow into a certain likeness of one another as they grow to fit the angles and corners of their home. And after a much longer time than I expected—for the balcony had

meant the whole of last week's ride, and I had forgotten what led up to it,—we turned the last corner, and there it was!

"Look, Elizabeth! You must see it! Did you ever!"

Elizabeth saw it. First her pretty face dimpled all over with amusement; then her soft eyes deepened and darkened.

"O poor things!" she exclaimed. "To think of any one who loves them so much living in such a place as that!"

Elizabeth and I usually come to the same conclusion when she sees for herself, and not with my eyes.

Then a very odd thing happened. We made a street-car acquaintance, and it was a man. He was shabbily clothed too, but he was clean; and he had the mildest, thin, white face, delicate lipped and heavy browed. He spoke in a hesitating way, as though shy and yet eager; and he had an English accent of a broad, smooth, quaint sound,—a sound marking to the learned in such things the exact place of his birth.

"Mayhap, ladies, ye don't know the little lad?" he asked wistfully, as though he hoped we should say we did.

Elizabeth looked at him, slightly surprised; but I understood, I was sure, and I answered at once:

"What little lad? We are strangers to everyone in this part of the city."

He looked disappointed and shook his head, as if saying to himself: "That's bad!" I remembered now that he had boarded the car a few minutes before.

"Johnson's little lad," he answered. "I heard ye speaking of the flowers, and I thought ye might be of those who come kindly to see him now and then. He's very bad to-day."

His voice fell on the last words, and the whole man drooped visibly. I said the weather was very trying, particularly if one was not strong; to which remark he assented quietly.

"He's never strong, the little lad."

There was a wonderful caressing tenderness in the way he uttered it, and I seemed to see an interesting story unroll at the sound.

Elizabeth spoke now, and asked directly if there was anything we could do to help him. The man inspired confidence and interest, his face growing on one with every look at it. How he brightened at the question!

"Us haven't many friends," he said; "and it's new to hear it put that way. The men at the pottery knows us, but there's no womankind. The two ladies that come now and then—I take it kind of them—are sent by their church, and I don't know them. I never get home until late, and I go out betimes—"

"Are you his father?" I interrupted.

"I am, Miss. His mother left him alone with me when he was but a baby. I have done the best I could—the best I could."

"I am sure of it!" I said, heartily. I would have cheered him at a greater expense of truth than that, I am afraid; but I did feel sure of it. There was the balcony in evidence.

"Then it is the little lad who loves the flowers?" put in Elizabeth.

"It is, Miss. He has nothing else, ye see. Thank God, they content him!"

We had reached the Park, and the car was entirely deserted. He looked around him and then at us.

"We go round in the car," I remarked; "and come only for the ride."

He stood up, hesitated, then bowed awkwardly, and stepped off. The very next minute he was standing at its side, and touching his hat again. We waited expectantly.

"Mayhap, ladies, ye would be coming this way again?"

"It is more than probable."

"If ye would stop to see the little lad—and soon! He's very bad."

It was Elizabeth who said instantly we should assuredly stop to see him, that

we would make the trip on purpose. He thanked us and struck off quickly into the Park. I looked at her inquiringly.

"I could not help it, Milicent. I felt so grieved for him. Did you ever see a sadder man, take him as a whole?"

"No, I do not think I ever did. But it is not very 'commonsensical' to feel such an interest in a perfect stranger. He may be an out-and-out fraud."

Elizabeth sat up very straight and looked ahead of her.

"I don't care if he is," she said, curtly. "I'll make a fool of myself for once and see how you feel so often."

After that there was nothing to be said on either side.

II.

The next afternoon—it had cooled off and was shady and gray—Elizabeth came to the study and asked if I was too busy to go out.

"Not at all. I was going to dress to go to see 'the little lad.'"

"Exactly what I intended. I can not get the poor father out of my mind. Let us go at once."

And as we went we planned the call—how we should speak, whom we should ask for, what we should do and say when we came into the presence of the boy. It was rather bewildering to find how vague was our information, how altogether the visit was the outcome of a word spoken by an utter stranger.

We stepped off the car at the end of the alley, and passed around the houses into the street on which they fronted. It was, of course, much more pretentious than might have been looked for from the back view. We counted the houses, and came as near it as we could. Presently a tall old woman with a hard face opened the door.

"Does—" Elizabeth began, and then looked at me.

"Is this the house with the flowers on the balcony?" I blundered.

"No, 'tain't no sich place."

"Oh, I beg pardon! We want to find—'Johnson's little lad,' isn't it?"

The hard face softened instantly.

"Yes. He's very sick, I hearn 'em say. He's next door but one—yan door."

She came out on her own steps and pointed to it.

"You'll not do him much good, but he's a-honing for company. His father, poor man, ain't never able to stay home with him. He'll be glad to see you."

We thanked her and tried the door indicated. She stood watching us, and hailed the woman (who gave us ready entrance) to know how the sick boy was "gettin' along." Our hostess stepped out for a chat, hurriedly directing us to "go right ahead up them stairs and knock. He'll hear you, an' walk right in."

The stairs were steep and bare, but they were clean. We climbed them as noiselessly as possible, for one does hate to proclaim an uninvited visit; and, using our own sense of observation, went as far as the third story before we knocked at a low black door.

"Come in!" piped out a cheery, high, thin voice. "I guessed you would come, Mrs. Morton! This seemed like one of your days."

It was a small room, and there was so little in it that it seemed hardly in use. It was very bright; and there was an effect of sunshine, due to a liberal tinting of the same yellow paint we had seen on the boxes of the balcony. The one window had been rudely made to open on the balcony, and the head of the small cot had been thrust out of it into the shadow and shelter of the plants. In that cot lay the smallest and crookedest boy not a baby whom I have ever seen. He was so crooked that his poor little face was quite turned away from us, and helplessly fixed toward the waving leaves.

"It is not Mrs. Morton, dear," replied Elizabeth, so softly and so tenderly it

sounded very strange to me; "but it is only friends who want to know you."

There was utter silence. We moved forward a few steps.

"I can't see you," said the little fellow, in a subdued tone; "but I like what you say. I'm bad to-day and I can't turn over. You will be sorry for that, but I don't mind—not—much."

Neither of us could have spoken had fortunes depended on it. Elizabeth—she is *very* beautiful—slipped between the cot and the wall, and bent over the poor little hidden face under the leaves.

"Oh!" he cried, rapturously. "Now I see you! I'm glad you came!"

It was such a weak little voice that one felt it would soon be hushed on earth even as it pronounced the commonplace, everyday words. Elizabeth sank down beside him and began to question and to soothe with bright words, and offer delicate little helps and tendernesses, which he met with a sweet faith and readiness. She lifted him in her strong young arms, and moved him with her soft, smooth hands, and turned his face as he asked to have it; and he sighed with relief.

"There!—that's like father," he said. "Everyone else always hurts so. And father is gone all day; it gets right hard by this time."

"I am sure it does. How glad I am the angels brought us just now! Do you know what made us come? Your flowers. I think we may call them angels too; for God used them for messengers, didn't He?"

The pretty eyes—for it was a lovely face, whose soul you could read—smiled appreciatively upon her.

"That's the reason I love them so: they are always telling me things. But everybody don't know it—only father and you. That's good!"

He saw me now and looked steadily at me for a minute.

"I think *you* know it," he said. "Do you live with her?"

"Yes, dear. She is my sister—my baby sister. And what she knows she often tells me, you see."

We gathered that he had never known any parent or care-taker but "father"; and that they had been together in many places, on the other side of the ocean and on this. "Father" had had such trouble! Work was a very hard thing to get, and so much harder to keep when it was gotten. People had been so cross with "father" because he had to stay at home sometimes "on account o' me." Sometimes it was the "womenfolk" who were cross,— "they wouldn't have the bother o' me a-skeerin' the child'en"; and sometimes it was the chief at the works who would not have the lost time. "But this is such a good, such a lovely place now! Father has it right easy most times, and the men are so good. Down at the works they all know me, I guess, and they help father about me. The men made me this nice place, and most of the flowers they got. Father only had to go to the woods for some of them, and they didn't cost—cost is a hard thing, too. When a thing costs, father can't get it, and then I make believe. But I don't like make believe—not—much."

He marked the last words with a singular hesitancy, as he had on our first entrance; as though he spoke them appealingly, apologetically; not meaning to murmur. "Father" had taught him a few plain and sweet lessons of truth and faith, and he had brooded on them under the guidance of the angels.

"Things come to me from somewhere," with a gentle awe, "when I am here all quiet and not so very bad."

"Does no one ever come to see you—no one else?"

"Oh, yes! Didn't I say this was such a good place? There's two ladies—but I never talked much to them. They don't

think the flowers are healthy, and they wish father was—different. But he ain't! Then Mrs. Morton comes and brings her baby, and it don't ever cry. Then the men from the works come. But father ain't home only when I'm very bad, and he don't talk much; and they don't any of them but the men know father."

"But we know him," said Elizabeth. "And he loves you very much."

"Yes, that's him!"—joyously. "How do you know him? You—you—do you know the chief down at the works? He's Mr. Geoffrey Powers."

He said it very carefully and distinctly. We both cried out:

"Why, yes, of course, we know him! He is our cousin. Then your father is in the pottery and makes lovely things all day long. But we did not come to know him in that way."

Then I told him—it was my story, since I discovered it—all about the trolley rides and the balcony and the chance meeting with his father. How he did enjoy it! And what quaint little thoughts he had about it all!

We were reluctant to leave him, but we had to go. Elizabeth moved him once more, and we both kissed him, lying among his flowers and the fancies they had brought him.

"Milicent," Elizabeth said, when we were nearly home after a long, silent ride, "I never had such a lesson in my life. He certainly can not live much longer, but he shall want for nothing that can please or comfort him in life. Do you think it would be a good thing to give him a summer week somewhere? Could he bear it, do you suppose? I greatly fear he could not."

"Don't put him to the test!" I said. "Let us be content to help the dear Lord in His own way, and make no efforts to show ourselves more gracious or more tender-hearted than He Himself. He has sent a cross that will bring a crown, and

He has lightened and brightened both. If we were to take 'the little lad' away from his home, where his flowers and his balcony are such wonderful things to him, what could we give him in their place after a summer week of even the most blissful character? We could not separate him from his father, who is to be most tenderly considered in all that pertains to the darling of his lonely heart; and we must return him to a home that would never be the same. I shall begin by keeping that balcony a glory of fresh and brilliant blossoms, even if sunflowers and hollyhocks are needed for that end. And I shall praise his father to him as the best and wisest of men—as he knows men. May God comfort poor 'father' when he shall so sorely need it before very long; and may I never plant one thorn in that faithful, fond, suffering soul, so pierced by every pang of 'the little lad'!"

Elizabeth was silent. But she came to me that night and said, frankly:

"I think you are right, Milicent. Who would have given you credit for such common-sense! We shall be able to do a great deal for him, thank God!"

We were indeed.

The summer is over, and the winds of November are chill enough, as they sweep over hills and through woods that are like glimpses of Paradise to me, released from the horrors—to me—of a city home. But "the little lad" has not only been released: he has been "led into the Kingdom." And Elizabeth spent all the sympathy and tenderness she could lavish on his gentle passing, learning each time she knelt beside that poor cot some holy lesson from his innocent lips. Patient, content and loving; counting up his blessings; grateful to the rudest, loving to the gentlest; but most grateful, most loving always to the quiet, tireless and unselfish father, he grew "ever upward" with each day.

The last time we saw him on earth he had plucked a spray of honeysuckle from his branching vine that shaded the door in which his cot stood.

"God made it a messenger," he said, softly; "and you came. That was good!" And his faint lips kissed it.

After all, the masque of a city's unloveliness hides heavenly things.

The Strayed Soul of Doña Lisa.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

"THE sweetest babe that ever blossomed on a mother-breast." Truly had Padre Agostino spoken when he thus described widowed Antonia's round-limbed, dark-eyed boy,—the baby-monarch of the fisher-folk, who wore with such grave dignity his crown of love, and graciously bestowed on every subject the favors of his dimpled smiles and velvet-soft caresses.

So the village rose *en masse*, angry as a muttering storm, when it was learned that old Marcelle, one of the devoted few who still remained in Doña Lisa's service,—that old Marcelle had come, bringing at last a message from her mistress to Antonia,—an offer "to adopt the child called Antonio-Angelo, and rear him as became the son of a Da Concha. Nor should his mother ever lack for aught did she but yield all claim to see or parley with him."

Ha! And what would Antonia and Daniello do? What would the village, to its last man, do without "the child called Antonio-Angelo"? Nay, better far, poor and unlettered, he should grow to be a tall, brown, oak-armed fisherman, like his grandfather; comrade of the sun, brother of the wave, trimming his sails to meet the various winds; revelling in

the blue, green, purple changes of a sea-rover's life,—far better than to pine a prisoner in yon gloomy castle, shut out from all he loved and everyone who loved him.

Sì, sì, by Our Lady's grace, Antonia had answered as she should, gentle but firm: "Go tell your gracious mistress it can never be. Only the will of God can part me from my child in this world or the next." Thus old Marcelle had sped back to the castle, doting on the beauty of the child, and leaving behind with his mother her peasant-heart and all its sympathies.

But there came a misty autumn afternoon, so runs the ancient legend, which found old Daniello gone to fulfil his duties as sacristan at the chapel, little Antonio playing on the floor beside his mother's bed, where illness had detained her for some days,—patient sufferer, from whose pale, thin cheek the baby eyes had never missed a smile. Good old Teresa, from sheer habit crooning a cradle-song, sat mending nets outside the open door, until she must have sung *herself* to sleep; for she saw not Marcelle pass or enter, bringing another message to Antonia. The first she heard was Daniello's voice crying, "The child—for love of Heaven tell me where is he!" And, rushing in, old Teresa saw Antonia lying still, with calmly folded hands, answering: "He is safe—not here, but at the castle."

"O daughter of my heart!" moaned Daniello then, "hast thou been tempted to yield thy babe—the boy, the boy!"—speech breaking into tears.

Whereon Antonia whispered:

"Hush, dear father! do not grieve, but listen rather to my story. I was lying here saying my Rosary, when suddenly I saw bending above me—there where thou art now—a brown-robed priest, with tenderest, holiest face that ever spoke with lips or looked with eyes; tenfold more beautiful than his picture yonder

on the wall; yet I knew him by it—the blessed patron of my child and me, St. Anthony himself. And in his arms—ah, 'twas so glad a sight!—he held our dear angel, close-clasped and nestling, cheek laid to cheek. In wondering ecstasy I gazed until he spoke, saying: 'Fear nothing, daughter, while the boy is gone. Know that he is safe up in the castle, whither I am come to carry him. Leave all to God. 'Twere worth our travelling far and bearing many burdens to save one soul to Him.' Then, sweeping his hand across my brow, he left me here alone, free from all pain, and with my soul full of new peace. I think Marcelle came afterward, bringing another summons for the child; but I answered she would find him already safe at the castle."

When the villagers heard this they cried, as had old Daniello and Teresa, "Lo, a miracle!"—silencing those few who could avow they saw old Marcelle's figure hastening castleward, clasping a sleeping child against her breast. But, ah, how they missed the lovely boy! "St. Anthony protect him!"

Of all, Antonia seemed least conscious of his absence—the emptiness of her arms, the hush upon her house. While winter followed autumn, then changed to spring, "free from all pain," and singing o'er her tasks, she kept her way in peace; as the dear saint had bidden, "leaving all to God."

III.

The castle walls were high, the castle gates were strong. Never from the hour when they had closed behind him had they who dwelt without found means to look on little Antonio; though people said they often heard outborne to them the music of his laugh or sportive shout. And likewise to the child, over those high, gray walls, floated sounds from the outer world. And when he heard the bells of St. Anthony, casting all toys aside, he would start up with brightened eyes, as

though in every peal some message spoke for his listening ear alone. And then the castle servants, of whose lives he was the very sunlight, finding him gazing silently and long from out the tower windows, would ask what he saw; and he replied, pointing one little hand toward the chapel belfry rising from the cliffs:

"I'm looking at the chapel where Marcelle took me once,—the dear chapel where my bells live. Some day I shall go there again to see them."

So now, when came the close of Holy Week, with the attendant silence of the bells, he sought Marcelle, half weeping, and clamoring to know what could have happened to his "pretty bells,"—"tis ever so long since they have said a word."

"God bless thee, His own angel!" answered she. "It is because they have all gone away."

Then, kissing from his brow the pucker of yet unspoken questions, she related to him the old legend which tells how on that day the bells of all Christendom make pilgrimage to Rome, a great and beautiful city far, far, far away.

"How do they go?"

"Of course they must have wings; and so they borrow them from all the little 'sister-doves' and 'brother-birds' that coo and nest outside the belfry windows. Then silently and fast they fly away; and so fly back again in time to ring that glorious peal of joy which hails the breaking of sweet Easter morn."

"When do they come?"

"Oh, sometime, dear! Perhaps to-night, when not an eye is watching. 'Twould be a pretty sight if we might only see them; would it not, heart's-love,—those flocks of bells come sailing through the air, each seeking its own home, and giving back its borrowed wings, with thanks to those good, patient birds who could not stir until they got them?"

Then old Marcelle laughingly released the thought-grave boy and hastened to

her tasks. An hour later he was nowhere to be found,—not here, not there; vainly sought through the castle and the village; gone—lost as though the earth had closed above his head!

Night darkened round the lonely castle. One by one the searchers, hopeless, had returned; and soon 'twas only Doña Lisa who remained to watch, crouching in her chair and starting at each sound. Ah, but to see that sweet child-face again! to feel the touch of those wee clinging hands, which (all unbeknown to her till now) had caught her proud heart's broken, tangled skeins and braided them into a silken cord of love! Ah, but to hear his prattling voice, his bird-note laugh! And for the first time since her faith's eclipse there faltered from her lips a cry to Heaven—"O Dios, Dios, Dios!"—clasping her hands and bowing her white head.

"Daughter, dost thou repent?" softly spoke the questioner; and, looking up, she saw the dimly-outlined figure of a priest swift crossing to her side,—good Padre Agostino, as she thought. And, sinking to her knees, thrice she smote her breast, crying:

"Yea, Father, I repent. Quick—hear and shrive me! Give back *all* that I cast from me when I saw thee last. For since that hour have I passed through the belted zones of hell—until Antonio came. O Father Agostino, hast heard that he is lost?"

"Not lost," answered the vision. "Go to the chapel to-morrow at dawn-Mass. Thou wilt find him there, safe with his mother, up among the bells. By favor of Our Lady am I come to tell thee this,—I, Anthony, named by men 'saint,' yet nothing in myself but crystal vessel through which they may see the shining of God's grace, from which they may feel the warm oil of His mercy falling on their wounds. Full many a prayer for thy strayed soul has sought at heaven

entrance in my name; for woful had it been if good Don Pascuel's spouse should sleep not by his side in consecrated ground. Rise, daughter; rise! My peace be with thee and with thy spirit."

And as the vision faded Doña Lisa heard the first glad pealing of the Easter bells, and felt that she could walk,—she who for years had not stirred without a crutch.

"Sleep, *abuelo caro*, and fear not for the child! Wherever he may be, St. Anthony will guard him." Thus soothingly Antonia spoke that Holy Saturday, bending over Daniello's pillow. "Thou needs must gather strength to cast this fever off; thou art worn half away. I did not see till now how thou hast fretted for the boy. Sleep! The Padre says that I may take thy place to ring the first Mass bells. By yonder sun's red setting 'twill be a glorious Easter."

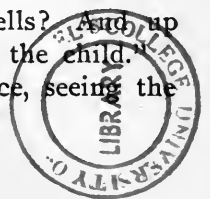
And it was. For scarce had Antonia's foot touched the belfry's lowest stair when from above a child's step, like answering echo, came; and in one moment more the parted met.

"And, mamma, look!" he said, smiling through the rain of mother-tears and kisses. "The bells have all come home, and all the little sister-doves and brother-birds been given back their wings without my seeing. I must have fallen asleep after the dear Father brought and left me here,—*sz, sz*, that same dear Padre who took me to the castle. And art thou going to make speak my pretty bells? Let me, too, hold the rope, mamma darling!"

"What new gladness in those pealing bells!" murmured the faithful, waking at their call.

"Arise and follow. Help me to give thanks!" said Doña Lisa to her servants. "Quick to St. Anthony's! Dost thou not heed the dawn-Mass bells? ^{And up} among them we shall find the child."

Hearing the gentle voice, seeing the



peace-calm face of their stern, haughty, ever sharp-toned mistress,—“Blessed St. Anthony, a miracle!” they said.

And it was indeed a feast for many hungry eyes—the sight of Doña Lisa *walking* home from Mass, leading, one hand in each of theirs, Antonia and the boy; while far above, thus runs the ancient legend, a gray-white cloud of doves came wheeling through the blue, back from the belfry of St. Anthony's to their old nests under the castle eaves!

Still stands the chapel which Don Pascuel reared a century ago—offering of thanks, with all its added offerings from his widow, Doña Lisa. And since then every generation of Da Concha's noble line has given son or daughter to the Church, vowed to that holy life under the holy name of his or her loved, loving patron and “the whole world's saint”—Sister “Antonia” or Brother “Anthony.”

A Child's View of the Communion of Saints.

“HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy,” says Wordsworth; and a little incident related to us by a physician friend furnishes a new commentary on the poet's line.

Charles N. Berteling, aged five, becoming the proud possessor of a haloed picture of St. Anthony of Padua, brought it to his sister Hildegarde, aged seven, asking her to admire “this picture of Our Lord.”—“Oh, that isn't Our Lord at all!” exclaimed Hildegarde, with an air of superior wisdom.—“I don't care,” rejoined the man of five; “if it isn't Our Lord, it's one of His relations!”

The little boy's answer may be helpful to bigger folk who can not understand about the veneration paid to saints, or how they have power to help us.

Notes and Remarks.

There are so few persons who really comprehend the child mind that any one who gives evidence of understanding the intellectual needs of children and has suggestions to make about supplying them, deserves to be listened to. The remarks of a writer in the *North American Review*, discussing literature for young folk, proves that he does not share that misconception which sees the child, not as he really is, but as he appears through the illusion of mature sentiment. He holds that the choicest books are not too good for children, and that they should be conscientiously prepared. The spiritually beautiful, he says, are the most desirable of all,—literature that is alive, wholesome; having sentiment, not sentimentality, and some narrative human interest.

Not the didactic goody-goody stuff which made the old-time Sunday-school library too often a place of tears and penance for healthy-minded young folk. The day is clean gone by for the tales wherein the bad boy who goes a-fishing on the Sabbath gets, not fish but a flogging; to be triumphed over in a most unchristian way by the good little boy who didn't go—probably because he daren't. No; I mean that which is lovely, inspirational; literature where the artistic and the ethical are recognized for the kinsmen they are; linked by the subtlest, sweetest, strongest of ties.

By all means let children early be possessed of thoughts and feelings that are true and large, sweet and beautiful. Such thoughts and feelings may easily be imparted by the right sort of literature. It can not be too choice nor too abundant. The author who produces a sweet, stimulating book for the young is a benefactor of his race.

A zealous priest, well known for his devotion to the temperance cause, would have us qualify our statement that wealthy American Catholics understand about hospitals, asylums, etc., although they do not seem to appreciate the needs of educational institutions. There is much force in our correspondent's contention that if greater efforts were made to control the drink evil, immeasurably more might be done for the cause of education without further resources;

intemperance being the chief cause for the maintenance of the greater number of orphan asylums, refuges, reformatories, etc. It can not be doubted that pauperism as well as crime is largely due to the abuse of alcoholic stimulants. Our correspondent says pertinently enough :

A captain whose ship had sprung a leak would not be looked upon as understanding his business if he worked all hands at the pumps the entire voyage without making a mighty effort to stop the leak. That is about what our people, wealthy and otherwise, have been doing in regard to these institutions. A Sister, showing a visitor through an asylum lately, pointed out a child who, she affirmed, was of the third generation cared for there. According to all—Catholics and non-Catholics—best qualified by experience to testify in the matter, the cause of so many persons being forced into these institutions is drink. Now, not one per cent as much money, time and energy is spent by our people for the repression of drink as is expended on these institutions. Therefore take some of the men from the pumps and put them to stopping the leaks. Then the population of these institutions will be lessened and the status of schools and colleges will improve vastly. Apply the remedy at the source of the evil, and begin at the beginning in educational work.

Hard common-sense we consider this.

It would seem that longevity is not incompatible with the arduous labors and privations of the Catholic missionary in India. A lay-brother of the Syro-Chaldean Carmelite Congregation has passed away at Kottayam at the great age of ninety-eight years and six months. Sixty-seven years he had spent in the work of the missions; and that, too, in the heart of a torrid jungle, where wild beasts abounded. But only sluggards now believe, what the medical profession has long since disproved, that hard work and abstinence shorten human life. Fasting and labor are as helpful to the body as they are to the soul.

The late Empress of Austria performed deeds of charity as the saints used to do. When she bestowed alms she invariably did so in person; going about incognito, and trying to conceal her benefactions, as did her namesake Elizabeth, the sainted Queen of Thuringia. Taking only a friend, the Aus-

trian Empress would go at nightfall into the squalid quarters of Vienna or Budapest. Dressed in the plainest garb, the two would thread the narrow alleys and climb the tottering staircases of the poorest tenements. They never went without burdening themselves with flowers and fruit, no servant being allowed to render assistance. The slender, imperial hands were never weary of smoothing a pillow or cooling a fevered brow; and the late Empress' soft voice never failed in its message of hope and cheer. When young, her face was called the most beautiful in Europe; and those who did not know her as the poor knew her lamented that it had lost its youthful charm; but those to whom she ministered declared that no countenance could be more fair than that of the plainly clad lady who brought light and joy to their miserable abodes. Truly this charitable Empress was a fitting and loyal follower of the Saint of Thuringia, in whose hands the loaves of bread were changed to roses.

A fair-minded Protestant clergyman, the Rev. W. T. Helms, adds his voice to the chorus of praise which our Sisters earned during the late war. No one who reads his cordial words in the *Christian Advocate*, the leading organ of Methodism in this country, can doubt that mountains of prejudice were removed by the gentle ministrations and edifying lives of the Sisters, and that our rough soldier boys learned other than military lessons during the brief, unequal struggle. Mr. Helms says, in part:

As chaplain of the United States flagship *Lancaster*, stationed in the harbor of Key West, Fla., I visited the hospitals to which sick and wounded men were sent from both army and navy. At the beginning of hostilities the Convent of Mary Immaculate had been offered and accepted as a hospital. The Sisters are known as the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. Their work had been teaching; but when war was declared, and they thought of the comforts of their convent, which, fortunately, is situated in the coolest place in that hot, dusty city, they decided to share their blessings with sick and wounded men who could nowhere else secure them. Their decision was beautiful in its unselfishness; for not only did they who offered the use of their convent become faithful nurses, but they asked no remuneration at the hands of the Government either for the use

of the convent or for their services as nurses. As most of the sailors who were sick were sent to this hospital, I visited it day after day; and, though a Protestant minister, I could not have been more warmly welcomed.

From inexperience they rapidly advanced until they were nurses to whom might safely be confided the care of even the most dangerous cases. And such nurses! They were veritable angels of mercy in their ministrations to men who were in every degree of sickness and who were suffering from every sort of wound. And the men grew to love their sweet, smiling faces; and they wondered how human beings could tread so gently and how human hands could so softly brush away the cares from their fevered brows. And the Sisters never complained of weariness; though sometimes their faces spoke of overwork in a slightly intensified pallor that came from long vigils of watching, that were frequently followed by additional hours of prayer. And they never apparently were dissatisfied, claiming that the pleasure of helping others for Christ's sake was in itself its own recompense.

This is the sort of "convent inspection" that our non-Catholic friends need, and it is a pity that they get so little of it. The Turkish soldiers who were nursed by the Sisters during the Crimean war named them "the white-winged swallows of Allah." Our boys in blue may not devise so pretty a name for these devoted religious, but at least they are as grateful as the Turks,—a fact which bigots and escaped males and females will do well to remember.

The statements of the Rev. Mr. Borton to the effect that "raffles for souls" are held in the diocese of Los Angeles, Mexico, and that priests regularly announce the names of the souls who are liberated from purgatory, have now reached England. The refutation of the calumny, however, will follow close upon its heels. The Bishop of Los Angeles has written a manly letter in defence of his clergy, indignantly denying that his priests follow any such uncatholic practice. According to this letter, which appears in the *Freeman's Journal*, the faithful contribute ten cents toward *honoraria* for Masses, which are regularly said (just as Requiem Masses are said in some parishes in the United States) *ad intentionem dantis*; but in addition a lottery is held, and several special Masses are said for the deceased persons whose names are drawn in the

lottery. "Nowhere," says the Bishop, "have my priests given assurance that souls, even those aided by the special Masses, have certainly left purgatory and gone to heaven." As Catholics expected, Brother Borton's terrible indictment turns out to be the ordinary missionary lie, uttered in the hope of discrediting the benighted Catholics of Mexico.

The dangers that beset the prophet are proverbial; but our favorite prophecy, that Protestantism will survive in Freemasonry, seems already come true. Those of our priests who have had experience in missionary work among non-Catholics agree that while Protestantism is disintegrating and falling away, Masonry still stands as a solid wall. Father Patrick Brannan, an efficient missionary of the diocese of Dallas, gives this testimony in the *Missionary*:

The great Gibraltar which stands in the path of missions to non-Catholics is secret societies. The whole country, so far as my knowledge goes, is honeycombed with them. They are stepping-stones to social, commercial, and political preferment; and militate, more than anything else or all other things put together, against the propagation of Catholic truth in this country. Such, at least, is my firm opinion. The members say they know there is nothing said or done against any church or creed in their organizations; hence a spirit inimical to the Church is engendered, and they resent what they denominate a groundless attack upon their societies. Sometimes our own Catholic people are members of these societies, and it is with great difficulty that they can be induced to abandon them, not to speak of Protestants.

The obvious moral is that Catholic societies, with all the good qualities of Masonry and none of its bad ones, are becoming more and more necessary. Such societies already exist in abundance, and it is for the interest of both clergy and laity to encourage them by every means possible.

The theory that for the bacilli of every disease a fatal poison can be discovered, induced several physicians of Vienna to undertake the study of the bubonic plague in Bombay. They returned to Europe with several cultures of the plague bacilli, but in spite of their utmost precautions were unable to confine the germs to the isolated wing

of the hospital where they were experimenting on animals. First a workman, then two nurses were infected; and lastly Dr. Hermann Müller (a nephew of Prof. Max Müller), who had managed the clinical part of the work in Bombay, was infected while treating the afflicted workman and nurses. But the brave Doctor would allow no one else to run the risk of contagion. At death's approach he called for a priest, and bade him stand beside an open window of the sick-room; then, raising himself up in his bed, he said, "I repent of all my sins," and asked and obtained absolution. His body was cremated with the full consent of the ecclesiastical authorities, because it was a sanitary necessity. "If no one is to suffer through me," he said, "I must be burnt. Let them collect my ashes, disinfect them, and bury them in grandmother's grave. I die peacefully, without pain." Dr. Müller was truly a martyr to duty,—a "good physician," who through his great love gave up his life for humanity.

Testimony to the efficiency of Catholic teachers and the superiority of Catholic schools is always gratifying, and such testimony often comes from unexpected sources. The *Colorado Catholic* in a recent issue quotes the following tribute to the excellence of the educational work done by the Sisters of Loretto from a Santa Fé daily newspaper:

The annual territorial examination of teachers was held in this city on the 2d inst. Thirty-eight public school teachers and eight Sisters of Loretto, of the institutions of that Congregation in the Southwest, underwent the examination. The eight Lorettoines, without exception, received first-class certificates; moreover, the highest average obtained by any of the candidates examined—99.7 per cent—was won by Sister Dolorine.

The death of Count Frederick Landsberg-Belen is announced, at the age of eighty-one. He was one of the founders of the German Centre Party, and remained till his death one of its most honored and influential leaders. The fiery eloquence with which he pleaded for religious liberty and the abolition of the May Laws had long since become one of the traditions of the Upper House. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Thomas A. Dyson, O. P., the beloved prior of St. Dominic's Monastery, Benicia, Cal.; the Rev. Dr. Bernard J. McHugh, of the diocese of Brooklyn; the Rev. Philip Albrecht, diocese of Fargo; and the Rev. Stanislaus Ptacek, O. S. B., St. Meinrad's Abbey, Indiana, whose deaths are of recent occurrence.

Mr. Newton A. Preston, whose life closed peacefully at Notre Dame, Ind., on the 9th inst.

Mr. John M. Grace, of St. Paul, Minn., who died on the 31st ult.

Mr. Charles Kohl, who breathed his last on the 9th inst., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. James B. Hopkins, of Waterloo, N. Y., who passed away on the 21st ult.

Mrs. Thomas McManus, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a happy death at Marshall, Mich., on the 5th inst.

Mr. John N. Lomax, of Liverpool, England; Mrs. Ellen O'Rourke, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. J. Gallagher, Mr. William Doyle, and Mrs. Bridget Doyle, Newark, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Rodigan, Shawnee, Ohio; Mr. Oscar Pope and Mrs. Edward Connolly, Wahpeton, N. Dak.; Mrs. Margaret McCabe, Hammond, Wis.; Mrs. Ellen Hanrahan, Quigley, Iowa; Mr. Denis Horgan, New Brighton, N. Y.; Mr. John Dorsey, San Luis Obispo, Cal.; Miss Julia J. Harrington, Newport, R. I.; Mrs. Bridget Hanley, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mr. James P. Murray, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. James Hennessy, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. John Whyte, Knight's Ferry, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Shandley, Co. Leitrim, Ireland; Mrs. Margaret Burke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. William F. McNally, Mr. John F. McGraw, Mr. Joseph A. Dooley, Mr. James J. Smith, Mr. Michael Ryan, Mrs. Mary Lang, and Mr. Thomas Desmond,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Miller, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Ellen Clarke, Bellaire, Ohio; also Mr. Andrew A. Craig, E. Liverpool, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Sisters at Nagpur, India:

M. J., \$500; Mrs. D. Turner, \$1; O. D. F., 50 cts.; H. V. J., \$2; M. J. M., \$5; Friends, Keesville, N. Y., \$2.50; Mrs. K. T., 25 cts.; Thomas F. Smith, \$5; George Manghan, \$20; E. G., 50 cts.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

E. G., \$1.20; A. A. G., 25 cts.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Stand Fast.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IV.

ONE day Donald had a pleasant surprise—nay, two surprises. It happened that Louis was more ill than usual, and the wheeled chair empty; so, directed by the nurse, the visitor went upstairs.

"The first door to the right," she said.

That had been Donald's own little playroom, and no wonder a lump came into his throat.

"Stand fast," he said to himself, and knocked very softly at the door. Father Anselm opened it.

"I am glad to see you again," said Father Anselm.

Donald put out his cold little hand.

"My hand isn't soft any more, sir," he ventured, recalling his foolish boast.

"It is none the worse for that," replied the kind priest, smiling.

"I've been telling Father all about you," called a voice from the bed. "And he said he knew you."

Donald turned, and there, on the wall above Louis, was the lovely picture of the Lady again.

"He just brought it to me!" cried Louis. "He painted it. Isn't he good? He painted one for the church too."

"Yes, I remember it,—I have always remembered it. It is beautiful. Who is it?" he asked, with the directness of the very young.

Father Anselm replied that it was the Mother of Our Lord, and that Catholic artists were never more happy than when they could portray a face which they thought worthy to be called hers.

"I never saw her picture before," said Donald. "If she is Christ's Mother, why don't *we* have pictures of her too?"

Father Anselm smiled again.

"My dear boy, that is a question I have often asked," he said.

Louis did not leave his bed any more. The wheeled chair remained out on the sunny veranda, but it was empty.

"When I am well," said Louis, "some other sick boy shall have my chair."

That was what he was always saying—"When I am well."

Father Anselm came frequently to see his little friend,—more and more often as spring drew near.

"Tuberculosis"—that was what ailed him. Donald thought it a very long and unpleasant name.

"Do people die of it?" he asked his mother; and she said she thought they often did.

"And will Louis die?" he went on, with a little quivering of the lips.

"No one knows, dear," she answered, her lips quivering too. She loved Louis because of her own boy, though she had never seen him.

One day the sick boy said to Donald, quite calmly and unexpectedly:

"I am not going to get well."

"Why, Louis!"

"I am in earnest. Father Anselm has told me, so I can be prepared. And it is

all right. And, Don,"—he had shortened his name, as boys will—"I've drawn up my will. I'm going to leave you my microscope."

He drew a piece of paper, very much blotted, from under his pillow.

"Read it," he said.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" cried Donald.

"Now, Don, don't make it harder for me. I haven't had a very good time. I've had this lame leg all my life. If you'd always had a lame leg you'd understand. I'll read it. I did it all myself."

He unfolded the paper and began:

"Know all men by these presents [they always begin documents that way, Don,] that I, Louis May, of Heather Hill—which isn't really ours, but only rented,—do hereby revoke all former wills and testaments, and am in sound mind at present. I also hereby and whereas [you must have lots of *herebys* and *whereases* in wills, Don,] bequeath my microscope and knife that cuts the best, and my clothes and my ivory chessmen, to my friend Donald Gordon, Esquire, likewise of Heather Hill—"

Donald stopped him.

"You mean of Laurie Farm!"

"Don, you shouldn't interrupt a will. Wait till I get through," said the sick boy; quietly resuming: "And I want my nurse to have something to remember me by; and I leave Father Anselm my love and my silver rosary. And to my father I leave said Donald Gordon, to have and to hold—"

There he broke down for a moment.

"I don't think it is legal to read wills, Don; and we won't talk any more about this one for the present."

He tucked it back under his pillow.

"There's just one thing more: you are to have Our Lady's picture. I give it to you now. It is yours without any will; only you will let me keep it till—well, you know when, Don. Now I think I can beat you in a game of chess."

"Here's a place to stand fast," said Donald to himself, arranging the carved pieces, on the board. But he could not comprehend. Why did not Mr. May, who came in soon, cry out about this terrible thing that was going to happen? He was very gentle and tender with his son, but he was always that. And he laughed when he checkmated Donald, and then went back to his newspaper. A little later he returned, saying:

"Your aunt would like to see you for a moment, Donald."

Sure enough, Aunt Janet was in the hall below, her wig a little more crooked than usual.

"Donald, your father is missing again."

She had driven over in the market-wagon. The carriage with the fine green lining had been sold long since. While she was speaking Mr. Gordon appeared around a corner of the house.

"I can't find those papers," he said.

"Mary says I must try and remember. I can't remember. *Why* can't I?"

Mr. May humored him, and told him to go anywhere he liked. He wandered aimlessly about, Donald following.

"It is no use!" he cried at last. "And I want to go back, for I can't remember."

He climbed into the poor little wagon beside his sister, and both looked like gentlefolk, in spite of their garments, so shabby now.

Louis lingered until May, dying the day the first rose bloomed in the garden at Heather Hill. They laid it on his breast, for he loved roses. Death had come for the second time to bereave Donald. It was all strange to him—the candles, the prayers, the Mass. When his grandfather died, little Kenneth had failed to leave his name out of his baby prayer.

"God bless grandpapa!" he had said, and had been chided by Aunt Janet. But Donald whispered "Amen!" under his breath when Father Anselm prayed for the repose of Louis' soul.

They took the emaciated little form North, where the mother was buried; but Heather Hill was not closed, and Mr. May left word that Donald's father should wander in it whenever he pleased. When he came back there was a band of crape about his hat, but he was dignified and uncomplaining. He had read the will of his little son.

"He has given you to me," he said to Donald. "You are to have not his place in my heart, but one close beside it."

He added that he must soon go away to stay, for his law business was pressing; but that Donald would, in a way, belong to him just the same. Shortly after this he walked down to the farm and inquired for Mrs. Gordon.

"I have had a letter from Inverness," he explained. "The people who wrote it did not know that your father-in-law was dead. They wish to quit a title, and he could have given some evidence. And, my dear Madam—really, this is a most delicate matter, but I am compelled to ask you if you have ever suspected that the name of Gordon was only borrowed—that he was only the laird's steward?"

She did not flinch.

"Yes, I have known it ever since his illness," she replied. "He told me all about it himself. But he said he had never disgraced the name."

"Oh, no! he was a good man. But in a new land, among strangers, he saw no harm—well, you know just how it was."

She laughed. It was a relief to share this secret.

"And no one need know except—"

"Except Donald," both said at once.

"And so I am not a Gordon!" said the boy when he found out. "And what am I, then? What is my name?"

"Not a pretty one: it is Boggs," his mother answered.

"What will happen next?" he said. "I don't believe there is anything else left to happen."

But something else *did* happen; for soon after that he found his father sitting before the old desk, the missing bonds in his hand.

"I have remembered, Donald," was all he would say. They never knew where he found them.

And so they all went back to Heather Hill in time to border the garden walks with mignonette. Aunt Janet stayed at the farm until she was carried to the family burial lot near the kirk, never dreaming that she had been born a Boggs. And her devoted brother soon slept beside her, with "Stand fast" engraven on a stone above him.

In Mr. May's heart Donald, a Catholic now, still holds his place; and the sweet face of the Blessed Mother looks down upon them as they meet at Heather Hill and talk of the dead boy. And Donald, although not a Gordon, *stands fast*.

(The End.)

The Story of Saint Azenor.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago the chief of the Armorican Bretons was Audren, a valiant soldier, who had a beautiful daughter named Azenor. One day ambassadors from the court of the Lord of Leon, in Spain, appeared before Audren and said:

"We come on behalf of our royal master to demand your daughter's hand in marriage."

"My daughter will be given to your master," said Audren, "whenever he shall come to wed her."

The messengers hastened back to their own country, and not long afterward the Lord of Leon returned to Armorica with a great retinue of vassals and servants.

The marriage was celebrated by the Bishop of Is, and the wedding festivities

lasted for a whole fortnight. There were banquets and concerts, games and entertainments of all kinds. Then, at the end of the fortnight, the young bridal couple said farewell to Audren and proceeded to Leon.

Now, the mother of the young Lord was of a jealous disposition, and as soon as she saw her daughter-in-law she took a strong dislike to her. The youthful wife was so fair and appeared so virtuous and gentle that the dowager feared her own control over her son and his household would soon be lost, unless she took means to prevent it. Accordingly, she endeavored to create dissensions between Azenor and her husband; and, failing in this, finally swore to her son that Azenor was a wicked hypocrite. The Lord was foolish enough to believe the calumny without any proof whatever; and he shut Azenor up in a tower by the sea-shore, to await her final punishment, which was to be death by burning.

When Audren heard this news, he was greatly afflicted. Seeking out some sailors who had just arrived from Leon, he said:

"Good fellows, don't conceal the truth from me. Is my child already burned?"

"No, not yet," was their reply; "but she soon will be. As we were sailing by her prison tower we heard her singing very sweetly: 'O my God, have pity on my detractors!'"

No wonder that Audren's tears flowed abundantly as he listened to this answer.

After she had spent some days in the tower, Azenor was led out to the funeral pile. She was dressed in a white robe; her feet were bare, and her long silken hair floated over her shoulders. She was calm and resigned, and walked to her death as meekly as ever did the early martyrs. A lighted torch was held to the pile, but the wood did not catch fire. The executioners blew and blew in order to start the blaze, but it was quite useless: the wood refused to burn.

"She has bewitched the fire," said the judge; "and since we can't burn her, she must be drowned."

So they put her into an empty wine-cask, one end of which had been stove in, and rolled her into the sea. Many of the people who were looking on murmured against such cruelty, and said it was a great crime to kill so fair a creature.

The cask floated a long time on the waves, drifting farther and farther from Leon, till finally it went aground on the shore of an island green as an emerald. It was Ireland. The good fisher-folk were delighted to see what they supposed was a cask of wine on the beach, and they hastened down to secure it. Imagine their surprise when they saw sitting in the cask a beautiful young woman holding a lovely little child in her arms! She saluted them courteously; and as the Breton language was very like the Irish, she readily made herself understood; and, needless to say, received a cordial welcome to Erin.

In the meantime in the Leon palace the jealous mother-in-law had fallen ill. She was tortured by remorse, and at last confessed to her son that she had falsely accused his wife. Thus assured of Azenor's innocence, the husband instantly set out to seek news of her, dead or alive. For several years he travelled constantly, always cherishing a hope that his angelic wife might have escaped drowning.

One day the vessel in which he was prosecuting his search approached a most beautiful island, and he saw a little boy gathering shells on the shore. Golden-haired, with eyes of azure, the child was the very image of Azenor. Getting out of the vessel, the Lord of Leon went up to the lovely boy and asked:

"Who is your father?"

"I have no father only God," was the answer. "Some years ago I lost him who was my father. My mother weeps whenever she thinks of him."

"And who is your mother? Where is she?"

"Over there—washing."

"Well, let us both go and see her."

When they reached the woman, the boy cried out:

"Look, mamma darling! Here is my papa, who has come back to us!"

A few days later the three returned to Brittany, blessing God who restored the father to his child, the husband to the wife. Audren was overwhelmed with joy at the sight of the daughter whom he had mourned as dead; and that daughter lived for many years, a model of gentleness, piety, and all Christian virtues.

The Patrons of Shoemakers.

Two brothers, one named Crispin and the other Crispinian, became saints and the patrons of shoemakers. They were converts to Christianity in Rome; and, not content with preaching the new faith to their compatriots, resolved to become missionaries. Their first mission of any importance was given at Soissons, in France, where the people listened gladly. But the brothers could not live without a little means for their support; and, after the earnest pleading with sinners which lasted all day, they worked at their trade of shoemaking far into the night. From the rich they accepted a reasonable reward for their work, but they supplied the poor with shoes at a price so small as to be no burden,—an angel, so the legend runs, furnishing all the leather. Their benevolence did not, however, protect them from persecution, and they bravely suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Emperor Maximian. Their bodies were thrown into the sea, which mercifully restored them again; and tender Christian hands gave them honorable sepulture.

Their feast has always been kept with hearty festivity by the guilds of shoe-

makers; sometimes, we regret to say, in a way more noisy than reverent. But every occasion, however sacred, is subject to abuse by those who know not the inner meaning of holy things.

The famous battle of Agincourt was fought on St. Crispin's Day, October 25. This is one of the brilliant events of which poet and historian never weary. Henry V., then King of England, met the French under the Constable of France, with an army which outnumbered the King's six times over. The success of the English was due to their arrows, which wrought great confusion with the French cavalry. The English lost 1600 men; while 7000 French knights and gentlemen, and 120 noblemen, died in action. The victorious Henry made a triumphal march back to England, with many captives in his train and much treasure safely stowed away.

The battle of Agincourt was the theme of Shakspeare when he represented King Henry as addressing his men before the contest, in lines beginning as follows:

This day is called the feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

St. Andrew's Cross.

The cross of St. Andrew is always represented in the shape of the letter X; but that this is an error ecclesiastical historians prove by appealing to the cross itself on which he suffered, which St. Stephen of Burgundy gave to the Convent of St. Victor, near Marseilles; and which, like the common cross, is rectangular. The cause of the error is thus explained: When the Apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being upright, rested on its foot and arm; and in this posture he was fastened to it,—his hands to one arm and the head, his feet to the other arm and the foot, his head in the air.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Appletons are reprinting Gerald Griffin's "The Collegians," Manzoni's "The Betrothed," and Symond's translation of Benvenuto Cellini's "Memoirs," in their series of "The World's Great Books." "The Collegians" and "The Betrothed" deserve a far more general popularity than even the universal suffrage of the critics has yet procured for them.

—The Jesuit Father who was rector of Stonyhurst while Conan Doyle was a student there has made a statement regarding the novelist's religion. Doyle's father and mother were both Catholics; and Conan, too, was faithful to his religious duties while at college. Since then there has been a "cessation of Catholic profession" as well as of Catholic practice, but there has been no open apostasy.

—If the philosophers and critics of the future judge the morality of our times as we judge the morality of the Elizabethans, principally from the popular drama, the verdict will very probably be different from what we expect. In one of the series of lectures which Mr. Zaigwill is delivering in this country he says: "The modern recipe for a successful play is a paying compound of snivel, drivel and devil."

—Sidney Lanier's works are to be published in a uniform edition, the first volume, "Music and Poetry," being already in press. Lanier was a musician as well as a poet and critic (he played first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts in New York); hence the special value of his famous essay. We may remark that his name is accented on the second syllable, and is pronounced as if written *Lan-ear*.

—An English Jesuit, Father Pollen, is now at work in the Vatican Library, collecting material for a history of the conflict waged between the Holy See and Queen Elizabeth. The Scottish Historical Society has also engaged Father Pollen to edit a series of documents, drawn chiefly from the Vatican archives, relating to the case of Mary Stuart. Much of the inner history of the murder of the Scottish Queen yet

remains unwritten; and Catholics the world over, not less than Scotchmen, will be interested in the results of Father Pollen's mission.

—"Christmas and Easter Carols," selected and arranged by Victor Hammerel, and published by J. Fischer & Brother, New York, will be welcome to teachers desiring suitable hymns and songs for holiday entertainments. Music and words are adapted for children's choirs.

—The Rev. Frederick George Lee, author of "Historical Sketches of the Reformation," "The Church under Queen Elizabeth," and numerous other valuable works, has long been engaged upon a book of "Recollections of Men and Events, Chiefly with Reference to the Movement for Corporate Reunion." Dr. Lee has had much interesting correspondence with Continental Catholics, and possesses highly important letters from Cardinal Newman, Lord Beaconsfield and Dr. Pusey, which, it is said, will be utilized in the narrative he is preparing.

—The Rev. Charles T. Russell, a Methodist minister of the old-fashioned sort, has produced a volume for which he expects a wide sale, though it is altogether unattractive and edited like many of our State documents—with a pitchfork. The meaning of the work, so far as it can be divined, is that the Catholic Church is Babylon, over which an awful doom is presently impending; the various Protestant sects, also, are what might be expected of their mother, the Scarlet Woman; machinery and the movement toward reunion with Rome are the causes of all the ills that afflict the body politic; despise the pope and become an old-fashioned Methodist—none of your modern watery sort, but the sort that used to hate the Church for the love of God,—and the day of your salvation is at hand. All this is proved to the author's satisfaction from Scriptural texts. The horrid green cover bears the significant legend "For Bible Students"; and if Protestant clergymen like Brother Russell are brought up on such works as "The Day

of Vengeance," we can not wonder that they say and do things passing strange.

—Mr. Henry Watterson's views regarding the conduct of a newspaper have special weight from the fact that he is an editor himself, and made the *Courier Journal*, of Louisville, Ky., a famous journal. If the editors of religious papers were to follow his advice, we venture to say their influence would be immeasurably increased. Mr. Watterson says:

Some people estimate the worth of a newspaper and the ability of its editor by the quantity of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like a bunch of onions, and yet his paper may be but a worthless thing. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and a good editor is better shown by his selection than anything else. An editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, aims, manliness, its dignity and propriety.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The World's Unrest and Its Remedy. *James Field Spalding.* \$1.25.
 St. Vincent de Paul. *Emmanuel de Broglie.* \$1.
 Miss Erin. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.25.
 The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *William Bullen Morris.* 80 cts., *net*.
 Let No Man Put Asunder. *Josephine Marié.* \$1.
 Fantasies from Dreamland. *E. Gilliat Smith.* \$1.50.
 The Arabian Nights. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.
 The Data of Modern Ethics Examined. *Rev. John J. Ming, S. J.* \$2, *net*.
 Songs from Prudentius. *E. Gilliat Smith.* \$1.75.

- A Victim to the Seal of Confession. *Rev. Joseph Spilmann, S. J.* \$1.
 Motion: Its Origin and Conservation. *Rev. Waller McDonald, D. D.* \$3.50, *net*.
 The Woman that Was a Sinner. *Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 40 cts.
 Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King. 60 cts.
 The Groundwork of Science. *St. George Mivart.* \$2.
 Epochs of Literature. *Condé B. Pallen.* 75 cts., *net*.
 Foundations of Faith. Part I. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.60, *net*.
 The Gospel of St. John. *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D.* \$2, *net*.
 Notes on St. Paul. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$2, *net*.
 Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. *Rev. James Bellord.* \$2.50.
 The Religious Life and the Vows. *Monseigneur Charles Gay.* \$1.60, *net*.
 Madge Hardlaun's Money. *Mary Cross.* 35 cts.
 Striving after Perfection. *Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J.* \$1, *net*.
 Stories on the Rosary. Part II. *L. E. Dobrée.* 50 cts.
 Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, *net*.
 The Man. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.
 The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.
 Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R.* 35 cts.
 New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.
 Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.
 Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* \$1.
 A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 15 cts.
 Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth.* \$1.
 Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus.* 60 cts., *net*.
 Memories. *C. M. Home.* 70 cts., *net*.
 Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.
 The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. James Clare, S. J.* \$2.20, *net*.
 The Voice of the Good Shepherd. *Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.* 5 cts.
 The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly.* \$1, *net*.
 The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.
 Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld.* \$1, *net*.
 The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* \$1.
 Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray.* 60 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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From Purgatory.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

QUEEN of Purgatory, turn—
Lead me from this weary place;
Here I languish, here I burn:
Let me look upon thy face!

Queen of Purgatory, turn—
Call me to the promised land;
Here I hunger, here I burn:
Stretch me forth thy gentle hand!

Queen of Purgatory, turn
To the King those pleading eyes;
Here I languish, here I burn:
Take me home to Paradise!

"A Blind Witness to August Things."

BY ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTHROP.

EVERY work by Mrs. Humphrey Ward is entitled to consideration. Her painstaking accuracy as well as her extended vision has brought her readers face to face with many of the moral and material conditions of modern life: with agnosticism in "Robert Elsmere," with organized labor in "David Grieve," with agricultural laborers in "The Story of Bessie Costrell," with socialism in "Marcella," and with social economics in "Sir George Tressady." This list of her works is remarkable in

its scope, and remarkable also for the ability with which these questions are discussed. In each case, she has stated her problem admirably, even if she has failed to arrive at a solution of it.

If Mrs. Humphrey Ward had stopped here, none could have questioned her right to deal with the material issues of life; with such, at least, as are within her ken. And this is exactly the point to be considered: Is she capable of stating, far less of solving, a problem wherein some of the factors are outside of her knowledge, her experience, and, from her mental training, of her powers of conception?

The extent of every great intelligence is known by its own perception of its limitations; and Catholics can not fail to feel, with a certain wistful regret, that in dealing with the supernatural character of the Catholic Church, Mrs. Ward has exceeded her powers; that, in spite of her respectful attitude toward the beliefs and practices of Catholicism, she is not able to grasp its teachings or its spirit.

In the eyes of non-Catholics this respectful attitude is the proof of their liberality toward the Catholic Church in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It is, no doubt, more polite, though less picturesque, than the early Victorian attitude. It lacks the color and fire which, by means of frequent allusions to the Scarlet Lady, glowed in the Protestant theology of that epoch. But is it not an

evidence of the general laxity of belief which is called tolerance, rather than of a keener perception of the position of the Church?

To Catholics, even more than to other readers of "Helbeck of Bannisdale," its point of view is impressive. Mrs. Ward employs the varied resources of her observation, her scientific method, her economic attainments, and all the qualities which come, in her case, from environment, heredity, and intelligence, on the greatest mystery of the universe—*i. e.*, on the relation of God to man, and man's relation thereby to his fellowman and to himself. She has endeavored to study this relation within as well as outside the Catholic Church; and she has shown marvellous insight, and even sympathy, as to the life of this Church, its ceremonies, and its mode of thought. What is it that is missing to the Catholic who reads the book with a constant sense of its inadequacy and closes it with a sigh?

There is no lack, surely, of intellectual ability, of good taste or of artistic construction. The very title of Helbeck of Bannisdale manages to convey to those familiar with English life the idea of the North Country Catholic gentleman, "with the manners of a man of rank but not of a man of fashion," living apart from the world of to-day in the proud aloofness brought about by centuries of enforced poverty and isolation; "a type springing from the finest English blood disciplined by heroic memories and by the persecution and hardships of the penal laws."

Mrs. Ward has shown her usual art in the opening of the story. We see "a gray, gabled house, sharp against a hill-side, with a rainy evening light full upon it. . . . The light of the evening was dying,—dying in a stormy grayness that promised more rain for the morrow. Yet the air was soft, and the spring made itself felt. In some sheltered places

by the water one might already see a shimmer of buds; and in the grass of the wild, untended park daffodils were springing. Helbeck was conscious of it all; his eye and ear were on the watch for the signs of growth and for the birds that haunted the river—the dipper on the stone, the gray wagtail slipping to its new nest in the bank, the golden-crested wren, or the dark-backed creeper moving among the thorns. He loved such things, though with a silent and jealous love that seemed to imply some resentment toward other things and forces in his life. . . . His hand went to a book that he carried in his pocket. 'O dust, learn of Me to obey! Learn of Me, O earth and clay, to humble thyself, and to cast thyself under the feet of all men for the love of Me!' As he murmured the words, which soon became inaudible, his aspect cleared; his eyes raised themselves again to the landscape and became once more conscious of its growth and life."

Alan Helbeck had lived alone for many years, and had grown to love his solitude; but new duties and new interests are coming into his life. He has offered a home to his invalid widowed sister, Augustina Fountain, and stands at the door to welcome her. With her comes her stepdaughter, Laura Fountain,—a small, slight creature, whose hair makes "a spot of pale gold against the oak panelling" as she enters the old hall. But there is nothing pale about her character. Laura has a personality which "fills the stage" whenever she is present on it. The daughter of an agnostic father, who has made her "a child of Knowledge, a child of Freedom, a child of Revolution, without an ounce of training to fit her for the part," there is in Laura a "fiery, tameless something" that is her very soul and self. Her character dominates the feeble stepmother whom she loves—and loves in spite of the fact that, after making the one effort of a weak nature,

after giving up her brother and her faith to marry the freethinker Stephen Fountain, Augustina, at his death, returns to the bosom of the Church, unaffected by his aggressive agnosticism save as a painful memory. "Her husband was daily receding farther into a dim and dreadful distance, where she feared and yet wept to think of him."

Augustina is well drawn, of course. Such a character, with its vacillations, its obstinacy, its feeble energies, and its continual reversion to its original inconsistency, almost draws itself; and yet so skilfully has Mrs. Ward portrayed it that we close the book with a distinct liking, almost a respect, for Augustina; though she is one of the "feeble folk," with small views of great issues.

Alan Helbeck, then, welcomes his sister Augustina and her stepdaughter, Laura Fountain, to "his bare and ruined house, his melancholy garden, where not a bed or path had suffered change since the man who planned them had refused to comply with the Test Act," more than two centuries before. Only the beauty of the chapel, and a portrait of one of his ancestors by Romney, testify to the former glories of the family. Alan has been impoverished not alone by the faith of his ancestors, but by his own efforts to aid the various Catholic institutions of which he is the mainstay. For the sake of these he has remained unmarried until now, when he is thirty-eight years old,—counting as nothing the renunciations of his life; and looking forward, when his duties are at end, to becoming a priest of the Jesuit Order.

At first the natural antagonism between his narrow, concentrated nature and the untrained, active mind of the young girl keeps them apart. But, notwithstanding his asceticism, Alan is very, very human, and Laura and himself grow to love each other in spite of themselves. Alan's chivalrousness, when Laura is placed in

a compromising position, precipitates his avowal of his love; and, before the outside Catholic opposition to it has had time to crystallize, Laura promises to marry him.

It seems as if this Age of Doubt is jealous of

All thoughts, all passions, all delights—
Whatever stirs this mortal frame;

or else why is it that it disputes the sway of every elemental force in human nature, above all of the passion of love? To Laura, the child of doubt, even in the first fervor of her devotion comes "a cloud of misgiving, descending upon her as though a bird had brushed her with its black wing." Alan has made it plain to her that he will not attempt to disturb her inherited ideas, unless, as he believes, she herself shall come to see the beauty and truth of his faith; but she is restless, anxious, almost unhappy.

In every woman's heart Psyche is incarnated. Laura begins to question her own soul. She feels that "the sweet, common rapture of common love" is not hers. She is jealous of the affairs which, as the chief Catholic layman in the district, absorb much of Helbeck's time; his devotions, his daily attendance at Mass, his rigid fasts, disturb her. "Now that the first exquisite days of love were over, the trammels, the forgotten trammels, were all there again, for the fretting of her patience."

Alan also is troubled. He divines this jealousy of his religious life which has taken possession of Laura. His "lover's sense" reveals to him the feelings which Laura scarcely acknowledges to herself; although, in him, to the passion of the lover is added the higher rapture of the devout soul. "Since Laura suffered," he thought; "since she felt the need of that more intimate, more exquisite link; since she could not let it alone, but must needs wound herself and him,"—with the "flooding of a joy at once mystical and

very human," he hoped that she might yet abide with him in that higher life for which his soul longed.

The not unnatural opposition of Alan's Catholic friends increases the strain of the situation. A conversation on the subject between Augustina and Father Bowles is too long for quotation,—which is to be regretted, as it refutes the charge, too often brought, that Mrs. Humphrey Ward is without a sense of humor. Father Bowles, the parish priest, by the way, is the only character in the book which is drawn into what the French call *malice*. Father Leadham, the distinguished Fellow of Cambridge, the Jesuit convert priest, is a figure of far more dignity. But Helbeck's love and loyalty to Laura are intensified by this opposition. In spite of it, the dispensation for the marriage is granted and the wedding-day is fixed.

Then begins the real tragedy of the story. Laura's will is swayed by the forces of her love for Alan and of her terror of the laws by which his nature is governed, as the ocean is swayed by the moon and the tide. Resisting and yet yielding, her spirit is stirred to its depths. "She dimly sees in Helbeck the ebb and flow of mystical emotions, a life within a life, all that is most intimate and touching in the struggle of the soul, all that pierces and strains the heart. The world to which these belong rose before her, secret, mysterious,—'a city not made with hands'; now drawing, now repelling. Voices came from it that penetrated all the passion and the immaturity of her nature."

"When in this conflict—a conflict of instincts, of the deepest tendencies of two natures—she tried to lay hold on the rational life, to help herself by it and from it: it failed her everywhere. She had no tools, no weapons. The Catholic argument scandalized, exasperated her; but she could not meet it." Finally her nature rises in revolt. She taxes her lover

with what she calls "that terrible egotism of religion which poisons everything."

And then Alan Helbeck breaks through every bond which nature and life have imposed on him,—through his concentrated, iron reserve, through the habits of a being inured to the sacredness and silence of solitude. This mystic, whose forces have grown in the darkness, tears the raiment from his soul and reveals it to her in the full light of day. He tells her of his life from his unhappy childhood,—of his lonely youth, of his term at a foreign university, and of its one experience of sin and sorrow, followed by long years of penance and manly efforts to atone for the past—until now, when, for the first time in his life, happiness is within his reach.

This confession is one of those pages from the document of human life rarely read by human eyes. The writer instinctively feels that it is too sacred to be quoted. And yet it is impossible to continue the story without giving its close. With almost the fervor of St. Augustine, Alan tells her of the night when, the battle fought, he resolved to forsake sin, to conquer the love that caused it.

"That night," he said, "I crept to the foot of the crucifix in my little cell. *Elegi, elegi: renuntio*,—'I have chosen: I renounce.' All night long those alternate words seemed to be wrung from me. Laura, since that night I have been my Lord's.... I came home here to do my duty if I could, and save my soul. That seems to you a mere selfish bargain with God—an *egotism*—that you hate. But look at the root of it. Is the world under sin, and has a God died for it? All my nature, my intellect, my heart, my will, answer 'Yes.' If a God died and must die—cruelly, hideously, at the hands of His creatures—to satisfy eternal justice, what must that sin be that demands the crucifixion?... And if He died, are we not His from the first moment of our birth—

His first of all? Is it a selfish bargain to yield Him what He purchased at such a cost,—to take care that our just debt to Him is paid so far as humanity can pay it? All these mortifications and penances and self-denials that you hate so, that make the saints so odious in your eyes, spring from two great facts—sin and the crucifixion. Laura, are they *true*?”

He spoke in a low, calm voice; yet Laura knew well that his life was poured into every word. She herself did not, could not, speak. But it seemed to her, in a strange way, that some spring within her was broken,—some great decision had been taken, by whom she could not tell.

Helbeck looked with alarm at her pallor and silence.

“Laura, these are the hard and awful—to us Catholics, the majestic—facts on which our religion stands. . . . Sin and its Divine Victim, penance, regulation of life, death, judgment,—Catholic thought moves perpetually from one of these ideas to another. As to many other thoughts and beliefs, it is free to us, as to other men, to take or leave, to think or not to think. The Church, like a tender mother, offers to her children an innumerable variety of holy aids, consolations, encouragements. These may or may not be of faith. The crucifix *is* the Catholic faith.”

He closed with an impassioned appeal to her to surrender her will to that Will which is the law of his life. The girl made no direct answer. “She lifted to him a look which was far from easy to read,—a look of passionate sadness and of pure love.”

“I was not worthy that you should tell me a word,” she said. “But—it is the most sacred honor that was ever done me. I thank, thank, thank you!”

Alan goes from home for two days, his heart filled with tenderness and hopeful joy. Laura, gentle and sweet, is strangely

moved; but Mrs. Humphrey Ward does not tell us more.

During Alan's absence, Father Leadham seeks an interview with Laura. He sets the girl's nature aflame with the idea that Helbeck's proposal of marriage was induced by chivalry, not by love. “The meaning was conveyed by a look, an inflection, hardly a phrase. But Laura understood it perfectly.” And she leaves Bannisdale, ostensibly to pay a brief visit to her friend, Mollie Friedland; and, in parting, she sends back a letter, bidding Alan an eternal farewell. “It would be a crime—a *crime*—to marry him!” she exclaimed, with a dull resolve that was beyond weeping.

She finds a refuge at Cambridge with her friends, the Friedlands, refusing even to see Helbeck when he comes to implore her to return to him. He goes back to Bannisdale a stern, silent man, more rigid than ever in the fulfilment of the duties of which his life is made up.

Augustina falls ill of a mortal disease, and Laura returns in Helbeck's absence to nurse her. Of course the lovers meet, and of course love conquers all obstacles. Even Augustina, this time, urges the marriage. Laura offers to give up everything—her will, her pride, and such shadowy negations as serve her for convictions. “I have tried other things,” she sobs, “and they can't be borne! And if you can't love me unless I am a Catholic—if any power in the world can make me one, why Father Leadham can persuade me—he must. . . . But you'll be very, very patient with me, won't you? Oh, I'm so dead to all these things! But if I say whatever you want me to say, if I do what is required of me, you won't ask me too many questions—you won't press me too hard? You'll trust to my being yours, to my growing into your heart? Oh, how did I ever bear the agony of tearing myself away!”

“It was an ecstasy, a triumph; but it

seemed to Alan afterward, in looking back upon it, that, all through, it was also an anguish. The resolution of the woman's nature, of all that had lived and burned in it since he last held her in his arms, brought with it for both of them such sharp pains of expansion, such an agony of experience and growth."

And then the end comes swiftly. Augustina dies, and Laura keeps a stern, unprayerful vigil beside her. Who can tell what impotent questionings, what legacy of despair, wreaked their misery on this ardent, fiery soul? In a tumult of anguish, of revolt, of unbelief, of love—who shall say which predominated?—she takes her own life, this child of unbelief, who only dares to doubt; goes of her own accord into the immortality which she denies, to face that great reality of Life, which is Death!

And Alan? He is seen for the last time, "his dark head and striking pale features against the background of the old wall. As he stood there he was the embodiment of his race, of its history, its fanaticisms, its 'great refusals' at once of all mean joys and all new freedoms.... In a few weeks he will have entered the Jesuit novitiate."

This is, in truth, a soul-history of not ignoble sorrow nobly borne. And yet is it for such an end as this that the gospel of Agnosticism, the religion of negation, is preached to us? Dr. Friedman, Laura's father's friend, makes the only argument in the book against the Church—which is intended, apparently, to balance all those in her favor. It is scarcely an argument, but rather an arraignment of the Church on the ground that her time is past, and that "History, the great rationalist," is opposed to her. What does Dr. Friedman offer in exchange for the life of the Church, its loving relation between God and man, its hope through the Atonement, the graces it grants through the holy sacraments? For all these

he proposes to substitute "a new and mystical union," all the secrets and formulas of which, he admits, are yet to be worked out. Surely in the rôle of the "devil's advocate" Mrs. Humphrey Ward is not a success!

Agnosticism has endeavored to give to us—and to take away from us—many things; but it has remained for this writer to portray to us, in *Laura Fountain*, the life of the first martyr to doubt.

We are grateful to Mrs. Ward for many qualities in this work besides its great literary ability and its beautiful descriptions of natural scenery: for its high tone, its ignoring of the ordinary fictions about the Church, its frank recognition of the great aims of Catholicity. But we feel, nevertheless, Mrs. Ward's inability to recognize what every child who knows his catechism would see: that not intellectual conviction alone, but the supernatural principle, is essential to faith.

"Faith is the gift of God," says the Apostle. Such a man as Helbeck of Bannisdale, such a trained thinker as the Jesuit Father Leadham, even such a commonplace priest as the despised Father Bowles, would never have ignored in any human soul the absolute, supreme need of this faith. By an exquisite paradox of the spiritual life, its need is fully understood only by those who possess it; and it would be unjust, therefore, to hold Mrs. Ward responsible for not realizing its necessity. And yet without this perception every Catholic must feel that her presentation is inadequate; that she is, in the closing words of her own work, "a blind witness to august things."

THERE are only two classes of people who can be called reasonable: those who serve God with their whole heart because they know Him, and those who seek Him with their whole heart because they know Him not.—*Pascal*.

Mary Gainor's Inheritance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IV.

PETER would not admit that his brother had knowingly connived in the attempt to induce him to part with his farm at the moment when it promised to yield a golden harvest.

"No, no! Michael was deceived by the talk of that smooth-tongued sharper who pretended to want it for pasturage," he affirmed. "Why, Michael would not see his own brother defrauded!—and *he* had no other concern in the matter." If Mrs. Gainor and Mary thought differently, they refrained from expressing their opinion.

The day following the disclosure, however, Peter applied for leave of absence from his post; and at the end of the week set out for Clarion County, to see for himself what was going on there. He was accompanied by Mr. Peniston; the latter being very glad of an opportunity to look into the matter on his own account, as well as to protect the interests of his client.

Peter was away for six months. An interminable exile it seemed to his wife and daughter: never before had he been from home for more than a day or two at a time. But the reports that came from him and the apparently fabulous figures on the checks he sent them, but which the cashier of the bank where they had hitherto kept their small savings, smilingly cashed or deposited to their credit without question, made the two women feel as though they were living in a dream, and must presently awake again to the stern struggle of life.

At last the husband and father returned, and they found the dream indeed a reality; for he brought with him eighty thousand dollars in cash, besides an income from leases amounting to several hundred a day.

Both Peter and his wife had but one idea of the value of money—to use it for the benefit of their Mary. A fine house was purchased in the northern part of the city, furnished throughout with every comfort and elegance of the day, regardless of expense; and, with happy, unselfish hearts, the family entered upon their new life.

Thus in the sunlight of prosperity three years passed with them. Peter looked well after his affairs, and his substance increased. Mrs. Gainor took an old-fashioned pride in the management of her spacious home and the direction of her servants; in her stores of household linen, china, and plate. And both she and her husband delighted in their daily drive behind the "high-stepping bays," which Peter did *not* buy from the enterprising stock farmer who had, ostensibly, sought to purchase his wealth-yielding acres.

To be sure, the Gainors' aristocratic neighbors characterized the old people's frank enjoyment of their tardily acquired possessions as vulgar display, and a few acquaintances of their humbler days affected to ridicule their so-called pretensions. But, tranquilly unconscious alike of envious or supercilious criticism, they continued in "the even tenor of their way"; and not a charitable institution in the town but was the better off because old Peter had "struck oil."

As for Mary, though naturally quiet and retiring, she seemed to glide into her new sphere "as to the manner born." Gently overruling her parents' ambitious desire to obtain for her an entrance into the exclusive society by which they were surrounded, she devoted her leisure to doing the good that came nearest to her hand.

The working-girls' clubs had no more generous friend than this sweet-faced young woman, who herself had been a working-girl. The Newsboys' Home and

the parish societies received a share of her largess and sympathy. Her days were thus as busy as ever, until, as time went on, she was surprised to find that, engrossed by the interests of the unfortunate, she had unconsciously furthered her own.

The zealous women of prominent social position beside whom she had worked in self-forgetfulness, grew to respect and admire the gentle-mannered daughter of the plain old oil magnate; for are not wealth and beauty and good-breeding combined almost irresistible factors of success everywhere? Invitations began to come to her naturally. Mrs. Guy Peniston no longer considered Mary's *spirituelle* face an impossibility as an adjunct of her drawing-room; and Mrs. Cadwallader Biddle predicted for the daughter of the whilom miner a brilliant worldly future.

Unknown to this exalted authority, her opinion and that of good, unsophisticated Mrs. Gainor exactly coincided. Mary must make a grand marriage: this was the desire of the doting mother's heart. To be sure, there was Bernard; and for some time an "understanding" had existed between the young people; but this she was now disposed to disclaim. "Mary should look higher than the foreman of a mill," she said; for Bernard had not gone into the oil speculations as largely as he might have done, perhaps because of some inconvenient scruples against acquiring the property of the rude mountaineers upon false pretences, as had been attempted in the case of Peter Gainor. He was, indeed, now a partner as well as foreman of the mill; but this Mrs. Gainor amiably chose to ignore.

Peter, too, thought, with his wife, that Bernard was all very well, but Mary should "do better." There was Mr. Peniston's son, for instance; college bred and a society swell; "a leader of the german"—Peter supposed the latter to be a political contingent.

But Mary only laughed, and proclaimed that she would marry Bernard or else remain unwed.

"No," she declared, with quiet decision. "Bernard and I love each other worthily and truly; our hearts are united, and I would renounce all the wealth in Christendom rather than be separated from him."

"Well, well, *alanna!* have your way," consented Margaret at last, sighing as she saw her ambitious air castle fade away; but with a tender recollection of the long ago when she too, if in a humbler station, had chosen with a like unworldliness; and yet, as had happened in God's providence, wisely and to her own advantage.

It was harder to win Peter over.

"Married to young Arthur Peniston, she might hold her head as high as any of them," he said.

Mary answered with spirit that she would be prouder to be Bernard's wife than of any other distinction the world had to offer. And finally the dread of rendering her unhappy by his obstinacy caused the old man to yield.

"Let us have the wedding, then," he said, resignedly. "I suppose, Mary, you and Bernard will be planning a bridal trip to Europe. Would the old people seem much in the way if they should go along with you as far as Queenstown? Margaret, what do you say to our setting out to revisit the land of our birth? We could sojourn there in peace and contentment while the others are viewing strange cities on the Continent, which we are too old to care to see."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mary, with enthusiasm; while Mrs. Gainor smiled her acquiescence and shed happy tears over the prospect of recrossing the Atlantic under such wonderfully different circumstances from those in which she had set out as a simple emigrant girl, literally, to seek her fortune;—of beholding again the green shores of Erin, the last distant glimpse of which had put

her in mind of a crown of shamrocks cast upon a silver tide.

So it was settled that the marriage should take place in the early summer, and preparations for it and for the European tour went forward briskly.

Spring came with its gladness and beauty; the day appointed for the wedding was but a few weeks off; all plans were nearly completed.

"I must make a hasty trip to the oil regions before we start on our travels," announced Peter. "Then, having made sure for myself that all my affairs are in a sound condition, I can set sail with an easy mind."

"Since you are to be gone but a few days, my dear, I believe I'll go with you," volunteered his wife on the spur of the moment. "There has been so much talk of voyaging that the fever for roaming is upon me; and, ere sailing for the old country, I own I should like to go back to the woods where our young married life was spent. I suppose it is the preparation for Mary's marriage that has made me think so often lately of those times. The place must be beautiful at this season, despite its wildness,—the trees newly decked in their robes of green, and the little vagabond flowers running riot over the rugged fields, playing hide-and-seek among the rocks, and creeping to the edge of the woodland springs to see therein the reflection of their pretty faces. I'd like to see the farm-house and even our poor cabin by the mine again."

"Humph! You will find the whole place much changed," demurred her husband. "Still, if you wish to come, I'll be very glad of your companionship—we will *all* go."

"No, not Mary," objected Margaret, quickly. "Our old home has no deeper memories for her than a few indistinct recollections of childhood, which will be all the pleasanter if she is not brought face to face with the rude reality again.

'Twas at best a rough, hard life we led there. Mary is a lady now, and 'twill be for her happiness that she should not remember too well the poverty and humbleness of her early surroundings."

"Mary was always a lady from the time she was as high as my knee," asserted Peter. "She was like a little garden hedged around with hawthorn amid the roughness of the fields there. But have your way, wife; women understand one another best."

Thus it happened the old folk went away, "on a bit of a wedding journey by ourselves," Peter jocosely said, "to make up for the one we did *not* take thirty odd years ago."

At parting Mary clung to the travellers with tears; she could not have told why. And when, after seeing them off at the depot, she went home alone, the house appeared strangely desolate. Yet the sense of loneliness soon passed, for the girl had her own happy heart for company.

In the afternoon the newsboys were crying through the streets:

"A terrible railway accident! The express for the oil country collided with a way-train! Passenger coach telescoped! Several passengers killed, many injured!"

Among those taken out of the wreck dead were Peter Gainor and Margaret, his wife.

To Mary the shock was so great as to threaten her reason. Like one stunned by a physical blow, she was scarcely conscious of what took place around her. Bernard pleaded for an immediate marriage, that he might have a husband's right to protect and comfort her; but she replied piteously:

"Oh, no, no! Go away, dear, for a little while. I can not bear to see, to be with—even you, just yet. Now I can think only of my beloved parents, and have no other aim in life but to pray for them.

Leave me for awhile, alone with my sorrow and—God.”

Several weeks passed; then one day Mr. Peniston called to see her. Although punctilious in the expression of his condolences, he was constrained in speech, and evidently ill at ease. To him, as to old Peter, had occurred the idea that a marriage between his aristocratic son and the heiress might have its advantages. And he was still ignorant of Mary's engagement to Bernard; for the Gainors, regarding it as a family affair, had not noised abroad the arrangements for the nuptials. But now the lawyer's manner, if considerate, was more formal than might have been expected from one addressing a wealthy and attractive young woman, whom he would fain welcome as a daughter-in-law.

Of this poor Mary was, however, absolutely unconscious. To her ears, dulled by grief, all words of sympathy sounded meaningless; although in her heart she was grateful to the friends who took thought of her. Apathetically she listened as he proceeded to the business he had urged as an excuse for intruding upon her seclusion.

“As the solicitor of Mr. Peter Gainor, my dear young lady,” he said, “and in accordance with the message from you requesting me to attend to whatever might be necessary, I promptly took steps to settle his estate, which, as you must be aware, is a very valuable one; in fact, reckoning real and personal property, leases, *et cætera*, it may mount up to half a million of dollars—probably more.”

He eyed her sharply; but the girl's countenance did not change, nor did she arouse from her listlessness. How gladly she would have given up every penny of this wealth if by so doing she could bring back the old life with those who were gone, and the old humble home once more!

“A-hem! but I fear a trial, a—disap-

pointment may await you,” continued the dry-as-dust attorney, awkwardly.

The ghost of a smile flitted across Mary's pale face. What trial was there left for her to dread, unless it might be the loss of Bernard's love? And such a contingency was not to be thought of for a moment.

“However—I hope not,—I hope not,” Mr. Peniston repeated, reassuringly. “No doubt you can supply the evidence necessary. And, I dare say, the fact mentioned in a letter received by me this morning has to you been long familiar. Mr. Michael Gainor, of Clarion County, has applied to the court to be appointed administrator of his brother's estate, on the ground that he is the next heir. He has made affidavit that you—pardon me, my dear young lady!—are not the daughter of Peter and Margaret Gainor, but the child of respectable parents, left destitute by their death, and adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Gainor in your infancy. But is it possible this statement is new to you? It may be false; at least there must be a will,—I came to ask you if there might not be some documents in the desk of my late client. Courage, Miss, I beg of you! The burden of proof is upon the plaintiff. Your father had other legal advisers besides myself; I dare say he put property in your name which will of itself realize for you a substantial fortune. At all events, we will make a struggle for your rights; Michael Gainor can not deprive you of your wealth in a day—do not despair.”

“It is not that!” gasped Mary, unconsciously clutching at her throat; for suddenly she felt as though she could not breathe; and, leaning her head against the cushioned back of her chair, she presently lost consciousness.

Her misery perturbed even the stoical lawyer.

“Poor girl!” he mentally soliloquized. “Still, Arthur had a very narrow escape.”

And he flurriedly pulled the bell rope that hung on the wall.

The summons was answered, not by the maid who had admitted him, but by an elderly woman,—a widowed neighbor of the Gainors' in former times, to whom they had given a home in the day of their prosperity.

"Miss Gainor has fainted," he said, more gently than was usual with him. "I regret to trouble her with business matters, but upon some points it is necessary. When she is sufficiently recovered, please say to her that I will call again or inform her by letter as soon as there is anything further to communicate."

And thereupon he abruptly took his departure.

(To be continued.)

Unknown Graves.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

THE grass is rank, the shades are deep,
Where the unknown their slumber keep;
The early sunlight, saffron new,
Scarce smites the grass or gilds the dew;—
Unprayed for, tended not, they wait,
Those Holy Souls, outside God's gate.

Beyond the church's northern wall
Only day's noontide glories fall;
Here—dawn and morn, soft eve, dark night,
Above—no change, unfading light;
Yet round glide angel guardians nigh
To hear a plaint and heed a sigh.

No crosses mark those northern graves,
No flowers adorn, no yew-tree waves;
Unknown, uncared for, there they lie
Under the chill of wintry sky;
Or under light of July's sun,
Lorn and forgotten every one.

Pass no lone, nameless sleeper's bed,
For once on such Heaven's dew was shed:
By sudden death, by wasting pain,
God called them to Himself again:
Pray, then, for souls who longing wait
To enter Sion's golden gate.

The grass is rank, deep shadows lie
Under charged cloud or golden sky;
Not by the church's southern plot
Where rose blooms with forget-me-not,
But for all souls whose bodies rest
Under the northern churchyard's breast.

When chimes for Mass ring out at morn
O'er snow-clothed vales or ripening corn,
Gather within the open door,
God's dews of mercy to implore
For souls unknown, in Christ new born,
Waiting unprayed for, lone and lorn.

A Pope's Private Letters.

To a Protestant Gentleman.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am sorry to hear you repeating a multitude of objections which have been brought against the Church of Rome; and which Bossuet, a French bishop, has ably refuted in his "Exposition of the Catholic Faith," and in his excellent work on "The Diversity of Opinions." It is impossible to follow the lead of a Protestant; because, instead of waiting an answer to his question, he proposes a new one, and never gives time to breathe.

If you speak to me all at once of purgatory, the Holy Eucharist, and the veneration of saints, it is impossible for me to reply to the three points in one instant. A controversy should be carried on in a rational manner, if we would bring it to an end; and consequently it is necessary that one subject be examined thoroughly before passing to another. Otherwise we shall only beat the air, and shall have the fate of wranglers, who, after having disputed, end with remaining obstinate in their original opinions.

You approve of the plan I have laid down to prove all the truths which you contest by the Gospel and by the Epistles of St. Paul, which you receive as inspired works, and to show you that uninterrupted tradition has always taught them. If

it were otherwise, you should know the day and the date when we made the innovation,—that is, if you would not attempt to persuade us that the whole Church, in the twinkling of an eye, in spite of the fact that its members are dispersed all over the world, did change its belief without perceiving it. What an absurdity!

The reproaches which you are continually making against the Roman Church, my dear sir, on the celibacy prescribed to the priest, and on the cup which is withheld from the faithful in partaking of the holy mysteries, fall of themselves, when we reflect that marriage and the priesthood are united among the Greek Catholics; and they also give the faithful Communion in both kinds.

Return to the Church in good faith; and the Pope who governs at present will not reject you from its bosom because you have ministers who are married and because you desire the use of the cup. His prudence will find a modification which will grant you all that can be granted without sacrificing principles and morals, but only changing the discipline, which has at all times varied.

Cardinal Quirini, whose zeal for your return consumes him, will be your mediator with the Holy Father. In returning to the Pope, you will return to him who was formerly your chief; for it is you who have withdrawn. The abuses which prevailed at that time—*because it is necessary*, as Jesus Christ has said, *that there be scandals and heresies*—can not justify your ancestors in revolting and separating themselves from the Church. They had no other method but that of remonstrating; and if they had stopped there, without mixing either bitterness, gall or a spirit of rebellion, they would surely have obtained some reform. To heal certain tumors of the body, we neither think of mutilating nor destroying it.

Many Protestants would return if they

were not withheld by wretched worldly reasons. It is impossible that in reading the Holy Scriptures so often as they do, they should not perceive the prerogatives of the chief of the Apostles, and the infallibility of the Church which can never teach error; the more so, as Christ is truly with her even to the consummation of time without interruption. *Omnibus diebus usque ad consummationem sæculi.*

One needs but eyes to see whether the Catholic or the Protestant Church is right. The one appears to be that holy mountain of which the Scripture speaks, and the other a vapor which dims the sight and has no solidity.

I would give the last drop of my blood, my dear sir, to see you all reunited to us again. I am certain that you have broken the chain which bound you to the centre of unity, and that you are isolated beings without compass, guide or chief.

God makes you feel it in the most terrible manner in giving you up to I don't know how many errors, which form almost as many different sects as there are individuals; and that circumstance proves that since there is no longer an authority to unite them, they follow their own judgments and are led astray by prejudice.

Do not imagine that I mean to insult your situation. Everything confirms my impression that you have good intentions. But that will not justify you before God, who requires a strict examination upon so essential a matter; and the more so as no one is more capable of judging than you are yourself.

The sentence which one pronounces against one's self when in the wrong is the best proof, and is worthy of your honest soul and good heart. Your candor persuades me that you will inform yourself of the truth, and will not reject it when you see it. It is upon the lips of good Catholics; and in hearing them, you

hear it. I desire your conversion in all the fulness of my heart, by the sincere ardor I have to find myself with you in the dwelling of eternal peace, where there will be only those who are marked with the sign of faith. Judge by that of the extent of attachment with which I have the honor to be, etc.

ROME, 14 May, 1753.

To one of his friends, a Friar appointed to a position of trust.

Dignities affect me so little that I have not courage to pay any compliments to those invested with them. They are an additional servitude which must be added to human misery; and the more to be dreaded as they expose us to pride. Man is so wretchedly silly as to deck himself with trifling honors, that are mere worldly show; and to forget an immortal soul to feed upon chimerical prerogatives, which last only a few days. Even in the cloister, where all ought to be disinterestedness, self-denial, and humility, we find men as vain of preferments as if they had the ruling of kingdoms.

I make these reflections the more willingly to you because your turn of mind sets you above all honors, and you have acquired authority only to confer happiness. I am convinced that you will perfectly temper severity with gentleness; that a cloud will never be seen on your countenance nor unevenness in your temper; that you will always be a brother to those over whom you have become superior; that you will endeavor to prefer them according to their dispositions and abilities; and that you will employ no spies except to discover the merit of those who are too modest to let it appear.

Thus you will do yourself honor by the manner in which you will discharge your duty, and everyone will desire to see you and to detain you. There are some superiors whose visits are dreaded like a tempest. Above all things, take

care, my dear friend, of the old men and the young people,—that the former may be supported and the latter encouraged, as they ought to be. These are extremes which appear very distant, yet approach very near, since every young man grows older every instant. Observe moderation in all your proceedings; think it much better to yield to an excess of mildness than to give way to too great severity.

Speak nobly of religion, but let your words be well-timed: people avoid those who are always preaching. Jesus Christ did not make long discourses to His disciples, but what He said to them *is the spirit and the life*. Words have most force when they are short and pointed. Let there be no affectation in your manner. There are people who imagine that everything ought to be formal about those in power; but these are little minds.

I will not mention duplicity, which is unfortunately too much practised by the heads of religious houses. I feel certain, from the good opinion I have of your merit, that you will not prefer a complaint against any one without having several times warned him of your intention, or without previously acquainting him. Be afraid of finding any one guilty; and when you meet such, humble yourself by this reflection: that man of himself is incapable of doing any good action. Be communicative; for we lose much of the good-will of those we govern by disgusting coldness. In a word, be yourself what you wished a superior to be when you were a subject. We too often exact from others what we ourselves are not inclined to give. Weigh faults by intentions and circumstances; and know that, though there are some faults which ought to be punished, there are others which ought not to be noticed, because every man has his imperfections.

Have few confidants, but when you make any let it not be by halves; for they will divine the rest, and are not

obliged to secrecy. Be sure to have no predilection in favor of one rather than another, except on account of superior merit. You are then authorized by the example of Christ Himself, who testified a particular affection for St. Peter and St. John. Finally, pass into the convents like a beneficent dew; so that the members may regret the time when you retire, and may say of you: *Transiit benefaciendo*,—"He scattered blessings as he passed."

Love me as I love you, and look upon this letter as the transcript of my heart. My compliments to our common friends.

ROME, 31 January, 1751.

To Madam B——, a Venetian.

MADAM:—You do me too much honor in asking my opinion of your admirable translation of Locke. Is it possible that, in a town plunged as deep in pleasures as it is in water, a person of your rank should apply herself to the study of metaphysics? It is a convincing proof that our soul disengages itself from the senses when it would shake off matter, and consequently must be incorporeal.

I have read over and over again, with the strictest attention, the inestimable manuscript in which you have so nobly displayed the beauties of our language, and with so much elegance have changed the parched field of philosophy into an agreeable parterre. The English author would be vain if he could see himself dressed in such elegant Italian.

I wish, if it had been possible, that your ladyship had suppressed that part of the work where Locke hints that matter may have a power of thinking. It is not like the reflection of a philosopher who has thought deeply. The faculty of thinking can not be exercised but by a being necessarily endowed with spiritual and intellectual powers. Matter can never have the power of thinking any more than darkness can have the power of giving light; both the one and the other

imply a contradiction; but men rather choose to speak absurdly than not to say uncommon things.

I congratulate my country more than ever on having a continued succession of learned women in it. It would be very proper to make a collection of those works which display their singular abilities. Your translation of Locke would hold a first place, especially as you have found the secret of employing the poetic style in such a way as to smooth the wrinkles of philosophy, which contracts the brow, and whose expression is necessarily hard and dry.

I entreat you, Madam, to print this manuscript, if it be only to convince foreigners that science is still honored among us, and that your sex is not so trifling as many are pleased to imagine.

How could you have singled me out among those with whom my small share of merit has placed me? There are a number of academicians, especially at Bologna, whose judgment would be more reliable than mine. One is not a philosopher for having made a profession of it.

There is more substance in one page of our metaphysicians of the last century than in all the books of Aristotle and Scotus. But the same is not true of Plato, who in these days would have been an excellent philosopher and probably a true Christian. I find him full of matter and great views. His speculations, without being obscured by the clouds which surrounded the ancients, extended to the Deity Himself.

You will work a miracle if you excite a relish for philosophy in Venice. It is a country where there is a great share of genius even among the mechanics. But pleasure is there a fifth element, which is a bar to emulation; the people sacrifice their time and rest to it, except the order of senators, who are so much employed that they may be called the slaves of the nation. The people are always absorbed

in gayety even while they are at work.

But I perceive that I am insensibly speaking of the government, and that my letter will very soon become guilty of *lèse-majesté*, or high-treason, against the State. I know that the Most Serene Republic is very exacting about what relates to its customs and its laws.

I will confine myself, therefore, Madam, to telling you what will admit of no contradiction, and be quite conformable to the sentiments of the whole Senate: which is, that they can not sufficiently assure you of the respect due to your genius, your birth or your virtue, and with which I have the honor to be, etc.

ROME, 10 January, 1753.

To Count Algarotti.

MY DEAR COUNT:—Regulate your life so that, in spite of your philosophy, I may meet you in heaven; for I should be exceedingly grieved to lose sight of you for an eternity. You are one of those singular men, both in head and heart, whom we would wish to love beyond the grave, once we have the pleasure of knowing them; and nobody has more reasons than you to be persuaded that the soul is incorporeal and immortal. The years pass away for the philosopher as they do for the fool, but in what they are to terminate must engage the mind of a thinking man.

Confess that I know how to accommodate my sermons so as not to startle one of the *beaux esprits*. If discourses were oftener made with as much brevity and cordiality, you would, perhaps, be disposed to listen to the preachers. However, it is not enough to hear them: what is said should find its way to the heart. May my words produce good fruit; and may the amiable Algarotti become as good a Christian as he is a philosopher, and then shall I be doubly his friend and servant.

ROME, 11 December, 1754.

(To be continued.)

At Kilkerran Bridge.

BY E. BECK.

“WHAT does your Reverence think of him?” Molly Carroll inquired as Father Loughran emerged from the low doorway of the cabin that had been her abode from the time of her marriage, thirty years before.

“Indeed, Molly, I’m not a very good judge of sick people,” Father Loughran made answer, with perhaps some evasion. He had just administered the last Sacraments to Molly’s husband.

“Dr. Shaw hasn’t a good opinion of him at all, at all!” Molly said, with a quiver in the thin, high-pitched tones. “He said he might last a good while, but that he would never be well again. Still, I don’t think Dr. Shaw a very knowledgeable man myself.”

“There’s no certainty of life even for a day for any of us,” the priest rejoined, and paused a moment while his hand strayed to his pocket. There were very evident signs of poverty in the house he had quitted. “Now, Molly, here’s a half-crown. Owen, maybe, would like some little delicacy,” he said awkwardly, as he thrust the piece of silver into Molly’s unwilling palm.

“God reward your Reverence!” she said. “Sure I won’t refuse it, for times are hard enough with Owen and me.”

“Is it true you have been threatened with eviction?” the priest asked.

“It is that,” Molly replied, dolefully.

“Can nothing be done?”

The woman shook her head.

“He’s a very hard man, a terrible hard man, is Mr. Leabody. His nephew, Master Charlie, said all he could against it, and it was no use.”

“Is he the heir?”

“He is, and a kind enough young gentleman; but ’tis little the old man heeds him. It will just break my heart

to leave the place." And Molly wiped away a tear from her bright black eyes. "But I needn't grumble: there are more than us under the same threat."

Father Loughran, though a newcomer to the district, knew as much.

"Have you any children?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Not one, nor a relative either in the country. You know Owen and *me* came here from County Cavan when we were married. I had one brother, but he went to America a year or so before that."

"Does he write to you?"

"No, and I think he must be dead. I did write to him a few times after we settled down here, but the last letter came back and I wrote no more."

The priest buttoned his coat. It was an October evening, and the wind that came round the corner of the thatched cabin was unusually cold for that season of the year.

"If Owen should wish to see me at any time, don't neglect to send for me," he said, and took his leave.

Molly stood for a few moments gazing after his retreating figure as he passed along the narrow, sinuous road that led through Camlough bog. Owen Carroll's bit of land had been reclaimed with much labor, and was situated at a good distance from that of his nearest neighbor; and Molly felt the loneliness of her situation for almost the first time in her busy, active life. For many a year back Owen had been somewhat delicate, and it was his wife whose shoulders felt the burden of existence most. But Molly was thrifty, and as quick in working as in speaking; so that, with her ducks and hens and turkeys, and a few shillings earned in the long winter nights by knitting socks for the members of the police barrack in far-away Carndaisy, the couple managed to get on, till exposure, a year or two before, brought on the rheumatic attack that baffled the skill of the dispensary

doctor, and left Owen Carroll almost as helpless as a baby.

The priest's form disappeared in the gathering gloom, and Molly sighed. The prospect around her was by no means an enlivening one. The purple and crimson tints of the bogland were no longer visible, but the blackish pools looked weird and uncanny in the sombre glow of the light from the western sky. Against that angry red a grove of pine-trees was silhouetted with unwonted distinctness; and through the rustling leaves of the two or three aspens that stood by the cottage the wind moaned drearily.

Molly turned indoors. The dwelling-house of the Carrolls consisted only of one apartment, and the sick man lay in the big wooden bedstead that occupied a considerable space. The blue and white chequered curtains that draped it had been drawn back; and Molly saw, by the light of the peat fire that burned on the hearth, that he was still absorbed in prayer. She moved about quickly but noiselessly, engaged in various domestic duties, till her husband spoke.

"Father Loughran does one a lot of good," he remarked.

"To be sure, Owen," Molly agreed, with assumed cheerfulness. "You're feeling a little better since you were anointed?"

"I'm a deal easier, thank God!" Owen replied. "I think I could sup a spoonful of oatmeal porridge."

"And here it is." Molly peered into a saucepan that was simmering by the fire. "Ned Reynold's daughter brought a present of oatmeal yesterday, and fine and dry it is."

A few spoonfuls satisfied the invalid's appetite; and when Molly had settled him as comfortably as might be, she took down a tattered shawl and wrapped it round her shoulders.

"One of the turkeys strayed away this evening, so I must take a look for it," she explained to her husband. "Here's

your beads, Owen,"—she handed him a big brown rosary. "Maybe you can say a decade or two."

Molly's fruitless search for the turkey led her into the heart of the bogland, and twilight had closed into night before she turned her face homeward. When half the distance had been traversed, the sound of voices from the high-road caused her to pause.

"It must be done to-night!" said a voice that sounded strange in her ears. "Old Leabody must be shot this night. He will arrive in Carndaisy by the last train, and will drive past Kilkerran Bridge about half-past eight."

"Are you sure?" another voice asked.

"I'm certain. He went to Belfast this morning, and left the horse and car in the Red Deer Hotel. Barring an accident, he will be alone."

"It seems a good chance," continued the second voice.

"Seems! It is a good chance!" the first speaker insisted. "You will come with me to the Bridge, lest there should be two to deal with."

"Yes, if you say so. But what sort of place is this Bridge?"

"As lonely as this bogland."

"Well,"—the voice now was uncertain. "Look here, Jack, there's danger in this." Jack laughed derisively.

"I'm not a fool—quite; but Reginald Leabody has to be paid back. He did not scruple to spoil my life, and all because I—his wife's cousin—used his name on a bill for a few months. Every day while in Portland I swore to have revenge, and I will. Jack Ellman keeps his word."

"Well, well!" the second voice said. "But there's no need to speak so loud."

"Who is to hear? At any rate, there isn't so much danger to apprehend as you suppose. Leabody is on bad terms with his tenantry. It will be laid to their charge should—ought happen to him."

"All right, Jack! I'll stick to you. You

weren't a bad pal in Portland, but I'm to have—" The remainder of the sentence did not reach Molly's ears.

"I have told you so already," the first speaker answered sharply, as the pair moved away.

Poor Molly stood quite motionless till the sound of their footsteps died out in the distance; then she struggled up the steep bank that led to the public road; and, dazed and frightened, reached home. As she laid her fingers on the latch of the door she paused. A sudden thought struck her. If Reginald Leabody should be shot that night, they would not be evicted! Owen would be allowed to die in the walls of his home!

The feeling in Molly's heart was a strange and, to her, an indefinable one. Horror and a species of joy were curiously blended; and it was mechanically that she entered the cottage and began to replenish the fire that had burned low.

"Did you get it?" Owen asked, after a moment.

"Get it?" Molly repeated.

"The turkey."

"No. It must have roosted somewhere."

Molly was strangely indifferent as to the fate of her bird, and she sat down by the fire in unwonted silence.

"If he's shot I can't help it," she said to herself. "I wouldn't wish it to him nor anybody—but I can't help it."

She repeated the words over and over as if she received some satisfaction from them. Owen had betaken himself to prayer again, and through the strange medley of her thoughts Molly caught his words:

"And I'll offer up the Lord's Prayer and the 'Hail Mary' that God may keep us from a sudden and unprovided death."

"A sudden and unprovided death!" Molly started up. Was she going to let a fellow-creature, with a soul to lose or save, meet a sudden death without trying to prevent it!

"Oh, God forgive me this day!" she exclaimed to herself. "What does anything matter between Mr. Leabody and us now! I must do what I can to save him."

She bent for a moment over her husband, and he looked up.

"I think I'll sleep," he said, drowsily; and Molly hastened to the door. As she closed it behind her the sound of a bell reached her ears. That bell told her that the Catholics of Carndaisy were hurrying to the October devotions.

"Half-past seven!" she gasped. "And there's no time to look for any one younger and suppler than *me* to warn the unfortunate man! Besides, the young people will be on their way to the Rosary in the country chapel."

Molly Carroll had always been fleet of foot, and it was with a speed surprising in a woman of her years that she flew along the level country road. On and on she sped till the bogland was left behind, and the road began gradually to ascend. Her breath came in quick, short gasps as she tried to keep up her rapid pace. Once she met two or three children returning from an errand to a country grocer's. She feared to lose time by speaking to them; and the youngsters, frightened, hurried on their way. The white cap she wore had fallen to her shoulders, and her hair fell round her face. Now and then she dashed it aside with impatient hand.

When the top of the hill was reached she paused a second to regain her failing breath. Some few stars were gleaming through the scudding clouds, and she could dimly discern the grove of beeches that grew close by Kilkerran Bridge.

"God grant I may be in time to warn him!" she prayed fervently, forgetful of her landlord's harshness. "God grant I may be in time!"

The way down-hill was easier, and Molly's flying steps brought her nearer and nearer the Bridge. She had lost one of her well-worn shoes; and, with a hasty

pull, she managed to get rid of its fellow, and hastened on, regardless of the sharp stones that pierced the stockings she wore. As she approached the Bridge she thought she heard the rhythmic beat of horse hoofs, and a moment later a horse and car came in view. Molly tried to cry out, but in vain. No sound came from her lips, and with one last effort she dashed at the horse's head and tried to seize the reins. The frightened animal swerved to one side, and Molly heard the quick, sharp sound of a pistol shot, a muttered imprecation, and the sound of men's voices, then knew no more. Afterward she learned that the shaft of the vehicle had struck her on the head, and caused the unconsciousness that lasted for some time.

When she recovered her senses she was lying on the soft grass of the roadway; and a number of men, all talking at once it seemed, were gathered near her. The light from a second car fell upon them, and she looked round eagerly.

"Was he—Mr. Leabody—shot?" she asked in a voice that shook.

"No," a loud voice made reply from the background. "I was not."

"I reckon I came near being so," said a voice with a decided American accent. "I may thank this good woman for my escape."

"I believe I know who the miscreant was that fired," observed Mr. Leabody. He had driven up while Molly was lying in the roadway, and while Jack Ellman and his companion were flying through the fields. "When I was in Carndaisy I heard that Jack Ellman, lately released from Portland, was in this neighborhood, and I took the precaution of bringing a couple of policemen on the car with me. Jack owes me a grudge for sending him to prison, and he'll try to pay me."

"He said so," Molly remarked. She was beginning to realize that the shot had been fired, not at Mr. Leabody, but,

by mistake, at the man whose accents were so strange to her ears.

"I'd like to know the woman's name that saved me," the stranger said; and Molly told something of the conversation she had overheard.

"But what is your name?" the stranger again inquired.

"Molly Carroll," Mr. Leabody promptly made answer.

"Yes, Molly Carroll. My own name was Hallorn," Molly supplemented, as she rose up, and remembered that Owen would be wondering at her long absence.

"Hallorn!" the stranger cried.

"Yes, Hallorn. I was married to Owen Carroll about—" here Molly paused, as her questioner came closer.

"Was your father's name Neal?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes—Neal Hallorn, of Ballybay, in County Cavan."

Molly's hands were seized in those of the stranger.

"Then you're my sister—you're my only sister, Molly darling! I am Patrick Hallorn, of Denver."

Molly could only repeat the name. She was assisted to the hired car, on which her brother had been travelling from Carndaisy to Dunmore to spend the night with a chance acquaintance, and conveyed to her home.

The brother and sister had many questions to put to each other as they sat by the fire during that October night. Patrick Hallorn's letters to his old home had remained unanswered or had been returned to him, and he had come to believe Molly dead, as she did him. He had led a roving life, it seemed, but he had managed to accumulate a fortune.

"And now I think I'll settle down in Ireland," he concluded, as the day was breaking,—“at least for a bit. I have neither wife nor child to consider.”

So during Owen Carroll's last weeks on earth he was supplied with unwonted

comforts and luxuries, and he died happy in the knowledge that Molly need never know want again. On his decease Patrick Hallorn rented a pretty cottage and a few acres of land from a neighboring landlord, and there he and Molly reside. He would allow the latter to accept nothing from Mr. Leabody but his thanks for the race she had made on his behalf; and, in deference to his sister's pleadings, he refused to make any charge against the person or persons who had attempted his life; nor did she ever hear anything more of Jack Ellman and his companion.

A Pilgrimage to the City of the Dead.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

ON the slope of that mountain to which the famous explorer, Jacques Cartier, gave its name when he cried out, "*Quel Mont Royale!*"* is a city of at least three hundred thousand inhabitants, looking down upon that other city, the chief metropolis of the North, called in its turn from the mountain above, Montreal. The avenues and streets of that first-named city are very silent; its monuments are many and costly; flowers grow there with a strange beauty of their own; and there is an abundance of trees waving and shimmering in the lights and shadows,—pines and maples and oaks; but they all seem to wear the solemnity of the cypress. There is no strife nor struggle in that city; no vexatious cares, no irksome trivialities; but only a deep, unbroken peace. It is the city of the dead.

Now, upon the Feast of All Saints of this present year, that city took on an appearance of life. One might have said, at first sight, that its inmates had risen at last, anticipating the judgment day.

* "What a royal mountain!"

But it was in reality a mighty concourse of invited guests, still belonging to the world of life and sense, that had come at the summons of their chief pastor, Archbishop Bruchési, to spend an hour in the world of death.

It was a typical November day—gray and soft, the brilliant sunshine of the morning becoming overclouded in the afternoon. There was a mournful wind whispering in the pines which grow so abundantly on the slopes of Mt. Royal, and stirring in the leafless branches; for the trees, which had lately worn that splendor of gold and crimson which only the foliage of the North can show forth, had shed their vesture and stood bare under that gray sky. This added to the solemnity of the scene, as though Nature had despoiled herself of all adornment in harmony with the spirit of the day; and the occasional gleams of pale sun shone through the branches with a weird effect. The Stations of the Cross were discernible here and there,—the Calvary at the top seeming fittingly to dominate those heights.

As many as ten thousand persons had assembled, including great numbers of the clergy and of the various religious orders. It was one of the most impressive sights ever seen on Canadian soil as the Archbishop ascended the platform which had been erected for the occasion, and stood facing that vast multitude. His discourse was in French and was a masterly effort. He compared that assemblage to those of the Catacombs, where the early Christians gathered about their prelates to pray for their beloved dead. But *they* were forced to meet underground and in secrecy, whilst those of to-day might pray and sing in public. "This liberty," he said, "which has been ours for centuries, was won by our forefathers, our martyrs; by their sacrifices, their virtues, and even the very shedding of their blood."

In referring to the ties which had bound those who slept there to the living who came thither to aid them by their prayers, he reminded his hearers that prayer for the dead was imposed upon them by filial piety, paternal love, justice, gratitude, and friendship. The glory of God, too, was interested; for by means of prayer it is certain that the number of the elect in heaven is redoubled. Self-interest, moreover, is concerned: the poor captives whose chains are thus broken become powerful protectors and intercessors with the Most High.

In fulfilment of that duty, he said, he had convened them to the city of the dead. But there was another lesson to be drawn from that meeting: the nothingness of human greatness. He bade them look around upon those graves. "What remains of the richest and most favored of earth? A coffin, some dust, a shroud. It matters not whether their remains are covered by a splendid mausoleum or a simple cross: all are equal; all are confounded in that same silence; all must obey that law of ruin and decomposition; all must sleep that same sleep till the angelic trumpet summons them to the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge." He exhorted them not to live, then, as though this life were never-ending, but to think frequently and fearlessly of death; for that thought made the truest sages and the greatest saints. When that feast of the dead should be celebrated next year, it might be the feast of many who were listening to him. In any case, they would all take their places amidst that silent assembly in God's own time. In blessing the living who were present, his Grace also gave his blessing to all the dead who slept about them.

The Archbishop's sermon was followed by a discourse in English by the Rev. Father McCallen, S. S., of St. Patrick's Church. The preacher explained most eloquently the dogma of purgatory as it

is taught by the Church, and the obligations which it imposes upon the living.

There was a brief hush, so intense that the whispering of the pines seemed very loud and distinct. Then a mighty volume of sound broke the stillness. It was a choir of six hundred voices intoning the *Libera*. Is there any hymn so awful, almost, in its supplication? When heard there upon the mountain side, echoing and re-echoing among the bare branches, it thrilled every heart. The uncovered heads, the reverent attitude, the sorrow or sympathy or merely awe upon the faces,—what a sight it was!

Then the assembly quietly dispersed, going to pray at individual graves. All through the cemetery kneeling groups were to be seen,—some before stately monuments, others around grass-grown mounds with scarce a cross above them, others again at the doors of vaults. The Archbishop himself, accompanied by his priests, knelt at his father's grave.

What names of note were seen upon some vaults or monuments! Sir George Cartier, once the great leader in Dominion politics, rests as quietly as his equally great colleague, the illustrious Irishman, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Honoré Mercier, whose name was so lately on every tongue, and whose fiery eloquence won, let his enemies say what they will, a measure of justice for the Church of Lower Canada, is very silent now; while the shadowy throng has recently been reinforced by Mercier's gifted opponent, the leader in many a strife, the golden-tongued orator, Sir Adolphe Chapleau.

Altogether, that scene upon the mountain was one which shall not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was a public demonstration of faith in the grand doctrine of the immortality of the soul, in the great Catholic dogma of the communion of saints, and its concomitant—prayer for the dead.

It had long been the custom of Catho-

lic Montreal to visit the cemetery in great numbers on All Saints' afternoon, and to make the Stations there. But this organized pilgrimage, and on so large a scale, is a new departure inaugurated by the present Archbishop. November is a very solemn season, indeed, in Montreal. At eight o'clock every evening the great bell of Notre Dame rings out a summons to remember the dead,—a summons which is repeated from other steeples. In every Catholic household where the bell is heard a *De profundis* or other prayer is said. In every church there is a special chapel or altar draped in black, and upon which lamps or tapers are kept burning by the piety of the faithful for those who sleep in the Lord; while in some of the churches services are held every evening.

But here was something different: a public act of homage to the dead. It recalled the past, the early days of the French *régime*, when saints and martyrs led the way, and noble pioneers or Christianized savages followed up these very slopes in pious procession. It was here that Maisonneuve, "first Knight of the Queen of Angels," bravely carried the cross upon his shoulders, followed by the entire population of his infant city; and toward these very heights Marguérite Bourgeoys guided a devout throng.

Yes, that latent chivalry, that profound reverence, that ardent faith, still lives in French and Catholic Canada, as it lives and is forever upspringing in all truly Catholic communities of whatever origin. Let the world stare or sneer or pass by unheeding: such demonstrations as that touching and solemn pilgrimage to the city of the dead, on the slopes of Mt. Royal, prove the eternal vitality of the one, holy and Catholic Church.

FOR 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called
Forgiveness. —Longfellow.

An Apostasy with a Moral.

Miss Marie Agnes Walsh, who has lately become conspicuous as a Theosophist, will arrive here in a few days. This priestess of Theosophy is of Celtic parentage and was educated in France. A number of years ago she was a teacher in the schools of New York.—*Daily paper.*

THE number of Catholics who fall away from their faith and take up with Theosophy, Christian Science, and other popular fallacies, may not be large; but it is not so small as is generally supposed, and it is certainly large enough to emphasize the importance of thorough religious instruction. If young people are well grounded in their faith, there is little likelihood that they will ever apostatize, no matter how negligent they may become in practising their religion; and there is always reason to hope that sooner or later, by some means or other, they will be led back to the right path. But if they are ill-instructed, there is no telling to what lengths they may go; and if they ever return to the Church, it becomes necessary to deal with them as if they had never been under Catholic influence.

It is frequently asserted that religious instruction in the United States is more thorough than in most other countries; and that those who fall away from the Church do so not through ignorance of its claims upon them, but through weakness of virtue,—simply preferring the service of the world to the service of God. We are not so sure of this; however, if their religion is well taught to American Catholic children, there are strong reasons why it should be. But, unfortunately, it often happens that young people who have "gone through" the Catechism creditably and are supposed to know it well have very imperfect ideas of religion. The little book is dropped too quickly. It is apt to be taken for granted that children understand what they have learned

only parrot-like, as they do exceptions to the rules of syntax. Missing the sense of the lessons they glibly recited, they quickly forget the words; and thus, unless they read doctrinal books and hear systematic catechetical instructions from the pulpit, they grow up very ignorant of their religion.

Marie Agnes Walsh, "the priestess of Theosophy," probably never really mastered the lessons of the Little Catechism, though she may have been one of the pale, thin, large-eyed children near the head of her class, and a star pupil of the school she attended; a model of diligence and a marvel of talent in the eyes of her teachers, and regarded as a prodigy by her admiring companions. When a future Archbishop of Philadelphia presented himself for instruction in the teachings of the Catholic faith, the eminent prelate who had the happiness of receiving him into the Church gave him a copy of the Little Catechism, the lessons of which he was required to learn, one by one, word for word, until he had completed the course of instruction. He was amazed at the amount of knowledge the little book contained, and admired the way in which it was systematized. It is to be feared that many who teach and study the Little Catechism nowadays do not fully realize its importance,—that teachers in many cases are less careful and competent than they should be, and that students are seldom so earnest and docile as Archbishop Wood. The office of the catechist is not held in the esteem it deserves, and as a consequence the Catechism is often perfunctorily taught and negligently studied.

The last instructions given by Pius IX. to the clergy of Rome were that they should redouble their zeal in teaching the Catechism to children; for "the child that grows up unconscious of the duties of religion will ignore the duties of man." The obligation of pastors and parents

to impress the lessons of the Little Catechism on the minds of children can not be too much insisted upon. There is, perhaps, no diocese in the world where the clergy have greater freedom of action in their allotted work—where there is less exercise of authority in the more unimportant affairs of parishes—than in the diocese of Peoria. But there is one point upon which its broad-minded and experienced Bishop is said to be severe. He insists upon painstaking and thoroughness in catechetical instructions; and when children are to be confirmed they must give satisfactory evidence of knowing and understanding the foundations of Christian faith. Young people thus instructed and confirmed may be trusted to fight the good fight, to keep the faith and spread it in after life among unbelieving associates.

Until Catholic children everywhere are thoroughly instructed in their religion, and their lives and conduct are seasoned with Christian principles, we may expect to hear of many renegades like Marie Agnes Walsh, "priestess of Theosophy."

Power in Weakness.

THE power of baby lips and baby fingers over the heart of a strong man has often been remarked. It is a wonderful thing, this helpfulness of helplessness childhood!

When the famous actor, Mr. Sol Smith Russell, lost a valuable business block in Minneapolis by fire last winter, he became for a time deeply despondent. It was impossible to play the comical rôle that he had undertaken with such a load lying on his heart, for the fire had destroyed a large part of the earnings of a lifetime. While he was meditating his misfortune one evening in an Eastern city, a letter was handed to him, and a glance told him it was from his little

daughter. His face brightened and his habitual smile returned to him as he read these words, painfully scrawled in a childish hand:

DEAR PAPA:—I went down to see your store that was burned, and it looks very pretty, all covered with ice. Love and kisses from LILIAN.

The child's point of view wrought a complete change in the mind of the susceptible actor. "Nobody," he says, "ever went on the stage with a lighter heart than I did that night."

Notes and Remarks.

It is pleasant indeed to hear that a large collection of paintings and drawings by Tissot, illustrating the life of our Blessed Lord, is now on exhibition in New York, and to be shown during the coming season in all our large cities. No doubt these wondrous works of one of the greatest modern masters will excite the interest of the public as much as Millet's "Angelus." They created a profound sensation in Paris and London, and were regarded as one of the most remarkable collections ever exhibited. Apart from their unmistakable merit as noble conceptions of Christ, His Blessed Mother, and His early followers, these paintings and drawings will be admired for originality of design, beauty of coloring, exquisiteness of drawing, and elaborateness of execution. Indeed the least competent judge of these productions of M. Tissot will realize that extraordinary talent has been expended to the utmost in a labor of love.

"Confessions" is the fitting word for the statements made by three superintendents of public schools in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "I have never had a school committee a majority of whose members could be relied on to vote always for what they believed to be the interests of the schools, regardless of pulls," is the testimony of the superintendent who speaks for New England; and the "pulls," it is explained, mean principally the employment of incompetent teachers and the introduction

of unsuitable text-books. The spokesman of the West and South deposes that in those sections "teaching is regarded as a dignified calling for anybody in indigent circumstances, who is unable to do any other work." What is to be done with old, poor and thoroughly inefficient teachers, some of whom have served the Board thirty years and whose dismissal condemns them to the poorhouse?—this is the school question as this writer sees it. The third, who hails from the North—from Chicago, we surmise,—complains that "church influence is often more embarrassing to a superintendent than politics." All which is not pleasant reading when one remembers that our public schools cost enough to be nearly perfect; and Catholics, not less than those who patronize those schools, are heavily taxed for them. Meantime it will be wholesome to remember that if our parish schools are not yet perfect—and they ought to be brought as close to perfection as possible,—they are free from certain abuses which almost paralyze the public schools.

Ouida's bill of indictment against modern Italy includes almost every crime in the category of moral and political offences. She shares the opinion of Mr. Marion Crawford that the ambition of the Italian monarchy to rank among the great military and maritime powers is chiefly responsible for the conscription, taxation, and misery of the country. The plainest necessities of life lie under an enormous tax; the small gentry have been forced to sell their lands at the behest of the fiscal government; the officials are insolent and utterly corrupt; the poor are rigorously punished for the slightest misdemeanors, while the rich and the noble kill and embezzle with impunity and to their hearts' content. According to Ouida, all the morality of the nation belongs to the papal party, and all the intelligence of the nation to the revolutionary party; and both of these the government has fixed in eternal enmity. "Witty journalists, clever caricaturists, harmless novelists, are seized and imprisoned in the same way as are *monsignori*, parish priests, and directors of papal organs"; and "the whole country is

ruled by a totally irresponsible despotism." Cheek by jowl with Ouida's impeachment of the Italian government in the current *Review of Reviews*, appears a reply (so-called in courtesy) by Signor Vecchia, a henchman of Humberto. The Signor simply says that things are not half so bad as the novelist paints them; that it is extremely vulgar to speak disrespectfully of those who are responsible for the unhappy plight of Italy. To the discerning mind, Signor Vecchia's "reply" is a more convincing argument against the Italian government than even Ouida's stinging and intense denunciations.

The recent indictment of Christian Science healers in London on the charge of having caused the death of Harold Frederic, and the example of several persons in this country who died victims to the new doctrine, are likely to lessen the number of its votaries everywhere. The advocates of healing by faith and will-power contend that in trusting to this means for the cure of disease they are only following the precepts of Christianity. But it is hard to see how any one who takes his religion from the Bible can disdain the assistance of physical agencies—any divinely appointed means of healing. Christ says, 'They that are ill have need of a physician.'

Christian Science is neither Christian nor scientific. It is only when one has done all that lies in his own power that one is justified in trusting to God for special assistance; and no scientist ever prefers experimentation to experience. In a recent editorial on this subject the New York *Sun* quoted the famous answer made by the Bedouin sheik to the wanderer who had sought the shelter of his tent. "What have you done with your horse?" asked the chief. "I have turned him loose and committed him to Allah."—"Go and tether him, and then commit him to Allah," was the answer.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, who has written some very entertaining fiction, has a story in the current *Harper's* in which the heroine makes many and great sacrifices to stay at home with her mother, while the heroine's sister goes away to a Protestant sisterhood—

"with all the egotism of the religious temperament, she set about saving her clean, narrow, good little soul." In Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck," also, the charge is advanced that religion makes people egotistic. It must first be premised that the heroine's sister would have been more truly religious had she remained with her mother, so long as there was real need of her. The Protestant sisterhoods are new at their trade, but no Catholic convent would have admitted Grace while her mother could not dispense with her aid. But the fling at "the egotism of the religious temperament" is worthy of the modern faddists, who think that a well-planned system of sewerage is more momentous than a well-reasoned system of theology, and that the forms and usages of society are incomparably more important than the ritual and conventionalities of religion. The correct thing with us moderns is to avoid "egotism," to scrutinize our neighbor's conscience more rigorously than our own, to go slumming instead of to church, and to worry more over earthly than spiritual misfortunes. Still, we fancy that Our Lord Himself was somewhat of an egotist when He said, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" and when He declared that every human soul must be judged for its own shortcomings. If all men had more of the spiritual egotism of which Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Ward complain, there would be less need of the altruism for which they feebly plead.

In the year 1893 Eugene Wolf, who had just returned from a visit to Leo XIII., visited Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh. His account of the state of feeling between the Pope and the Chancellor is curiously interesting. "The Pope asked me where I was going on leaving Rome. 'Back to Germany, where I shall call on Prince Bismarck,' was the answer. The Pope thereupon said: 'Prince Bismarck! Do not forget to greet him for me.' So when I arrived at Friedrichsruh, I told the Prince that I had greetings from Rome to deliver to him. 'Oh, indeed!' said Bismarck. 'I suppose you have paid a visit to the Pope. How fares the

health of the Holy Father? I must tell you that I always got on very well with him. It was only that confounded [*verflixte*] little Excellency that I could not get on with.' " The *verflixte* little Excellency was Windthorst, of course; and our readers need not be told that Bismarck would not have got on so well with the Pope had not the noble little German stood up so manfully against the burly Chancellor. With the little Excellency to do the fighting, the Holy Father could well afford to smile broadly upon the man of blood and iron.

The death of Archbishop Gross, which took place last week in Baltimore, is a distinct loss to the Church in this country. Before his elevation to the episcopate he was widely known as a missionary of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer; and the piety and zeal for which he was distinguished as a simple priest shone conspicuously in him as a prelate. Before his elevation to the archbishopric of Oregon he had been Bishop of Savannah, where he is still gratefully remembered. His labors in the far West have been abundantly blessed, and it must have been a consolation to him in his last hours to recall the sacrifices which they entailed. From his grandfather, who was a staff-officer of Washington, the Archbishop inherited a deep love of country, which he was always proud to profess. May he rest in peace!

In proportion to our population, Americans drink twenty per cent more whiskey than the people of England or Scotland, and forty per cent more than the people of Ireland. For every American, of whatever age or sex, more than sixteen gallons of beer are consumed annually, which would prove either that there are precious few total abstainers or that some people drink far more than their share of the cup that cheers and eke inebriates. The sum total of taxes for the manufacture of spirituous liquors is \$183,213,124, and the earnings of distilleries over and above that amount reaches the snug sum of \$100,000,000. "We may readily see," remarks the *Monitor*, "what a powerful opponent the advocates

of legislation on the temperance question have to grapple with. The prohibition party will scarcely ever be able to have laws enacted which would strike at this traffic; the high license and the local option people also have to face a powerful and aggressive foe." One remedy remains: to reduce the manufacture of intoxicating beverages by destroying the demand for them. The appetite for strong drink among Catholics may be controlled, like any other passion, with the help of the Sacraments.

A learned monk of Solesmes, who was a physician before he became a Benedictine, has discovered the names of sixty-eight physicians on the roll of canonized saints. Though the list begins with St. Luke the Evangelist and ends with so modern a figure as the newly canonized St. Zaccaria, founder of the Barnabites, the vast majority of these physician-saints lived in the earliest ages of Christianity and suffered martyrdom for the faith. If we were to judge from our own observation, we should say that the proportion of physicians who become converts is astonishingly large—larger by far than the proportion of clergymen, for example. The medical profession, in spite of the current opinion, seems not to be so hospitable to unbelief as some others. Still less is it hospitable to prejudice. The physician and the priest meet so often at the death-bed of the poor and the suffering that prejudice, when it exists at all, soon falls of its own weight. Catholic physicians, too, as a rule, are "the flower of the flock." We know of many who are weekly communicants, and some others who never undertake a critical operation without preparing themselves by receiving Holy Communion.

It has been customary to mark the annual opening of the law courts of England with a public procession to Westminster Abbey and a service in the Anglican form of worship. But Lord Russell, the present Chief Justice of England, is an uncompromising Catholic; and this year two dignified and bewigged processions took place: one to the Anglican service, and another to the Church

of SS. Anselm and Cecilia, where a solemn votive Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost was offered. It is little more than a hundred years since Catholics were admitted to practice as barristers in England, yet to-day they furnish that kingdom with its chief judicial officer, four members of the High Court, and a surprisingly large proportion of the leading practitioners.

Some one with a sense of the eternal fitness of things has decided that the "Saint of the Reformation" shall have an appropriate shrine. The house in which Martin Luther lived and died is to be turned into a beer saloon. A copy of the apostate's "Table Talk" ought to be left open on the bar to draw patronage. It is bar-room literature.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Father Goesman, O. S. F., who departed this life in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 4th inst.

Sister Columban, of the Sisters of Charity of Providence; and Sister Mary Evangelista, Sisters of the Holy Cross, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. Joseph Paumier, who yielded his soul to God on the 25th ult., at Louisville, Ohio.

Mr. George A. Litot, of Fort Wayne, Ind., whose death took place on the 23d ult.

Miss Mary A. McDonnell, whose good life closed peacefully on the 29th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Mary E. Smalley, of Jefferson, Ohio, who died a happy death on the 13th inst.

Mr. Joseph Dantzer, of London, Canada; Mr. John Dempsey and Mr. Maurice Carey, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. Denis Hagerty, Washington, D. C.; Mr. John V. Gavin and Mr. Thomas McCarney, Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Helen M. Driscoll and Mr. John Dunn, Reading, Pa.; Miss Jane Egan, Miss Letitia McCabe, Miss Catherine Gormley, and Mr. Charles J. McLaney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Hugh McGuire, Mr. James P. Burke, Mr. George Brady, Mr. Richard Leahy, and Mr. Thomas Kelly, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen O'Rourke, Peabody, Mass.; Miss Josephine Fitzgerald, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mr. Richard J. Newman, Miss Matilda Downing, Miss Dora O'Leary, and Miss Nellie O'Leary, Providence, R. I.; also Mary Boyle, Minersville, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Soldier's Part.

"I WISH I were a soldier
And could carry a real gun;
The one that papa bought for me
Won't shoot and ain't no fun.

"I'd like to go to Cuba
And fight like any man;
Just wait till I am big enough,
I'll show you that I can."

Then mamma heard her little boy,
And called him to her side;
She told him that his words were brave
And filled her heart with pride;

But that he needn't wait so long
Before he, too, could fight;
For every boy, however small,
Could battle for the right.

And by his brave and manly heart
He, too, could victories win,
By never lowering his flag
And "giving in" to sin.

This opened wide her boy's blue eyes
And stirred his eager heart,
That framed its purpose then and there
To play a soldier's part.

Mary of the Holy Souls.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

FATHER," inquired little Mary Arthur, "why do you never go to church?"

"Because I am not a Catholic, dear," replied her father, drawing her to him with a fond gesture and a loving smile.

"Mother was one," pursued the child.

"It seems so strange that you are not."

"Yes, your mother was a Catholic, and a good woman," said Mr. Arthur. "She would have been a model no matter to what religion she belonged, or if she had not professed any. She was naturally good and amiable."

"It would be so lovely if we could go to church together!" said Mary, wistfully. The father smiled.

"Do not vex your small brain about it," he answered, releasing her from his embrace. "I promised your dear mother that you should follow her religion," he said; "and I shall never interfere with your practice of it. But you must not bother me or yourself about the business. I am well able to take care of myself. I hope the Sisters have not been putting any nonsense into your head?"

"No, no, father!" said the little one, promptly. "They have never told me to speak to you about it."

"I am glad to hear it," returned Mr. Arthur. "Now, my child, go and play. I have some writing to do."

Mary Arthur was ten years old. Her mother had been dead over two years. With her last breath she had whispered in the ear of her weeping child: "Pray always for your father's conversion." And Mary had never omitted to do so since for a single day.

A short time after this a mission was given in the parish church. Twice a day the school-children were given a sermon. Mary was much impressed with what the good Father said; and, in her own direct, simple manner, went one day, on her way

from school, to ask an interview with him. It was granted, and the following conversation ensued:

"Father, I came to ask you to pray for my father. He is not a Catholic, and I want him to be one. My mother made me promise to pray for it every day."

"Is your mother dead, my child?"

"Yes, Father. She has been dead for over two years."

"Do you ever venture to speak to him about religion?"

"Once only I did, Father — about a month ago. I told him it would be so nice if we could go to church together."

"And what did he say?"

"He told me not to bother about such things," said the child sadly, looking up into the kind face of the priest.

"And what is it you want me to do, my dear?" he asked, encouragingly.

"If you would go to see him, Father!" she replied. "If he knew you, I am sure he would want to be a Catholic. You are so good, Father."

"Ah, my child!" rejoined the priest, "it seems to me that you ought to be able to do more than I could do. Your father loves you: that is a great thing."

"Yes, Father, he loves me dearly. I am all in the world that he has to love. But you could talk to him and tell him many things I do not know."

"What is your father's business?"

Mary looked puzzled.

"I mean what does he do for a living?" Again she seemed mystified.

"What does he do every day?"

"He gets up at seven, takes breakfast, reads the paper, and then spends the morning in the garden with Zekiel."

"Who is Zekiel?"

"He is the gardener. In the afternoon papa reads in the library."

By this time the priest understood that Mr. Arthur was a man of independent means, who did not have to work for his daily bread; and was on that account,

perhaps, more difficult to approach than if he had been in a humbler station.

"My child," he said, "does the parish priest, Father Green, visit at your house?"

"No, Father," answered the little one.

"Does your father know him?"

"I do not think so."

"If I could make his acquaintance, I might be able to do something," said the priest. "The mission will be over to-morrow. After that I shall remain here in your delightful climate for a week to rest, as my throat is quite sore. I would like to meet your father. If you pray fervently, God will show us a way. What is your name, my dear child?"

"Mary—of the Holy Souls," replied the little girl.

"What an odd name!"

"I was born on the Feast of the Holy Souls, and mamma told me always to remember that they were my patrons."

"And do you pray to them?"

"Well, no, Father, I do not. I pray for them, though."

"And don't you know that they are often appealed to in order that they may gain favors for us from Almighty God?"

"No, Father, I did not know it."

"Well, now, listen to what I am going to tell you. Pray to them during the remainder of this month of November, that they may obtain your father's conversion. Will you do it?"

"Oh, yes, Father!" eagerly replied the child. "I will pray all the time."

After a few words further, she returned home. That evening the priest was again summoned to the parlor, where he found little Mary awaiting him.

"Father," she exclaimed, as he entered, "I have prayed to the Holy Souls, and I have thought of a way!"

"What is it, my child?" inquired the priest, smiling at her eagerness.

"We have such a beautiful garden. It pleases papa when persons go in and walk about, and look at the plants and

flowers. If you would go—and then, after awhile, perhaps you could ask him to go to church sometimes with me.”

“That is not a bad plan,” said the priest. “At least the first part of it is worth trying. I shall begin in that way; and we will pray, and leave the rest to the Holy Souls.”

Little Mary went contentedly away.

Several days after this Mr. Arthur was walking in his garden when he perceived a gentleman standing at the gate. He saluted him politely, at the same time recognizing that he was a priest.

“You have a beautiful garden, sir,” remarked the stranger.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Arthur, with great affability. “I should be pleased to have you come in and walk about.”

The priest accepted the invitation, and they made the tour of the garden, stopping here and there to admire the rare plants which adorned it. The priest possessed considerable botanical knowledge and was a lover of flowers, which pleased his host. Finally they sat down in the summer-house, and their conversation drifted from flowers to art, music, history, politics, and various other subjects. When the priest arose to go Mr. Arthur invited him to return on the following day.

“I shall be glad to do so,” he replied. “I do not have such a pleasure as this very often, as my arduous duties claim nearly all my time. Just now I am resting for a few days. I am a Catholic missionary priest, and my whole time is devoted to preaching and the other duties connected with my calling.”

“I knew you were a priest as soon as I saw you,” rejoined Mr. Arthur; “and you are none the less welcome on that account. My wife was a Catholic, and my little daughter is being educated in the Catholic faith.”

Well pleased with the results of the first trial, the priest bade adieu to his

host, unaware that a childish figure, which had been peeping between the bushes, had seen and was rejoiced at his visit. The next day he came again, and the next. So a week passed, and he and Mr. Arthur had exchanged views on every imaginable subject save that of religion. At the seventh visit the priest said:

“To-morrow I shall have to leave; this will be my last visit.”

Mr. Arthur looked surprised as well as sorry.

“Can you not remain with us a few days longer?” he asked.

“No: my furlough has expired,” he answered. “I am due at my next station the day after to-morrow.”

“Very well, then,” said Mr. Arthur, quietly. “I must only do at once what I thought I might still have several days to prepare for. I wish to go to confession. When can you hear me, Father?”

The priest was surprised.

“Are you a Catholic?” he inquired.

“Yes, Father, I am a Catholic,” was the reply. “But it is many years since I left off practising my religion. My own wife did not know that I had ever belonged to the Church. But from the first moment I saw you I felt a great attraction for your society, and the rest soon followed. You had not been in this garden an hour before I experienced a strong inclination to return to the faith I had abandoned. Your avoidance of all religious discussion, or even an allusion to religion, strengthened my resolution. I said to myself: ‘Here is a man whose every act is a sermon, whose whole life is an example of Christianity.’ Yes, I am ready at any time, Father, to make my confession.”

“God and the Holy Souls be praised!” exclaimed the priest. “For I have not the slightest doubt that this miracle has been accomplished through their intercession and the prayers of your innocent little daughter.”

Nor did Mr. Arthur doubt when he had heard the story. Tenderly clasping the little one to his heart that evening, he listened to her own account of her vigils and prayers; for she had fasted as well as prayed. And in all the wide world there was not a happier child that night than little Mary of the Holy Souls.

A Modest Hero.

The famous siege of Gibraltar was long and terrible. The principal assault was made in September, 1782; and on this occasion was performed a deed of valor which well deserves to rank among the heroic achievements of all ages.

The English steadily held their position, and their shots were of the most telling description and persistently kept up. Ammunition of all sorts was used in enormous quantities; and, far from the smoke and noise, a quiet man, a private named Hartley, sat in an isolated laboratory and prepared the shells for the use of the mortars. There could be no more dangerous task. So perilous is any nearness to these instruments of war that, when they are inspected on board ship, every man but the inspector is kept at a safe distance. But there is no danger to which one can not grow accustomed; and Hartley, his chemicals around him, worked away without a tremor, making ready the shells, filling them with the explosive compounds, and so forth.

The laboratory was withdrawn as far as possible from the fort, in order to guard it against any chance shot which might destroy it in a moment,—a thing which would have been incalculably disastrous for many reasons, one of which was the fact that it contained all the ammunition of the beleaguered garrison. And, then, there was another peril. Some trifling accident within its walls might do as much damage as a shot of the enemy,

and a less calm man than Hartley would have grown gray with apprehension. But he worked on, just doing his duty, like the brave soldier that he was.

One day, when the siege was at its fiercest and he was driving a fuse into a freshly filled shell, it suddenly took fire, hissed and sputtered like a fire-cracker on the Fourth of July. For a moment Hartley's heart seemed to stand still, and the blood in his veins to turn to ice. He was so well acquainted with the nature and habits of projectiles that he knew to the second just how long it would be before the shell should explode, and that meant the destruction of the laboratory and his own life as well. But he had been trained in a stern school, and had been face to face with death for many years, so he did not hesitate. With firm hands he grasped the shell, bore it into the open air, and threw it aloft with as much strength as he could muster. It burst with a loud report but did no damage. Then the strength which had supported Hartley suddenly deserted him; and, so unstrung were his nerves, it was some hours before he ventured to resume his dangerous employment.

An Illuminating Insect.

In Cuba the fireflies are much larger than our "lightning-bugs," and from their breasts and under their wings comes a beautiful glow that is like a soft and mild candle-light. Girls love to wear them as ornaments, and on festal occasions to make crowns of them. Sometimes poor people gather a handful and put them under a wire screen or in a bottle for illuminating purposes. One time the laws which governed the land forbade the Cubans to use any other light in their houses than these brilliant insects. The law was abolished long ago, but the custom still continues.

With Authors and Publishers.

—M. Puvis de Chavannes, who is regarded as the greatest of modern French painters, died recently in Paris. It is notable that despite the strong following which the school of "naturalism"—which spells paganism—is said to possess, this modern master preferred to treat religious themes in his work. He contributed one of the frescoes to the Boston Public Library.

—Mark Twain makes a timely plea in the *Forum* for high tragedy to replace the ultra-sentimental plays and rollicking farces which now usurp the buskin so exclusively. "Comedy," he says, "keeps the heart sweet; but we all know that there is a wholesome refreshment for both mind and heart in an occasional climb among the solemn pomps of the intellectual snow-summits built by Shakespeare and those others. Do I seem to be preaching? It is out of my line. I do it only because the rest of the clergy seem to be on vacation."

—To the long list of authors—including F. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Cragie, George Moore, Harold Frederic, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward—who have recently employed Catholic life as background for their novels, must now be added the name of Robert Buchanan. This distinguished writer, like others of those just mentioned, has neither all the knowledge nor all the sympathy with Catholic life that one might wish; but it was his evident purpose to be not only fair but kindly in "Father Anthony," a romance of life in Connaught. The dedication is to an Irish priest and runs in part: "In Father Anthony himself you will recognize a dim likeness to one whom we both knew and loved. For his sake and also for yours, I shall always feel strong affection toward the Irish Mother-Church."

—The wisest and bravest men in the late war, the most skilled strategists and the most daring assailants of the Spanish lines, were the newspaper correspondents. We know it, because they admit it themselves. Mr. Hobson may have been distinguished enough in Santiago, but now that he has

entered the lists as a magazinist, he begins his first real battle; for the sinking of the *Merrimac*, and the achievements of Dewey and Schley—or Sampson—are mere trifles to the wonderful things which the journalists record about themselves. It is true that one or two of the scribes displayed enough courage for an admiral; but we venture to predict that in our next war the "literary fellers" will have fewer triumphs to boast of, and that the military men will insist on doing all the fighting. It is an odd result of the late scrimmage that the scribblers turned fighters and the fighters seem now turned scribblers. The debating societies in our country schools will find it harder than ever to determine whether the pen is mightier than the sword.

—Mr. Howells is not among our favorite authors; however, he has written many pleasant books, and they contain true and noble words. He is one of a numerous class of contemporary writers with whom a Catholic reader must exercise a certain amount of patience. It is not intentionally that he gives offence, and one ought to be willing to excuse much in a novelist whose books must influence many readers by what George Eliot calls the "slow contagion of good." Only a brave man and one of high ideals could pen such words as these:

I hope the time will come when the beast-man will be so far subdued and tamed in us that the memory of him in literature shall be left to perish; that what is lewd and ribald in the great poets shall be kept out of such editions as are meant for general reading; and that the pedant-pride which now perpetuates it as an essential part of those poets shall no longer have its way. At the end of the ends such things do defile, they do corrupt.

—*Mosher's Magazine* is the improved style and title under which the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* will henceforth appear. The first number of *Mosher's* contains an excellent portrait of the lamented Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, with a thoroughly enjoyable essay from his graceful pen. In another place, the editor presents a letter received from Col. Johnston, from which we quote this passage:

Most cordially do I hope that the forthcoming

session of the Summer School may far overpass all its predecessors in everything tending to its good and that of the Church, to which, thus far, it has been one of its most important auxiliaries. Catholics not well acquainted with the career that it has made during the five years of its struggling existence, have no just idea of how benign it has been. To say nothing of what it has done in the matter of bringing together earnest, inspiring Catholics from various communities, and the evident advance made by them in getting acquaintance with their religious faith, its history, its illustrious men and women, and with general literature, science and art, I have noted with special gratification the influence exerted by the School upon outsiders, who, in these reunions, and in the series of lectures read there, have gone thus far at least—they have become far better informed than they were five years back, upon what the Catholic Church is and ever was *not*. This I know positively from what some of the most cultured and thoughtful among them have admitted to me. This is in itself a good work. In time, through continuance of the same and like influences, some of these will be led to the wish to know what the Catholic Church *is*; and when they have done so, they will flee to it as weary travellers to the goal as the resting place of a tortuous, toilsome way.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The World's Unrest and Its Remedy. *James Field Spalding*. \$1.25.
 St. Vincent de Paul. *Emmanuel de Broglie*. \$1.
 Miss Erin. *M. E. Francis*. \$1.25.
 The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *William Bullen Morris*. 80 cts., *net*.
 Let No Man Put Asunder. *Josephine Marié*. \$1.
 Fantasies from Dreamland. *E. Gilliat Smith*. \$1.50.
 The Arabian Nights. *Andrew Lang*. \$2.
 The Data of Modern Ethics Examined. *Rev. John J. Ming, S. J.* \$2, *net*.
 Songs from Prudentius. *E. Gilliat Smith*. \$1.75.
 A Victim to the Seal of Confession. *Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J.* \$1.
 Motion: Its Origin and Conservation. *Rev. Waller McDonald, D. D.* \$3.50, *net*.

- The Woman that Was a Sinner. *Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 40 cts.
 Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King. 60 cts.
 The Groundwork of Science. *St. George Mivart*. \$1.75.
 Epochs of Literature. *Condé B. Pallen*. 75 cts., *net*.
 Foundations of Faith. Part I. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.60, *net*.
 The Gospel of St. John. *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D.* \$2, *net*.
 Notes on St. Paul. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$2, *net*.
 Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. *Rev. James Bellord*. \$2.50.
 The Religious Life and the Vows. *Monseigneur Charles Gay*. \$1.60, *net*.
 Madge Hardlaun's Money. *Mary Cross*. 35 cts.
 Striving after Perfection. *Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J.* \$1, *net*.
 Stories on the Rosary. Part II. *L. E. Dobrée*. 50 cts.
 Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, *net*.
 The Man. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel*. 40 cts.
 The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel*. 40 cts.
 Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R.* 35 cts.
 New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.
 Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.
 Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* \$1.
 A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 15 cts.
 Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth*. \$1.
 Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus*. 60 cts., *net*.
 Memories. *C. M. Home*. 70 cts., *net*.
 Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.
 The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. James Clare, S. J.* \$2.20, *net*.
 The Voice of the Good Shepherd. *Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.* 5 cts.
 The Psychology of the Saints. *Henry Joly*. \$1, *net*.
 The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Eliza Allen Starr*. 75 cts.
 Saint Augustine. *Ad. Hatzfeld*. \$1, *net*.
 The Church and the Law. *Humphrey J. Desmond*. \$1.
 Sonnets on the Sonnet. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Catholic Teaching for Children. *Winifride Wray*. 60 cts.
 The Mistakes of Ingersoll. *Rev. Thomas McGrady*. \$1.
 Harmony of the Gospels. *Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S.* 50 cts., *net*.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Atonement.

FAIR was the Tree of Knowledge
In white May's fragrant hours,
As I stood 'neath the quickening branches
And saw no world but the flowers.
With the buds my heart claimed kinship:
"Ye are mine, white blossoms," I said;
And I plucked a spray for my bosom—
That night the flowers were dead.

Sharp thorns grew forth in the darkness
And pierced where the flowers had lain,
And the buds of the Tree of Knowledge
Had ripened to fruits of pain.
White May was fair with blossoms,
But would that I had known
The summer and autumn and winter
For the springtide must atone.

Mary Immaculate in America.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

I.

NO one needs to be told that the discovery of America and the converting of its savage tribes have long been subjects of most interesting though in many cases unsatisfactory inquiry; and unless the result be presented in a new form, if that is possible, the narrative will hardly prove attractive. Reference need scarcely be made to the opinion advanced by some of the early

Spanish explorers and missionaries, that the Apostle St. Thomas preached the Gospel in Mexico and Central America. It was pardonable enough in them, but it can carry no weight with us of the present day.

Little more deserving is the claim advanced in favor of St. Brendan, a famous monk of County Kerry, Ireland, in the sixth century. While it must be admitted that he was a great navigator for his day—else why should he have gained the reputation he has so long enjoyed?—his narratives, according to the latest and most reliable editions, are such a medley of fiction and fact that it is impossible to draw the line between the mythical and the real. Besides, everywhere he went he found other monks, who must, of course, have preceded him, and who must have discovered the country or the islands before he did. While he was, according to the best accounts, far in advance of the times in which he lived in the matter of navigation, it can not be claimed for him with any degree of probability, much less of certainty, that he discovered or even visited the Western World.

Our attention was drawn some dozen years ago to another claimant for the honor of the discovery of the western hemisphere, who hailed from the eastern shores of Asia, and whose claim is, in my opinion, deserving of careful study. In a unique volume entitled "An Inglorious

Columbus," by Edward P. Vining, a claim is put in for the Chinese navigator, Hwui Shan, who lived about the fifth century, and who, it is held, visited the western shores of North America and Mexico.

Turning from these to the Norsemen, we enter the realm of authentic history, although the details are provokingly meagre. That the Norsemen visited the shores of America during the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries is beyond all question; and that later Columbus profited by the remnants of their knowledge of the Western World that were still extant in his day is more than probable. What these hardy sons of the North did for the conversion of the natives we are unable to say with any degree of certainty; for the aboriginal tribes seem to have been very hostile to them. It would, however, be singular if, contrary to the whole history of missionary effort, the priests who accompanied the expeditions and located in the settlements did not labor for the conversion of the native tribes.

Of other real or supposed visitors to this side of the Atlantic it does not come within the scope of this essay to treat. One thing is certain: Christopher Columbus was the first person to prove conclusively the existence of the Western Continent, and to draw the attention of the Old World permanently to it; although he died in ignorance of the true character of the stupendous work he had accomplished. But the mere mention of the name of one of the world's greatest heroes suggests many points of reflection to thinking minds, three of which will be here considered. They are:—

(1.) Although the Italians never owned or controlled any part of North America or the West Indies, all the nations that succeeded in establishing a claim owed it to an Italian. The entire territory was divided between the Spanish, the English, and the French. The first rested their claim on the discovery of Columbus, a

Genoese, who made his discovery under the auspices of Ferdinand and Isabella; the English owed theirs to John Cabot, a Venetian, whose fleet was fitted out by the Crown of England; the French based theirs on the discovery of Varazanno, a Florentine; although his part in the exploration of the coast of the continent is disputed by some writers.

(2.) In the second place is to be noted the frequent recurrence in bays, capes, rivers, towns, etc., of the names of saints and mysteries of religion, which evince not only the Christian spirit of the early explorers, but also afford reliable evidence of the days on which many of the discoveries were made, or the towns or missions established. Nowhere else in the world can such an array of religious names be found; although many of them have perished or been changed by the spirit of innovation, indifference, pride or irreligion of modern times.

(3.) Finally, we can not but observe that among these sacred names that of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary shines so conspicuous as to afford conclusive evidence even to the casual observer that the early adventurers, whether they came in quest of fame, of gold, or of the more precious souls of the natives, were animated with a strong and practical devotion to the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of the world's Redeemer. It is to this last point that I wish to draw attention in the following pages. I am well aware that many of the readers of THE AVE MARIA are as cognizant of this fact as I am; but it may not be so patent to the general reader, and in the busy times in which we live it has certainly been too much lost sight of.

II.

It is not necessary to enlarge on the deep-rooted devotion of the discoverer of America to the Blessed Virgin and to her Immaculate Conception. It is sufficient

to recall the name which he gave his flagship—*Santa Maria*; his custom of having the *Salve Regina* chanted every evening on board the vessels of his fleet by the sailors as they crossed in fear and trembling the boundless loneliness of the "gloomy ocean"; and the name, *Santa Maria de la Concepcion*, which he gave to the second island discovered in the New World,—the name *San Salvador*, which alone is more noble, having been given to the first. Twice he and his men vowed a pilgrimage to the shrines of the Blessed Virgin in the Old World, and twice did she rescue them from the dangers that threatened them.

When it became necessary, on account of the rashness of Ojeda, to build a fort on the island of Isabella, the gallant discoverer did not forget his heavenly "Tower of Ivory," but named it Fort Conception. The important part which it played during the last disturbances on that island is related in the authentic history of the period. On his second voyage the devotion of the pious admiral was equally conspicuous. His flagship on this occasion was named *Santa Maria Galanta*,—the Gracious Mary; and four islands discovered in various parts of the West Indies were named in honor of his immaculate patroness, *Maria Galanta*: Montserrat, "in honor of the celebrated sanctuary of the Virgin at the hermitage of that name"; Guadeloupe, in honor of another sanctuary of Our Lady; *Santa Maria del Rotunda*; and *Santa Maria del Antigua*, which latter still bears the name *Antigua*. Well might he invoke the sweet and powerful name of Mary to subdue the brutality of those devourers of human flesh.* But let this suffice with regard to the devotion of Columbus to the Blessed Virgin and to her Immaculate Conception. Turn we now to the world which he gave to Castile and Leon.

III.

The first episcopal see on the continent in the New World was named in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Says Charlevoix, writing of the year 1510: "The Bachelor Enciso, one of Ojeda's captains, founded the old city of *Santa Maria*, on the banks of the Darien, which empties into the Araba. This city, the first on the continent honored with the title of an episcopal city, existed only nine years," when the see was transferred to Panama.* Confining myself to the continent of North America, I shall follow the geographical rather than the chronological line; first passing north by way of the Pacific coast, and then by the Atlantic, making the lines meet at the head waters of the Mississippi.

Although the early Spanish missionaries penetrated into Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and other parts of the southwest, they have left few places dedicated to Our Lady under the title of her Immaculate Conception; a number are found dedicated to her under other titles. A singular occurrence, however, is related of this part of the country, which is deserving of mention. It refers to Sister Mary of Agreda, a Spanish nun of great sanctity, the process of whose canonization is under way in Rome. She had a very strong and tender devotion to the Immaculate Conception, and during her lifetime petitioned the Holy See for its definition as an article of faith. During one of her ecstasies she is said to have visited the Xumana Indians of New Mexico, and to have instructed them in the teachings of our holy religion. She died in 1665.†

In the opening years of the eighteenth century the Jesuit missionary, Father Eusebius (F. Kuhn or Kino, as it is given in Spanish)—who is unquestionably the

* "History of New France," Shea's Translation, vol. i, pp. 27, 28.

† Shea's "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," vol. i, p. 198, note.

* Barry's "History of Christopher Columbus," pp. 259-265.

real "Apostle of the Indians," in the face of whose labors and the results achieved, those of Elliot, the much-vaunted Apostle of the Indians, pale into insignificance—founded the mission of Santa Maria Soamca, or St. Mary Immaculate, in Arizona; and induced the natives, as many other missionaries had done in different parts of the New World, to lead a less migratory life than they had been accustomed to do.*

In the autumn of 1697 another Jesuit, Father John Maria Salva Tierra, sailed from the west coast of Mexico with a small party to begin his labors in Lower California and along the shores of the Pacific. He landed in St. Dennis' Bay on the 18th of October; and the historian of the Church in California writes: "The Immaculate Mother of God having been chosen patroness of the mission, her statue was brought in procession from the vessel and placed in the church," which had been hastily constructed, together with the homes of the missionaries and the barracks of the soldiers. Soon the settlement was attacked by the natives; but with the aid of the cannon they were repulsed. "That night solemn thanksgiving was rendered to God and His Immaculate Mother for the signal protection afforded the garrison on that trying occasion."

Writing to a friend a little later, Father Tierra says: "Henceforth the standard of Christ will not be removed from these countries; and Mary will, undoubtedly, lay the foundation of her holy house among the elect."† Several other missions were founded in the next few years by this zealous and devoted priest, not a few of which were dedicated to the august Mother of God.

The mission of the Immaculate Conception, situated on a bay on the western

coast of the peninsula to which the same name had been given, was founded in 1718 by Father Nicolas Yamaral, S. J. The mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe, founded in 1721, by the Jesuit Fathers, Everard Helen and John Ugarte, contained among others a village dedicated to the Immaculate Conception.* But let this suffice for Lower California; we shall now direct the reader's attention to Upper California, upon which the light of the true faith did not begin to shine till three-quarters of a century later.

IV.

Father Junipero Serra, an humble Franciscan monk, who is justly styled the Apostle of Upper California, landed, from the ship *Concepcion*, on the southern part of the field of his future labors and sufferings in the summer of 1769, and on the 16th of July laid the foundation of the first mission. "On that day," says the historian, "the entire Catholic Church was keeping one of the many feasts in honor of the glorious Mother of God—the Feast of Mount Carmel. So, under the patronage of the great Queen of Heaven, and with his memory laden with the remembrance of the triumphs of the symbol of our faith, Father Junipero Serra, robed in alb and stole," raised the cross and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice. In 1782 he founded a *puebla* under the title of Our Lady of the Angels, which has since grown into the city and episcopal see of Los Angeles. About five years later the mission of La Purissima Concepcion was established by the same indefatigable laborer.†

The zealous viceroy, Bucareli, fitted out an expedition in 1779, having two missionaries on board to minister to the crews of the ships and establish missions among the natives of the parts visited. It proceeded as far north as 60°; and, having returned but one degree south, the

* Ibid., vol. i, pp. 528, 529.

† Gleeson's "Church in California," vol. i, pp. 229-236.

* Ibid.

† Ibid., vol. ii, pp. 21, 87, 100.

ships were placed in imminent danger by a heavy fog, which lasted a considerable time. "Then the commandant ordered that the image of Our Lady under the title of 'Regla' should be brought on deck, and a *Salve Regina* was sung in her honor. The fog thereupon totally disappeared, and the brave adventurers saw before them a beautiful and capacious bay, which, after anchoring, they called Our Lady of Regla."* Father Serra dedicated to the Immaculate Conception the point immediately north of the channel separating the Santa Barbara islands from the mainland; and it is most consoling to think that the spot is known even to this day as Point Conception.†

Another mission in the southeastern part of California, on the banks of the Rio Colorado, was dedicated to the Immaculate Conception.‡ But here as elsewhere in America—and the same is true of all countries and all times,—the seed of the Gospel was not planted nor cultivated without the labors and privations, the sweat and the blood of the messengers of the Cross. We shall now pass over half a century of time, several hundred miles of space, and greatly changed conditions, and come to other scenes, labors, and difficulties.

* "Life of Ven. Padre Junipero Serra," by the Very Rev. J. Adam, pp. 78, 79.

† Ibid., p. 114.

‡ Ibid., p. 119.

(To be continued.)

AN act of true charity, to be genuine and profitable, should be done only in the spirit of our Saviour's directions. "*In My Name*" is the charm that works. That should be the moving influence,—not pity or sympathy or the enjoyment of complacent emotions. Each act should be a particular exertion of devotion to Our Lord and a donation to Him.—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

Mary Gainor's Inheritance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.

WHEN Mary Gainor came to herself, soon after Mr. Peniston's departure, it was with a sense of utter desolation. "And I thought I had drained my draught of sorrow to the dregs!" she sighed, despondently. "Now, indeed, I know that in every cup of anguish there remain a few bitterest drops which we may be either spared or compelled to quaff."

To lose this great wealth which had so changed her life was the least of all. Already she had begun to hate it; but for this sudden access of fortune, might not father and mother still be with her, since assuredly they would never have undertaken that ill-fated journey to the oil country? Would it ever have brought her happiness? The claim that she was not entitled to this immense fortune gave her surprisingly slight concern then. But the cruel declaration that she possessed no natural right to the love and protection of those whom from the time she had learned to lisp their names she had called "father" and "mother"; that she had no natural right to cherish their memory, to grieve for their loss!

It could not be true! Michael Gainor had never liked her, she reflected; and this testimony of his must be a wicked and malicious lie. Had he not tried to defraud his brother Peter of this very wealth in the beginning? Was not this but another deception to gain possession of it? What should she do? Whom should she consult? Pride forbade her to send for Bernard.

"God help me!" the girl exclaimed, disconsolately.

Ere long a plan occurred to her. She would write to the priest of the little

backwoods town where Peter Gainor and his wife had lived. Her mother had often mentioned his name; her father had been to see him during the very last visit of the old man to the hills before the fatal trip. "Father John," as the priest was affectionately known among his people, would be able to tell her if there were anything in the sensational story.

Her letter was sent without delay, and the reply cheered her like the helpful hand-clasp of a friend. He was coming to the city, and would call upon her.

Father John came,—a venerable, hale old gentleman; a typical country priest, inured to the hardships of life in a rough region, to journeyings in all weathers to and from his several missions; blunt and not easily imposed upon; strong and authoritative, yet tender-hearted as a child; devoted to the interests of his parishioners, and by them beloved as the exemplar of every virtue.

"I beg of you, Father, tell me at once that Michael Gainor's affidavit is false!" broke out Mary, after greeting her guest.

"My dear child," said the good priest, noting with commiseration her white face as she sat opposite to him, nervously clinching her hands in an effort to control her emotion,—*"my dear child, on the contrary, I regret to be obliged to inform you that it is true."*

She uttered a faint cry; but he went on, with merciful steadfastness:

"It will perhaps be well to relate the story from the beginning. When I first went to Coalville to take charge of a congregation of miners and their families, Peter and Margaret Gainor were members of my parish. They were an honest, hard-working couple, and lived not far from the entrance to the main shaft of the mine. One day Peter noticed a stranger among the miners who went down the shaft with him,—a handsome young man, who appeared to have been raised to better things. A good-humored

remark from Gainor, I believe, opened an acquaintance between them; and the stranger mentioned that he had brought his wife and child to the town with him, and was anxious to find a boarding-place other than the rude and noisy tavern. The result of this conversation was that Margaret Gainor, having no children to take up her time, agreed to receive the newcomers as boarders. The stranger's wife was a pretty, fragile creature, evidently unused to 'roughing it'; but greatly attached to her stalwart husband, as he was to her. They did not belong to my flock, and consequently the little I know concerning them I learned later.

"Their fate was a sad one, my child. Within a few days the young miner met his death by an explosion in the mine; and the gentle, delicate wife lived only a fortnight after him. The shock of his sudden taking off affected her heart, it was said. Before she died she begged Margaret Gainor to keep her child. She had nothing to leave the little one (you, my dear,) but her wedding-ring and the heritage of a refined and noble nature. An orphaned girl, she had lived with the family of her guardian until her marriage, so she told Margaret; and her property was now all gone.

"My husband's people cast him off because he married me," she said. "They claimed I was not of as good a social position as themselves, but that is not true. They are well-to-do, and would perhaps receive and care for my bonny bairn; but her little heart would be starved for want of love among them. No, they shall not have my one treasure. You are a good woman, Margaret; you and Peter will love and care for her as though she were your own. As for her, "God's providence is the sweetest and best inheritance"; and my dying prayer is that she may repay your generosity by being to you and your worthy husband a dutiful and devoted daughter."

"At the sick woman's request Margaret sent for me. I at once responded to the summons, but ere I reached the house the poor lady was beyond all human aid.

"It was said your father was a young engineer who had come to Coalville to obtain a practical knowledge of mining. That his wife was a lady was manifest in a thousand small ways. Peter felt it his duty to make an effort, for your sake, to learn more of their history; but as they had clearly come to the town under an assumed name, it was impossible to trace their identity.

"Then Margaret and Peter took you to their hearts, dear, lone, desolate little creature that you were, and rejoiced in you as their own. Thus far the assertion of Michael Gainor is correct. That his claim to the estate can be established I do not believe; at least, I am confident your adopted father made a generous provision for you. In fact, a year or more since he assured me he had done so.

"Long ago I urged the old people to tell you the truth, but they foolishly feared you might come to love them less if you knew the tie that bound you to them was one of affection only and not of nature. But since you have been a woman grown, has not your mother—has not Margaret ever let fall so much as a word which might reveal this to you? Strong as was the sympathy between you and them, you were always very different from these adopted parents, Mary."

"Oh, I never, never felt so!" sobbed Mary, overcome,— "except that I knew they were so much worthier of esteem and affection than myself. And now I remember once, perhaps, mother tried to tell me. Those words of the heart-broken young wife—it is hardly possible to realize that *she* was my mother—have reminded me—"

And the overwrought girl told her venerable friend of the evening Margaret Gainor had repeated the same words,

"God's providence is the sweetest and best inheritance"; and had spoken of her early life, lingering over the theme as though she would say more, and then hastily concluding, after all.

"And this, no doubt, is the wedding-ring," she continued, holding up her hand to show the plain band of gold she wore beside the jewelled betrothal token Bernard had given her. "Mother brought this to me on my eighteenth birthday, and bade me wear it and treasure it always; and I promised, thinking it had some sacred association with her own youth. Oh, had I but known the truth I might have been prepared for this hour! The loss of fortune I can endure: I have earned my bread, and can do so again if necessary; but now indeed I have doubly lost those who have been father and mother to me from my earliest recollection. I have no longer a place in the world. As for the rest—this house at least is mine,—the deed is in my name; mother would have it so. It is luxurious, you think," she went on, indifferently, as the priest glanced over its rich appointments; "but, O Father John, to me it is the most desolate spot on earth!"

"My child," answered the good priest, compassionately, "'there is no threshold without God.' And how can you say you have lost those dear ones, to whom you are united by the strongest bond which exists in heaven or on earth—short of that between the soul and God,—the blessed 'communion of saints'! My child, take courage. As for worldly possessions—since the wealth of Peter Gainor came to you indeed as an inheritance from Providence, I can not believe it will be taken from you."

And, ere she could thank him for his words of consolation, he was gone.

For several days Mary remained dulled to all else but a passive comprehension of the story Father John had related to

her. Then she awoke to what she had persuaded herself was the right thing to be done, no matter what the cost to herself; and wrote a few vague lines to Bernard, saying she was now in all probability penniless, and releasing him from his engagement. Naturally, the effect was the reverse of what she had intended. The note brought Bernard to her side in all haste. He was indignant and resolute.

"What folly is this, Mary my darling!" he protested, vehemently. "You say you can not marry me because you are not the heiress you supposed yourself to be; that you are not Mary Gainor at all! Forgive me, this is nonsense. I never coveted your fortune, dear; and but for your firmness in refusing to sanction the ambitious plans to which it gave rise, it would have separated us. If it is lost—why, then, the door of the past is, in a sense, yet open to us. We have but to go back to our first ideal of happiness together—the dream of a simple little home, kept cheery by mutual love and trust. Moreover, although I am far from rich, you know I have done well during the last two years, and we shall have enough to live upon. As for your not being Mary Gainor, at least"—and he laughed lightly—"no one can deny that you are still yourself, Mary: the dearest, sweetest girl in all the world. Therefore, unless you tell me you have ceased to love me, I will never give you back your promise. Rather I beg you once more to hasten our marriage, and let Michael Gainor and the lawyers dispute over this ill-fated wealth at their leisure."

His manliness and sincerity prevailed in regard to the main point at issue, for her own heart proved his most powerful advocate; but as Mary put her hand in his and agreed anew that their lives should be united, her courage revived and she made a firm resolve. This fortune, which an hour before, in her despondency,

she would have relinquished passively, must now be saved for Bernard. Since he would not give her up, she would not resign without a determined contest the wealth which she knew Peter Gainor had intended should be hers.

"Very well, Bernard: it shall be as you wish," she said, softly. "But first, another careful search must be made for the will, and this matter of the property must be definitely settled."

And with this answer he was forced to be content.

(Conclusion next week.)

Our Lady of the Snows.

I.

THE world is very foul and dark,
And sin has marred its outline fair;
But we are taught to look above
And see another image there.
And I will raise my eyes above—
Above a world of sin and woe,
Where, sinless, griefless, near her Son,
Sits Mary on a throne of snow.

II.

Mankind seems very foul and dark
In some lights that we see them in;
Lo! as the tide of life goes by,
How many thousands live in sin!
But I will raise my eyes above—
Above the world's unthinking flow,
To where, so human, yet so fair,
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

III.

My heart is very foul and dark,—
Yes, strangely foul sometimes to me
Glare up the images of sin
My tempter loves to make me see.
Then may I lift my eyes above—
Above these passions vile and low,
To where, in pleading contrast bright,
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

IV.

And oft that throne, so near Our Lord's,
To earth some of its radiance lends;
And Christians learn from her to shun
The path impure that hellward tends:

For they have learnt to look above—
 Above the prizes here below,
 To where, crowned with a starry crown,
 Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

V.

Blest be the whiteness of her throne
 That shines so purely, grandly there,
 With such a passing glory bright
 Where all is bright and all is fair!
 God, make me lift my eyes above,
 And love its holy radiance so
 That some day I may come where still
 Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

A Pope's Private Letters.

(CONTINUED.)

THE first three of the following letters were evidently addressed to the same person, who must have been very dear to the writer. In reading these charming letters, so full of affection, delicacy, piety, zeal and wisdom, one is reminded at every page of Lacordaire's beautiful "Letters to Young Men." The fourth letter, to the Marchioness R——, we present with the others, because it concerns the recipient of them, whose conversion the illustrious Franciscan had so much at heart. How different the tone of this letter, though addressed to one who was regarded as a devotee! It is the only harsh letter to be found in the whole collection. But who will say that the reproaches of the writer were not richly deserved?

To Count —.

I was too much the friend of your father, and am too much your friend, to let you go astray as you now do without recalling you to yourself. Is it possible that the dear child whom I have seen so gentle and virtuous in his father's house has so totally forgotten what he was as to become insolent and irreligious? It is with the utmost difficulty I can persuade myself that it is so; but I am so often assured of it, and by the company

with whom you associate, that I can no longer doubt.

I beg of you to come and see me; and, in the effusions of a heart which tenderly loves you, I will tell you, not what anger inspires, not what prejudice suggests, not what is bitter in reproaches, but all that the sincerest attachment can dictate, to withdraw you from that abyss into which bad company has hurried you.

You will find me neither an imperious monitor nor an angry pedagogue; but a friend, a brother, who will speak to you as he would to himself, with the same lenity and with the same calmness. I know that youth is fiery, and that there is great difficulty in escaping from the snares of the world when one is rich and given up to pleasure. But do not honor, decency, reason and religion speak more powerfully than the passions and senses? What is man, my dear friend, if he takes no counsel but of his corrupted heart? Alas! I find within me, as well as you find in yourself, wherewithal to lead me astray, if I hearkened not to conscience and the voice of duty; for illusion and corruption are the portion of humanity.

I expect you with great impatience. I long to receive and embrace you. Do not startle at the sight of my cloister or my habit. On account of my profession I ought to be the more charitable. We will bewail together the loss of a father who was so necessary to you; and I will endeavor to give you the advice you need. There is nothing lost yet, if you will deign to hearken to me; for I am sure that the plan of life which I shall trace out for you will restore everything as it should be. Do not be afraid: I will not send you to do penance either with the Capuchins or the Carthusians; for I do not incline to extreme measures. God will inspire us. He does not abandon those who return to Him.

I shall not stir abroad to-morrow, that I may receive you.

To the Same.

Is it possible, my dear sir, that you not only did not come to me as I requested, but that you took care to be absent when I went to see you? Alas! what would your father say, to whom you promised in his dying moments that you would place entire confidence in my advice, and that you would always make it your duty to cultivate my friendship? Once more, what would he say? Am I not the same person that carried you so often in his arms, gave you your first instructions, and to whom you have testified the strongest attachment on a thousand occasions? Would you have me fall upon my knees to induce you to restore to me your friendship? I will do so: nothing shall be too much for me when I am to recall a friend to his duty.

If you had not a noble heart and a good mind I should despair of your reformation and of my own advice; but you have inherited a worthy heart and uncommon good sense. Do you suppose that it can be a pleasure to me to find fault with you? None but false devotees find satisfaction in putting themselves into a passion. I have happily read the Gospel—the rule both of your conduct and mine—enough to know how Jesus Christ received sinners, and how attentive we ought to be not to extinguish the smoking flax nor to break the bruised reed. I have not forgotten that St. John, the Beloved Disciple, went on horseback, notwithstanding his advanced age, to search after a young man whom he had cared for and who was avoiding him.

Besides, have you not long known me for a man who is neither haughty nor peevish, and who can compassionate human frailty? The more you avoid me, the more I shall think you guilty. Do not hearken to your companions, but let your heart speak and I shall instantly see you. Mine prompts me never to abandon you. I will persecute you because I love

you, and I will give you no rest until we are reconciled. It is because I am your best friend that I seek to find you, at a time when scarcely one of your relatives will hear your name mentioned.

If you dread my remonstrances, I shall say nothing to you, because I shall be convinced that you will accuse yourself and allow me no time to speak. Try at least one visit; and if it is not agreeable you need never see me more. But I know your heart—I know my own; and I am certain that after one interview you will have no desire to leave me. I, who have known you these twenty years, ought naturally to have a greater ascendancy over your mind than all the young associates who surround you, to devour your estate, and are your friends only to ruin your health and reputation.

If my tears can affect you, I protest to you that they flow at this instant, and from the most precious motives in the world—religion and friendship. Come and dry them up. It will prove to me that you still remember your father and are sensible to the distress of a friend.

ROME, 1 February, 1750.

To Count —.

It is incredible, my dearest friend, how much your three visits have comforted my soul. The tears you shed in my presence, the confession you made to me with your cheek pressed to mine, while you wrung my hand and protested that you would never forget the anxiety with which I endeavored to find you out; the affecting manner in which you promised me to amend your past life and endeavor seriously to re-enter into favor with God, can never be effaced from my memory or from my heart. I have always said to myself: "He has had a Christian education; he will return to his duty; I shall see him again. His wanderings are but a thunder-storm, which will scatter." God be praised! the calm is returned. It is

not to me but to Him. alone that you should be thankful.

Since you wish that I should lay down a plan to guide you, I will simply trace out such a one as my weak understanding but strong friendship inspires. It shall be short. The Commandments of God, those first and sublime laws from whence all others are derived, may be reduced to a few words. Precepts that are founded upon reason as well as happiness have no need of commentary or dissertation.

Read every morning the parable of the prodigal son; repeat the psalm *Miserere* with an humble and contrite heart. That may serve for prayer. Then read some religious books during the day—not like a slave to finish his task, but as a child of God who returns to his Father and, hopes everything from His mercy; and that it may not weary you, your reading need not be long. Acquire the habit of going to Mass as often as you can, but never fail to do so on Sundays and festivals. Assist at the Holy Sacrifice like a suppliant who begs pardon with hopes of obtaining it.

Make it a duty to bestow some alms every day upon the poor, that you may repair the wrong you have done them in squandering on superfluities and criminal pleasures what was due to them. Renounce those companions who have estranged you from God, from yourself, and from your true friends; and form such new friendships as honor, decency and religion may inspire. It is easy to dismiss debauched associates without affronting them. Speak openly to them of the plan of life you mean to pursue; propose to them to follow it; talk to them only of regretting the past and forming good resolutions for the future, and they will soon disappear. Or if they return it will be a proof that they have altered their conduct; then, instead of shunning them, receive them with more pleasure than ever.

Take frequent walks, lest retirement should make you grow melancholy; and select as companion some person ripened by experience or some virtuous young man. Walk alone as seldom as possible, and especially in these beginnings, while your resolutions are not well confirmed. It may happen that by giving way to vague thoughts you may soon grow tired of yourself and again relapse into your former course of life.

Read some agreeable but instructive book to entertain yourself in virtuous cheerfulness. Melancholy is the wreck of young people who are concerned about their conversion. They are always drawing a parallel between the dissipated life they have led and the serious life which is prescribed to them, and they end with returning to their former courses.

Take an exact account of your debts and your income, and by your economy you will find wherewithal to pay your creditors. A man is always rich when he is in the habit of depriving himself of indulgences; as he is always poor while he refuses himself nothing.

You should settle an annuity for life upon the woman you have wronged, that want may not oblige her to continue an irregular life; but on condition that she goes to a distance from you. Announce your intentions in writing. Beg pardon for having wronged her, and conjure her to forget the creature that she may be more attached to her Creator.

When opportunities offer of enjoying a little society, do not renounce them; for you may be properly employed there, and will be secured from the raillery of the world, which seeks to ridicule piety.

Dress like the rest of people, according to your rank of life, without being too foppish or too negligent. A true religious spirit shuns extremes. It is only when piety is counterfeited that men affect a slovenly dress, a declining head, an austere countenance, and a whining tone.

Prudently dismiss the servants who were accomplices in your intrigues and sharers in your guilt; although, after having exposed them to scandal, it would be proper to set them a good example. Yet it is much to be dreaded that, since they know your weakness, they may lay snares to lead you back into the road to perdition. You are still young enough to secure your heart with proper safeguards.

Try to live with your new domestics, whose ability and fidelity have been properly recommended to you, as a master who knows the duties of humanity; as a Christian who knows that we are all equal in God's sight, notwithstanding the inequality of conditions.

I exhort you, dear Count, to visit the chapel in the cloister of the Chartreux, which was built by order of Cardinal Cibo, whose memory I respect. Rather than mix his ashes with those of his illustrious progenitors, which rest in superb monuments, he would be interred with his domestics, whose epitaphs he composed; contenting himself, when he died, with this humiliating inscription: *Hic jacet Cibo, vermis immundus*,—"Here lies Cibo, an unclean worm." This tomb is absolutely hidden from the sight of men; but God, to whom all things are known, will make it manifest on the last day,—which will be a sad reproach to those proud men who are vain even in their coffins.

You must think of taking some charge upon you which will give you employment. We always do amiss when we do nothing. Examine your mind, consult your taste, ask your soul, but above all address yourself to God, that you may know what is fit for you, whether a civil or military career. The ecclesiastical state is not proper for you. We ought not to carry into the sanctuary the remains of a heart stained by commerce with the world, unless the will of God is manifested in an extraordinary manner.

Your friends will think of marrying you, and it is my advice not to defer it too long. Marriage, when made with purity of heart, preserves young people from a multitude of dangers; but do not count upon my choosing a wife for you. From the moment I embraced my profession, I promised God that I would never meddle in marriages or wills. A monk is a man buried, who ought not to show any signs of life but for things purely spiritual, because the soul never dies.

Your relative, with whom I have happily reconciled you, is a man of sense, honesty, and integrity, and in a position to marry you properly. Religion and reason ought to be consulted more than inclination in a relation that is to last for life. We rarely see marriages happy which have no other motive than love. That passion does wonders in poetry and romance, but in real life produces no good effect.

I do not speak to you of your expenses nor of your table. With such principles as I lay down, they must be moderate. Invite frequently some virtuous friend to dinner. I do not like to see you alone, and I recommend to you to be so as little as possible, except when you are at your prayers or reading. "It is not good for man to be alone," says the Scripture.

Visit your estate at rare intervals; for if you take up your residence in the country at this time, you will bury your good resolutions as well as your education. Rural societies lead only to dissipation; and, however little they are frequented, the effect is that one forgets what one knew, and becomes rustic and clownish. Hunting, flirtation, and wine often become the pastimes of gentlemen who live constantly in the country. Towns polish the manners, adorn the mind, and prevent the soul from gathering rust. Do not be scrupulously exact about the hour of rising or retiring. Order is necessary in all ranks, but constraint and formality too often produce narrow-mindedness.

If you look upon religion as a whole—and that is the way in which it ought to be viewed,—you will not find in it the puerilities of trifling devotion. Never open those mystical or apocryphal books which, under pretence of nourishing piety, divert the soul with insignificant matters, leaving the mind without light, the heart without compunction. “True Devotion,” written by the celebrated Muratori, will preserve you from all the dangers of a mistaken credulity. I advise you to read that work again and again. You will profit by it.

Do not receive indiscriminate counsels; for in the diseases of the soul as in those of the body everyone offers his advice. Avoid the hypocrite as well as the dissipated; both the one and the other will hinder you from arriving at the point we propose. I will not look upon you as a convert till you have been a long time proved. It is not easy to pass from libertinism to the practice of solid virtue. For this reason I recommend for your director the good Franciscan who was your father’s friend and is mine. He is an excellent guide in spiritual affairs. If he keeps you some time before you are admitted to the participation of Holy Communion, it is because he would be assured that you are changed and follow the constant practice of the Church.

Do not be afraid of his severity. He will join the tenderness of a father to the firmness of a wise director; he will not oppress you with attention to externals, as less enlightened confessors generally do. If you have sinned through pride, he will point out to you the means of humbling yourself; if through sensuality, he will prescribe remedies to mortify you,—thinking, with reason, that the wounds of the soul are not to be healed by repeating prayers in haste, but by reforming the heart. Many sinners, for want of this method, pass their lives in offending God, and then confessing.

Above all things, let there be no excess in your piety; take no violent courses. They might be the cause of a relapse.

Behold, my dear son, my dearest friend, what I thought my duty to indicate for you. I could not use more tenderness if you were my own. You will make me die with grief if the resolutions you so lately took in my presence should come to naught. What encourages me is that you are a man of truth, that you love me and are convinced that I sincerely wish you well; and, finally, that you have found a disorderly life to be a mixture of vexation, torment, and remorse.

Hearken to the voice of a father crying to you from the depths of the tomb that there is no happiness in this world but for the friends of God; and charging you to be true to the promise you formerly made to him of living, with the help of Heaven, the life of a good Christian.

CONVENT OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,
20 November, 1750.

P. S.—I shall certainly reconcile you to all your family, except, perhaps, the Marchioness of R——, who is too much a devotee ever to pardon you. I expect you to drink chocolate with me on Saturday; and I shall show you a letter from poor Sardi, an old servant of your mother, who is really in want.

To Madam the Marchioness R——.

MADAM:—It is very distressing to your dear relative, the Count ——, that you will not be reconciled to him, notwithstanding his visit and the humble and affecting letter he has written to you. Is it thus God Almighty deals with *us*? What will people think of your piety when they see you so exasperated as to reject the prodigal son? For my part, Madam, who have not your virtue, I flew to him as soon as I knew that he had gone astray; and I hope that God will reward me for it.

You are always repeating, Madam, that

he has squandered a great deal of money, and that he is a bad man. But what is even the loss of gold, that you should so much regret it? You ought to be grieved only at the abuse of so many good qualities as he possesses; and think, if he is really a bad man, that he has more need than ever of advice and the example of the truly good. It is a very bad idea of religion to suppose one is justified in forsaking a young man because he has gone astray.

Ah! how do you know, Madam, that this bad man will not to-morrow be acceptable in the sight of God, while your services may by no means please Him? For truly one grain of pride is sufficient to spoil the best actions. The Pharisee who fasted two days in the week was rejected, and the Publican who humbled himself was justified.

Charity, with regard to all men, is always charity; this I shall never cease to repeat, as perfectly agreeable to the morals taught in every Christian school and from all Christian pulpits. If the mercy of God depended upon certain devotees, sinners would be much to be pitied; for false devotion knows nothing but an exterminating zeal; whereas the good God, full of patience, gentleness, and forbearance, waits the amendment of all those who have gone astray.

Even the Blood of Christ implores your forgiveness. It is far from having proper respect for Him to refuse your dear relative admittance into your house. How do you know, Madam, but that his salvation depended upon those very faults of which he now repents? God often permits great disorders, to awaken men out of a lethargy. You are not ignorant that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repents than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance. Now, will you continue your resentment while the angels rejoice? It seems to me

that would be a shocking sort of piety.

Indeed I tremble for every devotee who behaves with such rigidity; for God Almighty Himself assures us that He will treat us as we have treated others. Be so good as to read the Epistle of St. Paul to Philemon, referring to Onesimus. And there you will learn, Madam, how you ought to pardon.

It is not for us to decide whether the heart of a man who appears to have entered seriously into himself is truly changed. Besides, as God alone can know the truth, we ought to presume that he has reformed. Would you think it just in your neighbors, who are the witnesses of your good works, if they supposed that you acted only from pride? Let us leave to the Searcher of hearts to pronounce on the motives of others' actions. The brother of the prodigal son is condemned in the eyes of religion and humanity for not having been properly affected at the prodigal's conversion.

If I were your confessor, although the direction of consciences is neither compatible with my labors nor inclination, in order to appease your anger, I should enjoin you to write to him who is so hateful in your sight, to see him often, and even on the condition of forgetting what is past.

If our piety is to be regulated by whim, virtue is nothing more than a phantom; and I certainly presume that yours has charity for its foundation,—for I never judge unfavorably of my neighbor.

If my letter, contrary to my intentions, appears a little severe, I beg you will think I speak in such a manner less on your relative's account than your own; for your salvation depends upon it. Will you refuse to pardon him when you have reason to presume that God Almighty has pardoned him? I can not think it.

I have the honor to be, etc.

ROME, 5 February, 1751.

A Reminiscence of Rome.

BY MERCEDES.

WE were two strangers in Rome; otherwise we should have known better than to face the quivering, heated air that trembled in the narrow, crooked streets at two o'clock in the afternoon during August. It had rained all the night before, and the air was cooler than usual; but we should have waited until the sun sank in the wonderful blue of the Italian sky, and then we might have gone our way with more physical comfort. But it was only our second day in the Eternal City, and we were impatient of indoor imprisonment.

We walked across the Piazza della Minerva, where the marble elephant ever stands with the obelisk on his back; we passed the Pantheon, and then the Trajan Column; and there we hailed a carriage—a light two-seated one with a lean horse, but one which proved quite equal to our wants; while the obsequious driver spoke French, to our great delight, as neither of us knew more than a word or so of Italian. "*Santi Giovanni e Paolo*," we ordered; and off we went at a fine pace, rattling past the fruit-stands in the narrow alleys; up the steep streets, where faded Madonnas, with broken frames and dismantled candelabra, still guard the street corners; or, mayhap, the statue of some saint or the torso of some heathen god held the same office.

The heat was decreasing somewhat; and the people—those dark-eyed, picturesque, easy-going, indolent people—were moving here and there; although even still some were stretched out asleep on the shady side of the street against the wall. But the little street-cars—"trams" they call them,—with their tired horses and no car tracks, kept on the even tenor of their way, the driver blowing a horn to warn passengers of their approach.

Once we passed an arched doorway where sat a young mother that might have passed for one of those dark-browed Madonnas the Italian masters gloried in. Her face was transfigured by her mother-love for the large-eyed baby whose curly head lay close on her breast, while his little hand she held passionately to her lips in a tender kiss. At her knee leaned an older boy, offering the baby a bunch of grapes such as Italy alone can produce. It was a pretty sight; but we passed it swiftly, and began to ascend another steep street, which led us to a broad view of the Coliseum. It was our first glimpse of this venerable and magnificent ruin; and as we emerged on the hill I bade our driver stop, and we looked in silence on the grandest, most imposing ruin in the world.

"A ruin, yet *what* ruin! From its mass
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared."

Often had I read of the Coliseum, often studied pictures of it. I was prepared for vastness; but the impression of age, of majesty, of decay, of enormous dimensions, of sacred traditions, and of marvellous architecture, well-nigh overpowered me. I sat silently gazing on it as it appeared outlined before me. It lay partly below the road; and arch after arch, tier after tier, were bathed in the golden glow of the afternoon sun. Its hoary walls were still sturdy, and the grand ellipse was marked in many places by the names of the Popes who strengthened or restored it. What a thought! Vespasian began it only thirty-nine years after Our Lord was crucified; Titus dedicated it soon after; and through all the lapse of ages it has held its ground, a fit type of Rome herself,—

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world."

We drove on slowly; but again we paused, opposite the western entrance. Looking toward the ruins of the Forum,

what a view! On the left was the Arch of Constantine against the Palatine Hill; in front, the Meta Sudans, where the gladiators rushed after the fight to bathe their weary, bleeding bodies and cool their fevered limbs; close by, the ruined pedestal of the statue of Nero and the smaller Arch of Titus; directly in front, the remains of Adrian's double temple of Venus and Rome. Centuries of history were there; and I lost the thought that I was driving in a modern carriage at the end of the nineteenth century, that my home was in distant America, and that I was a stranger in a strange land.

All this passed from me, and I saw in thought the pomp of the Cæsars, the Roman holiday, the heroes of the early ages,—those martyrs of Christ, whose blood had surely reddened the ground on which we stood. Cardinal Wiseman's exquisite description in "Fabiola" of the death of the youthful Pancratius came before me. I fancied I saw the graceful youth standing in the centre of the arena, while his dark eye smiled, and his hand waved a fearless farewell to the officer Sebastian, who, unable to save him, stood by the bloated figure of the emperor. There were the dens of the panther before me; and from those dark caverns I fancied I heard the maddened roar of hungry beasts, enraged that their prey was still out of reach.

The spell was broken by the crack of a whip, and I realized that this was not the end of my journey. I drew a long breath, and motioned to the impatient driver to move on, which he did with a will. I often passed the Coliseum after that; but never, even when I entered its ponderous arches and stood in its centre gazing at the wonders of the structure, did I feel as I did when the first view of its decaying greatness burst upon me that afternoon.

Passing along the Via Claudia, the high walls of the gardens of the Passionist Monastery were on our right for some

distance. We finally came to a wide gateway, or road, walled on each side, which descended gradually for some distance, until at last the driver stopped, saying, "*Convento dei Passionisti*." On our right was a great flight of stone steps, at the foot of which was seated a beggar with a pitiful face, holding a bandaged leg over his knee, while he held out his hand, muttering some petition. He did not look honest somehow, and we did not heed him. At all events, we were busy debating whether we should go up the steps and ring the porter's bell, or enter the church and speak to the sacristan.

We decided on the latter course, and told the driver so; he led the horse a few paces farther on, and we came to the portico of the old church, when a man came forward most courteously and lifted up the leathern curtain which always hangs before the doorways in the great churches of Rome. We gave our driver a *lira*, which made him smile until all his fine teeth were visible, and waved him off. He seemed loath to leave us; but we had been warned not to depend too much on the obliging disposition of the Roman cabmen; and, knowing we could call another cab at our convenience, we did not heed his polite entreaties to be allowed to wait, but stepped inside the curtain and found ourselves in the old church of the Passionists in Rome, or, rather, the ancient basilica of the sainted brothers, John and Paul.

The atmosphere was cold compared with the glaring heat outside, and there was a restful gloom in the dim depths of the sacred place. The marble pavement, unbroken by any pews, stretched on until the broad nave terminated in the choir and altar, which, as is the custom in the basilica, had its crucifix and candles with their backs to us, the priest saying Mass with his face to the people. Half way toward the altar was a space like a tomb enclosed in iron railings, which was the

place where the Roman brothers were supposed to have been martyred by order of Diocletian. This was their house; and, as they were patricians of high rank and imperial officers, the emperor feared to have them publicly executed, and had them murdered in their own home. Affectionate brothers, united in life, together in martyrdom they ascended to heaven.

We lingered at the sacred spot awhile, and then visited the numerous side altars that branched off between the pillars all around the church. We did not fail to observe the cardinals' hats hanging from the ceiling,—something constantly met with in Roman churches. It is the mark of a departed protector and patron, which is very striking to eyes unaccustomed to the sight. Then on the extreme left, at the farthest altar, we found the never-fading lamp which tells of the resting place of Him "whose delight is to be with the children of men." We knelt there, and all distance vanished. We were at home again; and once more we realized that "the earth is the Lord's"; that distant lands are but a span in His Presence.

Footsteps broke the stillness of the church; and, rising, I turned and met the noble, kindly face and tall, graceful figure of our friend, Father F——, long since a Passionist,—one whose gifts of mind and heart would adorn the noblest university on earth. An American by birth, a gentleman and a cultured scholar, he counted all the high gifts of the world as dross; and, for the sake of Christ crucified, bade farewell to home and friends, and the dearest ties under heaven: a living example of the strength of God's love and the heroism of sacrifice. It was a rare and delightful greeting, and one never to be forgotten. "Let me show you this old church first," said our friend; "and then we can talk."

And so we went around the church. The chapel of the holy founder, St. Paul of the Cross, is comparatively new and

most magnificently adorned. Its entrance is protected by a splendid iron and gilt railing that reaches high up the archway it closes,—affording, however, a fine view of the chapel within. The floor is marble, and the side walls have two beautiful paintings: one, "Christ's Agony in the Garden"; the other, "Our Sorrowful Mother." The altar of the relics is very beautiful. The richest decorations are there: marbles, gildings, and lapis lazuli, more precious than gold,—all adorning the resting place of St. Paul of the Cross, whose life preached Christ crucified as few other modern saints have done.

There are two magnificent marble columns on each side of the altar, which the good Father said had a history, and he told it to us. The khedive of Egypt made a present of four superb columns of Nile marble to his Holiness Pius IX. They are yellow and white mottled, and are each a single, flawless stone; with their highly-polished surface, the effect is truly admirable. These support the canopy of the altar, frame the altar-piece, and reflect distinctly the most minute detail. They were transported from Egypt with immense labor, on specially fitted vessels; and were presented by Pius IX. to the Chapel of St. Paul of the Cross, as a mark of the love and devotion of the great Pontiff. When the columns arrived at the Tiber, twenty-four yoke of oxen were required to drag them up the hill.

The relics of St. Paul of the Cross are encased in a crystal shrine under the altar. A screen is gently lowered, and a wax figure in the habit of the Order, with the Passionist badge on the breast, is visible. The face is a true likeness of the saint, having been taken from a death mask shortly after his dissolution. It is a calm, beautiful face, full of placid holiness; and one is awed as one kneels and reflects that within that receptacle are the mortal remains of a saint now in heaven glorifying God. The heavy black habit,

the bare feet, the Book of the Rule,—all tell their lesson. "He is our father," said our friend, "and he rests here among his children." The next morning we heard Father F——'s Mass there, in presence of those saintly relics, and received Holy Communion. None but ourselves were in the chapel, and the calm and stillness of the place made an impression on our minds never to be effaced.

After we had venerated the relics of St. Paul of the Cross, we reluctantly left the chapel, and the Father explained to us the ancient traditions of the basilica. He related that, some years ago, part of the old church caved in and excavations were made; and then it was discovered that the venerable basilica had been erected on a still more venerable Roman house, complete in all its parts. "And now," said he, "we will go down below the crypt and look at it." The sacristan prepared torches and preceded us.

Down we went, by a little staircase on the left of one of the altars; and, deep in the darkness, we saw the wonders hidden from the light of day. It was evidently a Roman dwelling, and there was everything to corroborate the belief that here the noble brothers John and Paul dwelt in patrician ease until their conversion. The large hall we first entered had unmistakable evidences of pagan frescoes, well preserved; farther on, there were apartments with iron suspensions for lamps—old Roman-shaped vessels such as have been exhumed from the catacombs. There were frescoes of saints on the damp walls now, and the shapes of the various apartments designated their use. There were steps of stone leading to a wine cellar, where heaps of amphoræ and pottery lay in corners. There was the wide bath, with its system of clay heating-pipes; there was a large kitchen, with apertures for the smoke to escape; there was even a deep well, and apartments where food and wines could be

cooled; there was the baking apartment, and everything belonging to it. We went down deeper in the earth by a series of steps of stone or rock, and each revelation was more wonderful. In a remote corner was an ancient altar, with every evidence that it had been used for the Holy Sacrifice. Farther on was an enclosure where dark stains were still visible on the walls, and it was supposed the bloody remains of the bodies of the martyrs were thrown there after they were executed. The spot enclosed in the pavement of the church above had always been considered the scene of their glorious deaths until this subterranean house was discovered.

The wonder of it all and the perfection of many of the details were amazing; but the heat and the dampness were beginning to make themselves felt, and I was anxious to see the light of day again. To me there was a weird terror in being so far underground, and I was glad when we began to mount the stairs again and make our way to the first story below the church.

We found the ascent still more interesting; and our attention was directed to a rough, half-effaced fresco of the Crucifixion, ages old. How strange that this old Roman dwelling had gradually been overlaid by the encroaching earth until house and all it contained was hid from sight so completely that a church was built above it! More excavations will be made and perhaps more wonders will be brought to light some day.

When we mounted the last staircase that led to the floor of the basilica, I glanced at my watch, and found hours had passed and that the short twilight would soon overtake us. But we had still time to be seated in the plain little reception room, under a fearfully realistic figure of Our Lord dying on the Cross; and there we told our friend of the land beyond the sea, his home and ours, where his name was known and loved, and

where we hoped one day to see him. A beautiful smile lit up his fine face as he shook his head. "Home, did you say? No, no!—up there." And his eyes were lifted toward a line of blue sky that appeared beyond the narrow window.

We knelt for his blessing, and soon we once more raised the leathern curtain that covered the doorway and were out in the portico of the church. Turning to the right, we passed under some broken brick archways that led us to a sort of park, where several persons were seated under the trees. Passing on, down the broad walks, we reached the exit near the Coliseum. There we paused and looked again upon the solemn grandeur of that ruin. The sun was going down on the Cœlian hilltop, and a pale silver crescent rose from behind the archways of the great amphitheatre, whitening the gray stones and softening their rudeness.

We felt the chill of twilight at once; and, as we had been warned not to risk the twilight mists, which were full of malaria, we hailed a passing cab; and, in a silence more delicious than words, we entered the streets of the city, holding the things we had seen in our hearts, like Mary, and pondering over them as we went.

The Golden Silence.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

MANY of the virtues are those of negation. To know what not to see, when to be deaf, on what occasions to be inactive,—this is wisdom of the better sort; but of greater value is the keen discrimination concerning the time of being silent. Most men and women have yet to learn the finer uses of silence, that potent power which is louder than any sound. We pad each little pause in a conversation with meaningless phrases of dubious intelligence; we keep a stock of

trite remarks at hand in readiness for any chance lingual lapse; and we refuse to welcome the quiet moments which explain and hallow and emphasize that which precedes and follows them.

"He had eloquent flashes of silence," was said of a great man. Most of us have not even these; and verbal intercourse becomes, not the kindly exchange of kindred sentiments, but a race where the runner never reaches the goal; or a linguistic tread-mill, whose fruit is weariness of spirit. A real friendship will endure silences,—nay, it will encourage them; it is only they who are not sure of mutual esteem and comprehension who reach out for sentences which may serve as stop-gaps, and struggle breathlessly lest there should be a lull. So much for the least serious view of the matter. There is another.

The tongue may be a messenger of holiness, a trumpeter of God; but it may also be a sinner—a busy, efficient, deadly, terrible sinner. It may nag and slander and wound; it may betray confidence; it may make cruel mischief; it may part friends; it may beguile with flattery; it may entice the unsuspecting; it may tell lies; it may preach heresy; it may insult our Blessed Lord. There are numberless homes from which the voice of a scold has driven peace; there are thousands of lives that have been crippled or wrecked by dastardly falsehoods; there are hearts everywhere wounded beyond all healing by malicious or thoughtless words.

"Refrain thy tongue." The word once set in motion can not be hunted down as one seeks and finds a fox in a hedge. You voice your thought; and when you would recall it, it is no longer yours, but common property. "Go chase thy word, thou canst not overtake it."

You have or you desire to acquire a reputation for wit or cleverness; and so you ridicule your acquaintance behind his back, in terms which you can no

more call to yourself again than you can gather the dews of last week or the snows of another December. Or you would, perchance, be thought agreeable, and, to pleasure others, part with intelligence and wreck an empire—or a heart; or, conquered by sympathy, you forget the discretion which the rules of God and man impose; or you flame into quick indignation and utter words that scorch and shrivel and kill. Better “the silence that aches through the house,” better the silence of desolation and ignominy and death, than words which do the work of the Evil One.

Thomas à Kempis knew well the value of the wise reticence. “‘Be wary,’ saith one to me,—‘be wary! Keep to thyself what I tell thee.’ And whilst I hold my peace and believe the matter to be secret, he himself can not keep the secret which he desireth me to keep, but presently betrayeth both himself and me and goeth his way.”... “If thou canst be silent and suffer, the Lord will help thee.”... “How often have I wished that I had held my peace!” Ah! that quiet monk knew well the impulses which sway the soul, and his counsel is for all time and all peoples, not alone for the Brothers of the Common Life in the calm shades of Deventer.

Be ever ready with your earnest words; but fail not to remember that there is a silence which heals, a calm which is voiceful. The ancients used to hang a rose, sacred to Hippocrates, the god of silence, above their banqueting boards, and so feast *sub rosâ*. We are less than the heathen when we fail to keep the silence which is golden.

STRONG convictions alone can lead to strong deeds, and a man who is timorous in uttering an opinion will be even weaker in his attempt to act upon it.

—John Oliver Hobbes.

Notes and Remarks.

It seems evident to us and to some of our correspondents that the New York *Sun* is either less carefully edited or less disposed to be friendly to Catholics than formerly. We have met with several articles in its pages of late the tone of which was distinctly offensive to a Catholic reader. The *Sun's* own English is usually faultless, and it has a way of rebuking other papers that take liberties with our language. But in a recent issue it allows its London correspondent to refer to a Catholic chaplain of the British forces as a “Romanist,” and classes the Church among “warring sects.” It is true that the word *Romanist* was formerly employed by standard authors in an inoffensive sense, but it is now used only to express adverse feeling. It has become a vulgar word, and is retained in the vocabulary of only bigoted or uneducated people. To class the Catholic Church among “warring sects” is uncivil and unjust, for the simple reason that it is not a sect. Does the New York *Sun* wish to show antagonism to the Catholic Church and disrespect to its Catholic readers? We hope not; but if not, it owes them an apology. The *Sun* may change its politics as often as it likes, but its principles ought to be as fixed as they are righteous.

The Rev. Dr. H. A. Buchtel, of E. Orange, N. J., is a Methodist of the glory-hallelujah kind we used to know so well. In an address delivered at the convention of the National City Evangelical Union, held last week in Detroit, he ascended the metaphorical hilltop of jubilation and shouted that every Protestant country is moving forward upon the path of progress; that the United States is a Protestant country, with a minister for every 500 inhabitants:—

It is a great cause of rejoicing that this new land was given over to Protestantism, reserved by the hand of God as a theatre for it.... When William McKinley, who is a Methodist, was nominated for the presidency, the president of the convention was a Methodist, the man who nominated him was a Methodist; the candidate for the vice-presidency was a Methodist, and the man who nominated him

was a Methodist. The chairman of the platform committee was a Methodist. No question was raised in the country in consequence. Had all those men been Roman Catholics, what a cry would have gone up! And the ticket could never have been elected. These things prove that this is a Protestant country.

They prove much indeed—more than the speaker supposes. Brother Buchtel is serene as well as sanguine. The utterances of such men as the Rev. Dr. de Costa regarding the failure of Protestantism do not disturb him. It is nothing to him that, in spite of the great number of ministers in this country, with nothing to impede their evangelical labors, divorces are ever-increasing, that churches are sparsely attended, that even Ingersoll complains of being crowded off the lecture platform by ministers of the Gospel. There is much else going on amongst us that ought to sober the mind and calm the voice even of Brother Buchtel.

When the genial French humorist, Max O'Rell, returned from a visit to this country, he wickedly told his compatriots that he had found this notice on some of the American railway stations: "Train stops twenty minutes here for divorce." That is good enough, as jokes go; but some statistics which we find in the *Evening Post* (N. Y.) give the Frenchman's humor a very serious complexion. During the past twelve months 8844 applications for divorce were made in twenty-four cities of the United States; and 6608 of these were granted. It is said that this means an increase of one hundred per cent in the number of divorces obtained—and that in a single year.

Since his conversion, M. François Coppée has preached some very beautiful and impressive sermons to the large audience that eagerly welcomes all that comes from his pen. We may hope that no Christian in whose heart the fires of faith lie smouldering will read unmoved this fervent, manly appeal addressed to decadent compatriots:

Wretched one, who art staggering under the weight of a conscience burdened with impure and wicked remembrances, come and lay down all human respect! Thou hast not to fear that thou mayst inspire with horror or disgust the unknown,

the anonymous one whom thou art to choose for a confidant. Moreover, to keep thy secret his lips are closed under the sacramental seal. He who listens to thee from that little cell will not even recognize thy countenance; he will not see thee blush. Speak! confess to him all thy shameful deeds. He will answer thee only with paternal indulgence; to thee he will speak words of mercy and forgiveness. "But to enjoy all that," dost thou answer with a cry of anguish, "one must entertain no doubt as to the virtue of the sacrament,—one must have faith." Aged child of the civilized world, is that, after all, so difficult? Dost thou not feel seething in thee one drop of the Christian blood which for so many centuries back has been flowing through the veins of thy people? Hearest thou not still resounding the miraculous word which has healed the ancient world of its corruption and overcome the ferocity of the barbarians? Hast thou not read and meditated upon the Gospel, the only book wherein there is an answer to all the pangs of the soul? Poor fellow! Heed not those who tell thee that faith is dead and that humanity got rid of all its past a century ago—that is, yesterday. In order to promulgate the new faith—granting that it be a well-meant effort at improvement,—France had to be covered with gibbets and Europe soaked with blood in long wars, and yet all this did not still the groans of those that suffer. Jesus Christ, on the contrary, in order to secure the triumph of His own plan, has shed but His own Blood, has willed to die the death of a criminal; and His work is still intact after nineteen hundred years.

Our belief that the policy of the French government in forcing priests and seminarians into the army, however hostile in intent, will ultimately help both the priests and the army, has already met partial confirmation. Mr. F. C. Conybeare declares in the London *National Review* that the army has capitulated to the clergy. "Catholic clubs for soldiers," he says, "have been started in all the barracks; and the enforcement of military service on seminarists, instead of laicizing the priests as was hoped, has clericalized the army."

It will be remembered that Cardinal Rampolla requested our government to interfere in behalf of the Dominican friars who were said to be suffering torture and imprisonment at the hands of the rebels of Segovia, in the Philippines. It will be remembered, too, that the American officer who was sent to investigate the matter reported that things were not so bad as they were represented.

However, *Année Dominicaine*, the organ of the Dominicans in France, describes a state of things that could not easily be worse:

We learn, alas! from an absolutely certain source that the natives [in the Philippines], let loose by the defeat of Spain, are giving themselves up to every kind of unnameable atrocity. Among their victims we have a right to mention our own brethren. Even if it did not become us to denounce to civilized nations the shameful and terrible suffering which they are undergoing, we are desirous of recommending them to our readers' prayers. About one hundred Dominicans, amongst them Mgr. José Hevia, Bishop of Segovia, are undergoing imprisonment and cruel treatment which the press refuses to describe, being buffeted, spit upon, and cruelly scourged. Many of them have had their noses pierced—an atrocious torment inflicted upon other religious also who have been seized by these savages;—and a cord passed through this cruel wound serves their abominable executioners as a means to drag them to the doubly painful hard labor to which they are condemned every day. May their sufferings plead before the Crucified the cause of their barbarous torturers!

Addressing the Park Street Club in Boston last week, Major Harry B. Fairbanks, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, said: "If I ever saw in my life a true man, it was the Catholic priest with our brigade, who went upon the field while the bullets were whizzing around our heads. He was gentle as a woman. He was a genuine hero."

At a banquet given to the soldiers of the 75th N. Y. Volunteers, Major Keck thus describes an incident of the battle of San Juan:

On July 2, while the fighting was going on, I sent word to our chaplain to come to the front to officiate at the burial of comrades who had been killed in action. For some unexplained reason, he failed to respond. A Catholic priest, the chaplain of one of the regiments of regulars in Lawton's division, volunteered his services, which were promptly and gratefully accepted. As he was reading the service over the body a Spanish bullet struck his left hand, in which the book was held, shattering it horribly. Without a change of voice the book was dropped into the right hand, and the services continued without a moment's halt. The mutilated and bleeding hand dropped to his side. Having finished the burial services, he asked if he could be of any further service. My answer was a detail to get him to the field hospital as quickly as possible, and my sincere, heartfelt thanks.

It is pleasant to observe that the priests who served in the war were as modest as

they were brave. The correspondents, the military men, and the non-Catholic chaplains have felt it a duty to let their golden deeds shine before men. No Catholic priest has yet written on "What I did in the War." They are not the less admired for their reticence.

The plague in Vienna, like our late war, has redounded to the honor of religion. The Sisters have now taken care of the bubonic patients with a quiet heroism which has drawn a glowing tribute from Dr. Moriz Haupt in the *Budapester Tagblatter*, quoted by the *London Tablet*. "I have not always," says Haupt, "had the same opinion of these 'brides of heaven' as I have now. I was not altogether free from the modern idea that they were beings who had 'missed their vocation.' To-day I must confess that their appearance inspires me with reverence." He cites some remarkable instances of the devotion of the nuns, and adds:

There are indeed exalted examples of devotion to duty outside the ranks of the pious. The noble ladies who devote themselves to nursing the wounded; the captain of a German vessel who, together with his men, does all he can during a tempest to save the passengers; and then, with a cheer for his emperor, sinks in the waves, with his gallant crew; the doctors who, reckless of their own lives, devote themselves during an epidemic to the treatment of the infected, like these doctors at present in the Vienna plague-house,—all these are brilliant examples of lofty philanthropy. But none of these isolated examples reach the level of the devotion and spirit of self-sacrifice which form the rule with the Sisters who have made the care of the sick their work. Silent, unwearying, modest, they live and die at the work, almost unnoticed; and yet they have accomplished the highest which man can accomplish—a triumph of immortal love in this earthly vale of woes and tears; a victory of the divine in man; a proof of the nobility of human nature when purified by faith and charity.

Those Jews who sell vestments, etc., and solicit subscriptions for Catholic newspapers, have been reinforced by another of their kind who is travelling about with what he advertises as a cinematograph reproduction of the Passion Play. Those who have seen the thing declare that there is nothing about it to remind one of Oberammergau, and their indignation is divided between the

showman and those "leading Catholics" who recommended his attraction. Recommendations do not amount to much nowadays: they are always either too violent or too vague. Still, any one who could be influenced to go to an American theatre to witness a representation of the Passion Play by native talent would deserve to lose more than the price of his ticket of admission.

Notable New Books.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Vol. V. F. Pustet & Co.

One more volume will complete this excellent work, which, though modestly entitled "Studies in Church History," is in reality a complete ecclesiastical history from the foundation of Christianity to the present day. The volume in hand comprehends the first half of the present century—viz., from the pontificate of Pius VII. to that of Pius IX. inclusive. The author's plan, as our readers will remember, is to give a brief though complete history of each pope, and then deal with leading events and representative men of his pontificate. For instance, after a most readable account of Gregory XVI., we have chapters on Lacordaire, Lamennais, Ozanam, Montalembert and the Struggle for Freedom of Education in France; Dupanloup, Rationalism and its Consequent Aberrations of Modern Philosophy; the Revival of Christianity in Japan, the Oxford Movement, The Carbonari—Mazzini and Young Italy.

No intelligent reader needs to have the advantages of this plan explained, or to be told that it affords a better understanding of the labors of each pope, the moral and religious condition of the world during his reign, the changes wrought and the personages instrumental in effecting them, than could otherwise be given. Indeed Dr. Parsons' work is history and the philosophy of history combined. The student will find nothing in our language more serviceable than these volumes, while for general reading they supply a distinct need long felt. They deserve a place in every Catholic library worthy of the name; and we venture to say that no

work will be more frequently consulted once its merits are known. The concluding volume will be supplied with a complete general index.

AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS. Two Volumes. By Francis Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co.

There are few things—very few things—that the versatile Mr. Marion Crawford can not do, and one of them is to be dull. You read the thirty odd books that bear his name on their title-pages, and wonder how so much observation, resourcefulness, and mental energy ever came to be the portion of one writer. Doubtless some of his books are better than others; but, from "Greifenstein" or "Saracenesca" to "The American Politician," the least powerful of them might be proudly fathered by the best of living novelists.

No theme could have been more agreeable to Mr. Crawford than the history and romance of Rome; and, as one turns over these fascinating pages, one feels that the pen which portrays the modern Italian with so much insight and sympathy took real delight in sketching the process by which the modern Italian came to be what he is. Moreover, the wonderful story of the most wonderful city of the world—a city whose name, from the days of Romulus, has successively connoted carnage, courage, intrigue, imperial domination, spiritual headship, art, chivalry, and political decay—calls into action the best powers of the author; for every page of this work is flushed with color, or filled with the rush of conflict, or spiced with acute philosophy and shrewd judgments on men and events. At times the glamour of old, forgotten, far-off things possesses Mr. Crawford: he seems to be looking dreamily backward; but some modern problem or other suddenly presents itself, and one realizes what a firm grasp he has on the present. Character-sketches, clear-cut cameos of personages, signalize every chapter; but the portraits of Cæsar, Horace, Hildebrand, and Leo XIII. are most keenly drawn.

So brief a review can be only an index-finger to point the lover of good reading to these two large volumes; but at least we may say that no writer has "kinetoscoped"

Rome so faithfully and sympathetically as Mr. Crawford. It would have been easy for most men to drop to the dull level of the guide-book; but every page here is alive with interest, and much of the author's best work in descriptive and narrative writing is held between these lightsome covers. Twenty-eight exquisite photogravures and scores of etchings adorn the text, and the famous publishing house from which it issues has made it one of the handsomest books of the year.

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES, FROM THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus, of the Oratory. Vol. V. Kegan Paul & Co.

The merits of Dr. Pastor's history and the excellence of the English translation are too well known to call for further commendation. The highest praise that can be given to a work of this kind is to say that it supersedes all others, and that the reader need not seek elsewhere for exact knowledge of the persons and events of which it treats. Many of the important documents consulted by Dr. Pastor have hitherto been inaccessible to modern historians, and these have been thoroughly investigated and utilized to the fullest extent. The result is a work of the highest historical value—complete, accurate and impartial. As the learned author remarks, the last word has not yet been spoken in many matters of detail, and there is plenty of room for further investigation of the history of the popes; however, it may be said that the general verdict which he has rendered of them can never be reversed. And it will surprise no broad-minded reader that in some cases this verdict is unfavorable.

The present volume, which is the first half of the third volume of the original German, deals with the pontificates of Innocent VIII. (1484-1492) and Alexander VI. (1492-1497). An ably written introduction of over two hundred pages gives the reader a clear idea of the moral and religious condition of Italy during the period of the Renaissance, and describes the changes in the world that then took place.

The externals of the English translation

of the "History of the Popes" are all that could be desired. Besides being in the best style of modern book-making, they are exactly appropriate to the character of such a work, and render its study a pleasure.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PALESTINE. By Brother Liévin de Hamme, O. F. M. Translated from the French by Miss Mary B. Rotthier. Two Volumes. The Meany Co.

The author of this guide-book to the Holy Land has spent forty years in Palestine, and has repeatedly traversed the whole country in the capacity of guide. His chief occupation, however, was to study the history of the land sanctified by the life and miracles of Our Lord; and the results of his labors have been gladly welcomed by European scholars, as the "Encyclopedia Britannica" bears witness. In the original French this excellent hand-book has run into many editions; hence we are grateful to the translator, though her work is not above reproach in some details, and despite the fact that she sometimes interjects her own experience into the text instead of employing footnotes. The book is a very complete summary of all that tradition tells of the biblical places of Palestine, and a valuable feature is the quoting of the Holy Scriptures in connection with the scenes described. Though intended chiefly for pilgrims to Palestine, to whom it will prove invaluable, this work will be profitable and enjoyable reading for all Christians, but especially for priests. Some valuable maps serve to illustrate the text.

HER MAJESTY THE KING. A Romance of the Harem. Done into American from the Arabic by James Jeffrey Roche. Richard G. Badger & Co.

An idle hour could not be more pleasantly spent than amid the delicious drolleries of this book. Mr. Roche is one of the few American writers who really possess the fine literary faculty—the Aldrich touch; and it is no disparagement of his work, but rather a tribute to himself, to say that he has not yet produced any sustained work—we are not forgetting his strong sea ballads—that does full justice to his fine powers. For the honor of Catholic letters we wish he would write more.

"Her Majesty the King" is a clever skit,

satirizing many things, but especially our recent war with Spain. The plot of the story grows into an absolutely unexpected *dénouement*,—a rare quality in fiction. Mr. Roche has even accomplished the impossible by re-creating the mother-in-law joke, so dear to the amateur wit, into a thing of sparkle; as witness: "Twice blessed is he in whose tent dwell both his mother and his wife's mother; for even though he gain not Paradise, yet shall he fear not Gehenna." And there is brilliant foolery in these and other sayings of Shacabac:

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all. Truly matrimony is a state into which none but the wise should enter, and they do not.

Love not a woman for her riches; but, loving first the riches, thou shalt learn in time to love her for their sake.

It is a bad omen to meet, on leaving thy house in the morning, a mad dog, a tiger which hath not breakfasted, or a man to whom thou owest money.

But one could quote all the good things in this veracious history only by reprinting the whole book; so we lay it down with our best wishes, merely remarking that even the proper names are uncommonly funny.

LIFE OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. By David Lewis, M. A. Thomas Baker.

The Order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel—what a series of pictures is brought before us at the mere mention of the name! Memorable from the days of earliest monastic traditions, the Order has given innumerable saints to the Church; and among the beneficent results of the Crusades we should not forget to number the establishment in Europe of the hermit dwellers on the sacred Mount of Carmel.

The sixteenth century was made glorious by the sanctity of two of Carmel's greatest saints—Teresa and John of the Cross, whose labors in the reform of their ancient Order were closely connected. By reform, however, is meant not a reproach on the existing customs in the monasteries and convents where a rule legally mitigated was followed, but a return to the austere rules of earlier times.

Compiled from chronicles of his Order, and from trustworthy biographies in Italian, French, and Spanish, this life of St. John

can certainly claim the essential qualities of fulness and accuracy. His writings, it has been said, possess the same authority in mystical theology that the writings of St. Thomas and the Fathers possess in dogmatic theology; and his life was an exemplification of his teachings.

HOW TO PRAY. Translated from the French of Abbé Grou, S. J., by Teresa Fitzgerald. Thomas Baker.

Presuming that everyone has heard of Père Grou, and is familiar with at least some of his excellent writings, we can not do better than to give the table of contents of the present work, which is introduced to English readers by the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J. The first five chapters explain the nature of prayer, and show that God alone can teach us how to pray. The chapters that follow treat of the Multiplicity of Vocal Prayers, the Efficacy of Prayer, Continual Prayer, Prayer in Common, and the Lord's Prayer. We like this little book a thousand times better than most translations; and we share the conviction that it will be a source of comfort and encouragement to every reader, and enable him to pray better than he has ever done before.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Luke Baudinelli, C. P.; and the Rev. Edward J. Hopkins, of the Diocese of Brooklyn, who departed this life last week.

Sister M. Victorine, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Evangelista, O. S. B.; and Sister M. Francis, O. S. D., who lately passed to their reward.

Miss B. J. Baasen, of Milwaukee, Wis., whose happy death took place on the 23d ult.

Mr. James F. Murphy, whose life closed peacefully on the 16th ult., in San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Charles Williams, of Galena, Ill.; Mr. Michael Cannon, Peru, Ind.; Mrs. Margaret Donahue, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. J. Begley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. E. Gavin, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. M. Moore, Sioux City, Iowa; Mr. James Mahan, Eureka, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Sheekey, South Bend, Ind.; and Miss Bridget Gerrity, Schenectady, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Through a Live Boy's Glasses.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

HURRAH for the season of ice and snow,
And a fig for the folks who decry it!
For 'tis jolly fun when the big flakes blow
In your face and eyes till you're all aglow.
And where is the sport, I should like to know,
Like toboggan-sliding, when down you go
A good half-mile in ten seconds or so!—

Don't believe it? Well, just you try it.
You may talk of your spring, when the birds
are a-wing

And the Mayflowers peep through the
grasses;
But winter's the time that is really prime,
If you look through a live boy's glasses.

Hurrah for the clear, crisp, frosty day
That sets all your blood a-tingling!
Is there anything else that is quite so gay
As to skim on your skates over river or bay
Just as smooth as smooth can be? Or, say,
Did you ever sit in a cosy sleigh
Behind a 2.20 chestnut or gray,

With the sleigh-bells madly jingling?
There are others, I know, as the seasons go,
And I cultivate each as it passes;
But winter's the time that is really prime,
If you look through a live boy's glasses.

THE fish-hawk builds a nest over the old one year after year, thus accumulating a huge heap of material. In a nest on Plum Island, New York, were found a boot-jack, a blacking-brush, a rag doll, ribs of cattle; and, on top of all, the skulls of sheep,—these last evidently intended for ornaments.

An Adventure on a Feast-Day.

BY EDWARD GARESCHÉ.

MAURICE was so wonderfully happy as he tripped down the street of tamarind trees that it would have made you happy, too, even to look at the lad. It was the 21st of September, when in our Northern land the wild north wind begins to roar upon us from his icy home, and to threaten and bluster of the near approach of chilly winter. But in the isle of Martinique, where Maurice was born and had spent all the years of his young life, they would laugh at the idea of a cold September; for in September there the rainy season is just coming to a close. The endlessly varied and profuse vegetation of the tropics, leaping to new life under the spell of the warm, penetrating rains, grows most luxuriant. The wild begonias and geraniums, and a host of flowers which we Northern folk have never even heard of, bloom in glorious profusion. And everyone rejoices; for the long, dismal, rainy time is over; and the sunshine and the flowers and the warm, sweet winds resume their interrupted reign.

And so Maurice, as he tripped along, had reason to rejoice and sing. He was a merry little fellow; and as he trotted on, under the green shadow of the spreading boughs, in his little white jacket and long pantaloons, for all the world like some old sea-dog of a sailor, his broad straw-hat shading a face which fairly rippled

with smiles, you would have thought him a very pleasant sight indeed.

So thought the American Consul, who strolled leisurely along the shady street in the opposite direction.

"Ho! ho! ho! Good-morning, my little man!" said he merrily, in French, with the most comical accent possible. "What makes *you* so happy this morning?"

"Good-morning, Monsieur le Consul!" said Maurice, politely removing his hat. "Oh, I have reason to be glad!"

"Indeed? No one would believe it if he were to look at you. Why, you look as gloomy as the mountain during a storm."

"Yes, Monsieur," said Maurice, smiling still more broadly in acknowledgment of the jest. "If you will promise that you will not reveal it to any one, I may tell you the reason."

"You have my word," said the Consul, trying to look grave. "I am sworn to silence. And now tell me the secret."

"You must know, Monsieur le Consul," said Maurice, his eyes gleaming and his smiles breaking out afresh at the very thought, "that to-morrow is my feast-day; for to-morrow—oh, ever so many hundred years ago!—died the good Saint Maurice, whose name is mine."

"Ah, yes!" replied the Consul, smiling. "You little boys of France celebrate the feasts of the saints whose names you bear, just as my little ones, and all American boys, celebrate their birthdays. And so that is what makes you so happy?"

"Yes, but that isn't all," said Maurice. "This morning, as I was looking out of the window just after I had awakened, I saw my father coming in through the garden gate carrying a little cage; and as he came he shouted to mamma: 'Is Maurice awake yet?'—'I think not,' said mamma: 'it is far too early.'—'Then see,' said papa, 'what I have for his feast.' And he opened the cage. And what do you think?"—and Maurice burst into laughter. "There leapt out with a single

bound a little white ball of cottony fur. It was a dear little rabbit, Monsieur le Consul; I knew it in a minute from the pictures. And I nearly burst with laughter to see papa drop the cage and run after it; and then mamma followed him; and the little ball of white ran everywhere, eluding them. Oh, I could scarcely keep from running down and joining in the chase! But at last the wicked little fellow got caught, and was put back into his cage again; and that," finished Maurice, fixing his laughing eyes on the Consul, "is what makes me so very happy this morning."

"You have reason," said the Consul, heartily. "A dear little rabbit! But where in the world did your father get a rabbit in Martinique?"

"Ah, that," said Maurice, "I will learn to-morrow! Perhaps from some American captain. I invite you, Monsieur le Consul, to bring John to see my rabbit; although I suppose he has often played with rabbits?"

"Thank you!" said the Consul. "John will be delighted. And I wish you and Mister Rabbit the very best of health."

And, with a smile and a wave of his broad white hat, Maurice was off again toward the town of St. Pierre, to invite the guests for his feast-day.

This city nestles at the foot of a great hill which is called "The Mountain." Before it stretches a broad and beautiful bay, where sailing vessels and steamers and even occasional men-of-war come in to anchor. The houses are nearly all of stone, their walls three feet in thickness; because a long time ago, in 1839, a fearful earthquake shook the island and levelled all the buildings to the ground. There are many negroes whose ancestors were brought by the earlier inhabitants that they might till for them their fields of cotton, tobacco, sugar, and coffee. For ever since 1502, when Columbus discovered the island, men of European race have

lived there and enjoyed the softness of the climate and the fertility of the soil.

These Europeans, who for the most part are French, are engaged in traffic in the numerous products of the island. There is, too, the civil government—a governor, a military commandant, and inferior officers, all of whom are commissioned by France. Maurice's father, Mr. d'Arblay, was one of the principal bankers of the island, and had lived there for many years.

The morning of the feast-day dawned clear and bright. "Ah!" said all the inhabitants of the island, "the good God is going to give us some sunshine." The wet earth steamed under the tropical sun; the clear green of the mountain, the clear blue of the bay, and the city nestling between, formed a picture harmonious and pleasing. To be sure Maurice was early abroad, running up and down in the garden, singing and shouting, laughing with all the gayety and light-heartedness which one should feel on one's feast-day. But he cast many a glance between times at a certain big, innocent-looking basket in the hallway, from which one could hear, if one listened very attentively, with one's ear very near to the basket, a faint, crunching sound, and even sometimes a soft thump or two.

But Maurice and his parents, and his little brother Jean and his sister Marie, all went to assist at Holy Mass together in the church near by; and came home again, and ate their breakfast, without any one's alluding to the fascinating basket. And when the meal was over, the father, putting down his cup, looked at Maurice and said:

"My son, be careful while you play in the garden to look well in all the dark corners ere you rush into them; and to keep your eyes and your ears well open. For Pierre, the gardener, has told me that yesterday he killed two big, venomous snakes, which the great rains of last week

had washed down from the mountain."

"Yes, father," replied the little fellow, dutifully; and, jumping from his seat, he ran out of doors. Ho! ho! there it was at last—just at the head of the path, where sly Bijou, the nurse, had put it to surprise him. He saw a pink little nose, which peeped through the cage; two soft eyes and a mouth—such a comical mouth!—which nibbled the bars. And in an instant the door of the cage was open and the "dear little rabbit" closely clasped in the arms of its new master, Maurice. How soft and warm it was! how white! how delightfully tame and confiding! But when he put it on the ground, to show the admiring Jean and little Marie how *very* tame it was, off it bounded like a rubber ball; and he and Jean and Marie had to run very fast to catch it again. And the mother and father stood on the porch and watched them.

Then presently came John, the Consul's son, a sturdy little American lad, to join them; and a half dozen French boys and girls, who were as delighted as Maurice with "the little rascal of a rabbit." And then they ate a hearty luncheon of sweets and fruits—the delightful mangoes and custard-apples, pineapples and oranges and sugar-cane and mangs (they are delicious, those mangs!) until even their young appetites were satisfied, and they trooped out again to play.

In the midst of all this gladness and feasting a malignant presence had lain, half stupefied by the chill of the wet earth and the damp of the month-long rains, behind a beautiful begonia bush that bloomed in a corner of the garden. It was a great, sinuous, flat-headed snake; his scales of a dull, tawny, golden hue; his graceful folds extended and resting sleepily on one of his own pliant curves; the flat head triangular and ugly, whose shape has gained for his kind the name of *fer de lance*,—"the head of a spear."

The night before, as he was winding

through the green lanes of the forest seeking his mate, a fierce thunder-storm had suddenly burst from the scowling heavens. A great torrent of rain whirled among the trees, a current of rushing water roared down the mountain side; and in its course it bore the snake, which its swirling waves had seized. That rapid torrent, pouring into the streets of St. Pierre, had torn heavy cobble-stones from their firm beds and dug holes in the streets. When it had spent its force, and washed away through flooded gutters to the sea, it had left the snake, stranded in the darkness, before Mr. d'Arblay's dwelling. And, creeping torpidly in, the serpent had sought the shelter of the begonia bush and lain there ever since, bruised, weary, motionless. But now, as the strong, warm beams of the tropic sun beat more hotly on its hiding-place, the sluggish snake began to grow restless with the returning activity of life. At the shouts and trampling of the merry children pursuing Mister Rabbit hither and thither, it raised its head, and, with closed eyes, swayed it gently to and fro.

The shouts and laughter grew louder and louder; the rabbit, chased hither and yon, was doubling nearer and nearer to the begonia tree. The fun grew fast and furious, the children more boisterous, the noise more penetrating, the sun hotter, the earth drier. Then the snake awoke—opened its eyes and looked dully around. Soon the crowd of brightly-clad children running about in the sunshine, shouting and laughing, caught its attention and stirred it to dull anger. The lax folds drew together and became tense with alert power; the lithe body swelled with rage; the head, raised aloft, swayed to and fro uneasily; the eyes glowed with uncanny fury; and noiselessly, gracefully, the serpent stirred, moved, and glided sinuously out into the garden.

It was at this precise moment that the rabbit, having by a swift leap eluded its

pursuers, doubled, and, running with lightning speed, hid in the bushes by the garden wall. And as Maurice, who was nearest, suddenly darted forward to intercept it, his eyes fell upon the snake. A tawny head rose swiftly from the grass, almost at his feet. Two glittering eyes, bright as diamonds, gleamed straight into his; and, stopping as though he had been turned to stone, Maurice murmured: "*Le fer de lance! le fer de lance!*"

Behind him, the group of startled little ones stared in terror, then broke and fled in every direction. But Maurice could not flee. Cold tremors crept up and down his spine; his eyes were riveted on the shiny eyes before him, which moved to and fro, to and fro, with that measured, rhythmic swing, which grew at last tense and vibrant, as the serpent stiffened to strike. Then the world faded away, in Maurice's eyes, to a rose-colored cloud, through which rained a shower of bright sparks: he was falling under the spell of that strange fascination which serpents exert over their victims.

At last the serpent quivered and drew back. It was recoiling for the attack. Another instant and a keen pain would pierce Maurice's body, and he would die within the hour! His head reeled, his frame stiffened—when like a flash the rabbit, reassured by the silence, the quiet, leaped forth from its leafy hiding-place and sped beneath the very mouth of the snake. Distracted, furious, the serpent struck at the fleeting form. Stricken, the rabbit fell, rolling over and over. There was a flash, a deafening report, and the snake, headless and bleeding, squirmed madly in the convulsive agony of death.

Then Mr. d'Arblay, throwing down his smoking shot-gun, rushed forward and caught Maurice in his arms.

"Heaven be thanked!" said he, "the rabbit has saved your life. I could not shoot: you were directly in the way; if I had come forward, even moved, the

serpent would have struck in an instant."

But Maurice did not hear, for he had fainted from terror.

Not many days afterward one might have seen, on the very spot in the garden where the *fer de lance* had squirmed his last, a stone which marked a tiny grave; and on the stone was this inscription:

HERE LIES A DEAR LITTLE RABBIT,
WHO SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE.

And if any one, seeing it, asks how a rabbit could possibly save any one's life, Maurice tells him this story.

Books and Shrines.

In 1539 the Irish Monastery of Kells became the property of the Crown, and its great literary treasures were all scattered to the four winds. Among them was the wonderful volume known as the Book of Kells, which, as a specimen of illumination and writing, has no superior in all Europe. It is a copy of the Gospels, and dates from the time of St. Columba and St. Cuthbert; the best evidence going to support the theory that it was written about the end of the sixth century. In the year 1006 it was stolen from the church at Kells, and was found after a long search, covered with sod and despoiled of its cover. At present this book finds a home in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, where it is safe, however uncongenial its surroundings may be. It has been injured by binders and the ravages of time, but the wondrous beauty of form and color remains.

It is said that the Book of Kells is written with such precision that one may examine it for hours with the strongest magnifying-glass without finding a false line or an irregular interlacement. In a space scarcely three-quarters of an inch long and less than half an inch wide there have been counted one hundred and fifty-eight designs.

There is another illuminated MS. at Trinity College, the work upon which is believed to have been done by St. Columba himself. This is the Book of Durrow, and in it there is this entry in Latin: "I pray thy blessedness, O holy presbyter, Patrick, that whosoever shall take this book into his hands may remember the writer, Columba, who has himself written this Gospel in the space of twelve days by the grace of Our Lord."

St. Columba is said to have transcribed no fewer than three hundred books, all New Testaments; and there is a tradition to the effect that none of them could suffer harm by being immersed in water.

These books were enclosed in metal covers, or shrines, which were bedecked with jewels and carving. On one silver shrine is the inscription: "The prayer and blessing of St. Columkille be upon Flaun, son of Malachi, King of Ireland, who caused this cover to be made!"

The *cumdachs*, or book shrines, hold, perhaps, the chief place in collections of Irish antiquities. The work lavished upon them was partly the outcome of the love felt for the Irish teachers. The book which the missionary bore about with him was considered so sacred that no covering in which it could be encased, no matter how expensive, was thought too beautiful for it.

The famous Domnach Airgid, or silver shrine, is one of the most ancient and interesting of these relics. It is composed of three distinct covers—one of wood, one of copper, one of silver plated with gold,—these having been added at intervals; and it is supposed to have belonged to St. Patrick himself.

Truly those devoted men who wrought with much pains and many prayers in the days long past wrought for all time; and these precious testimonials of their skill and love are enduring evidence of a devotion which we of this hurrying age would do well to emulate.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is said that the venerable Charles Gavan Duffy is engaged upon a volume of memoirs which is to be published only after his death. The book will be eagerly welcomed by the friends and admirers of Sir Charles; but, under the circumstances, we hope that publication will be long delayed.

—Dr. Samuel Johnson's first prose work, for which he received five guineas, was a translation of Father Jerome Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia, Containing Dissertations on Various Subjects Relating to that Country." It was published in London in 1735, and is now among forgotten books.

—In a catalogue of literary rarities offered for sale in New York we find a fifteenth-century vellum manuscript of the "Hours of the Blessed Virgin Mary." It is profusely illuminated, with miniatures, capitals, borders, etc., worked in blue, lake, vermilion, and burnished gold. The binding is specially unique. One of the clasps has unfortunately been lost; but no effort has been made to reproduce it, as it is so fine an example of contemporary work that a reproduction would not in any way equal it. The volume has been enclosed in a fire-proof case and is valued at \$300.

—The new edition of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi," published by Little, Brown & Co., is as pretty as it can be; but Miss Alger's translation should have been revised by some Catholic version. The mistakes into which she fell, though not frequent, are fearful. Chapter XXV. opens with this startling sentence: "Santa Clara being once infirm of body, so that she could in no manner go forth to say Mass in church with the other nuns," etc. On page 227 we notice another mistake quite as serious. Later on we shall have the pleasure of announcing a translation of the "Fioretti" that can be recommended without reserve.

—A great amount of good might be effected if our people were to call for standard works by Catholic authors at public libraries. All classes of citizens are taxed for the maintenance of these institutions, and there is no

reason why any class should not be benefited by them. Inquiring Protestants complain that they can not easily procure Catholic books, and librarians say that they are not purchased for the reason that they are unknown. One good Catholic library in each of the largest cities is a *desideratum*. A prominent and influential minister in New York writes to us: "I am sorry that there is no public Catholic library open where one could find all the material, and so make a full study of important subjects under discussion." It ought to be remembered that such men as our correspondent can influence large audiences that a Catholic publicist seldom meets.

—A vigorous writer in the London *Quarterly Review*, a non-Catholic periodical, pays his respects to the sort of novelist who sacrifices Christianity to fiction. "Great and manifold as has been the mischief wrought by unbelief," he says, "it has hardly done worse than call out a reaction which despises logic, turns faith to mythology, canonizes the absurd, and so distorts the Christian as to make him at once an imbecile, a visionary and a murderous fanatic. Those who defend him on such lines are his most formidable enemies, and Voltaire would have welcomed them." This criticism, which will commend itself to all right-minded readers, was provoked by Hall Caine's "Christian" and the productions of Miss Marie Corelli.

—Mr. Henry J. Peasey's study of the "Ancient English Holy Week Ceremonial" will deeply interest students of the sacred liturgy. The details of the modern ritual, it is well known, are the result of alternate growth and excision; and many of the pious customs of our forefathers in the faith had a beauty and significance, the loss of which we may regret even though it did simplify in some measure the external forms of worship. On the other hand, it is useful to know the successive steps by which ceremonies grew out of popular piety; and this side of his subject the painstaking author of this volume has adequately treated. The amount of re-

search which Mr. Peasey must have made in out-of-the-way places is very great, and liturgists especially have good reason to be grateful to him.

—It is not likely that any reader of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* intends to deprive himself of that excellent periodical next year. On the contrary, it is probable that all will show their appreciation of it by settling their accounts promptly and renewing their subscriptions. If the subscription price were double what it is, no reader could reasonably complain that he was not getting his money's worth. It would seem to be the editor's aim to have every volume of the *Review* an improvement on its predecessor. The forthcoming one will be no exception. We hear that the Abbé Hogan is to begin a new series of articles in January, and that "My New Curate" will run on for several months longer. By the way, we hope some day to have the pleasure of seeing these precious "leaves from the diary of an Irish parish priest" in book form.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older one being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The History of the Popes. *Dr. Ludwig Pastor*. Vol. V. \$3, net.

Ave Roma Immortalis. Two Vols. *Francis Marion Crawford*. \$6.

How to Pray. *Abbé Grou, S. J.* \$1.

Ancient and Modern Palestine. *Brother Liévin de Hamme, O. F. M.* Two Vols. \$3.50.

Her Majesty the King. *James Jeffrey Roche*. \$1.25.

Life of St. John of the Cross. *David Lewis, M. A.* \$1.50.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. V. \$2.50.

Manual of Catholic Theology. Vol. II. *Wilhelm-Scannell*. \$4, net.

Ancient English Holy Week Ceremonial. *Henry John Feasey*. \$2.50.

The World's Unrest and Its Remedy. *James Field Spalding*. \$1.25.

St. Vincent de Paul. *Emmanuel de Broglie*. \$1.

Miss Erin. *M. E. Francis*. \$1.25.

The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *William Bullen Morris*. 80 cts., net.

Let No Man Put Asunder. *Josephine Marié*. \$1.

Fantasies from Dreamland. *E. Gilliat Smith*. \$1.50.

The Arabian Nights. *Andrew Lang*. \$2.

The Data of Modern Ethics Examined. *Rev. John J. Ming, S. J.* \$2, net.

Songs from Prudentius. *E. Gilliat Smith*. \$1.75.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession. *Rev. Joseph Spilmann, S. J.* \$1.

Motion: Its Origin and Conservation. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$3.50, net.

The Woman that Was a Sinner. *Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 40 cts.

Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King. 60 cts.

The Groundwork of Science. *St. George Mivart*. \$1.75.

Epochs of Literature. *Condé B. Pallen*. 75 cts., net.

Foundations of Faith. Part I. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Gospel of St. John. *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D.* \$2, net.

Notes on St. Paul. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$2, net.

Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. *Rev. James Bellord*. \$2.50.

The Religious Life and the Vows. *Monseigneur Charles Gay*. \$1.60, net.

Madge Hardlaun's Money. *Mary Cross*. 35 cts.

Striving after Perfection. *Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J.* \$1, net.

Stories on the Rosary. Part II. *L. E. Dobrée*. 50 cts.

Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, net.

The Man. *Rev. F. X. Welzel*. 40 cts.

The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Welzel*. 40 cts.

Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R.* 35 cts.

New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.

Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.

Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil O. P.* \$1.

A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss*. 15 cts.

Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth*. \$1.

Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus*. 60 cts., net.

Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Why Should I Toil?

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

WHY should I toil, when after briefest years

This hand shall shrivel into formless dust,
And heaven's golden gates be flakes of rust,

And laughter be forgot and happy tears?

Is there no gladness far from heavy fears?

Do all our green ways slope to dark distrust?

Ha! through this knot my sword-edge let me thrust—

Life's wine I'll drink till the last drop disappears!

Fool, hath the very deed not torn thy heart?

And that wild draught still wet upon thy lips,

What hath it promised thee of future peace?

Now never shall thy inward torture cease,

While year by lurid year thy young life slips;
Into thy dead soul plunged the flesh's dart.

—♦♦—

If we take the freedom to put a friend under our microscope, we thereby insulate him from many of his true relations, magnify his peculiarities, inevitably tear him into parts, and, of course, patch him very clumsily together again. What wonder, then, should we be frightened by the aspect of a monster!

A City Dedicated to Mary.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

RIGHTLY or wrongly, it is the fashion to speak of the age in which we live as a vast improvement upon the times of our forefathers. Even in matters spiritual we are inclined to congratulate ourselves upon our advance. We are proud of the growth and progress of Catholic devotions, of the increase of external honor toward our Blessed Lady and the saints, and the like; indeed, we almost persuade ourselves that, in such respects, we have attained to, if not surpassed, the standard of the Ages of Faith.

But can this be really the case? Take the one point of devotion to Our Lady. It is true that this sweetest flower of all the practices of piety which flourish in the garden of the Church has expanded marvellously of late years in all English-speaking lands. The chill blasts of heresy nipped its bud and stunted its growth for awhile; but the sun of toleration shines, and the blossom has blown into vigorous beauty. All the externals of the devotion of the old Continental nations are to be found everywhere—statues, processions, sodalities,—until even heresy is led from toleration to imitation.

The lookout is cheering; and yet it

needs but a glance at past ages to sober down our enthusiastic self-congratulation. The love of the Catholic centuries for the Holy Mother of God had solid, enduring results, to which we as yet are strangers. It lived upon sacrifice, as all true love must. We are ready and willing, it is true, to join in processions, to lift our voices in praise, to celebrate Our Lady's festivals, to enroll ourselves in her sodalities, and so forth. Are we as prompt as our forefathers were to give of our worldly substance to build up for love of her a lasting sanctuary, or to provide for her unceasing, daily honor?

It is proposed in this article to give a brief sketch of the way in which Mary was honored in the Middle Ages in the ancient Scottish city of Perth. The "Fair City" on the Tay has been made familiar to us by Sir Walter Scott. It was a place of some eminence in Catholic times—the frequent residence of the sovereign, the scene of many a parliamentary assembly and important gathering. It will therefore serve as a good example of a prominent Catholic city.

Perth possessed some fifteen churches and chapels. Besides its magnificent parish Church of St. John Baptist, there were monasteries of Carthusians, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Carmelites; each with its own beautiful church, as well as those belonging to the two convents of nuns, St. Leonard's and St. Mary Magdalene's; and those of the hospitals of St. Anne, St. Paul, and St. Catherine. In addition to these larger buildings were a number of smaller chapels in different quarters of the town.

The striking fact in connection with these numerous religious establishments is the prominence given to the honor of the Blessed Mother of God. The grand Church of St. John gained for the city the familiar appellation of "St. Johnstown." It measured two hundred and seven feet in length, and had a lofty central tower

with a peal of several fine bells. It is supposed to have been one of the first Scottish churches to possess an organ. St. John's is said by some writers to have had forty altars within its walls. Perhaps the more correct way of stating the fact would be to say that there were forty chaplaincies connected with the church.

As many as five of these chaplaincies were in honor of Our Lady. Thus Alan de Myrtoun, burgess of Perth, founded an altar to the Blessed Virgin Mary in the parish church of Perth in 1431, endowing it with lands and tenements of sufficient value to support a perpetual chaplain. In the year 1491 Robert de Chalmer, Master of Arts and burgess of the city, founded, in conjunction with his wife, Catherine de Kinnaird, a chaplaincy at St. Andrew's altar, "in honor of the Virgin Mary and the Presentation of our Saviour in the Temple." In the same year Master James Fenton, vicar of Tippermuir, founded a chaplaincy at the same altar of St. Andrew, "to the Virgin Mary as Lady of Consolation," endowing it with certain tenements in the city. In November, 1513, Patrick Wallis, burgess, gave his dwelling-house to form a foundation for an altar in honor of the "Salutation of Our Lady" by St. Gabriel. Besides these four foundations, there existed another altar, styled that of the Visitation, or "altar of Our Lady's Grace"; as, in 1514, the chaplain, Sir* Simon Young, bestowed upon it a further annual rental. Here, then, in one parish church we discover five perpetual donations whereby Mass was secured at frequent intervals, if not daily, in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

But we have not yet exhausted the proofs of devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the parish church of the "Fair City." Another chaplaincy may deservedly rank in the same category, for it would give

* "Sir" was the ordinary title of secular priests in the sixteenth century. See Shakespeare's "Sir Hugh Evans," "Sir Nathaniel," etc.

Our Lady equal pleasure with her own special foundations. This was one in honor of St. Joseph, founded at the altar of St. Michael in 1524, by Sir John Tyrie, provost of the collegiate church of Methven, near Perth.

The Dominicans, or Friars Preachers, possessed a monastery in the city, which contemporaries call "a stately and convenient fabric"; part of it served as a royal residence in the frequent visits of the kings of Scotland to the city. It had been founded by Alexander II. (1214-35), a munificent benefactor of the Order, who bestowed upon it no fewer than eight foundations in different towns of the kingdom. Adjoining the monastery was a magnificent church, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Dominic, and consecrated in 1240. This church, which had been enriched by successive monarchs, was of sufficient amplitude to allow within its walls parliamentary and ecclesiastical assemblies.

The dedication of the church itself was a glorious act of homage to Our Lady; and although subsequent donations may not in all instances have had her honor directly in view, they would merit her loving regard as gifts to her own church. Many such benefactions were indeed made for love of her. Hence the grant often runs: "To God, to the Blessed Mary, and to the Preaching Friars of Perth, serving God there, forever," etc. Others were in alms for the carrying out of the services of the church, without direct mention of Our Lady.

Another foundation in the city of Perth which bespoke a deep love for the Mother of God was that of St. Mary's church and monastery, which Richard, Bishop of Dunkeld, bestowed in 1262 on the Carmelite friars,—the members of "Our Lady's own Order," as St. Teresa, herself its greatest glory, loved to style it. This Carmelite church, a stately building at its foundation, was enriched by successive generations of benefactors up to the

rise of Protestantism. These benefactors included the Kings David II. and James I., besides many of humbler rank, who bestowed upon the White Friars annual rents to secure perpetual Masses for the benefit of the souls of the donors and those of their relatives and friends.

The existence of a Carthusian convent in any place is a warrant for the unceasing celebration there of Mary's praises; for the Carthusians, ever since the days of their founder, St. Bruno, have not ceased to recite every day the Office of Our Lady in addition to the Canonical Office of the Church. This fact is a sufficient justification of the mention of the Carthusian monastery and church at Perth as another proof of the devotion of that city to the Mother of God. The Charterhouse "of the Valley of Virtue" was founded in 1431, for thirteen monks, by James I. and Jane, his queen; and was the only house of the Order in Scotland. Its buildings were reckoned among the finest in the city. The donations to this monastery, as to the others, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were numerous and important. It was the delight of the citizens to provide for the support of the monks by bestowing tenements, crofts and gardens upon the monastery; and thus, indirectly, to minister to the worship of God and the honor of His Holy Mother.

Another substantial proof of devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God is to be found in the foundation and endowment of detached chapels in her honor in different parts of the city. The most beautiful of these was Our Lady's Chapel, situated near the Old Bridge. It was an ancient building as far back as the year 1210, when it was much injured by an inundation of the Tay. It was afterward rebuilt at a distance from the river. It was a pious custom with our forefathers to provide a little sanctuary near a town bridge, and the remains of many such

are still to be found. The passer-by, as he entered or left the city, was thus invited to devote a few brief moments to prayer. In that quiet retreat he might lift his soul for awhile above the din of this world's clamor, while he breathed his *Ave* to the Mother of God. In most of these bridge-chapels an early Mass was celebrated for the benefit of travellers,* and this may have been the case in the one we are considering. A part of this chapel still exists, forming a portion of the buildings of the old prison; it is the only remnant, with the exception of the parish church, of the numerous beautiful ecclesiastical buildings which graced the "Fair City" in bygone days.

At the head of the South Street stood another chapel of Our Lady, designated "Allareit," a corruption of Loreto. No particulars are known as to its foundation or history. It was doubtless similar to other chapels of the same title in other towns. What these were like we may gather from what is known of the more famous Loreto Chapel at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh. This chapel, variously designated "Lauret," "Lariet," and "St. Allareit," was built by a Scottish pilgrim at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Having brought from Italy a relic of the Holy House, he enshrined it in a small sanctuary fashioned after the famous original.† The chapel attracted a widespread devotion, even the King, James V., making a pilgrimage to it in 1536. It is probable that the little Loreto Chapel at Perth was built as a replica of that at Musselburgh. The author of a work which has supplied most of the historical facts mentioned in this article says, without giving reasons for his statement, that the Loreto Chapel at Perth "seems to have had no miraculous influence."‡

* See Bridgett, "Our Lady's Dowry," p. 258.

† Waterton, "Pietas Mariana Britannica," bk. 2, p. 302.

‡ "The Book of Perth," Lawson, 1847. p. 79, note.

If so, it was in that respect, at least, unlike the shrine at Musselburgh, whose wonders provoked the scoffing satire of Sir David Lyndsay, the Reformation poet.

Another beautiful sanctuary in Perth which spoke of devotion to Mary was the hospital and chapel of St. Catherine, in the locality of the city known as "the Claypots." The charter of its foundation, dated 1523, offers it "to the honor of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; of the most glorious Virgin Mary, and of the whole court of heaven, especially to the honor of the Blessed Catherine, virgin, spouse of our Lord Jesus Christ." Divine service was to be celebrated there "forever," for the souls of the Kings James IV. and V.; of the founder, his family, friends, and benefactors. The hospital was for the reception and entertainment of poor travellers.

Still another institution was to be found in Perth which spoke indirectly of love for the Holy Mother of God. This was a hospital and chapel dedicated to "St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin." It stood in the alley known as "St. Anne's Vennel," and was founded by an unknown benefactor, some centuries before the Reformation, for the free entertainment of strangers and poor persons. The chapel seems to have had more than one altar, as in 1522 Sir Robert Barbour is mentioned as chaplain of St. Michael's altar there.

Such were some of the substantial proofs of the love and devotion which the people of a medieval city of Scotland bore toward the Mother of God and anything connected with her worship. Not only kings and nobles and clergy, but even the humblest and lowliest of the citizens strove to give of their worldly possessions to add to the honor due to her. Two beautiful churches dedicated to her, one of them served by her special servants, the other by the sons of that Dominic who spread abroad her Rosary devotion,—the latter church possessing

more than one definite foundation in her honor; a religious house in which the recitation of her Office was of obligation; one hospital of which she was joint patron, another under the invocation of her own dear mother; two chapels which bore her name, to attract the wayfarer to seek her help; five special chaplaincies in the parish church to provide for Masses in her honor to the end of time; and, beyond all this, the accumulation of donations from rich and poor through the centuries as they rolled along,—surely this formed a worthy crown of devout works for one city to boast of, and one which must needs have gained for that city Our Lady's special love.

Evil days came, as history records, and the spiritual temple which centuries had built up as a lasting monument to Mary's honor and a pledge of her children's loving devotion was demolished, as it were, by one stroke. The revenues which pious hands had offered to adorn her churches, to perpetuate her praise, to succor in her name the poor and needy; to obtain, through the merits of the Saving Sacrifice and Our Lady's prayers, rest for souls departed, were grasped in the sacrilegious clutches of rapacious nobles. Sacrifice and prayer and praise and suffrages for the dead, which it had been fondly hoped would last forever, ceased utterly as though they had never been. What a terrible reverse to a picture so glorious and beautiful!

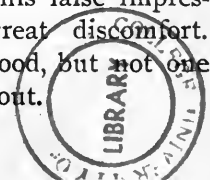
This slight sketch of the results of the devotion to Mary on the part of an old Catholic city has been put forward as a contrast to the somewhat cheap form of that devotion which now for the most part prevails. Not that generous hearts are wanting now to build churches, to endow charities, to help in many a noble work for the glory of Christ's Mother; but these are the few. The vast majority of us, it must be confessed, are satisfied with an honor which entails little sacrifice.

But all can not do great works, for means are not in the possession of every one to achieve such. True, but could not each do something more? Few could found a perpetual Mass in Our Lady's honor, but nearly all might from time to time procure one Mass for that intention. Few are able to build or endow hospitals, but all could give alms now and then for love of Our Lady, or at least perform some kindly service for those in need. With a true spirit of sacrifice, our love for the Blessed Virgin will develop more and more after the fashion of that which glorified the Ages of Faith.

Who can say what would be the results of its growth? What reparation for the iniquities of past centuries! What intercession for souls in the darkness of error, or for those suffering in purgatory for want of the solace which has been snatched from them by impious robbers of their rights!

Our Blessed Lady never forgets the particular spots which piety dedicated in her honor. She has come back to that city of Perth, so dear to her of old; and from the heights above the modern town, where in Our Lady's Church the sons of St. Alphonsus cherish her picture of Perpetual Succor, we may well believe that she sends forth many a grace upon the city once so devoted to her, and upon the whole of that kingdom of Scotland, once her own by a thousand titles.

HALF the evil in this world comes from people not knowing what they do like, not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance: they don't know *that*,—they rather think they like keeping it; and they *do* keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good, but not one in a hundred finds *this* out.



Mary Gainor's Inheritance.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VI.

INDEED, Mr. Peniston, I begin to believe there never was a will, after all," sighed Mary Gainor a few weeks after her great bereavement, at the close of a business conference in the lawyer's handsome office, from whose walls the rows of legal tomes seemed to look down with judicial indifference upon her distress.

She had come to say that her continued search through the effects of Peter Gainor had been of no avail; moreover, none of the latter's old acquaintances had any knowledge of the existence of such a paper. His attorney at Coalville had not made his will; and unless Mr. Peniston had more hopeful news for her, she would be forced to conclude that no document of the kind had been executed.

With elbow resting on the desk and forefinger against his temple, her counsel sat listening attentively. When she had finished speaking, he shook his head gravely and said:

"I am forced to admit that my efforts to trace a will have been as unsuccessful as your own. And yet not long since, when I represented to the old man that it would be well for him to arrange his affairs, he laughed good-naturedly and said it was all right. I certainly inferred he intended everything should go to his wife and daughter. To be sure, he may have had in mind merely that these would be his heirs. Of course, had I known the fact of your adoption, my dear young lady (unfortunately not a formal one by process of law), I would have dwelt upon the absolute necessity of a legal document to insure your enjoyment of the provision he wished to make for you. But, discouraging as is the state of the case, we must

not abandon it," the gentleman went on, straightening up as though for the struggle in court, and bestowing a bland smile upon his fair client. "Possession gives nine points in our favor, you know; and Michael Gainor will have to wait upon the law's delay."

Nevertheless, Mary went home with the conviction that her cause was hopeless. Knowing little of legal matters, she began to feel certain that Peter, who would have given his very life for her, had put off making these formal arrangements.

This she now poignantly regretted, not only for Bernard's sake, but because the realization brought vividly to her the lamentable exigency for the giving up of many charities. The house was hers; Bernard would keep her from want; and in the thought of wisely dependence upon him she was content; but the many present claims upon her generosity could be satisfied only by a Fortunatus' purse such as hers had been.

Tired and dispirited, she reached home at last, to be more forcibly impressed than before with the desolation of its stateliness.

"There's a friend of your father's, I was told to say, waiting in the reception room to see you, Miss," said the maid as her young mistress paused a moment in the hall. "Mr. Jimmy Judson is the name."

Mary checked a sigh of impatience. Mr. Jimmy Judson, or Gentleman Jimmy, as he was facetiously called by most of his acquaintances, had been known to her father as an easy-natured rolling-stone and ne'er-do-well; witty and good company, but over-fond of conviviality. In the old days Peter, in his capacity of night-watchman, had on more than one occasion saved the poor fellow from accident at the railway crossing. Later Mr. Jimmy had been "a hanger-on upon his bounty," to the intense dissatisfaction of Mrs. Gainor, who had small patience with Peter's unfortunate *prolégé*.

Recalling this, Mary entered the room to receive her visitor with a little frown upon her brow. There, leaning back in a satin arm-chair, with his cane between his knees and his hat resting upon it, sat the old man, the very type of a shabby genteel, ill-kempt toper.

He rose at once and held out to her an unsteady hand, in whose clasp was, notwithstanding, a warmth of genuine kindness. Besotted as he was, there yet lingered in his nature a spark of gratitude to the memory of one who had been to him a friend indeed; of sympathy for the daughter so haplessly bereaved.

Disarmed by his manner, Mary relented a trifle. Mr. Jimmy had written to her several times, diffidently requesting "the loan" of a small sum of money, and had been duly accommodated; but for the past few weeks she had not seen him.

"The truth is, Miss Mary, I have been away," he announced in explanation,— "been to Baltimore; thought of settling there with my son. But George is not prosperous; is out of employment, in fact. Found I could do better here."

Mary smiled, despite her unhappy frame of mind. Mr. Jimmy's prospects in Philadelphia depended principally upon the amount of the stipend she might allow him. Yet she could not but pity the old man, a physical and mental wreck, with no one to care for him; for on the graceless son, she was aware, he could place no dependence. Her father had been wont to say he helped Gentleman Jimmy in order to retain a hold upon him, which he might some day be able to turn to account for the latter's good. She would do likewise so long as possible, for the same motive.

"Have you seen the morning paper, Mr. Judson?" she inquired, after a few desultory remarks had been exchanged between them. "No? Then perhaps you would like to take it with you."

And, picking up the newspaper that

lay on the table, she handed it to him, with a bank-bill slipped between its folds. He glanced at the journal askance, smiled, and, bowing his acknowledgments, put it into his pocket.

Gentleman Jimmy was punctilious in regard to the method of these little transactions, and not for worlds would his hostess have offended his sense of dignity. But it was imperative he should be made to understand that these regular loans must cease. With her fortune gone, the utmost she could do for him thenceforth would be to tide him over a particularly hard time now and then.

"As you have been away, sir," she said frankly, "you may not have heard that Mr. Michael Gainor has laid claim to his brother's estate; and, since all efforts to find a will have proved fruitless, I am likely to be left with little power in the future to remember my dear father's old acquaintances as I would wish."

For a moment her visitor stared at her stupidly, too astonished to speak. Still, to do him justice, his first thought was not of what this might mean to himself. That the wealth and luxury by which he saw the daughter of his friend surrounded should be swept away from her as by a wave of the sea was so appalling a calamity that all selfish considerations were for the nonce engulfed by it.

"I do not understand!" he gasped, doubting if he had heard aright.

Mary told him simply the story now grown sadly familiar to her.

"A will, you say? It was hoped there might be a will, but none has been found," he went on, in a dazed way; and then remained with his eyes fixed vacantly upon the pattern of the rug on the floor; repeating at random, with a shake of his hoary head: "Strange! strange!"

Would he never go? Mary's nerves had been tried almost past endurance to-day. All at once he sprang up, ejaculating:

"Jupiter Olympus! What a fool I am!

Don't be frightened, Miss Mary. Where's my hat? Ah, here it is in my hand! I am an idiot not to have remembered before the circumstance I now recall vividly. Listen! One night, when Peter was watchman, I came up—ahem!—well, rather hazy; and he let me into the office to sleep, because he said he was afraid I might meet a locomotive on the track. Always mighty considerate Gainor was. In his little room with him was English Breen, a lawyer's clerk. How it all comes back to me! They asked me to witness a paper. I can see it now: old Peter's signature looked like the switch-yard at the station—all criss-cross and every which way. If that paper was not the missing will I am much mistaken. Now the next thing is to find Breen. Cheer up, Miss Mary!—cheer up!" And without more ado he rushed out of the house.

The remainder of the day was verily a time of anxiety and suspense to Mary, and she spent it mainly with her rosary in her hand and its sweet refrain in her heart.

On the following morning Mr. Jimmy promptly reappeared. From his jubilant countenance the young girl knew he had good news for her.

"It is all right, Miss Mary,—it is all right!" he reiterated, ecstatically. "But, my! what a chase I had after that fellow Breen! Found him at length, though—last night,—and poured upon him a flood of questions: Had he written Peter Gainor's will?—Of course.—Did he not know Peter was dead?—Yes, but at the intelligence he took no thought of the paper. Peter had probably made another will after having acquired his great fortune. He had not? Then this must be the document wanted.—Where was it?—He did not know. Oh, yes! he, Breen, was accustomed to carry legal papers in his hat. Possibly the will was at home hidden in the lining of an old one; unless, peradventure, that hat might have been sold to a peddler of old clothes.

"We went to his house; Breen as cool as you please, but I—you can imagine my excitement, Miss Mary. Anyhow, when we arrived, Breen called to his wife; they hunted up half a dozen old hats in the garret, and out of everyone of them that dolt of an attorney drew some sort of a law paper. Finally, from a particularly seedy-looking one he drew out *this*, duly signed, sealed and witnessed—" and then, breaking short, Mr. Jimmy put into the girl's hands a crumpled document.

Trembling she unfolded it; but as she tried to read the words on the yellowed page, they seemed now to waver and grow dim before her eyes. This much, at least, stood out, plain and unmistakable:

"I hereby devise and bequeath to my wife, Margaret Gainor, for the term of her life, all the property, real and personal, of which I may die possessed; the same, at the death of my said wife, to become the property of my adopted daughter Mary, to be hers absolutely, to do with as she may think best," etc., etc.

Mary sank upon a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"O Mr. Jimmy, how can I ever thank you enough! How can I ever show you how deeply grateful I am!" she cried. "At least you shall never know want while I have a penny of this money," she continued, fervidly.

Mr. Jimmy smiled and pulled himself together, satisfied that he had done a good piece of work for himself as well as of justice to his neighbor.

"Tush! never mind that—now—" he said, with surprising delicacy. "But just put on your bonnet and take this paper down to your counsel. It will knock the claim of Michael Gainor higher than a kite, and you will be left to enjoy your possessions in peace."

So saying he went away. The girl lost no time before acting upon his advice. The will, although made by Peter Gainor ere the acquisition of his sudden affluence,

was found to be perfectly valid. It was taken by Mr. Peniston to Clarion County, its execution proved, and Michael Gainor and his abettors, who, like vultures, had sought to fasten upon old Peter's wealth, were totally discomfited.

Mary and Bernard were duly married. Breen was handsomely rewarded for his safe, if unique, custody of the will; and Mr. Jimmy was tenderly cared for until he died, repentant and bewailing his wasted life, about a year or two after the settlement of his old friend's estate.

But to learn the end of the story of Mary Gainor's fortune, one would have to inquire into the history of every needy man, woman and child who crossed her path in life; for to these she tried to render it in some degree what it had been to her—"an inheritance of God's providence."

(The End.)

Mary Immaculate in America.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

V.

ON May 3, 1838, Fathers Francis N. Blanchet and Modeste Demers left Montreal to cross to the Pacific coast, in the present State of Oregon; and, after a long and painful journey, they reached the foot of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, Saturday, October 13—"a day dedicated to the Immaculate Mother of God; and the two missionaries began to tread beneath their feet the long-desired land of the Oregon." Before embarking on their voyage down the Columbia River on the 14th, "it being Sunday, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated, to consecrate us," says a letter from one of them, "to the Queen of Angels, and beg her to take us under her protection."*

Before that time a trading station and military post had been established at the mouth of the Columbia River, where Protestant missionaries were ministering to the people—and not forgetting their own interests. Here was a difficulty with which the early missionaries had seldom to contend; but "the holy work began for the ladies and girls of the fort by teaching them their prayers and catechism in French. By persevering in this holy work, many of them soon became able to say the Rosary,—a practice of devotion in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God which the missionaries established in Oregon from the beginning."*

In the year 1841 the illustrious Indian missionary, Father Peter J. De Smet, S. J., founded the mission of St. Mary's among the Flat Head Indians in the Rocky Mountains.† Speaking of the Indians of the missions in the very heart of these mountains, Father De Smet writes to a friend in Europe: "How happy should I be could I give you to understand how great, how sweet, how enrapturing is the devotion of the Indians to the august Mother of God! The name of Mary, which, pronounced in the Indian language, is something so sweet and endearing, delights and charms them. The hearts of these good children of the forest melt and seem to overflow when they sing the praises of her whom they, as well as we, call Mother. I feel confident—knowing as I do their dispositions—that they have a distinguished place in the heart of that Holy Virgin."‡ The same testimony was constantly on the lips of the Canadian missionaries two hundred years before. But it is now time for us to retrace our steps, survey the Atlantic coast, and follow the intrepid messengers of the Cross of Christ into the interior and the region of the Great Lakes.

* "Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church in Oregon," p. 44.

* Ibid., p. 67.

† Ibid., p. 21.

‡ "Oregon Missions," vol. i, pp. 245, 246.

VI.

The Bay of Pensacola was early discovered by the Spaniards; and in 1558 Don Tristan de Luna named it St. Mary's Bay,—a name by which it was ever after known to the Spaniards.* At an early date a mission was founded in eastern Florida, and named in honor of the Mother of God; and the river on which it stood also bore the same name. In the immediate vicinity of St. Augustine, the oldest city in North America, were the chapels of Our Lady of Milk and Our Lady of Guadeloupe. Four sodalities in honor of Mary were established in the settlement, one of which bore the title of the Immaculate Conception. Her feast was also a holyday of obligation.†

When Alexander O'Reilly took possession of New Orleans in the year 1769, after it had been ceded to Spain by the French, "he reorganized the province on the Spanish model, and gave the form of oath to be taken by all officials. It began in a form which will seem strange to many, but which shows that the doctrine defined by Pope Pius IX. in our days was officially recognized in the Spanish dominions: 'I —, appointed —, swear before God, on the Holy Cross and the Evangelists, to maintain and defend the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady the Virgin Mary.'"‡

As early as 1570 the Spanish missionaries of Florida, under Father Segura, S. J., Vice-Provincial, voyaging farther north along the coast, sought to found a mission on the Chesapeake Bay, which they named St. Mary's. They ascended the Potomac River a considerable distance, with the purpose of establishing a post in the heart of the savage nations; but, being left unprotected by their countrymen who had hitherto accompanied them, they were martyred by the natives early

in the spring of the following year.*

The Jesuit Fathers, Andrew White and John Altham, accompanied Lord Baltimore on his voyage across the Atlantic to found the colony of Maryland; and the two frail vessels in which they sailed reached the shores of the Chesapeake Bay near the end of March, 1634. And here a remark of Dr. Shea, which is applicable to many parts of the New World, will be in place. He says:

"The Catholic character of the colony is apparent. Each landmark takes a title from the calendar of the Church. The Potomac is consecrated to St. Gregory; Smith's Point and Point Lookout become Cape St. Gregory and Cape St. Michael. When the pilgrims of Maryland reached the Heron Isles, they named them after St. Clement, St. Catharine, and St. Cecilia, whose festivals recalled the early days of their voyage. Near the island named St. Clement they came to anchor. 'On the day of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the year 1634,' writes the author of the '*Relatio Itineris*' [Father White], 'we celebrated the first Mass on the island; never before had it been offered in that region. After the Holy Sacrifice, bearing on our shoulders a huge cross which we had hewn from a tree, we moved in procession to a spot selected (the governor, commissioners, and other Catholics,' putting their hands first unto it), 'and erected it as a trophy to Christ our Saviour; then, humbly kneeling, we recited with deep emotion, the Litany of the Holy Cross.'"‡

Mr. Bancroft writes of the Catholics of Maryland: "Religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village of St. Mary's."‡ What a pity that the infidelity and bigotry which he afterward imbibed during his residence in Germany should have led him to suppress this expression of historic

* Charlevoix, vol. vi, p. 43.

† Shea, vol. i, pp. 137, 138, 138S.

‡ Ibid., vol. ii, pp. 542, 543.

* Ibid., vol. i, pp. 143-150.

† Ibid., vol. i, p. 41.

‡ History of the United States, vol. i, p. 247.

truth rather than bear testimony to his Catholic fellow-citizens, who up to that time had admired not only his deep and indefatigable research, but also his candor in expressing the truth when, in not a few cases, that truth was unpalatable to a large number of his readers! But the prophecy of the divine Founder of our holy religion must be verified, "You shall be hated by all men for My Name's sake."

The devotion of the early Catholic settlers of Maryland, and not less those of later times, is too well known to need further mention in this place. That primitive Catholic colony, the very cradle of American liberty, has the honor of possessing within its limits the primatial see of the United States, and the cathedral in which the prelates of the nation united in a petition to the Holy Father, Pius IX., to name the Blessed Virgin conceived without sin the Patroness of the United States, and to raise her feast to the dignity of a holyday of obligation. But of this later.

VII.

Passing to the north, we learn that as early as the year 1500 Gaspar de Cortereal, a Portuguese navigator, landed on the island of Newfoundland, in a bay to which he gave the name of Conception, which it still retains.*

The Sieur de Poutrincourt named a bay on the western coast of Nova Scotia St. Mary's; a fort was built there, as marked on Lescarbot's map of 1612, also named St. Mary's; and it was in this vicinity that the first priest to labor on the Canadian mission, the secular, Rev. Jesse Fleuche (the name is variously spelled), a native of Langres, in France, began to preach to the natives. He baptized many of them; but his ignorance of their language, and the little instruction he was in consequence able to give them, rendered his labors all but fruitless,

notwithstanding his great zeal and his arduous toils. He was known as "The Patriarch"; and he returned to Europe soon after the arrival of the Jesuits in that part of America, March 22, 1611.

No sooner had the Jesuits set foot on the soil than they began to proclaim the praises of Mary Immaculate; and, not content with doing so on the coast, they entered and ascended the turbulent St. Laurence, enthroning Mary at Tadousac, Quebec, Three Rivers, and other places. They carried her name in an incredibly short space of time to the heart of the Huron country, far back of the lake of the same name, where the principal mission, and the centre of all the missions of that region, was dedicated to Mary Immaculate. Here, amid the silence of the unbroken forest or the turbulence and wild uproar of pagan feasts, made more hideous by the barbarism of the untutored natives, were heard the praises of the spotless Mother of God.

Nothing could be more edifying than the simple narrative of the hard labors, privations, sufferings, and martyrdoms of these zealous messengers of the Cross now being published in full as an invaluable contribution to American history by the Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. They even surpass those of the South and West; both because the climate was more severe, the country more difficult to traverse, and the Indians more refined in the ingenuity with which they invented means of torturing their unfortunate—or rather, regarded in the light of faith, their fortunate—victims. The perusal of their lives and labors at this distant day can not fail to increase the devotion of the faithful and stimulate the zeal of the clergy.

It is almost incredible how promptly and earnestly the new converts took to devotion to their Immaculate Mother, and the ardor and tenderness with which they practised it amid almost insurmountable

* Charlevoix, vol. i, p. 22.

difficulties. It was a characteristic not only of every mission but it might be said of every member of every mission. Nor did the zeal of the missionaries rest here, far away and almost inaccessible as the spot was on account of distance, forests, and rapids.

As early as 1640 Fathers Jogues and Raimbault, listening favorably to a depuration from the outlet of Lake Superior, visited that place; and, remembering her through whose maternal care they were able to surmount so many difficulties, they named the falls of the river which connected the lakes, Sault Ste. Marie—a name which it bears to the present day.* Charlevoix gives 1642 as the date.† "The Relations" inform us in the same place that in the Illinois country, to the south of Lake Michigan, "there is a very large station, named from the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin-Mother; it is divided into three missions, and extends as far as the Mississippi." But this is noted by way of anticipation, for those missions were not founded till a considerable time later.

When at length the missionaries found an entrance into the country of the dread Iroquois south of Lake Ontario, in 1657, they established a station on Lake Onondaga, which they named St. Mary's.‡

VIII.

About the year 1640 Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière, with a number of other French gentlemen, secured a title to the island of Montreal, which they determined to settle with a Catholic colony. They enlisted in the enterprise the Rev. Father Olier, founder of the Sulpicians, the priests of whose society were to look after the spiritual welfare of the new colony. A foundation of religious women was also to accompany the settlers, to care for the sick and to

instruct the children of the French and the Indians.

"All these gentlemen and ladies met together one Thursday, toward the end of the month of February of the year 1642, at ten o'clock in the morning, in the Church of Notre Dame at Paris, before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. There a priest among their number said Holy Mass, and gave Communion to the associates who had not taken orders; those who had, said Mass at the altars around that of the Blessed Virgin. There, all together, they consecrated the island of Montreal to the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. . . . On the 15th of August was celebrated the first festival of this Holy Isle, the day of the glorious and triumphant Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, . . . the first great festival of Our Lady of Montreal."* Montreal was long known as Ville Marie.

The Jesuit Father Gabriel Druilletes visited the Abnakis of Maine, who have proved, perhaps, the most faithful of all the Indian converts of North America; and established a mission among them, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, in the summer of 1646. The Capuchins had established certain missions on the coast before his arrival, but do not appear to have penetrated far into the interior.†

Still another missionary post on the St. Laurence, though of a later date, must be noticed before we proceed to the region of the Great Lakes. The Sulpician, Abbé Francis Piquét, while holding the position of chaplain to the French forces at Fort Edward, conceived the project of establishing a mission near Lake Ontario, like those of Sault St. Louis and the Lake of the Two Mountains, where the

* The Jesuit "Relations and Allied Documents," vol. i, p. 221.

† Vol. ii, p. 137, note. ‡ Shea, vol. i, pp. 253-256.

* "Relations," vol. xxii, pp. 209-213; Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America," pp. 188-202; Le Clerq, "Foundation of the Faith," Shea's translation, vol. ii, p. 94.

† "Relations," vol. xxiii, p. 23.

Indians would be permanently settled. His design was encouraged by the governor, M. de la Jonquière, who accompanied him in May, 1748, to select a site. After mature deliberation they fixed on the spot occupied by the present episcopal city of Ogdensburg, New York, where a palisade fort was built, and the place named, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, La Presentation. It was burned by the Mohawks in one of their raids into that region in October, 1749; but was soon rebuilt, and existed, doing good work, till the final overthrow of the French power in North America. "The mission of the Presentation of Our Lady was a triumph for the Church and a defence to Canada."*

In enumerating a few of the places in this country dedicated to the Holy Mother of God, we should not forget to mention Fort Duquesne, which was built by the French, on the site of the present city of Pittsburg, in April, 1754, and occupied till November, 1758. The chapel in this great stronghold was dedicated to Our Lady of the Assumption at the Beautiful River. Its register of baptisms and interments is still extant; and the writer of these lines was pastor of the part of Pittsburg which embraces the site of the fort for twelve years. He erected an altar in the Church of St. Mary of Mercy, in memory of the one which stood in Fort Duquesne a century and a quarter before.

The Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, first Bishop of Pittsburg, writing in the Diocesan Register of the title of the chapel of the fort, says: "It would appear that this dedication was accepted by the Blessed Virgin, as at the first synod of the new diocese of Pittsburg it was placed under the protection of the Holy Virgin under the title of the Assumption; though no one was aware at that time of the previous dedication under the same title."

(Conclusion next week.)

Super Flumina.

BY FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT.

I.

THE vesper bell is pealing soft,
And I know that far away
The vesper hymn goes up aloft
To lull the dying day;
And a gentle Child on bended knee
Is pouring forth a prayer for me.

II.

Pray, gentle spirit, far away,
By that sweet Southern Sea;
I have need enough that day by day
Some prayer should rise for me,—
Some incense to the eternal shrine
From heart and lips as pure as thine.

III.

I scarce could pray an hour ago,—
A weight was on my heart;
But now it melts like morning snow,
And I can weep apart;
For thou art praying for me now,
And God will listen to thy vow.

IV.

Pray, gentle spirit; prayer of mine
Is stained and flecked with earth,
But every snow-white prayer of thine
Is rich with angel's worth;
And, mingling in the starry zone,
Those prayers shall purify mine own.

V.

Sweet is the Ave-Mary bell
In Mary's land of love,
And sweet the vesper hymns that swell
To her dear throne above;
And sweet to me, far, far away,
The hour when Mary's children pray.

VI.

Adieu, sweet child; adieu to-night!
Christ keep thee safe from ill!
Thy dreams be sweet, thy sleep be light,
Good angels guard thee still.
And God the Father, from above,
Smile on thee with a father's love.

WE can do more good by being good
than in any other way.—*Rowland Hill.*

* Shea, vol. i, pp. 614-616.

A Pope's Private Letters.

To the Chief Magistrate of the Republic of San Marino.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—Although you are only the little sovereign of a little state, you have a soul which puts you on a level with the greatest princes. It is not the extent of empires which constitutes the merit of emperors. A father of a family may have much virtue, and a chief magistrate of San Marino a great reputation.

I hold nothing so delightful as being at the head of a little canton, scarcely to be seen on the map, where neither war nor discord is known, and where there are no storms but when the sky is darkened; where there is no ambition except that of supporting one's self in peace and contentment; where all property seems to be in common, from the custom of each one's being ready to assist his neighbor.

How that little nook of earth would delight me! How pleasant to live there, and not in the midst of tumults which annoy large cities; nor among the strong and great who oppress the small; nor in the scenes of pomp which corrupt the heart and dazzle the eyes! It is a place where I would willingly pitch my tent, and where my heart has long fixed its abode, from the friendship I have for you. There can not be a greater burden than sovereignty. But yours is so light that it leaves your movements free, especially when I compare it with those monarchies which the sovereign can not govern without multiplying himself and having eyes everywhere.

Everything conspires against a prince who is at the head of a great kingdom. They who are about him seek to deceive him at the very time when he persuades himself that they are paying him their court. If he is dissipated, they flatter him in his vices; if he is pious, they play

the hypocrite and put on the mask of religion; if he is cruel, they say he is just,—and he never hears the truth. He must often descend into his own heart to seek it; and then, alas! how he is to be pitied if he does not find it there! History would not be filled with the reigns of so many bad rulers if they had not preferred to live as strangers to truth. Truth is the only safe friend of kings, when they will hearken to it. But they often deceive themselves, looking upon it as an importunate monitor that should be kept at a safe distance or punished for its intrusion.

For my part, who have loved it from my infancy, I think that I shall always love it, though it should say the severest things. Truths are like bitter medicines, which displease the palate but restore one's health. And truth is certainly better known at San Marino than in most places. It is seen only obliquely at great courts: *you* look it full in the face, and embrace it with the affection of a friend.

I will not send you the book you want to see. It is a senseless production, badly translated from the French, and abounds with errors against morality and sound doctrine. It speaks, nevertheless, of philanthropy; for nowadays that is the plausible phrase which is substituted in the room of charity; because philanthropy is but a pagan virtue, and charity is a Christian one. The modern philosophy would have nothing to do with anything that relates to Christianity, and thereby shows to the eye of reason that it prefers what is defective.

The ancient philosophers, who were not enlightened by faith and had not the advantage of knowing the true God, wished for a revelation; but the modern philosophers reject that which they can not mistake. In so doing they betray themselves; for if they had a right turn of mind and a pure heart, and were as *humane* as they ever pretend to be, they

would receive with uplifted hands a religion which severely condemns bad inclinations, which commands the love of our neighbor, and which promises an eternal recompense to all those who have assisted their brethren, who have been faithful to their God, their king, and their country. If we are virtuous, we can not be averse to a religion which preaches and enjoins nothing but virtue.

When I observe the words *legislation, patriotism, humanity*, constantly flowing from the pen of those writers who anathematize Christianity, I say in very truth: These men deceive the public, and inwardly have neither patriotism nor humanity. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But such men only establish this general rule by their being an exception to it.

This is the way in which I would attack the modern philosophers, if I but thought I had sufficient strength to combat them. They might cry out against my argument, because I should press them closely; but they should have no reason to complain of my superciliousness. I would speak to them as the tenderest friend, equally zealous for their good as for my own; as a candid and impartial author, who would acknowledge their abilities and do justice to their grand genius. I am so presumptuous as to believe that they would have esteemed me, although their antagonist.

I can not execute this design, because I do not enjoy that blissful tranquillity which you are in possession of at San Marino. There you live in a state of happy leisure and repose, which emulates the condition of the elect. However, this tranquillity must be fatal to the sciences and to *belles-lettres*, since I do not see in the immense catalogue of celebrated writers any of the natives of San Marino distinguished for their literary efforts. I advise you to spur up your subjects while you are in place. But make haste; for

it is not of *your* kingdom that it is said, "It shall have no end." There is no lack of genius in your country, and it needs only to be roused.

Behold here a letter as large as your state, especially if you regard the heart which dictates it, and in which you occupy a very considerable place. Thus do they write and love who have been together at college. Adieu!

To Lady Pigliani.

It is not an indifferent matter, the keeping your two daughters with you: the condition of a mother imposes the most important duties on you. The world will continually interpose between you and your children, if you do not take care to keep it at a distance,—not with austerity, which usually gives occasion to murmuring, but with that prudence which gains confidence.

Your daughters, it is to be feared, will only prove hypocrites if you perplex them with ill-timed instructions; instead of which they will love religion, if you but know how to make them do so by your example and by your gentleness. Girls of twenty are not to be treated as if they were children of ten; there is a treatment and method of instruction suited to different ages as well as to different conditions of life.

Encourage a taste for good authors and for employment as much as you can, but with that freedom which relieves them from the tyranny of petty rules; and with a spirit of discernment, which knows how to distinguish what is proper for a secular house from what would more fitly become a cloister.

Establish your daughters according to their fortunes and their rank; without restraining their inclinations, unless they should tend to dangerous or unseemly pastimes. Marriage is the natural condition of mankind; but there are, of course, exceptions to this rule.

Without being in love with the vanities of the world, do not make yourself ridiculous by opposing the customs of the times. Piety becomes a subject of raillery when it appears to affect singularity. A prudent woman should avoid rendering herself remarkable. When a woman is born to a certain rank of life, she should dress suitably to her station, but still within that line which modesty and decency prescribe. See that your children mix with good company. True devotion is neither rustic nor austere. Solitude ill employed excites the passions; and it is often better for young people to see well-chosen company than to remain alone. Inspire them with quiet cheerfulness, that they may not assume a melancholy air. Their recreations should be walking and little innocent pastimes; but when you come to talk of application, do not mention deep studies or abstract sciences, which often make the sex vain and talkative. Above all things make yourself beloved; it is the greatest pleasure that a mother can aspire to, and the greatest prerogative she can enjoy in order to effect the good she purposes.

Take care that your domestics be religious and honest; they are capable of everything that is bad if they do not fear God. They should not be treated either with haughtiness or familiarity, but as people who are of the same nature, though your servants. Justice is the mother of order: everything has its place when we act with equity. Never punish but with regret, and always pardon with pleasure. Frequent your parish church, that the sheep may be often found with their pastor. It is a practice conformable to the holy canons and to ancient usage.

Your own wisdom will teach you the rest. I depend much upon your judgment and good-will, as you may be assured of the respectful consideration with which I have the honor to be, etc.

ROME, 15 November, 1754.

To the Abbess of a Monastery.

REVEREND MOTHER:—From the letter which you have sent me, it appears that you can not conveniently take vigorous measures. If your nuns have become disaffected and lead you as they please, there is an end of all rule. Distractions, and especially the parlor, are the ruin of all convents of nuns. Recollection and application only can preserve order in religious houses. The cloister becomes an insupportable yoke when the world is in evidence.

I suppose that you frequently assemble your community, and, like a good mother who tenderly loves her children, speak the effusions of your heart to them upon the necessity of fulfilling their various duties. I would then have you endeavor to persuade them that your conscience reproaches you for your ill-placed lenity; and that if you are obliged to appear more severe, it is because you have a soul to be saved.

When your nuns find that you are not governed by any harshness of temper, but by a dread of failing in your duty to God, they will hearken to you with respect, or they will be of the number of the foolish virgins who have neither oil nor light in their lamps to go and meet the bridegroom. This would be the greatest misfortune that could happen. Then, when you have exhausted every resource which prudence and charity dictate, you must employ the lawful authority of a superior to reform them. But, my Reverend Mother, I believe that you will not have occasion to come to this extremity. They may murmur against you for some time; but the anger of nuns passes like a shower, provided there be no cabals or parties; in that case only God can dispel them.

It is difficult to resist a superior who prays, begs, and humbles herself; who employs tears rather than reproaches to affect and persuade. Ah! I wish to God

that this were the ordinary language of all abbesses! But, alas! there are too many who, carried away with the ambition of rank, without merit, but having a great deal of caprice and haughtiness, live apart from their nuns, and pass much of their time in attending to trifling affairs and in the parlor. These are foolish virgins (yet, perhaps, they do not deserve that name), who are the ruin and the scandal of communities, and abide in them only as wasps in a hive—to devour the honey and to breed confusion....

After all this, I must beg of you not to address me again upon this subject; and the more so because I have not time to answer you. And, then, I can say nothing better than what your rules tell you. Talk but little with your directors and a great deal with God, and peace will once more flourish in your convent.

ROME, 10 November, 1750.

To a Friend in High Position.

I believe, my Lord, that to make it possible for us to meet, it is necessary to make an appointment. I beg of you to fix the time, and most certainly I will not fail to attend you.

There is no time I regret the loss of so much as that which is spent in ante-chambers. Time is the most precious gift which the good God has given us, and man dissipates it with a profusion equally extravagant and unaccountable. Alas! time is a property exposed to be pillaged, and everyone robs us of a part. In spite of all my care to preserve it, I see it slip through my hands, and I can scarcely say that it flies before it is already gone.

I wait your orders to attend you, and to tell you, if there are moments in which you are to be seen, that there are none in which I am not, with equal attachment and respect, my Lord,

Your most humble, etc.

ROME, 3 January, 1754.

(To be continued.)

The Old Cathedral.

A BULWARK OF VIRTUE AND OF FAITH.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

ALL the great cities of the world have at one time or another been called upon to cope with vice in its most repugnant forms, and to rid themselves of infected districts which have fixed like moral cancers upon communities, spreading their noxious contagion from a polluted centre. In Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and notably in Birmingham and Manchester, in England, this work of municipal purification has been carried on with a determination and zeal that reproach our great American cities, which claim the right to stand foremost in the ranks of progress. In our own country some good work in this direction has been conducted in the neighborhood of Five Points, in New York; and the settlement of the brave Paulist Fathers has accomplished much in the moral regeneration of a criminal district. But little has been done in any other American city except through the efforts of individual workers, which have rarely crystallized into any systematic plan, and have consequently achieved little. To-day San Francisco finds herself coping with a great reform problem; and, strangely enough, it is not an individual or a society which stands forth as the leader in the work, but a church, which has for years reared its walls in the midst of defilement, and stood as a mighty, if silent, protest against the inaction and toleration which made it possible for a veritable plague-spot to thrive in the city's vitals, within a stone's-throw of her principal business street.

The story of St. Mary's is one worth the telling; for it shows how the steady resistance of evil may one day grow into a great moral power, summoning a

band of fearless warriors to rally around a standard which has never been lowered, even when the forces of sin pressed most closely around it, threatening its very existence; and it shows, moreover, the power exerted by the will of a gentle young woman, who nearly half a century ago folded her meek hands and set forth upon the lone journey to a shore whose outlines we may only dimly discern through faith.

Katherine Sullivan—wife of that John Sullivan whose name appears so often in early real estate transfers of San Francisco, and who was known as one of its largest landed capitalists in the early Fifties,—was the original owner of the ground on which St. Mary's stands, on the corner of Dupont and California Streets, one block west of Kearny Street, for years the city's chief thoroughfare. Mrs. Sullivan made a deed of gift of the site to the church, accompanying it with the expressed wish that the land should never be alienated from the purpose for which she had donated it. And one month after the dedication of the church, in August, 1853, she died, at the age of twenty-six years; her body being placed in the crypt beneath the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where it has rested all these years.

The church was a large brick structure, capable of seating probably a thousand persons; simple in its architectural lines, but noble of proportion, and presenting an imposing appearance, being on the slope of the hill rising above the portion of the city then comprising the entire business section and the bulk of the population. The original design included a sky-piercing spire; but this crowning ornament was dispensed with by reason of the church's narrow resources, and the many demands made upon it in the way of charity and for the maintenance of outside branches of religious and benevolent work, which may be regarded as its

legitimate outgrowths. In time it became the cathedral of the diocese; and for a long term of years, with its adjoining residence, represented the seat of the saintly Archbishop Alemany's labors.

There is not space here to tell of the work done by this church and the good Fathers, who expounded the Gospel, encouraged fainting spirits, lifted the fallen, and strengthened the righteous within its sacred walls. But while this noble work in the interests of humanity was in progress and zealous hearts lent themselves to it, another and wholly different history of growth was taking place outside. The neighborhood, once the home of San Francisco's most cultured citizens, was little by little encroached upon by the most worthless element of the great city, which went on increasing in population year after year. Gambling dens, low dance halls, drinking places, and depraved women, gradually displaced the respectable element, until it was no longer a reputable residence place, and business houses of the better class withdrew to the line of Kearny Street. The vicinity became improper for the passage of women and children; and when a cable-car line pierced it on California Street, decent passengers averted their eyes from the numerous alleys and the cross thoroughfare; or fixed them upon St. Mary's, with the large clock in its front solemnly telling off the hours with a deep-toned bell,—standing as an oasis in a desert where all else expressive of purity and good had seemingly perished.

Meantime the city was fast moving westward, and its centre of population became too far away from this house of worship for the convenience of the large masses of Catholic church-goers. A new site for the cathedral was selected on Van Ness Avenue, and a superb modern church built, taking rank as one of the largest and finest in the city. It was generally supposed that old St. Mary's

had served its usefulness, and would either be razed to the ground or sold for secular purposes. Two considerations restrained the latter proceeding. The one was the desire expressed by Katherine Sullivan that the site should always remain holy ground; the other, the knowledge that the moment it should be placed upon the market no other buyer could be found but a landlord depending upon dissolute patronage, and the good Fathers could not find it in their hearts to abandon their post.

A change took place in the complexion of the clergy: the Jesuits had removed to the new cathedral, and a band of brave Paulist Fathers entered the old church, bringing new spirit to their holy task. Among their number were men who were no longer content to stand and defend, but who felt called upon to throw down the wage of battle for purity and righteousness. Clear-headed and practical of vision, they cast about for some measure that would unite with them the moral support of the whole community; and, following the example already set by foreign cities, decided to begin the work of purging the infected district by setting in its midst a lovely little park opposite the church, as a first measure for restoring the polluted ground to legitimate uses, and introducing needed sanitation into a crowded, ill-ventilated quarter. St. Mary's Park Association was organized, and a large body of the city's best citizens, irrespective of creed, engaged in the good work. Some of these owned property in the vicinity, which was being damaged by the encroachment of the degraded population. Some were members of the vestry of Grace Episcopal Church, situated only a block farther up the hill, and already finding its approaches made unpleasant for its parishioners, if not actually disreputable; but all were actuated by an earnest desire to serve the city's best good. At the head and front

stood the Rev. Father Michael Otis, a fearless champion of the right.

To accomplish the initial step in the establishment of this breathing space in the heart of the abandoned quarter, it was necessary to purchase land and tear down the old rookeries with which it was covered; and to do this required funds. Liberal citizens stood ready to contribute to the good cause; and the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, responding to outspoken public sentiment, made an unconditional appropriation of \$75,000 for this object. Everything appeared to be moving smoothly forward toward the achievement of the desired end, when a sudden check was encountered.

Public feeling had already become aroused on the subject of these immoral resorts, illegally maintained in the city's heart; and the police had made a decisive movement to close them, in compliance with a long-written law, and as a first step toward the expulsion or reformation of their inmates. Outward obedience had been rendered to the order; but the moment that sharp official supervision was relaxed, the houses began slowly to open, one by one. This lawless movement not only threatened to undo all that had been accomplished in the way of reformation, but it interposed an unexpected and insurmountable obstacle in the way of condemnation proceedings for the creation of the park, encouraging owners of property to put a valuation upon it consistent with the exorbitant rents that were commanded from a vicious class of tenants, and out of all proportion to their actual valuation when applied to legitimate purposes.

To-day this fight of good-citizenship and decency against immorality and corruption is one that occupies the minds of thinking people in San Francisco over and above the issues of the fall elections. The police have refused to act in the further execution of the laws without the

passage by the Board of Supervisors of a special act of condemnation closing certain illicit thoroughfares; and these latter refuse to perform their plain duty. The Society for the Suppression of Vice has enlisted on the side of public morality, and the matter is being carried into the courts: warrants having been served demanding the closing of all low resorts in the neighborhood whose conduct is contrary to the law.

We venture to say there can be little doubt as to the outcome. The crusading party—which includes Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and agnostics—holds regular meetings in the basement of St. Mary's, and the spirit of battle is strong within it. At its head stands good Father Otis, working hard with word and pen; for some misguided opponents have taken to argument in the daily press, presenting adroit objections to the work. It takes ready logic, decision, and courage to meet and defeat them; but the replies of the reformers ring out like a trumpet call. In his last published communication on the subject, Father Otis, after presenting clearly and concisely his refutations of all the cunning objections interposed, and flinging back the unworthy accusations of his opponents, says:

"We shall make no truce or compromise with crime. Come what may, we see our duty before us plain and unmistakable; and we feel that God is with us in the strife. So we shall fight this vice with all the intensity of our being; fight if needs be single-handed and alone; fight until our hands fall lifeless by our sides and others more worthy and more capable than we rise up to take our places."

With such a spirit animating a reform leader, there can be but one outcome to this struggle. Legal delays may prolong the battle, but in the end St. Mary's will stand in the midst of a purified district, and perseverance and righteousness will have triumphed.

A Scandal and a Stumbling-Block.

TO say of any publication issued under Catholic auspices that it is likely to do more harm than good is indeed a hard saying. And yet there are Catholic papers so carelessly or incompetently edited that they oftentimes misrepresent the Church, conveying wrong ideas to Catholic readers, and confirming the prejudices of outsiders into whose hands they fall. It is a great pity that such should be the case. If there is any country in the world where the Catholic press ought to be enlightened, zealous and judicious, it is ours. The number of ill-instructed, weak-kneed Catholics is large; while the vast majority of our Protestant fellow-countrymen are not indifferent to our faith: they are either hostile to it, or sincerely desirous of learning what it teaches.

The Catholic editor is apt to be taken very seriously: his opinions are accepted as authoritative teaching; his views are supposed to be those of his ecclesiastical superiors; and his attitude toward non-Catholics is regarded as the proper one for all to assume. The religious papers published by the sects are generally supported by boards representing the whole body; whereas Catholic papers, for the most part, are individual enterprises, for which the Church is in nowise responsible. It is not easy to make Protestants understand this, and hence the opinions of Catholic papers are quoted as those of the Church, for which the editors are supposed to be qualified and authorized to speak. Any one who takes the pains to read the religious publications of Protestants must observe how seriously the actions and utterances of individual Catholics are regarded. Only a short time ago we saw in a really learned review issued by the Methodists a labored refutation of a contention made in pure pleasantry by a well-known Catholic

writer. It was not even suspected that he was indulging in humor. It is a serious matter, therefore, when a paper supposed to be thoroughly Catholic minimizes or misrepresents the teaching of the Church; misinterprets the acts of those who alone are its rulers, and to whose authority all Catholics must submit; or reflects a spirit which our holy religion condemns.

Two instances of regrettable, not to say criminal, carelessness on the part of Catholic editors have just come under our notice. In a journal "published with episcopal approval" we meet with an article having this surprising caption: "The Ban of Masonry Practically Removed by a Recent Vatican Decree." Though copied from a daily paper, the article appears as original matter, there being no dissent from the views it expresses. Let us quote some of these. It is said of the new decree, of which nothing has been heard except through the newspapers, that—

It nullifies the drastic decree of seven years ago, and, it is claimed, will reconcile hundreds of Roman Catholics to the Church who were banned because of their affiliation with the Freemasons.

Among many Roman Catholics the decree means another triumph for the liberal school of American Catholicism, in that the Italian clerics who have hitherto controlled affairs in the Vatican have at last recognized a different condition in the Church in the Western Hemisphere from that which obtains in the continent of Europe.

To a Roman Catholic the new decree is just as sweeping as the one which it virtually wipes out of existence.... This concession means everything to the families of the men who thought it was consistent with their faith to belong to such orders, notwithstanding the original drastic decree.... If a deceased Catholic who belonged to a secret order may be buried in consecrated ground, it is contended that the Church will open its doors to him before he dies; and that he will be no longer banned and refused the rights of the Church, even though he does not give up his membership in the order to which he belongs.

We leave the reader to judge of the effect of this article, appearing in an approved Catholic paper, on the minds of ill-instructed Catholics and unenlightened Protestants. Needless to say no such decree has been issued.

The second instance of neglect or incompetency is also furnished by a paper published with high approval. On the first page of last week's issue we find an account of a strange convent—rather strange!—in Montreal, where "scourges and chains, coffins and skulls play a conspicuous part in the life of its inmates." The reader is informed that this strange convent was founded by a physician, who is "the final arbitrator of all questions that pertain to the management of the community in which he, the sole male in the place, lives.... The nuns, some of whom are not more than fourteen years of age, sleep in their coffins.... Every Friday they chain one another up and scourge one another."

This absurd report was investigated and pronounced sensational and false even by the *New York World*; nevertheless, it finds prominent place in a Catholic paper supposed to be "just the thing for family reading," and which the subscribers are urged to circulate among non-Catholics.

This is enough to cause one to become excited and exclamatory. We submit that Catholic papers of this class ought to be suppressed forthwith as positively injurious to faith and morals. They are simply a scandal to Catholics and a stumbling-block to Protestants.

IN one sense, and that deep, there is no such thing as magnitude. The least thing is as the greatest, and one day as a thousand years, in the eyes of the Maker of great and small things. In another sense, and that close to us and necessary, there exist both magnitude and value. Though not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoted, there are yet creatures who are of more value than many; and the same Spirit which weighs the dust of the earth in a balance counts the isles as a little thing.—*Ruskin*.

Notes and Remarks.

Not many months ago a trustworthy writer asserted that the Czar of Russia is essentially intolerant of the Church, and that whatever concessions Catholics enjoyed since his accession were sorely against his will. In proof of his statement, the writer declared that he had seen the report of the high-priest of the Russian Synod, with marginal notes in the handwriting of Nicholas. One of the recommendations set forth in this document was that only Orthodox Russians be permitted to teach history in the Catholic seminaries of Poland, in which the ancient patriotic and religious traditions of the Poles have hitherto been chiefly nurtured; and Nicholas was said to have written a most hearty affirmative beside this suggestion. The thing which seemed incredible some few months ago has since become an actuality; for the Czar did actually issue a ukase forbidding any but "Orthodox" Russians to teach the Russian language, literature, history, and geography. The Polish bishops opposed the decree as one man, and the national press nobly sustained the hierarchy. As a result, the government has resolved not to insist on the decree until some of the burning questions, foreign and domestic, have been disposed of.

It is pleasant to hear and to put on record that the M. E. Church, South, has repudiated the action of its representatives by which the United States government was defrauded of \$288,000. The bishops announce their intention of refunding the sum. We hope Uncle Sam will be generous and refuse to accept, say more than \$280,000; though the entire sum unquestionably belongs in the government cash-box.

Dr. Busch's new volume detailing the secret history of the late Count Bismarck proves that Max Müller used his great influence with his countrymen against the persecution of German Catholics during the Kulturkampf. This fact is highly creditable to the famous philologist, who was honored

with Bismarck's hatred in consequence. But the Iron Chancellor was no common bigot: his opposition to the Church was simply a bit of politics, and he could be tolerant enough when his own crafty designs were not in jeopardy. In 1870, according to Dr. Busch, he was one day discussing in conversation the prospects of the Holy Father after the entry of Victor Emmanuel into the city. It seems that the Pope had already asked whether Germany would offer him an asylum in case of need, and Bismarck stoutly urged the King of Prussia to receive him. The sequel is thus told in the dead statesman's own words: "But the King will not consent. He is terribly afraid. He thinks all Prussia would be perverted, and he himself would be obliged to become a Catholic. I told him, however, that if the Pope begged for an asylum he could not refuse it. He would have to grant it as ruler over ten million Catholic subjects, who would desire to see the head of the Church protected." Evidently the King, who feared that he would be "obliged to become a Catholic" simply because he offered shelter to a venerable old man broken by adversity, needed a strong-headed man for his chancellor. But the pity is that Bismarck's conscience was not always so clear and strong as his head.

It will surprise most persons to hear that the Sultan Abdul Hamid II. is partly of French descent. His great-grandmother was a cousin of the Empress Josephine, the wife of Napoleon. To do her justice, however, it must be added that she was taken captive by some pirates of Algiers and compelled to enter the harem of Abdul Hamid I., who shortly afterward made her his Sultana. She never formally embraced Islamism, however; and when she lay on her death-bed she expressed a desire for a priest. The details are thus given in the *Lokal Anzeiger*, quoted by the *Literary Digest*: "Mahmud II., who loved his mother very much, could not refuse. In the dead of night the janizaries were sent to the Convent of St. Anthony; and the good monks were not a little frightened when they saw their prior, Father Chrysostomos, disappear in the twenty-four-oared barge of the Sultan. The priest was

received by a man of noble mien and the manner of one born to command, who led him to the bedside of an aged lady. 'Mother,' he said, 'here is a priest of thy faith. Thy will be done.' And while the priest and the Sultana carried on a whispered conversation he retired to a far-off corner of the room; and when he saw the Sign of the Cross made as the priest rehabilitated the renegade, Sultan Mahmud threw himself on the floor with a sob and called aloud to Allah."

The death of Father Peter Gallagher, of Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan, has drawn attention to a peculiar "union of church and state" which seems to have escaped the vigilant eye of the professional pay-tree-ot. Beaver Island is hardly known, even by name, to its nearest neighbors on the Michigan mainland. It has a population of less than a thousand, all of them hardy fishermen, and all Gallaghers from County Tyrone, Ireland. The official language is Gaelic; the religious, judicial and administrative power of the Island was vested in the late pastor, who went there twenty-two years ago. He was the spiritual father, the physician, the attorney, and the judge of the people; and no decision of his was ever questioned. Father Gallagher's power was absolute to the point of despotism; but he exercised it wisely and mercifully, reigning over the hearts as well as the destinies of his people. Consternation possessed the Island when news of the dangerous illness of their pastor spread among the people; and a small boat put out on a rough sea to fetch the nearest priest, who is sixty miles away. He arrived in time to administer the last Sacraments and bury the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Beaver people. *R. I. P.*

Every large city in America needs a man like the late Commendatore Ortelli, who died in London on the Feast of All Saints. Italy was the land of his birth, Britain the land of his adoption; and though he supported many English charities, he was still more zealous and generous in any movement toward improving the Italians of London. He founded an Italian Benevolent Society,

managed an Italian night-school, helped to establish an Italian church; finally, he built an Italian hospital at a cost of \$100,000, and endowed it with a freehold which renders it financially independent. Among the suggestions offered for the religious and social improvement of the Italian in America, we beg leave to place this one: let every large city possess a Commendatore Ortelli.

Another of the prominent figures of the Civil War has passed away—General Don Carlos Buell. He was graduated from West Point a year before Rosecrans, and their lives ran in striking parallels. Like Rosecrans, Buell was a convert; both were Ohio men; both commanded the army of the Cumberland; both were the victims of jealousy, despite their acknowledged ability and the signal service they had rendered to their country; and both died in comparative obscurity. As Rosecrans was the hero of Chickamauga, so Buell was the hero of Shiloh; and indeed the subsequent victories of Grant would have been impossible, in the judgment of competent military authorities, if Buell had not cleared the way for them. The General's son, we believe, is a priest,—another point of likeness between Buell and Rosecrans; and he himself is described by those who knew him as an earnest, devout Catholic. Eternal rest to his soul!

"Christian Science" has taken a pretty strong hold in Chicago; hence the death of Harold Frederic has led to considerable discussion of the alleged healing power. The physicians of the city are unanimous in condemning it; though they hold, with the lawyers of the city, that its devotees neither ought to be prosecuted nor can be. The medical fraternity declares that whatever good there may be in Christian Science is the result of mental suggestion, which is now employed by all good doctors; the evil comes from neglecting natural remedies and trusting entirely to faith for a cure. How far this unchristian and unscientific practice may go is clear enough from the words of one of the priestesses of the cult. She has a right to speak on the subject; for it was

she who treated the late Mr. Kershaw, who died in circumstances very like those attending the death of Mr. Harold Frederic. This woman says:

"I work entirely through my understanding of God's power. God is mind, and mind is God, one and inseparable. God is everywhere, and God is good: therefore everything is good. Evil is unreal. There is no such thing as evil except in the imagination. Thought produces any condition of the body. In sickness we work to relieve that thought."

"Suppose," she was asked, "a Christian Scientist should have the misfortune to cut off a leg. Gangrene should set in and blood-poison follow."

"If a Christian Scientist should break a limb, the bones would knit together quickly, and there would be no gangrene," she replied, dodging the question.

"But suppose," it was persisted, "they should cut off the leg and throw it away?"

"Oh, well," she replied with a smile, "he would probably imagine he had lost a leg, but he would hobble around some way!"

One reason why Christian Scientists are rarely converted is because no sane man can argue with them.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "the American wife of a Mexican general," reiterates a question which has been asked many times and to which, as yet, no satisfactory answer has been given—Why do pious Protestants waste money on Mexican missions? It might be asked, furthermore, Why do Protestant missionaries persist in misrepresenting the Catholics of Mexico? A reverend prevaricator named Brown (Hubert W.) lately asserted in a letter to the *Independent* that in many parts of Mexico only fear of the strong arm of the civil government restrains priests and people from killing Protestant missionaries. It was this latest fiction which roused the righteous indignation of the *Sun's* correspondent. She writes:

It is a mystery why Protestant enterprise wastes its money on Mexican missions. It is true, no country is more delightful to live in, no nation has a better or more honest government. Mexican laws are just and humane, and conscientiously administered, with the same legislation for the Indian as for the white man. The majority of the Mexican people are intelligent, kind-hearted, generous, and distinguished by every Christian virtue. They love their ancient faith, the Catholic Church. It would be difficult to imagine the Mexicans evincing even a show of interest in the themes of the most eloquent American preachers when they discourse

upon the national, State or city politics, or give utterance to a homily directed against the Street Cleaning Department. From this it is evident that the Mexicans are naturally a religious people. They frequent their churches in season and out of season, if only for private devotion, with a fervor and regularity to astonish and edify the most pious "Christian Endeavorer."

Why, then, it may be asked, do Protestant missionaries persist in their attempts with a people so eminently and practically Christian, especially when, as the Rev. Mr. Brown admits, their contradictory creeds are so repugnant to the people of Mexico?

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Eugene Cusson, rector of St. Mary's Church, Nebraska City, Neb.; the Rev. Father Victor Carolan, C. P., Buenos Ayres, S. A.; the Rev. Joseph A. Gallen and the Rev. Bernard A. Sweeney, of the Archdiocese of Baltimore; also the Rev. Joseph Mattson, of the Diocese of Winona, who lately departed this life.

Sister Ste. Odilia, of Rethel, France; and Sister Mary Alphonsus, of Meriden, Conn., who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. John C. Miller, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 28th ult., at Wheeling, W. Va.

Mr. Patrick Rabitt, Sr., of Galveston, Texas, whose happy death took place on the 17th ult.

Mr. Michael Cummins, whose life closed peacefully on the 23d ult., in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Edmund C. Schmertz, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. James Fox, Glasgow, Mont.; Mr. Jeremiah Murphy, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. John Coulahan, Woonsocket, R. I.; Miss Mary Degnan, Providence, R. I.; Miss Mary Hogan, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Jane Langley and Mr. Frederick J. Conn, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Considine, Jersey City Heights, N. J.; Mr. James Sweeney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret McCullough, Vallejo, Cal.; Mr. James Cunnie, Manayunk, Pa.; Mr. John Burke, Mr. Denis Donovan, Miss Winifred Murphy, Mr. Richard Leahy, Mr. Thomas Kelly, Mr. Luke Beatty, Mr. James P. Burke, and Mrs. Hugh McGuire,—all of Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Minges, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick H. Kelly, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. John F. Baasen and Mrs. Mary S. Baasen, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. William J. Kelly, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Sophie McCabe, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. John Shanahan, Greenlaufton, Minn.; Mr. James Hagerty, Greene, Iowa; Mr. Charles Colton Bird, Mr. James Smith, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, and Mr. Robert Reilly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

How a Bully was Subdued.

BY L. W. REILLY.

IT all happened in a little country school. The small white building stood in one angle of a cross-road, and was about a quarter of a mile from each of the three farm-houses that could be seen from it, peeping out at it in the open from behind their thickets of shade and wind-break trees. It was in a corner of an old field, and had only one cotton-wood in its acre of playground. Some thirty children attended that district school. The ages of its pupils ranged in summer from six to thirteen, and in winter from nine to sixteen; for in the time of sowing and reaping, the older children were busy helping with the crops, and in the season of cold weather the youngest tots were kept at home.

Among the students were Reuben Davis and Owen Clarke. Reuben was a lad of thirteen, sturdy, rough, and energetic, full of animal spirits and abounding in mischief. As the last of the seven children of the Davis family, Reuben had been somewhat spoiled; and had become selfish, hasty, wilful, and inconsiderate. He was the teacher's chief vexation; for he rarely knew his lessons well, frequently broke the rules, and almost daily set a bad example of indolence and impudence to the other boys.

Among his playmates at school, who were all younger than he, Reuben was loud and tyrannical; for, being the biggest

and strongest, he was bound to have his way. The teacher, Miss Reynolds, considered him incorrigible. She knew that at home he had been petted as "the baby" so long that to expect indulgence and to do as he pleased had become a habit with him.

After Reuben grew to be a big boy of ten his parents had attempted to correct him; but his soft-hearted mother soon gave up the struggle; while his father's punishments were so sudden and severe, and unaccompanied with explanations, that they only made the boy passionate and rebellious. So, after many angry beatings had made him rather worse than better, Mr. Davis had almost abandoned the duty of disciplining him, saying, "He's too much for me." Thus it was that he had become a sort of tolerated nuisance in the family,—endured because he was theirs, but let go his own gait, as if quite beyond control.

All this was known to Miss Reynolds. For that reason she did not try to understand the boy, nor to find a way to win his heart. She set him down as bad, and bad he was to be for her to the end. When his behavior was intolerable, she scolded him; when he gave her no trouble, she let him alone. She did not dare to chastise him, for he was too strong and reckless for that. Besides, his father was a member of the district school committee to which she was indebted for employment, and she therefore patiently put up with some misconduct that would otherwise have brought about his expulsion.

Owen Clarke was a boy of eleven, but

so wan and slight that he did not look to be more than eight years old. He had an open countenance, delicate features, bright blue eyes, and a fair complexion; but his form was poorly developed, and a club-foot made him walk with a halt that was pitiful to see. Because he had been dedicated in his infancy to the Blessed Virgin by his parents, who were then one of the only two Catholic families in that neighborhood, he was always dressed in blue—blue hat, blue necktie; white, or white with a blue dot, shirt and collar; blue jacket, blue knickerbockers, and blue stockings. In spite of his sickness and deformity, he was of a cheery disposition. He had a warm heart himself, and this drew love to him. He needed affection like the breath of life, and he would have shrunk and wasted away without it. He seemed to look for it from everybody, and everybody bestowed it upon him. So, in very truth, old and young liked him, because he was uncomplaining in his suffering, was buoyant with hope, and was eager to be of service to all about him.

The Clarkes lived about three miles from the school, and Owen used to be brought there in the morning and taken back in the evening by the mail-stage that ran from the nearest railroad station six miles north to a town about nine miles south.

Owen had two sisters, but they were younger than he; and they did not attend school, because it was too far away for them to walk to it, and their parents could not afford to pay their way in the coach. They all made sacrifices to send Owen to school, because, on account of his affliction and his gentleness, he was all the more dear to them; and Mr. Clarke said: "As Owen will never be robust, we must give him an education, so that he may make his living with his head." And, indeed, if his body was puny, his mind was alert; he was quick to learn,

and he had read more than all the other pupils put together.

One warm day in the month of May, at the noon recess, all the children who did not live near enough to the school to go home for dinner were outdoors,—all but Owen, who wanted to read in peace a book that the teacher had lent to him. The girls were under the cotton-wood tree, while the boys were on the other side of the yard, eating their lunch and playing at various games. Miss Reynolds had gone for the midday meal to one of the three houses within view, at which she boarded. The sun was shining with genial rays, a bird was trilling in an aspen down the road, and a lazy breeze was fitfully blowing across the prairie.

Suddenly a wild spirit of mischief took possession of Reuben. He went about tormenting everyone he met. He plucked the hat off one boy and flung it into the highway; then he filliped the ear of another companion and made him roar with pain; next he grabbed an apple from the hand of a girl, and taking one big bite out of it threw the rest of it at a crow flying by; afterward he kicked a dozen marbles out of the centre of a ring; and, a few minutes later, catching a toad, he chased the girls with it, threatening to put it 'down their back' and making them utter screeches of fright. So he went on from one prank to another until he had annoyed nearly every one of the sixteen other children present—ten girls and six boys,—everyone but Owen, who, just as the last little girl was having her braids used as reins by Reuben, limped out to the doorstep to see what all the commotion was about. As soon as the bully perceived him, he ran up to him, pulled out the knot of his necktie, tweaked his nose, and yelled at him:

"Hi, there! Come out of your hole, little boy blue!"

"Oh, please don't, Reuben!" begged Owen.

"Come out and dance, you crawfish, you!" he went on, treading at the same time on Owen's good foot.

"Oh, please don't, Rube!" pleaded the little fellow once more.

By this time all the children had been attracted toward the school door,—the boys clustering close to see what was going to occur, and the girls standing off in a semicircle at a more timid distance.

"Come and dance, I tell you, Mister Game Leg!" continued Reuben, catching Owen's arm and giving him a jerk that nearly pulled him off his balance. Then Reuben laughed as his victim stumbled and the poor misshapen foot stubbed itself on the doorstep.

"It's a shame!" called out Annie Dunn, one of the bigger girls. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Rube Davis, to worry a little boy like Owen!"

But instead of being ashamed, Reuben gloried in the annoyance he was giving to Owen, and in the excitement he was causing among the other children.

"This is the way *you* dance," persisted the tease.

Making horrible grimaces with his face and contortions with his body, Reuben mimicked the pitiful halt of the cripple, hobbling up and down in front of the school-house.

Most of the children, noting the resemblance in the burlesque of Owen's painful hobble, burst out into shrieks of laughter. But Annie Dunn, with flashing eyes and indignant voice, still protested:

"It's a shame!"

As soon as Owen realized what Reuben was doing, he was struck to the heart by this mockery of his deformity; and, even as the shouts of amusement uttered by the thoughtless witnesses of the travesty were ringing in his ears, he tottered back into the school-room and fell on the floor in an agony of grief. His bitter wails rose sharp and piercing above the din in the playground. Instantly a hush fell

on the group, and Reuben stopped his antics, even as Annie uttered the last of her series of exclamations: "It's a shame!" None of them had ever known Owen to cry before, not even when excruciating pain so burned within his poor frail body that he had to press his fist against his tightened lips to keep from groaning at his misery; and no one of them who heard that paroxysm of lamentation will ever forget its woful, heart-rending sound.

Reuben was the first to stir. He ran to the door and peered in, thinking for a second that Owen was only shamming; but seeing him lying on the floor in a shapeless heap, with his face hidden, crying hysterically, he felt prompted to go in to comfort him. Quick as a flash, however, came the evil whisper that the other boys would "make fun" of him, casting at him the taunt that he had coddled Owen only to save himself from punishment; so, shrinking from ridicule, he turned on his heel and walked down the path toward the gate, intending to go home for the rest of that day.

"I'll tell teacher as soon as she comes!" called out Annie Dunn, as she noticed Reuben slinking away.

"If you do, I'll slap your mouth; and I'll thrash your brother Ben, besides," he replied, as he crossed the road.

Meanwhile the other boys and the girls flocked around Owen, consoling him; and presently his cries stopped and only half-smothered sobs came from his aching heart. Annie Dunn coaxed him to get up off the floor; Tom Lambert brought him a drink of water; May Lennon persuaded him to bathe his tear-stained face. His tender nature, like a flower blooming in the sunshine, responded instantly to the sympathy of his schoolmates. Their love was more to him than his own woe. In the atmosphere of affection that was so natural to him, he very soon began to be himself again.

There was now much chatter in the room. The larger children were loud in their reproaches for Reuben, and at last Annie Dunn said:

"I'm going to tell teacher on him, just as soon as she comes."

"No, don't, Annie!" murmured Owen.

"Yes, I will, Owen," she replied. "He's a bad, cruel boy, and he ought to be turned out of school."

"Now, please don't, Annie!" entreated Owen. "He didn't think what he was doing, I'm sure; and he couldn't have known how badly my feelings would be hurt. Oh, surely he wouldn't have done it if he had known! So please don't tell on him to any one."

"Yes, I will, Owen!" persisted Annie. "He ought to have thought. He could think enough to plan all sorts of mischief and make us all miserable, the mean thing! I'll tell on him, Owen."

"Oh, don't, Annie, for my sake!" he said. "I'll suffer it all over again while you are telling about it; and then I'll worry myself sick fretting about Rube. I don't want to see him in trouble on my account. Besides, I'm sure he'll be sorry some time. So don't, don't tell on him!"

"Well," responded Annie, reluctantly, "to please you, Owen, I'll say nothing, hard as that will be for me; but as for his being sorry, there's no such luck."

There were still ten minutes for play; and all the children, except Owen Clarke, Annie Dunn, and May Lennon, were soon back at their sports, as merry as if they had not witnessed a heart-tragedy.

When Miss Reynolds returned to the school at the end of the noon recess, she noticed nothing amiss among the romping children; but when she had rung her little bell and summoned her flock indoors, she discovered that Reuben Davis was absent.

"Where's Reuben?" she asked.

"He went home during recess, Miss," answered Annie Dunn.

If it had been any one else, the teacher would have inquired the reason why; but, knowing how self-willed Reuben was, she only thought to herself, "Playing truant again, I suppose!" and, with a sad shake of her head at his waywardness, she turned her attention to the tasks of the afternoon.

That same evening, after school was out, Reuben waylaid Tom Lambert a half mile from the latter's home, to find out what the teacher had said when informed of his capers at noon.

"She wa'n't told," said Tom.

"Why not?" asked Reuben.

"Oh, 'cause Owen wouldn't let nobody tell," replied Tom, unconscious of having used a double negative.

"He wouldn't?" queried Reuben, in a tone of amazement.

"No: said you couldn't have meant to make him feel bad, and 'twould hurt him to have it told; and maybe you'd be sorry for it, and for his sake not to tell."

"He did?—Owen did?" in the same high key of wonder.

"Yep."

"Well, who'd a-thought it of such a sickly chap!" was all the comment he made; and with a "So long, Tom!" he walked away toward home.

Reuben did not return to school for the rest of that week, but on the following Monday morning he was at the playground early. Many of the children had practically forgotten the incident of the mockery; but some of the older pupils, especially Annie Dunn, showed that she remembered it. Reuben didn't care for their aversion. But when the mail-stage came in sight, he scanned it closely to make sure that it brought Owen; and when he spied the little lad he went out into the road to meet it. When the coach stopped to let its passenger alight, Reuben was at the door and sang out:

"How are you, Owen?"

"Good-morning, Rube!" was the reply.

Reuben seemed doubtful when he was approaching the vehicle, and his steps hesitated; but when he heard the friendly sound of Owen's voice and gazed into his clear blue eyes, he knew without words that that tender heart harbored against him no resentment, and that he was forgiven then and there before he had asked for pardon.

"Let me have your book-bag," he said.

As soon as the bag was handed out to him, Reuben slung it across his shoulders; and then, as Owen stood on the step to get out, he lifted him up in his arms and carried him to the gate.

"Thank you, Rube!" said Owen.

Reuben, for answer, held out his hand, and in the cordial grasp that it received was the assurance that the bitterness of the past was forgotten and that the future would have a new good-will.

From that day forth Reuben Davis was devoted to Owen Clarke. He acted toward him as a kind, big brother. He begged to be allowed to sit beside him in class, and at recess he looked out for him and took care that he had a full share of the quiet games in which he could take part. He was never so happy as when doing something that brought a pleased look to the pale face. He chose Owen for his chum and was his inseparable companion; often tramping out to the latter's home on Saturdays to spend the day, to take him fruits and flowers, and to make him traps and other playthings.

His own remorse and Owen's lack of vindictiveness had conquered him; and what neither upbraidings nor whippings could do, love accomplished. It made him a changed boy. His affection for the helpless little lad brought out all his own good traits; and by association with gentleness he, too, became gentle. His unwillingness to do anything that would shock, offend or grieve Owen, and his eagerness to win the approval of that warm heart, wrought a noticeable trans-

formation in his conduct. He adopted Owen's views, he followed his ways, until he actually grew somewhat like him in looks as well as manners.

Before, when Reuben's hand was against everybody, everybody's hand was against him; but when he became kind to Owen, everybody began to be kind to him for Owen's sake; and under the warmth of this kindness his ugly disposition, which was the fault of indulgence more than of nature, gradually disappeared.

So marked was the improvement in Reuben's behavior at home that the other members of the family commented upon it more than once, and wondered what had caused it; and so gratified was Mr. Davis that at the end of that school term he promised Reuben to send him to college in the fall.

Reuben is a man now, with sons of his own; and is conspicuous for a literary ability that received its first development at college. In the rearing of his boys he has drawn good from his own experience, and he has trained them to be strict with themselves but most considerate with others; brave to oppose the strong who are abusing their strength, but full of chivalric courtesy to the weak.

Owen is dead—dead long ago; dead, unknown to the great world; forgotten save by a few tender hearts who cherish the memory of his gracious personality. But he did not live in vain: he fulfilled his mission, he did his allotted work, and his influence survives. He still lives in Reuben's life and in Reuben's children; in the rude boy now grown into a noble man who imbibed his beautiful spirit, whose character was changed by association with him, and whose whole course was affected by repentance for one act of cruel mockery,—a repentance that led to the amendment of his conduct and to the college education that was the preparation for his honorable career.

The Patron of the Lame.

On the coat-of-arms of the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, there is, among other emblems, the figure of a hind. The story of the gentle hind and the holy St. Giles is thus embalmed in the history of a country not overmuch given, in these days, to the preservation of lore connected with the Church calendar :

Some twelve hundred years ago there dwelt in the lonely forest of Languedoc, in France, a holy man who, it was said, emigrated from Greece, his native land, for greater retirement than he could find in that country. His first retreat was in a desert, but afterward he took up his abode in a leafy forest, where he devoted himself entirely to heavenly contemplation. There is a tradition to the effect that he might have starved except for a hind, which came daily to give him its milk; and that his retreat was discovered by the king of the country, who followed this animal when hunting.

St. Giles is the patron of cripples. This, doubtless, is for the reason that he refused to be cured of a lameness, in order that he might mortify himself. The churches dedicated to him—and they were many, for the veneration for him was great and widespread—were usually situated on a main thoroughfare leading into a town, that cripples might conveniently cluster about them. There is an old church in London called St. Giles, Cripplegate,—an interesting proof of the association of this saint's memory with the afflicted ones who looked to him for succor. Where the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields now stands there was once a lazaretto, or hospital for lepers,—another instance of the same character.

The good saint had honor in many countries beside his own. The parish church of Edinburgh was from a very early period under his special protection,

and a relic of the servant of God was brought thither from France. It was William Preston who brought it; and the city, out of gratitude, voted that he and his descendants should have the right to carry it in all processions made in honor of their patron.

A curious record dated in 1556 informs us that the Dean of Guild of Edinburgh spent twelve pence for "mending and polishing St. Giles' arme." Then came the iconoclastic period, when everything pertaining to the faith suffered demolition at the hands of the "reformers." The processions in honor of the sainted anchorite came to an end, and only upon the coat-of-arms does the city now do honor to the holy Giles to whom the Heaven-sent hind ministered.

A Strange Island.

Falcon Island is one of the Tonga or Friendly group, south of the Sandwich Islands. In 1889 a British cruiser discovered it, and claimed it in the name of the Queen. The flag of England was planted on a wooded bluff one hundred and fifty-three feet high. A year later a ship was sent to Falcon, but no such island could be found. Even the flag had disappeared; and it was supposed that Falcon had sunk in the sea.

In 1892 a French cruiser on an exploring expedition found a low-lying island where Falcon had been, and planted the French flag on its highest point, twenty-five feet above the waters. Two years later British explorers reported a low strip of reef as all that remained of the island. The English and French officers were mystified over the strange antics of their new territory. Since then the Tongan government has taken possession of an island which is fifty feet above the water, and scientists are wondering whose turn it will be next.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"The Secret of Fougereuse" is the title of a charming story adapted from the French by Louise Imogen Guiney, and just published by Marlier, Callanan & Co. It has been illustrated by Mr. Chase Emerson and Mr. Louis Meynell. The scene of the story is laid in the brilliant court of good King René.

—The *Athenæum* chronicles the death of Mrs. Bishop, born Miss Maria Catherine O'Connor Morris, who in bygone days was a contributor to the *Spectator* and to the *Saturday Review*. She wrote memoirs of her distinguished friends, Mr. Urquhart and Mrs. Augustus Craven, as well as a little historical study of the prison life of Marie Antoinette.

—A new historian has arisen in Germany, the home of historical scholarship. His name is Father Hartmann Grisar, S. J., and already he has been hailed as "the Catholic Gregorovius." As yet he has issued only the first instalment of what is to be a monumental "History of Rome and of the Popes in the Middle Ages"; but that instalment inspires the hope that the work may be completed without unnecessary delay and find an English translator.

—St. Mark's Church in Venice has a new glory. Its organist, Father Perosi, has written such music as has led the critics to place him high among the great masters of melody. He is only twenty-six years old, but he has composed music since his twelfth year; and already twenty-five Masses, a *Te Deum*, and three oratorios stand to his credit. A fourth oratorio, "The Resurrection of Christ," is nearly complete, and at the request of the Holy Father will be rendered first in the Vatican.

--It has been stated that the late Harold Frederic professed the Catholic faith. The statement is untrue. As a young man he lived for about fifteen years in a Catholic house, and always spoke sympathetically of the Church, but he never was anything but an agnostic. He once said to a priest of our acquaintance: "I wish I had the faith of a simple Irishman." And perhaps that faith

would have been his in the end if he had not become a polygamist. For it is written: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

—The death is announced of the Rev. Aloysius Sabetti, S. J., a moral theologian of high authority. His "Compendium Theologiæ Moralis," an adaptation of Gury, is used as a text-book in many American seminaries. Father Sabetti published little, but a large part of his devoted life was passed in teaching and in solving "cases of conscience" for priests who wrote to him for advice, *R. I. P.*

—No more inspiring reading could fall into the hands of any Christian, but especially any young man, than the record of the heroic life of Charles Martial Lavigerie, priest, professor, prelate and civilizer of a continent. The exuberance of his energy is contagious, and as one reads of his great apostolate one thanks God that such a man was given to the Church in these "spacious times." A readable and helpful account of his life and work has just been published by the St. Joseph's Society for the Colored Missions. The work has been adapted from the French by the Rev. J. G. Beane.

—The zealous labors of the Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C. P., in the production of music suitable for church and Sunday-school services are noteworthy. His compositions deserve the title "Sacred Music," which unfortunately can not be said of much music intended for church choirs. Father Lawrence's latest additions to his large collection of hymns, Masses, etc., are an *O Salutaris*, a *Tantum Ergo*, and a *Laudate Dominum*, under the general title "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament," and "Six Sacred Pieces in Honor of the Passion of Our Lord and the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Wm. A. Pond, publisher.

—It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful publication than "Cradle Songs of Many Nations," a collection of the lullabies of all lands arranged for the purpose of an evening's entertainment by Katherine

Wallace Davis. The exquisite illustrations which add so much are by Helen Hayes; and the Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago, are the publishers. Even when it is not intended to use this charming work as a guide for stage representation, it will make an acceptable and appropriate gift to any one, old or young. The costumes illustrated are historically correct, and the instructions for carrying out the compiler's plans complete and clear.

—It would seem that there is no field for "yellow journalism" in Germany. When the attempt of a handful of American soldiers to land in Cuba during the early stages of the war proved futile, an enterprising journalist in Berlin sent the newsboys scurrying through the city with cries of "Extra! extra! Great Spanish victory! Americans totally defeated!" A phlegmatic policeman bought a copy of the paper, was disgusted with the swindle, and promptly arrested the editor. The judge held that newspaper dishonesty is no better than the ordinary sort, and promptly sentenced the offending editor to six months' imprisonment. That editor man ought to move to New York.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Cardinal Lavigerie. 75 cts.

The History of the Popes. *Dr. Ludwig Pastor.*
Vol. V. \$3, net.

Ave Roma Immortalis. Two Vols. *Francis Marion Crawford.* \$6.

How to Pray. *Abbé Grou, S. J.* \$1.

Ancient and Modern Palestine. *Brother Liévin de Hamme, O. F. M.* Two Vols. \$3.50.

Her Majesty the King. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.25.

Life of St. John of the Cross. *David Lewis, M. A.*
\$1.50.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. V. \$2.50.

Manual of Catholic Theology. Vol. II. *Wilhelm Scannell.* \$4, net.

Ancient English Holy Week Ceremonia'. *Henry John Feasey.* \$2.50.

The World's Unrest and Its Remedy. *James Field Spalding.* \$1.25.

St. Vincent de Paul. *Emmanuel de Broglie.* \$1.

Miss Erin. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.25.

The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *William Bullen Morris.* 80 cts., net.

Let No Man Put Asunder. *Josephine Marié.* \$1.

Fantasies from Dreamland. *E. Gilliat Smith.* \$1.50.

The Arabian Nights. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

The Data of Modern Ethics Examined. *Rev. John J. Ming, S. J.* \$2, net.

Songs from Prudentius. *E. Gilliat Smith.* \$1.75.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession. *Rev. Joseph Spilmann, S. J.* \$1.

Motion: Its Origin and Conservation. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$3.50, net.

The Woman that Was a Sinner. *Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 40 cts.

Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King. 60 cts.

The Groundwork of Science. *St. George Mivart.*
\$1.75.

Epochs of Literature. *Condé B. Pallen.* 75 cts., net.

Foundations of Faith. Part I. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Gospel of St. John. *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D.* \$2, net.

Notes on St. Paul. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$2, net.

Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. *Rev. James Bellord.* \$2.50.

The Religious Life and the Vows. *Monseigneur Charles Gay.* \$1.60, net.

Madge Hardlaun's Money. *Mary Cross.* 35 cts.

Striving after Perfection. *Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J.*
\$1, net.

Stories on the Rosary. Part II. *L. E. Dobrée.* 50 cts.

Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, net.

The Man. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R.* 35 cts.

New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.

Clerical Studies. *Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D.* \$2.

Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* \$1.

A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. *Rev. Henry G. Ganss.* 15 cts.

Saint Clotilda. *Godefroi Kurth.* \$1.

Meditation Leaflets. *A Father of the Society of Jesus.* 60 cts., net.

Outlines of New Testament History. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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On the Feast of the Expectation.

© MOTHER MARY, can it be
That we shall see thy Son,
Our eyes shall rest upon His face—
Thy Boy, the Holy One?
That we shall see the baby hands
With outstretched palms unscarred,
The whiteness of His fair, smooth brow
By cruel thorns unmarred?
And shall we see those baby eyes,
Love-lit, reflecting thine?—
O Mother dear, we kneel to thee,
The Holy One's blest shrine,
And close our eyes lest we should see,
Through loving, longing tears,
Those hands transpierced, those eyes
death-dimmed,
In sorrow-shrouded years.

Mary Immaculate in America.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

IX.

NOT to dwell at too great length on facts that must be familiar to many readers of THE AVE MARIA, we shall turn briefly to a name that was destined in the dispensations of Providence to be the champion of the Immaculate Mary in the very heart of the American continent,—a name that is dear not only to the lovers of Mary in all lands, but to all those who love

that which is tender, lofty and heroic in man—Father James Marquette, S. J., a man noble by nature, but far more noble by grace. He was conspicuous for his devotion to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. It began in his infancy and continued with him through life; whether in the schools of childhood, the social circles in which he moved in his native France, in the midst of his religious brethren, in the chair of the professor, on the stormy ocean, or amid the hardships of the trackless forest or the boundless prairie,—everywhere his loving thoughts were of his Immaculate Patroness, everywhere he imprinted her name. Says his biographer:

“The privilege which the Church honors under the title of the Immaculate Conception was the constant object of his thoughts. From his earliest youth, he daily recited the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, and fasted every Saturday in her honor. As a missionary, a variety of devotions directed to the same end still show his love for Our Lady; and to her he turned in all his trials. When he discovered the great river, when he founded a new mission, he gave them the name of the Conception. No letter, it is said, ever came from his hand that did not contain the words, Blessed Virgin Immaculate; and the smile that lighted up his dying face induced his companions to believe that she had appeared

before the eyes of her devoted client."*

Marquette, speaking of the discovery of the Mississippi, says in his narrative:

"The day of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, whom I had always invoked since I came to this Ottawa country, to obtain of God the grace to be able to visit the nations on the river Mississippi, was identically that on which M. Joliet arrived with orders of Comte de Frontenac, our governor, and M. Talon, our intendant, to make this discovery with me. I was the more enraptured at this good news as I saw my designs on the point of being accomplished, and myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these nations.... We were not long in preparing an outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage the duration of which we could not foresee. Indian corn, with some dried meat, was our whole stock of provisions. With this we set out in two bark canoes—M. Joliet, myself, and five men,—firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise.... Above all, I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate; promising that if she did us the favor to discover the great river, I would give it the sweet name of Conception; and that I would also give that name to the first mission which I should establish among these new nations, as I have actually done among the Illinois."

Dr. Shea, in a footnote, adds: "The name of the Immaculate Conception, which he gave to the mission among the Kaskaskias, was retained so long as that mission lasted; and is now the title of the church in the present town of Kaskaskia. Although his wish was not realized in the name of the great river, it has been fulfilled in the fact that the Blessed Virgin, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, has been chosen by the prelates of

the United States, assembled in national council, as the patroness of the whole country," etc.* But of this later.

Having ascended the Fox River, with his little party, from its mouth at the head of Green Bay to the point where it approaches nearest to the Wisconsin River, which empties into the Mississippi, he writes: "We now leave the waters which flow to Quebec, a distance of four or five hundred leagues, to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands." Having made the portage to the Wisconsin River, he continues: "Before embarking, we all began together a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, which we practised every day,—addressing her particular prayers to put under her protection both our persons and the success of our voyage. Then, after encouraging one another, we got into our canoes.... After forty leagues on the same route, we reached the mouth of our river; and, finding ourselves at $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N., we entered the Mississippi on June 17 [1673], with a joy that I can not express."†

He then and there named that mighty river, as was to have been expected and according to his resolution, the River of the Conception. Having discovered the Mississippi, he voyaged down its current to the present State of Arkansas; and returned, in impaired health, by way of the Illinois country, where he was pleased to find the best-disposed Indians perhaps anywhere met with in America. He promised to return soon and visit them, and then proceeded on his journey to the north. In fulfilment of his promise, he set out from Green Bay in November, 1674, to return to the Indians of his Illinois mission; but, fearing that, on account of his feeble health, he might not be able to do so, he, with his companions, made a novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception; and, contrary to the opinion

* Shea's "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi," p. 72.

* Ibid., pp. 6-8.

† Ibid., pp. 15, 16.

of all, he was able to meet his dear neophytes once more. He was received as an angel from heaven; and, the cabins being too small to accommodate the large assembly, he addressed his instructions to them in the open prairie,—but not before he had hung up, in sight of all, four pictures of his Immaculate Mother, facing each point of the compass. It was now approaching Easter; and, having said Mass on Holy Thursday in honor of the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the account continues:

“Three days after, on Easter Sunday, things being arranged in the same way as on Thursday, he celebrated the holy mysteries for the second time; and by these two sacrifices, the first offered there to God, he took possession of that land in the name of Jesus Christ, and gave his mission the name of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.”*

But the term of his earthly pilgrimage was drawing near, and he set out for the missionary station of St. Ignace, at the head of Lake Michigan, in the hope of seeing a brother priest and receiving the consolations of our holy religion before death should overtake him. Only a spark of life remained, but his soul was still glowing with the fire of love for Mary Immaculate that had burned in it from childhood. The hour of his departure out of this life at length came, and he directed his companions to land their frail canoe at the mouth of a stream on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, which has long borne the name of Marquette River. He was carried ashore and placed on an eminence, where, after hearing the confessions of his companions, he gave up his soul to God, invoking the sweet name of her whom he had so loved to honor. The wishes of the sainted missionary were gratified.

“He had always begged of God to be permitted to end his days in the toilsome

missions, and to die amid the woods, like his beloved St. Francis Xavier, in utter destitution.... For some months before his death, he daily recited, with his two men, a little chaplet of the Immaculate Conception, which he had arranged in this form: after the Creed they said one ‘Our Father and Hail Mary’; then four times these words: ‘Hail, daughter of God the Father! hail, Mother of God the Son! hail, Spouse of the Holy Ghost! hail, Temple of the whole Trinity! By thy holy virginity and Immaculate Conception, O most pure Virgin, cleanse my flesh and my heart! In the name of the Father,’” etc.*

The missionary’s remains were soon after exhumed and carried by a large fleet of canoes to the mission of St. Ignace, where they were laid to their final rest. His holy death occurred near midnight on the 18th of May, 1675, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

The action of the State of Wisconsin in selecting Father Marquette as the most deserving person to have a statue in the hall of the national Capitol, and the action of the general government in admitting it to a place among our greatest heroes, was not only a tribute to his noble and self-sacrificing labors in the cause of religion, civilization and science, but it may be regarded as an approval of his action in propagating devotion to her who was destined to be named by the august Head of the Church the patroness of our great country. The howl of bigotry which that noble action drew forth served only to bring the merits of that disinterested benefactor of mankind into greater prominence, and to cover those narrow-minded enemies of all religious liberty and national greatness with the shame and confusion they so richly deserved.

But this must suffice for the early history of devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of the Redeemer of mankind, and

* Ibid., pp. 55, 56.

* Ibid., pp. 63-65.

especially to her Immaculate Conception in the United States. We have seen how the secular clergy and the members of the illustrious religious orders—the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Capuchins, the Jesuits, the Sulpicians, and the Recollets—have united in singing the praises of Mary Immaculate, in implanting devotion to her in the hearts of the rude sons of the forests, and in stamping her name indelibly on countless natural objects. It is now time to turn to the action of the highest ecclesiastical authorities, not only of our own nation but also of the Universal Church, in enthroning her as the principal patroness of the Great Republic of the West.

X.

In discussing the question of the selection of our Immaculate Patroness, it is well to bear in mind that the Blessed Virgin under this beautiful title was not chosen patroness of the *Church* in the United States, but patroness of the *United States*. Neither the decrees of the Fathers of Baltimore, as we shall see later on, nor the Roman document confirming their action, use the phrase "of the Church": Mary is everywhere styled "patroness of the United States."

No sooner had the illustrious John Carroll been consecrated first bishop of the Church in this country—which event took place on the 15th of August, 1790,—than the special devotion which had characterized the Church here received new life and vigor. In the fifth session of the first synod, held in Baltimore, November, 1791, it was decreed that the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, who is styled the principal patroness of the vast diocese, which then included the entire country, should be sung or recited before Mass on Sundays and holydays. The Bishop declared, in another decree, that from the beginning of his episcopate he was most anxious to select the Holy Mother of God as the principal patron of his diocese,

that through her intercession the faith and piety of the people might flourish and be more and more increased.

But it was not till the Sixth Provincial Council, held in May, 1846, that devotion to the Immaculate Conception was solemnly discussed. In the third congregation, held May 13—an auspicious date,—the first decree of the council was promulgated in these memorable words, which show clearly that, although this was the first official pronouncement, the devotion had long been flourishing:

"The Fathers, with ardent desire and unanimous applause and consent, have chosen the Blessed Virgin conceived without original sin as the patroness of the United States; without, however, imposing the obligation of hearing Mass and resting from servile works on the feast itself of the Conception of the Blessed Mary; and therefore the Sovereign Pontiff shall be humbly petitioned that the solemnization of the feast may be transferred to the following Sunday—unless the feast falls on a Sunday,—on which day the Masses, private and solemn, of the feast shall be celebrated, and Vespers of the same feast shall be recited."

The Holy Father willingly confirmed the choice of the council. Still further, in the fourth private congregation of the same council, held May 15, it was decreed that the Holy See should be petitioned for the privilege of adding, throughout the United States, the word "immaculate" before "conception" in the Office of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin and in the prayers and preface of the Mass of the same feast; and the invocation "Queen conceived without original sin, pray for us," to the Litany of Loreto. The Pope granted these petitions in perpetuity.*

A remarkable circumstance connected with the selection of Mary conceived

* "Concilia Baltimorensia, 1829-1852," pp. 19-21, 240-257.

without sin as our patroness is related by the late celebrated Indian missionary, Father de Smet, S. J., in a letter to the editor of the *Precis Historiques*, Brussels, dated New York, May 16, 1857, on the life and labors of the Rev. Theodore de Theux. Says Father de Smet:

"In 1844 the Bishop of Cincinnati found himself frequently menaced, as well as the Catholics of his diocese, by riotous mobs composed of the enemies of our holy faith. He asked counsel of Father de Theux. After some moments of reflection the Father answered that he should obtain peace and security in those difficult times if he would have recourse to the Sovereign Pontiff, and would encourage the other bishops of the United States to follow his example, so as to obtain the favor of adding, in the preface of the Mass, to the word 'conception' the prefix 'immaculate.' The worthy Bishop received the advice with respect, and the request was soon after made at Rome and crowned with success."

The acts of the council of the year 1846 do not state by whom the question was introduced; but this being the first council after the conversation between the Bishop and Father Theux, it may be presumed that it was brought up at the instance of the Bishop of Cincinnati.

While the Holy Father Pius IX. was still in exile at Gaeta, he took the preliminary steps toward the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. To this end he established a special congregation to take the matter into consideration. He also addressed a circular letter to all the bishops of the Christian world, asking them to lend their aid and co-operation to ascertain the devotion of their clergy and people to this mystery, etc. In reply the Fathers of the Seventh Provincial Council of Baltimore, which was held in May, 1849, declared in the first decree that the clergy and faithful

of the United States were animated with a most ardent devotion to the Immaculate Conception; in the second decree they expressed, with but one dissenting voice, the joy they would feel at its definition as an article of faith, if his Holiness should deem such definition opportune.*

A year later the Church in the United States was separated into several provinces, and future general legislation must be the work of plenary councils. The first one, which assembled in 1852, took no action, because the matter of the definition had already been acted on, and it was then in the hands of the Holy Father. Two years later, to the inexpressible joy of the entire Christian world, and to no part of it more than to the United States, the Supreme Pontiff defined the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin as an article of Catholic faith. The Civil War prevented the assembling of the plenary council in 1862, as was intended; and it was not till October, 1866, that the prelates of the country were able to meet at Baltimore in the Second Plenary Council. In the tenth private congregation, which took place on the 19th of October, the question of raising the festival of the Immaculate Conception to the dignity of a holyday of obligation throughout the United States was discussed by the prelates, and decreed, only five voting in the negative. Finally, the decree was approved by his Holiness on January 24, 1868, when his labors in honor of Mary Immaculate were successfully concluded.

Without prolonging this article further, I think that I have conclusively shown—by the long array of dry, and perhaps to some readers, uninteresting facts—that Mary Immaculate claimed America, and America claimed Mary Immaculate, from the earliest period of the authentic history of the New World.

* Ibid., pp. 274-278.

Known at Last.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.

THERE was no little excitement through the townland of Kilkerran when it was known that Michael Gillespie was about to be married; for, though Michael was only the miller in McKay's mill, he was such a handsome, well-doing young fellow that very few of the farmers' daughters in the neighborhood would have disdained him as a suitor. Besides, it had leaked out that Michael's widowed mother by no means approved of her son's choice; and it was felt that she would make herself anything but agreeable to a daughter-in-law who was not of her own choosing.

From the time of her arrival in the little cottage belonging to her son's employer, Mrs. Gillespie had been somewhat of an enigma to the natives of Kilkerran. She was naturally a reticent and self-reliant woman; and a great sorrow, borne in no patient spirit, had left her rather hard of heart and sharp of tongue. To her son, indeed, she was all tenderness and consideration; and the little cottage was a model of neatness. Often Michael wondered at the manifest dislike for the society of her neighbors which his mother exhibited. Very few of them visited his home, and Mrs. Gillespie certainly never ran in and out of the surrounding houses at all hours as those born and bred in Kilkerran did. For the Sunday Mass and weekly visit to the nearest grocer's store only did Mrs. Gillespie leave home.

She had received Michael's intimation of his marriage in a very different spirit from what he had expected. He had, indeed, known that his mother's nature was, perhaps, a jealous one; and he had supposed that she would feel somewhat

the division of his love with another. But Mrs. Gillespie's anger was too bitter to be concealed, and she laughed scornfully when he mentioned Alice Quinlen's name.

"'Tis a daughter of Barney Quinlen's you're thinking of marrying!" she cried, in the high tones with the decided Scotch accent that is the heritage of County Antrim. "Well, Michael, I don't think much of your choice."

"But you don't know Alice, mother," Michael pleaded. "She is—"

"I have heard of her father, and that's enough for me," his mother interrupted sharply. "Wasn't it Barney Quinlen that entrapped all the idle young fellows of Carndaisy into a secret society and then betrayed them to the police?"

"But Alice was brought up by an aunt, you know. Her mother died when she was a baby. And now her aunt and father are both dead."

"Wisha, then, he's small loss!" Mrs. Gillespie sneered.

"Alice is thought much of by the nuns. She used to go to their night-school," Michael continued, anxious to soften his mother's heart toward his promised bride.

"I hope it did her good, but I doubt it. She's Barney Quinlen's daughter, and one can't expect to gather grapes from thorns, nor—" Mrs. Gillespie broke off, and turned away to attend to some household duty for a moment or two.

"But, mother, Alice is such a gentle, pretty girl!" Michael persisted. "You will like her by and by, I know, for herself. I did hope you would give her a welcome for my sake."

"What does *my* welcome signify?" Mrs. Gillespie demanded. "You have a right to please yourself, I suppose. The house is yours, and you earn the money to keep it up."

"O mother!" Michael protested.

"You are too old and too wise to take advice," Mrs. Gillespie went on. "Well, I hope you won't rue the marriage you

are bent on making; but the Quinlens, from all I hear, were a bad lot. And I have my doubts, I don't deny."

Michael did not speak.

"Now," Mrs. Gillespie began, "if your choice had been Lucy Vallyely."

Her son burst into an amused laugh.

"Why, mother, Lucy Vallyely wouldn't look at me!" Michael said,—“nor would I at her,” he added, in an undertone.

"Is she—Alice—anything of a housekeeper?" Mrs. Gillespie asked.

"I—I don't know," Michael admitted. "She learned the millinery business."

"Aye! Oh, I know what that is! She can dress her hair in the latest fashion, I suppose; and put all she earns, if she earns anything, in clothes. A nice sort of wife she'll make you!"

Michael turned aside. It was no use explaining to or reasoning with Mrs. Gillespie in some moods; and he sighed as he went to his work, and for the first time reflected that it was very probable that the home-life of his mother and Alice when they were sheltered by one roof might not be pleasant. However, his wedding-day was fixed, and a few weeks later the feminine portion of Kilkerran craned their necks eagerly at the parish chapel for a sight of young Mrs. Gillespie as she passed up the aisle of the church by her husband's side.

"She isn't much to look at, any way," one woman said as she went her way homeward. "A pale, sickly-looking bit of a thing, without a bit of color in her cheeks, she is."

"Old Mrs. Gillespie will be mistress still," another woman declared. "I don't envy that child her life."

Michael Gillespie might have agreed with the speaker as time passed on, had he been much at home; but the harvest had been an abundant one, and the mill-wheel was constantly revolving. He left the house early in the morning, and his visit to it for dinner was always a hurried

one; so that he had little opportunity of observing what his wife's daily life was, and Alice was not one to complain of her mother-in-law's bitter speeches.

Mrs. Gillespie refused the girl's timidly proffered offers of help with contemptuous words, and it was she who still saw to the different household concerns. Alice was made to feel herself a useless encumbrance. The only hour of the day which brought her a small degree of pleasure was that when she carried her husband his afternoon can of tea across the fields which separated her home and the mill where Michael worked. Even this privilege would have been denied her had not Mrs. Gillespie met with a slight accident that prevented her walking any considerable distance.

Alice set out one afternoon as usual, and when she gained a small hill that stood midway between the house and the mill she paused to look round her with an appreciative eye. Before her lay fertile fields, from which the yellow sheaves had but lately been garnered, and green meadow lands. Through the latter ran the broad stream on which the mill stood. Behind her the scene was different, but as beautiful in its way. In the far distance lay the lonely bogland that supplied the farmers with their winter fuel. Patches of crimson, brown and purple heath broke its surface; and here and there a pool of water flashed back the sunlight. Nearer, the ground rose in slight hills and ridges; and in one of the hollows nestled their little cottage, with its orchard in the rear.

Alice shielded her eyes from the rays of the western sun as she gazed, and sighed. At the times when Mrs. Gillespie's tongue was most bitter, she was tempted to regret having listened to Michael's pleadings. No doubt, as his mother said, such a one as she, young, inexperienced, and dowerless, was but a poor match for the best-looking lad in all the country side.

When Michael had finished his tea

Alice set out on her homeward walk. She lingered as she crossed the stubble land and meadows, and stopped now and then to gather a bramble branch or bunch of scarlet rowan berries, so that when she neared home the sun was setting in a sea of citrine. She had got within a field or two of the cottage when suddenly a strong hand was laid on her arm, and she gave a startled cry.

"I'm not going to harm you," a strange voice said, and a man emerged from the shelter of some hazel bushes. He pointed to the cottage and asked: "Does Mrs. Gillespie live there?"

Alice looked up at the speaker. He was a tall, strongly made man, and seemed to be approaching middle age.

"Mrs. Gillespie?" she said, repeating the words. "Yes, she does."

"Is her son at home, do you know?" the stranger asked.

"Not just now," Alice answered; and added: "I am his wife."

The stranger seemed annoyed, and muttered an exclamation.

"Well, it can't be helped!" he went on, after a pause. "Tell the old lady, will you, that John is waiting to see her?"

"Yes," Alice said.

"That will do. She will understand."

The man moved away a step or two as he spoke, and Alice crossed the fields. Mrs. Gillespie was seated in an easy-chair outside the door, occupied in knitting a grey woollen sock. Her face grew ghastly as Alice delivered the message.

"John!" she gasped. "Is it John?"

"Yes, he said John—but you are ill!"

"Oh, no, no!" Mrs. Gillespie responded impatiently, and paused. "Alice, you must not tell Michael. Do you hear?" she demanded, when the other did not answer. "You must not speak of him—of John—to your husband."

"No, not if you do not wish it," Alice replied, in some amazement; and Mrs. Gillespie resumed:

"And I can not see him this evening. You must tell him so. Mrs. Kearney" (Mrs. Kearney lived in the next cottage) "would be watching and talking. You will tell him, Alice. But let him come to-morrow night when it is dark—dark, mind!—and I will make arrangements to meet him."

"Very well," Alice agreed.

"Take the can with you, Alice. Mrs. Kearney will think you are going to the spring for water. And don't stand long talking to him. Just tell him to come to-morrow night."

"Yes," Alice said obediently, and lifted the tin can from its place on the stone by the door. The stranger was standing where she had left him. He muttered a curse when she gave him her mother-in-law's message.

"I'll be here," he said at last, sullenly. "And tell her to be here also, or she may guess what will follow."

Mrs. Gillespie was in her accustomed chair by the fireside when Alice returned and told how the stranger had received the message sent him.

"Sit down," Mrs. Gillespie said, "and I will tell you my sad story. Then you will understand why Michael must not know anything of this."

Alice did as she was told.

"You may have heard that we—Michael and me—do not belong to this part," Mrs. Gillespie said. "My husband's home was among the glens of Antrim. He died when Michael was a baby."

"Oh!" Alice murmured, in sympathy.

"Michael was not my only child," Mrs. Gillespie went on. "I had another son—the man you saw this evening."

"Oh!" Alice said again.

"There was fourteen or fifteen years between him and Michael, or maybe sixteen. I know now I spoiled him. He served his time to the drapery business in Ballymena, and then he got a fine situation in Preston. It was there he stole

his master's money, and he was sentenced to ten years in Botany Bay."

Alice was startled, and drew her seat closer to the speaker.

"No one (at my old home I mean) knew but me, and I made up my mind to leave it. Michael was about fourteen then, and I told him his brother had died suddenly. We came here, and after a bit Michael got into his present work. He does not know anything of John. He must *never* know. You won't tell him?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"I don't think you will," Mrs. Gillespie continued. "He would never forgive me for keeping the truth from him."

"No," Alice assented, mechanically.

"He never would. I know Michael well. Since John got out of prison" (Mrs. Gillespie hesitated at the word), "he has often written to me for money. Once before he came here; but Michael was absent from home, and they did not meet. He promised he would not come back; but he has, you see,—he has!" And the old woman rocked herself to and fro in her chair.

Later on she submitted to be undressed by Alice; but the next morning she was up to give her son his breakfast ere he started on his day's work. In the long hours of the night she had resolved to offer John the money to pay his passage to America.

"And once there," she said to Alice as the day wore on, "he must remain. He never could keep money. It was always sure to go in drink."

"But he may spend this money, too."

"Aye," Mrs. Gillespie reflected; "but I think I see a way."

What that way was she explained to the ex-convict and Alice, when the former had eaten a plentiful meal in the cottage. When the time of meeting her son drew near, Mrs. Gillespie grew confident that she could speak to him with less chance of being overheard in her own home,

and Alice had called John Gillespie in.

"I'll give you five pounds and your passage to America," she said, in answer to her son's appeal; "but I'll make sure that you go to America."

"You may depend on me," replied the young man, readily.

"I don't mean to," Mrs. Gillespie said as readily. "You'll get the five pounds when you're on board a steamer at Derry. Alice will give it to you."

"I!" Alice exclaimed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gillespie. "Michael will think you have gone to spend a day or two in Carndaisy. You have some acquaintances there?"

"Yes: Mrs. Eastwood," Alice replied. "But I couldn't go to Derry."

"To be sure you can," Mrs. Gillespie insisted. "You would do more than that for Michael," she added, in a lower tone.

And, against her better judgment, poor Alice yielded.

Three days later Michael Gillespie entered his home with a haggard face.

"Mother," he said, "will you get ready to leave this place forever? Mr. McKay will sell the things in the house later and send on the money to me. You need take only such things as are necessary."

"What do you mean, Michael?" Mrs. Gillespie demanded. And her son replied:

"Well, I mean that my wife is not in Carndaisy, as we supposed. She left the town this morning with a stranger. I had heard of her meeting a man some evenings ago, but I did not believe the story. I believed my own eyes to-day."

"Were you in Carndaisy?" his mother questioned, in dismay.

"Yes: something went wrong with the machinery at the mill, and I had to go to the town."

"Oh!"

"Do as I tell you at once, mother dear. I have ordered a wagon to be here at four o'clock."

"But where are we going?" inquired

Mrs. Gillespie; and Michael answered with a strange, mirthless laugh.

"We'll know that by and by. And, mother, you were right when you advised me against marrying Alice Quinlen."

Mrs. Gillespie made no answer. It was many a year before her son understood her silence.

(Conclusion next week.)

Basil the Monk.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

BASIL, the monk, of Wenlock old,
 Within his cell
 Pondering a mighty tome, heard there
 A summoning bell.
 Without a sigh, he left untouched
 His missal dear,
 And hastened at the abbot's call
 His will to hear.
 "Brother, our alms-giver is ill:
 Do thou to-day
 Serve in his place," the abbot said.
 "I will obey,"
 Replied the scholar; hasting forth
 Unto the gate,
 With kindly word and smile, to serve
 The beggar's plate.
 That night he slept, and, dreaming, thought
 He was in heaven;
 Bright the unwonted splendor there
 In beauty riven.
 And as he stood in wondering awe
 An angel took
 From off a carven stand of gold
 A ponderous book.
 "Write there," a voice spoke grandly sweet,
 "Monk Basil's lore,
 The which he gladly laid aside
 To feed My poor.
 His learned words and scholar's thoughts
 By genius given,
 Shall all by holy angels' hands
 Be writ in heaven."
 Basil the monk, dreaming in sleep,
 Smiling awoke;
 Awestruck, he blessed himself and prayed
 Till morning broke.

A Pope's Private Letters.

To Mr. Stuart, a Scotchman.

I HAVE followed you in thought, my very dear sir, both by sea and upon the Thames. So long as my travels in England are ideal, the populace will not insult me; whereas were I to appear there in person and in my religious habit, God knows how they might treat me. You must allow that the Popes are a good sort of men. Were they to make reprisals, they would insist that every priest and monk should be free to enter London in his habit, or that no Englishman should be received into Rome. And who would suffer the more? You, in the first place, my dear sir, who love to visit Italy from time to time. But I protest to you that I should be still more mortified than you; for I am deeply attached to the English nation, and have derived both pleasure and profit from conversation with its inhabitants, who are distinguished for the cultivation of the arts and sciences.

I am delighted with your famous poets and your eminent philosophers. In conversing with them I experience a certain elevation of mind: methinks I myself become sublime, and perceive the world beneath me. I sometimes make nocturnal visits to Newton, and when all Nature sleeps I wake to read and admire him.

I conclude that at your return you will bring me the little manuscript of Berkeley's, that illustrious *wrong-head* who imagined there was nothing really *material* in the world, and that all bodies were merely *ideal*. What a view would it exhibit of the human intellect if the learned who had hitherto bewildered themselves in the variety of opinions should at last find themselves of one mind; and that this reason, which has so long remained *incognito*, should come at length to enlighten them with its beams! How surprised would they be and how

mortified,—those who had the vanity to imagine they were more than inspired! The world in all ages has been the scene of disputes and errors; and we ought to think ourselves happy, amidst so many clouds of contradiction, to have such an unerring light to lead us the right way.

I speak of the light of revelation, which, notwithstanding all the efforts of infidelity, shall never be extinguished. Religion, like the sun's rays, sometimes may appear obscure to us, but at the same time is not less radiant. The passions and the senses obscure and intercept the rays of celestial truth; but the man who reflects, without being alarmed or astonished, waits the return of a serene and cheerful sky. We have seen the fogs raised by Celsus, Porphyry, Spinoza, Collins, Bayle, etc., dispersed; and we may be assured that those of modern philosophy will share the same fate. In every age singular men have appeared who, sometimes by violence and again by fanaticism, seemed to threaten the annihilation of Christianity; but they have passed away like those tempests which serve only to show the heavens more bright and serene.

It is simply for want of solid principles that some men are, now and then, dazzled by sophistry; while the most trivial objections appear unanswerable to the ignorant. In religion everything is united and combined. The moment we lose our hold of the least truth we find nothing but an abyss. Such men, instead of concluding, from the view of the wonders they behold on earth, that the good God can confer much greater happiness after this mortal life, judge that the Divinity, all powerful as He is, can go no farther; and that this world is the *ne plus ultra* of His wisdom and power.

I should be curious to see a work which could prove demonstratively (and such a one might be easily composed, provided the author were acquainted with natural

philosophy and theology) that the world, such as we see it, is a perfect riddle, of which there can be no solution without religion. It is religion which can account to us for the immensity of that heaven of which the unbeliever can not divine the use; for the miseries which we suffer, of which the philosopher can not assign the cause; for the growing desires which agitate us, and whose impetuosity we can not calm.

We have frequently touched upon these great subjects in our familiar conversations,—sometimes at the Villa Borghese and sometimes at the Villa Negroni. That time is past, and a part of our lives with it; because everything passeth away, except the most sincere attachment with which I am, my dear sir, etc.

ROME, 13 May, 1748.

To the Prior of the Chartreux at Rome.

MY REV. FATHER:—Since you have opened your heart to me about what passes in your community, I will open mine to you with the same candor. I must tell you that it were much to be wished, in an Order so rigid as yours, that the superiors were more communicative; that they should not let a week pass without visiting their monks; that they ought to insinuate themselves amicably into their hearts, and by salutary advice and tender encouragement assist them to support the painful yoke of solitude. The kingdom of Christ is not the empire of despotism. It is contrary both to religion and humanity to render men slaves. If a person has made a vow to obey his superiors, he has not engaged to respect their caprices.

It is generally imagined that the office of superior is a position of authority, the duties of which consist in commanding, and seeing the monks fearful and submissive. But the head of a community is a person who should be *all things to all men*,—study their different characters,

develop their talents; and know what is hurtful to one, what is useful to another, and what everyone in particular is capable of.

There are some monks who have no desire for conversation, because they are of a silent temper; and there are others whom silence would render miserable, because they are of a sociable disposition. A superior, therefore, should have different ways of conducting himself,—excusing one rather than the other, if they should make some slight infractions of the rules. Every religious order ought to have no other temper than that of Our Saviour, who was always gentle and of humble heart; who treated His disciples as brethren and friends; calling Himself their servant, and actually performing the functions of a servant.

Rules would be like a stepmother if they were to punish unmercifully those who, by too much vivacity or too much sluggishness, should fail on some points. There are monks whom a superior should visit more frequently, because they are more frequently tempted, and find it more difficult to endure retirement; indeed, without a spirit of deep discernment and penetration, a superior would be simply an image, whose government must be contemptible. There is only one way of directing men, and yet there are as many different directions necessary as there are individuals in the community. One is apt to become more remiss in his duty if directly reprimanded, while another redoubles his diligence if he finds the slightest lapse animadverted upon.

The Order of the Chartreux deserves all possible respect, as having no occasion either for change of discipline or for reformation during the seven centuries that it has subsisted; but I confess to you that the priors have always appeared to me to have affected too sullen and severe a deportment.... As they often receive visits and have the liberty of

writing and going abroad themselves, they should not be too strict with a poor monk for having let a few words escape his lips. They become inquisitors in their office when they punish everything and overlook nothing. There are petty wranglings in communities as in families, which continue only because superiors do not know how to ignore them.

Visit your brotherhood in friendship; do not speak to them of the past, and you will see them ashamed of having caballed. Nothing disarms resentment so much as gentleness. In treating them cordially you will show them that you can conquer yourself, and they will be edified. There is nothing more dangerous for people in office than never to allow that they have been mistaken. Try to correct the faults of your monks without reporting them to the Superior-General. Such a course irritates those that are accused, and shows a want of proper talent for governing.

This is my way of thinking. If I am wrong, you will do me a pleasure by proving it. If your reasons are good, I will submit; for I am neither prejudiced in my own favor nor obstinate in my opinions. It is my heart only that speaks throughout this letter; and it is that also which assures you of the sincerity of those sentiments with which I am, etc.

ROME, 21 June, 1754.

To the Same.

The *siesta*, or afternoon's nap of Italy, my most dear and reverend Father, would not have excited you so much if you had recollected that when we are in Rome we should do as the Romans do,—*Cum Romano Romanus eris*. Is it either a sin or a shame, then, for a poor monk, in a country where one is oppressed with excessive heat, to indulge in repose for half an hour or so, that he may afterward pursue his employments with greater activity? Consider that silence is best kept when one is asleep—you who reckon

among the capital sins the pronouncing a single word when your rules forbid the use of speech. Take the example of Christ when He found His Apostles asleep. "Alas!" said He to them with the greatest mildness, "could you not watch with Me one hour?"

How can you consistently expect from your monks the obedience which you yourself refuse to the Sovereign Pontiff? Surely, you can not but know that all monastic laws owe their force only to the approbation of the Popes. And if he who reigns at present with so much wisdom would give your good monks a dispensation from certain customs, it is absolutely in his power. There is no contending with a legislator about the right of modifying his own laws.

The mitigation of some austerities that depend upon time, place and circumstance does not affect the essence of the vows. "The letter kills, but the spirit brings to life." There are some exacting superiors who are afraid lest they should omit a syllable of the constitutions of their order. For God's sake be calm, both for the good of your monks and your own health.

While you consult me, I must reply in this frank manner: it is not sufficient to allege the dictates of conscience, unless it be enlightened. I embrace you with all my heart, remaining, etc.

ROME, 21 September, 1754.

To Count —.

I would not have you study mathematics, my dear friend, till you were confirmed in the principles of religion. I was afraid that by applying yourself to a science which will admit nothing but what is demonstrative, you would do as many mathematicians do who think of making our mysteries submit to demonstration. Mathematics, extensive as it is, is very limited when we think of what relates to God.

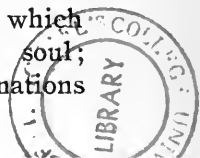
Mathematics will enable you to think

correctly. Without it there is a certain method wanting, which is necessary to direct our thoughts, to arrange our ideas, and to form our judgments. It is easy to perceive in reading a book, even a moral one, whether or not the author possesses a mathematical mind. I am very seldom deceived on this point. The famous French metaphysician, Malebranche, would not have composed his "Inquiry after Truth," nor the famous Leibnitz his "Theodicé," if they had not been mathematicians. We perceive in their productions that geometrical order which brings their arguments into small compass, while giving them energy and method.

Order is delightful; there is nothing in nature but what is stamped with it, and without it there could be no harmony. We may likewise say that mathematics is a universal science which connects all the others and displays them in their happiest relations. The mathematician, at the first look, is sure to analyze and unravel a proposition with precision. But a man who does not understand this science sees only in a vague and almost always imperfect manner. Apply yourself, then, to this great branch of knowledge, so worthy of our cultivation and so necessary to the uses of life; but not in such a way as to throw you into abstraction: try always to be recollected, whatever your studies may be.

If I were as young as you are, and had your leisure, I would acquire a more extensive knowledge of geometry; for I have always cherished that science with a particular predilection. My turn of mind made me eagerly seek everything that was methodical; and I pay but little attention to those works which are only the exercises of the imagination.

We have three principal sciences, which I compare to the three essential parts of the human composition: theology, which by its spirituality resembles our soul; mathematics, which by its concatenations



and exactness expresses our reason; and natural philosophy, which by its varied operations denotes our body. And these three sciences (which ought to maintain a perfect harmony), while they keep within their proper sphere, necessarily elevate us toward their Author, the source and fulness of all light.

I formerly undertook a work, while I was at Ascoli, the object of which was to show the perfect agreement among all the sciences. I pointed out their source, their end, and their relations; but the exercises of the cloister and the lectures I was obliged to give prevented me from finishing it. I still have some fragments, for which I shall search among my papers; and you may read them, if you think they will interest you. There are some ideas and some views; but it is only an outline, which must be filled in by the reader; and you are perfectly competent for the task. Philosophy without geometry is like medicine without chemistry. The greater number of modern philosophers reason inconclusively only because they are unacquainted with geometry. They mistake sophisms for truths; and when they lay down just principles, they are apt to deduce false conclusions from them.

Study alone will not make a man learned, nor will a knowledge of the sciences make a philosopher. We live in an age when high-sounding words impose upon people, and when men think themselves to be geniuses if they only invent a series of singular opinions. Distrust those writers who concern themselves rather with style than matter, and who hazard everything for the sake of exciting surprise. The first opportunity I have, I shall send you a work upon trigonometry; and, if it is necessary, I will prove to you geometrically—that is to say to a demonstration—that I am always your best friend.

ROME, 22 June, 1753.

(To be continued.)

One Stormy Night.

BY MARY CROSS.

A GREY day, with a storm swiftly and surely gathering. Everything seemed to be in commotion—the driving clouds, the swaying trees, the strong wind, the waves rushing violently over the shore. Through the long, straight streets of Fairharbour two young persons were walking, in the throes of a sharp quarrel, each chin at an acute angle of elevation.

"It is not a bit of use talking!" said he. "Girls invariably end by having their own way."

"Not invariably: some *begin* by having it," she replied, with the air of making a large-minded explanation.

"To which latter class you belong?"

"I have never had very much else to take," was the retort.

"A man's heart counts for nothing, of course. 'Pon my word, people who even dream of matrimony must be insane."

"You are not very respectful to your parents, Mr. Walton," said the girl, with dignified reproof. "Fortunately, everyone does not hold such absurd opinions."

"Harry Clifford does not, you mean?"

"I did not mention Mr. Clifford."

"It was not necessary. I know who is your standard of perfection, without any mention of names."

A solemn silence, during which they walked briskly toward a house which hovered on the outskirts of the town in a nest of trees, now rocking wildly in the wind. A tall, thin, elderly man, in a long, elderly coat and a battered garden hat, was just entering; but at the sound of footsteps on the gravel, he looked round with a "Who?" in one eye and a "What?" in the other.

"At last!" he exclaimed, ungraciously. "Really, Kitty, you seem to find a positive pleasure in wasting your own and other people's time."

Kitty passed silently in; and Walton would have followed but Mr. Lyndon stopped him with outstretched hand.

"Good-afternoon!" he said, blandly. "I don't need to detain you any longer. I am very busy. In fact, my time and Kitty's will be fully occupied during the remainder of our stay here. For one thing, Mr. Norris is coming to this neighborhood for a few weeks,—Norris, the author of 'Peripatetic Protoplasms,' you know. He has overworked himself of late, and is coming to Fairharbour to recruit. You can understand that I naturally wish to devote myself as completely as possible to my worthy old friend."

"Certainly. But that need not interfere in the least with my devoting myself completely to Kitty."

Mr. Lyndon coughed, and wrinkled his chin and brow. By a slow, onward movement he had compelled the young man to retreat before him inch by inch down the three red steps to the gravelled path, until they stood in the open air, out of Kitty's hearing.

"I am in a somewhat awkward position, Mr. Walton," he said; "and one that I am sure will command your sympathy. Before we had the great pleasure of knowing you, my ward was sought by Mr. Henry Clifford, a young man for whom I have the highest esteem."

"Indeed?" Walton's tone, like the sky, indicated the approach of a tempest.

"Possibly you are aware that he was an adopted son, and that he was brought up in expectation of inheriting the whole of his reputed father's handsome property. You may also be aware that old Mr. Clifford was said to have died intestate. I, in common with all right-minded, right-thinking people, always held that to have been culpable, cruel neglect and carelessness. It was Clifford's duty to provide for his adopted son, and no cowardly dread of facing the fact that he must one day die should

have held him back from doing so."

"I know that he died without a will, but I have heard a reason other than dread given for it," said Walton, dryly. "Harry Clifford proved himself utterly unworthy: behaved with such shocking ingratitude to his benefactor that he destroyed the will, believing that hard work might prove Harry's salvation. He died intestate of set purpose."

"But, you see, he did not die intestate at all, my dear young friend. I, like the rest of the world, was under the impression that he had done so, and so was obliged to refuse my consent to an engagement between Harry and my ward—or, I should rather say, temporarily to withhold it. Well, only the other day Harry wrote to inform me that Mr. Clifford's will had been found. He himself discovered it hidden away in an old bureau. Every penny has been left to him."

"I hope you are sure of its existence," said Walton, quietly. "From what I know of Harry Clifford, it is safe to say that he wouldn't stick at fabrication to gain his ends. He is in very low water just at present. Indeed, Kitty's money would be a perfect Godsend."

"Allow me to say that Mr. Clifford is to arrive here this evening as my guest; and he is bringing the document itself with him, that I may see it with my own eyes."

"Apparently realizing that his mere word can not be accepted. And then?"

"Well, then the only obstacle to his marriage is removed. He and Kitty will receive my heartfelt blessing."

Walton's complexion had been wavering between white and red; now it settled into vivid crimson.

"You are treating me shamefully!" he declared. "Your conduct can be described only as a piece of matchless hypocrisy. On your own showing, you flung Henry Clifford aside on account of his supposed poverty, though pretending that your

objection was to his character and way of life. He hasn't changed in either: he is just the same as he was when you told me you would not risk defilement by the handling of pitch—he being the pitch. You encouraged me, approved my suit, consented to my wooing Kitty; and now you fling me aside solely because a richer man has appeared. Any other than Clifford would do, provided his income exceeded mine. If that is your idea of honor, I am sorry for you. But I do not choose to be flung aside, Mr. Lyndon. I have made up my mind to win Kitty, and I *will*!”

“Is that a threat?” asked Mr. Lyndon, solemnly.

“As you please to regard it. You have forfeited every claim to my consideration. However, I am much mistaken in Kitty if she will play shuttlecock to your battledoor in this matter.”

The indignant young man strode away in the fast deepening gloom. Mr. Lyndon smiled and went indoors to the cheerful sitting-room, where his ward was already engaged upon some embroidery. She looked surprised, not to say disappointed, when he entered alone.

“Didn’t—wouldn’t Mr. Walton come in?” she inquired.

“Why, my dear, you don’t want him to spend all his time here, surely! I should like very much to have the house to ourselves occasionally.”

Kitty’s head drooped and her cheeks burned. It was the first time that Jack had gone away unreconciled. Was he really angry? The quarrel had been no worse than many another. She indeed had most reason to feel aggrieved; for had he not taunted her with Harry Clifford?

“Can you tell who has had Volume V. of the Encyclopædia, Kitty?” came her guardian’s rasping voice. “I do wonder why, when people have finished with a book, they do not replace it. That sort of lazy untidiness is most reprehensible. Where have you left it, and why didn’t

you put it in its proper place again?”

“You took it to your room last night,” said she, quietly. “Likely it is there yet.”

“Oh—hum! Well—just fetch it for me, my dear.”

Kitty obeyed, with the reflection that woman’s work is never done, because she has to keep interrupting it to wait on some man. When she returned with the book, Mr. Lyndon had found another errand for her.

“See if Jane has the spare room in order, Kitty. Mr. Clifford will arrive this evening. He intends to spend a few days with us.”

“But you told me not to speak to Mr. Clifford—not to have anything to do with him!”

“My dear, I have been deceived in my estimate of poor Harry’s character. He is more sinned against than sinning. Old Mr. Clifford’s will has been found; and, under it, Harry inherits everything. The very fact of the money being left to him proves that he must be less black than he has been painted.”

“Oh!” commented Kitty, expressively; while Mr. Lyndon reddened and frowned.

There was a sudden splash of rain on the window and an angrier uprising of the wind. Mr. Lyndon jerked his chair this way and that, flung one knee over the other and back again, and underwent an attack of what Walton would have called “the grumpy fidgets,” because of the unreasonableness and unseasonableness of the weather. Kitty made another effort toward completing her sewing. Presently was heard a loud step outside, followed by a curiously fumbling knock at the door. The maid opened it, and gave a shriek as a man half-staggered in, leaning against the wall for support. It was Harry Clifford, bare-headed, breathless, panting, beaten by the rain.

“What is the meaning of this?” asked Mr. Lyndon, who had gone to the door on hearing the servant’s scream.

Clifford, however, was past speaking, and only gave an inarticulate gasp. His host, anxious and excited, assisted him to a chair, where he lapsed into a state of semi-consciousness. Restoratives were immediately forthcoming, and he revived sufficiently to be helped into the warm, bright room. Gradually the color returned to his face, and he sat upright, with a deprecating gesture.

"I am sorry to have caused such a commotion," he said; "but the fact is, I have been brutally assaulted."

"Where—when—by whom?" cried Mr. Lyndon.

"Here, now—by—oh, well, I know my assailant!" replied Harry, with a significance that quickened Kitty's pulses.

"I wish you would explain this affair," said Mr. Lyndon, impatiently.

"May I first inquire if you told any one that I was coming here to-night with my father's will?"

"I told Jack Walton. You didn't say that it was a secret."

"I am not finding fault, sir. I can now account for his being on the watch for me. I brought the will with me for you to feast your eyes on, knowing that you would rejoice in my good fortune. As I approached your house, Walton suddenly appeared. He seemed quite friendly, and asked if it was true that a will had been found. I said there wasn't any doubt about that, as I had the document in the bag in my hand. Without warning, he attacked me and left me lying senseless on the road. When I recovered, the bag was gone. The scoundrel had taken it, without doubt."

"What should he do that for?" asked Lyndon, densely.

"Well, his motive is plain enough, I think," replied Harry, bitterly. "By this time the will has ceased to exist. Walton would certainly destroy it at once. And, as my luck will have it, I can't prove that it ever did exist. I hadn't revealed my

change of fortune to a living being but yourself, Mr. Lyndon. If I had only shown the document to my clerk or taken it at once to my lawyer!"

The old gentleman's jaw had dropped; he stood aghast.

"Are you sure you brought it? You might have left it behind by accident."

"I am only too certain I had it with me. And I had it in that bag for safety, instead of letting it take its chance with the rest of the luggage. I couldn't bear it to be out of my possession. That is the irony of fate, if you like. The rubbish will get here safe enough."

"Can't you do anything?" asked Kitty.

"By this time the will is dust and ashes. I shall inform the police to-morrow, though that is a forlorn hope. No one saw the assault committed: thanks to the storm, there wasn't a creature about."

"You are giving Mr. Walton plenty of time to get away," said Kitty, in an expressionless tone.

"He will not do that," replied Clifford: "he will brazen the thing out—probably deny the encounter. I know Jack Walton's little ways."

Mr. Lyndon slowly left the room. For once he felt conquered by circumstance. It was essential that Kitty should marry a rich man,—one who would not insist on her little fortune being handed over to her or accounted for. His position was really trying.

"Well, I didn't intend to make such a sensational appearance," said Clifford. "I am so overjoyed to see you that I can't even realize my loss. By Jove, though, I did not think it of Walton!"

"I thought you said you knew his little ways."

"Are you going to be as unkind as fortune, Kitty? Are you going to be unjust to me in my hour of need?"

"Is it unjust to decline to condemn a man without hearing his defence?"

"What defence can be offered for such

an act?" demanded the other, warmly. "But I suppose you would not believe anything against Walton if an angel came down and told you."

"I should probably not believe that the angel came *down*," she replied; at which he flung himself out of the room, and Kitty was left alone, feeling like a full stop in the middle of a blank page. What a stormy time it was, she thought.

When morning came the tempest had quite exhausted itself, though traces of its course were visible. But the sky was clear, the birds in full chorus, and the sea was "waving a thousand white-handed good-byes" in the sunshine. Harry Clifford looked pale and haggard, and made only a feeble pretence of breakfasting; Mr. Lyndon, not having decided on a course of action, took refuge in silence; Kitty was nervous and preoccupied. Into their presence, without preface or preamble, walked Jack Walton.

"How dare you enter my house, sir?" demanded Mr. Lyndon, in an angry tone; but Kitty quickly laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"I sent for Mr. Walton. I thought it only just that he should have an opportunity of explaining himself."

"You took a great deal on yourself, I must say. Well, Walton, can you explain or justify your assault upon Clifford last night?"

"I like that!" exclaimed Walton. "You should ask Clifford why *he* assaulted me without rhyme or reason. I met him by accident in the road there, and he fell on me like a foot-pad. I admit that I gave him a good thrashing, but not a bit more than he deserved for his attack on me in the first place."

"What did I tell you?" Clifford asked of Kitty. "It is a delightfully plausible tale, Jack. Doubtless you will say next that I robbed you."

"Your conduct doesn't need any embellishment," retorted Walton.

"But do you deny that you robbed Mr. Clifford?" asked the old gentleman, in magisterial tones.

"Of what? His character? I shouldn't think any one would want to do that."

"Oh, what is the use of beating about the bush!" cried Clifford. "Of course you will deny it, and of course I can't prove it; but you knew through Mr. Lyndon that I was bringing my father's will here last night. You deliberately waylaid me and robbed me of it. You knew that I was too poor to marry without Mr. Clifford's money, and so you designed to rob me of my fortune and my wife at one blow."

Jack Walton smiled sardonically; Mr. Lyndon hemmed and hawed, wondering which side he could the more profitably espouse. The maid opened the door and announced Mr. Norris,—a middle-aged, high-dried gentleman, clinging fondly to a small brown bag. He saluted Kitty and Mr. Lyndon, and extended an eager hand to Clifford.

"Ah, my young fellow-traveller!" said he. "I hope my stupidity has not caused you any inconvenience?"

"I don't understand you, sir," replied Clifford, in amazement.

Mr. Norris turned to his host.

"Another of your old friend's blunders, Lyndon. Last evening I had the pleasure of travelling from the city with this young man; and, in the bustle and confusion of leaving the train, actually appropriated a portion of his luggage—this little brown bag. I discovered my mistake too late to rectify it last night, but I came here as promptly as possible this morning. Fortunately, he chanced to mention your name, and I guessed you would be able to tell me where to find him.—Greatly pleased to restore your property, sir, and very glad to get my own again. You see, it contains the MS. of my forthcoming volume. It is exactly like this; hence the mistake.—I took his and he took mine, you see, Lyndon."

Then, with a smile, he deposited the bag on the table.

"That is not mine," said Clifford, after a moment's pause.

"Oh, I think it must be! There was no one but ourselves in the compartment, you remember."

"We can settle the point by opening the bag," said Walton, rather amused. "Will you hand over the key, Clifford?"

"How can I have the key when the thing doesn't belong to me? You have no right whatever, Jack Walton, to meddle with another man's property."

"I'll take the responsibility," replied Walton, calmly.

He sought and found a poker, and with one blow smashed the lock. The bag contained a book, and some handkerchiefs marked H. Clifford; nothing more. The name of Henry Clifford was stamped on the lining.

"There is no will here," said Walton. "Perhaps Mr. Norris has appropriated it." But Clifford had gone.

"So you knew me better, Kitty?" said Walton, later in the day. "Of course the will never had any existence. He would have played the game of being assaulted and robbed anyhow, pitching his bag into the sea to be washed up empty; but when he saw me alone and unobserved, he elaborated his scheme. You were to dismiss me with a serious stain upon my character, and to marry him out of compassion. All's well that ends well. You are my Kitty,—'a poor thing, but mine own.'"

"And you are my Jack,—a poorer thing, but mine owner. Let us hope Mr. Norris' MS. will come ashore all right."

"As for that, if there is anything in the theory of like to like, it is certain to find a dry spot."

A Great Example.

THERE was much in the life of the late Sir Stuart Knill that would have made him an example to Catholics in any country and an ornament of the Church in any age. A shrewd man of business, he found time, while amassing a vast fortune, for his visit to the Blessed Sacrament, his regular frequent Communion, his extra weekday Mass, and the little sanctities of daily life. A man of great responsibilities, he preserved a cheerful, placid demeanor under interruptions and irritations, ever scrupulously discharging the duties of father and friend,—hospitable, kindly and generous; promptly responsive to every call of charity. A man of the world, he took a knightly pride in professing before men his loyalty to the old Mother Church; and when his blushing honors crowded fullest upon him—when he had risen to the highest municipal office in the British Empire,—he went to visit the Catholic college in which he was educated, and asked as a favor to be permitted to serve the students' Mass, as he had done in his boyhood days.

His life, we repeat, would have been an honor to the Church in any age and in any country; but there are reasons why his example is especially valuable in this country and at this time. When Stuart Knill was chosen Lord Mayor of London, there would have been few to reproach him had he strained a point to prove to Englishmen that a Catholic "might be trusted" with the dearest interests of the people; that Catholics are not prigs nor hide-bound bigots; and that the rules of social, official and even religious intercourse, which Protestants call tyrannous, are susceptible of a wide and easy interpretation. Strictly speaking, he was the first Catholic Lord Mayor since the Reformation. There were many reasons and numerous circumstances

which would justify him, as the Mayor of "the largest and most Protestant city in the world," in straining a point to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of good people, who, not understanding the fine points of theology, requested him to attend heretical services merely in his official capacity.

Stuart Knill had served only a few months in office when it was suggested that, following the example of other Lord Mayors, he ought to attend the official services in St. Paul's [Protestant] Cathedral. "If he had been a man accustomed to insincerities or ready to pay lip-service for pottage," says the *Tablet*, "there was a precedent ready to suggest that he might easily compromise with his conscience. He might have explained that his attendance in a Protestant place of worship was purely formal; that, while his body was present, his heart was absent. But that sort of poor doubleness was absolutely alien to the simple straightforwardness that had marked all his life. He looked the temptation straight in the eyes, and then, to his eternal honor, announced with all courteousness, but unmistakable firmness, that he would not deviate from Catholic usage, or stoop to subterfuge to pick up the highest honor which London can bestow."

Before his election, there had been a mighty howl against the candidacy of a Catholic for the ancient and honorable position of Lord Mayor. He had been severely catechised by the bigots as to the course he should follow in matters of religion in case he were elected. He had not flinched then, but answered that, whether as mayor or as merchant, he would ever remain an uncompromising Catholic. It was not for him, who had stood with such superb constancy during the trying times of a campaign, to waver now that he actually wore the robes of office; and the public letter in which he announced his decision has the ring of

the old Catholic metal that makes Sir Thomas More an everlasting example. His words are precious. "It may perhaps be argued," he wrote, "that I might be present materially and passively, without taking any part in the service. That might be so. But, without reverting to what I have said already as to the insincerity of such a presence, how would such fine distinctions between a material and a religious presence be received and understood by the English people? It is also necessary to consider the case of multitudes in workhouses and other institutions, of governesses and servants, and others who feel in conscience bound to suffer, and even to give up their situations, rather than attend religious services in which they can not conscientiously take part. No! It would never do for a Lord Mayor of London to avail himself of a subtle distinction such as this, which would be widely misunderstood, while it would be without the poor excuse of having been adopted under dire necessity."

The effect of his manly adhesion to principle upon the public mind can hardly be imagined at this distance of time and space. Grumbling there was among many, and hard words from the narrow-minded; but it is safe to say that the best people of Protestant London were proud of their fearless and conscientious Lord Mayor. And when Stuart Knill went a step farther, and at a public banquet proposed as the first toast "The Pope and the Queen"—giving to the Holy Father the precedence which of right was his,—there was none to question his loyalty, though there were many (the bigots again) to question his taste. His manhood had partially won even them; for when his term as Mayor had expired, this stout Catholic was chosen alderman of an important ward in London; and public respect for him was further demonstrated when, at the same election, his son was chosen alderman of another ward. Certainly the Queen herself

took no umbrage at his public preference for the Pope: she signalized his retirement from the mayoralty by conferring on him the honor of knighthood.

A knightly soul he was, and a wholesome example for us who live in an atmosphere of heresy and compromise. Let American Catholics learn from this great man that a rigid interpretation of duty is no bar to the esteem of all whose good opinion is worth having; that to be a "trimmer" in matters of conscience is to lower one's flag and to trade in one's manhood; that good Protestants respect good Catholics the more because they have old-fashioned, ultramontane views about frequenting sectarian conventicles; and, finally, that, even in the eyes of worldly men, fidelity to private conscience is the surest guarantee of fidelity to public trust.

Advent Images.

IN parts of the north of England a most singular custom is still observed during the week before Christmas. This is the carrying about of what are called "Advent images"—two statuettes, one dressed to represent the Infant Saviour, the other the Blessed Virgin. The bearers of these are poor women, who expect, and generally receive, a half-penny from each house visited; and in return for the coin they sing a carol—usually one about the joys of Mary, of which the last verse runs in this wise:

The next good joy that Mary had it was the joy of
seven :
To see her own Son Jesus to wear the crown of
heaven.

After bigotry had banished devotion to Our Lady, there was but one image carried around—that of Our Divine Lord. This was placed in a box of evergreens and flowers, from which any one was bidden to pluck a leaf. The old women who bore about the effigy sang a long

song of many stanzas, the quaintness of which is shown by these few lines:

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

It was thought unlucky if one's house was not visited by the image-bearers, or if one declined to give the half-penny. "As unhappy as the man who has seen no Advent images," was once a common saying in Yorkshire.

Notes and Remarks.

It is, of course, too much to hope that all those who considered our war with Spain perfectly just and absolutely necessary will modify their views, now that peace is restored and excitement allayed. There are persons who never change their minds on any subject. But we notice that not a few of our leading citizens now see the stirring events of last summer in a light very different from that in which they first viewed them. The President's message will have the effect of opening the eyes of many more. It is a labored effort to justify a war that every sane man must sooner or later regard as unjustifiable, and to shift the responsibility of its inevitably disastrous consequences.

The need of a standing army of 100,000 men is now generally admitted; but it is a significant fact that recruiting was never more slow than at present. The ardor of the patriot has cooled. We shall have to fight the gentle savages of the Philippines yet; and those who were so eager to arm them will not be so ready to fight them. It may be a long time before we enjoy peaceful possession of our Asiatic provinces. And the acquisition of Cuba and Hawaii may have a result little dreamed of now, if at the next presidential election the citizens of the United States find themselves divided into imperialists and non-imperialists. The change in our attitude toward the rest of the world must effect changes among ourselves. There are crises in every human organization. The crisis for us will be when the nation begins

to expand in wrong directions. A republican form of government has weak points as well as strong points, and both should be studied by voters as well as by statesmen.

The National Christian Association, which represents seventeen denominations, constitutes a powerful opposition to secret societies. The grounds upon which it bases its reasons for combating this great and growing evil are solid and well chosen:—1. Because oath-bound organizations are declared to be formed on a basis so necessarily broad as to exclude the idea of Christ as the world's only Redeemer; 2. Because they substitute in their claims, and in the minds of many of their membership, the secret society for the Christian Church; 3. Because of the relation of the obligations of these secret orders to the oaths and decisions of courts.

Among the strongest opponents of secret societies, be it remembered, was a President of the United States—President Millard Fillmore,—who said of the Masonic fraternity: "It tramples upon our rights, defeats the administration of justice, and bids defiance to every government which it can not control."

As the season of peace and good-will is near, we may hope that the Rev. Dr. Lee's article in the *Nineteenth Century* will receive the thoughtful reading which it merits. Dr. Lee, as our readers are aware, is an Anglican of the kind called Catholic-minded. For many years his lofty mind and his untiring energies have been spent in bringing Anglican forms and practices nearer to those of the Church. The concluding sentences of his article have a note of pathos which will appeal to all who have read and admired his contributions to this magazine. We quote:

To many an Anglican, his own church, instead of being his guide and protector and a permanent blessing, is his greatest trial. He is always criticising and proposing to mend it, ever complaining of its action, and never satisfied with its deeds. He himself, ever fussing, has to pass through a crisis every six or nine months, and to face serious agitations for change or reform almost every summer and winter; while constructionists are refused any hearing, only reformers being listened to. Moreover and lastly, the worn-out old clothes of such

reformers as Cranmer and Calvin, Luther and Wesley, are now not worth wearing. The phantasies and shibboleths of the people who from time to time have assumed them, and whose successors still prate and attitudinize as of old, are gone or are going the way of all flesh,—human voices, false teaching, arrogant assertions, and misleading guides. Again: Ritual without sound doctrine is of course a mere pietistic and theatrical display, where sentimentalists gather and dreamers dream; while when nourishment for the smitten soul is sought for from the Evangelicals, they have exceedingly little to recommend—mainly mild emotion, justification by faith only, and subjective hymns. And, finally, as the observation of onlookers and experience teach, the weary and waiting followers of Broad Churchmen find the utter inadequacy and moral worthlessness of the food their teachers offer, little else than spiritual cinders and sawdust.

The Anglican bishop of Honolulu, Dr. Willis, has come out with a belated protest against the annexation of Hawaii, and he takes a novel ground. Uncle Sam's inordinate fondness for Sandwiches means, of course, the annexation of the Anglican communion there to the Protestant Episcopal denomination here; and the bishop doesn't like the name of his American brothers. He says that *Protestant Episcopal* in Hawaiian is *Bishopa Hoole Pope*, which literally means "Pope-denying Episcopal"; and he believes that the adoption of such a title would be "fatal to any further progress among the Hawaiians, and equally fatal to any extension in the Pacific." There may be much in a name, after all.

In conferring the Montyon prizes for "heroic virtue" this year, the director of the French Academy, M. Loti-Viaud, did something unusual: in his introductory address he quoted from the Bible, the selection being St. Paul's eulogy of charity. The first prize was conferred on Father Joseph, a Barnabite, distinguished for his services as military chaplain in the war of 1870, and for heroic work done during an epidemic at Ulm. Another title to the honor paid him by the Academy was his care for the orphans of Geneva, whom religious intolerance afterward compelled him to leave. However, with his patrimony of 300,000 francs he bought a little farm on the French frontiers, and

soon had all the children with him again. No one will question the fitness of the honor bestowed on Father Joseph; and all will hope that the members of the Academy, having set the seal of their approval upon Christian charity, may yet come to value at its true worth another theological virtue—faith, from which charity springs.

We like to think that many Americans read with deep regret the President's reference to the destruction of the *Maine* in his message to the Senate and House of Representatives; and that the jingo senators and congressmen were not all pleased to be reminded of their action, at a moment when so much depended on the ascendancy of reason or of passion. Mr. McKinley was justified in stating that the finding of the board of inquiry established that the origin of the explosion was external by a submarine mine; but in adding that the members of the board "only halted, through lack of positive testimony, to fix the responsibility of its authorship," he must have known that every intelligent reader would naturally supply the words "on Spain" in order to complete the sense. Our government did not dare to charge the Spaniards with that crime, because there was no way of proving it; but we undeniably acted on the conviction that they were guilty of it. At this late day Spain might safely admit the responsibility of the catastrophe if it were hers; but, on the contrary, she still disclaims it with indignation. Under these circumstances it was anything but magnanimous to refer to the matter in an official message. "It is good to have a giant's power; but, oh, it is tyrannous to use it like a giant!"

The usefulness of refined humor as a weapon of controversy has often been demonstrated by the editorial page of the *Pilot*. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the editor of that readable journal, has employed his favorite weapon with good effect in his new book, "Her Majesty the King," which includes a mild satire on the manner in which the late war was carried on. We quote one

paragraph, the point of which will be plain especially to members of the A. P. A.:

The Sultan had great confidence also in the reserves, composed of various military and civil organizations distinguished for the splendor of their uniforms and the vociferousness of their patriotism in time of peace. As it happened, their reserve was so pronounced and shrinking in its character that it kept them from thrusting themselves to the front in time of war. Patriotic orders, which had vowed to die for their country many a time, did not forget their vows when the dread ordeal came; but, on the contrary, with a fortitude unequalled in history, chose the most lingering death that a patriot might suffer, and voted unanimously to die of old age for the land which they loved so well and so wisely. For, as they truly said: The ignorant soldier goes and dies for his country, and thereby ends his usefulness to the country; but we who stay at home live to devote ourselves to the country's service in any capacity, however lucrative. Bismillah! they were wise in their generation.

It is an American trait to scoff at tradition, and to hold the printed word, however lightly written, superior to the testimony that is hoarded in the memory and the reverence of a whole nation. But sometimes tradition so approves itself against recent, reckless writing, that even those who were wont to scoff are constrained to believe. A good case in point is furnished by the *London Spectator*, in reviewing a new and learned study of Christian Rome:

It is no longer the right thing to believe that St. Peter never was in Rome; that St. Paul was buried anywhere but under the altar of S. Paolo fuori le Mura. Archaeologists, with Lanciani at their head, have decided that the old Christian story of Rome is probably true, after all: that St. Peter's dust lies untouched under the golden cross of Constantine, and that St. Paul's very tombstone may be seen and touched at S. Paolo. It is rather curious that the verifying of these and other traditions should be one of the results of the changes which have so entirely altered the ancient character of the city of Rome. But this may serve to show that historical Christianity need have no fear of modern research.

The "Bible Christian," who looks with compassion on us Catholics because we take our faith from the Unwritten as well as the Written Word, might easily find other (even if lesser) illustrations of the tenacity of tradition. It is well known, for instance, that when doubt is thrown on the text of the ancient religious books of India, scholars

go, not to the ancient manuscripts, but to the Hindoo priests, who know the sacred writings by heart, having learned them *from the lips* of the older priests. And in the newest memoir of Bismarck it is told that the Count and the Emperor, walking in the imperial gardens one day, saw a sentinel posted in the middle of the square without apparent reason. After many inquiries it was learned that, years before, the German Empress had discovered an early primrose blooming on that spot, and had sent a soldier to save it from being plucked. The flower lived only a few weeks, but that was long enough to establish a tradition; and ever afterward, until the Emperor and Bismarck interfered, a sentinel was stationed at that place.

There are times when our estranged brethren appreciate the "oneness" of the Catholic Church. Statistics published lately show the membership of twenty-one different Protestant denominations in Japan alone; whereupon the *Michigan Christian Advocate* comments: "If the twenty-one could be merged into the one, and there be one Christian church in Japan!" It is a great step toward religious unity when its necessity is recognized by sectarians. Protestants are a much divided host, and they are now beginning to see it themselves.

Many reasons have been assigned for Emperor William's visit to the Holy Land, but it is now certain that his Imperial Majesty entered upon his pilgrimage in a spirit of austere penance. According to one report, he invited two hundred grave Lutheran ministers to accompany him on his now famous journey.

The editor of the *Angelus*, published at Belize, British Honduras, notes an interesting coincidence in connection with Archbishop Chapelle's appointment as Apostolic Delegate to Cuba. He had an uncle who was a bishop in the West Indies, and had determined to go there as a missionary. The death of his uncle changed his plans, however, and he came to the United States instead. Here he

finished his ecclesiastical studies and was ordained. His appointment to the see of New Orleans rendered it extremely unlikely that he would ever leave the country of his adoption; but now, after many years, his early aspiration after work in the West Indies is to be realized; but "in an exalted manner that the young priest of thirty years ago little dreamed of."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Edward Reichenberger, O. S. B., who passed away on the 4th inst., at St. Meinrad, Ind.; and the Rev. Edward Sheridan, of the Diocese of Kilmore, Ireland, lately deceased.

Mr. John F. Hunold, of Trenton, N. J., who departed this life on the 27th ult.

Mr. Leo Lamm, whose happy death took place on the 26th ult., at Mankato, Minn.

Mr. John Weil, Mrs. Mary Hebrank, and Mr. Thomas Hughes, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. T. C. Webster, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Catherine Kehoe, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Dorcas Fagan, Wallingford, Conn.; Catherine Shay, Libbie, Ida, and Jennie Mahoney, Rose Brant, Margaret and Jennie Murphy, John, Mary and Annie McGuinness, Anthony and Eliza Mullane, Teresa and Isabel Burke,—all of Erie, Pa.; Agnes Needham and Anne Bodkin, Ireland; Miss Margaret Murray, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. John Devlin, Mary Lynch, Mr. John Kelley, Mr. Frank Lynch, Mr. Frank Reynolds, James and Catherine Murphy, and Lucy Flood,—all of New York city; Miss Ellen Splann, Mrs. William Kloth, Mrs. M. Thompson, Mrs. J. Fuery, Mary Walsh, Mary and Michael Somerville, Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, Miss Anne Levens, Mr. D. Keleher, Mrs. James Callaghan, Mr. Joseph Copps, Mr. John Flynn, William and Ellen McGlorin,—all of Galena, Ill.; also Mr. Bernard O'Kane, Rochester, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.
ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Sisters at Nagpur, India:

—, \$10.50; C. O'N., \$10; B. S., \$2; in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$5; A. F. R., \$2; A Friend, \$1. To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: A Friend, \$2.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Model Boy.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

THERE were no better parish-ioners in St. Peter's parish than the Gavans. They were poor and lived by the sweat of their brows,—at least Michael Gavan and his wife worked, and worked very hard. The two children, Thomas and Mary Elizabeth, were not helpers to the family support. Mary Elizabeth was only six, and could not do anything but be a good, obedient little girl. Tommy was ten, and might have sold papers or been a messenger boy or a bootblack, but his parents wanted him to get a little learning into his hard, round head before he took up the struggle with the world.

Then something happened that changed things in the Gavan family a great deal. Michael Gavan fell from a scaffolding on which he was at work and was killed. When his poor wife was told the awful news, the first consoling thought that came into her mind was that her husband had been to Holy Communion the day before; then she looked at Tommy and his small sister, with the reflection that the care of the children now fell on her alone. It helped her to dry her eyes and take up life's duties again, despite the ache in her heart.

It was a hard thing for the good woman to take Tommy away from the Brothers' school, when he was getting on so well in his studies; but there was no choice in

the matter. Happily, her son realized the situation, and was glad of a chance to help his mother and make life lighter for her and Mary Elizabeth. He felt a fine pride in taking his father's place in the family. He became a newsboy.

Tim Morrisson, who was fifteen and a veteran in the business, gave Tommy a lot of points about his new calling. He 'put him on to' the best places for selling "extras," and gave him good ideas as to the way of approaching people so that they would buy a paper. Tommy had a great deal of his father about him. He was wiry, and went straight ahead with a determination to "get there." He had natural gifts and a big streak of common-sense. These helped him to pick up the true inwardness of selling newspapers almost more than all Tim Morrisson's wise advice. He had a good-natured face, which was always clean; and his clothes looked neat, even if they were worn and patched. So when a man heard his cheery voice and saw his serious but alert countenance, the chance was that he would buy a paper even if he had not specially wished for one.

Tommy was one of the first on hand for the papers. He waited patiently in the basement of the big, towering buildings; and had the thick pile of moist papers, fresh from the press, over his arm half a minute after the man had shoved them toward him with the words, "Here are your papers. Twenty-five." For Tommy had not been in business very long before he took as many papers to sell as Tim Morrisson did; and he

seldom had any to bring back. The boy was more than repaid for his earnest efforts to make a success of his calling by the warm gratitude of his mother and the sense that he was lifting some of the burden from her shoulders.

After Tommy had been at his work about a fortnight, he was waiting one evening, with the crowd of newsboys, in the basement for the "extra" with the baseball news in it, when he caught Tim Morrisson's eye fixed on him in an inquiring way. It almost seemed as if Tim had remarked something peculiar about Tommy and was trying to find out what it was.

"What is it—what's the matter, Tim?" he said, edging toward him, but taking care not to lose his place in the line.

"Yer jest see me after we get through the rush with the 'extras,'" said Tim, wisely; "and I guess I can put yer on to a good thing."

Tommy was eager to get "on to" all the good things he could, because it meant so much more help for the family. When the pile of papers on his arm had thinned down to three or four, he ran around to Broadway, where Tim conducted business, and, coming up to him, inquired:

"What's the good thing, Tim?"

"Why, kid," said the older boy, as he looked at Tommy with some importance, "how would yer like to make half a dollar or so, now and then, for jest doin' almost nothin'?"

There was no doubt in Tommy's mind that he wanted to earn a half dollar or a quarter or a dime. But the fact that money is earned by doing something was so deeply impressed upon him that he replied to Tim, a little doubtingly:

"There isn't anybody that will give you money unless you work for it. What do you mean, Tim?"

"I know a man that will give yer money jest to stand around as he waits yer to, and keep still. Wouldn't yer

call that gettin' money for not doin' anything?" said Tim.

It did sound uncommonly like it. But, even so, the prospect was not as alluring to Tommy as Tim evidently thought it would be. "Standing still" had never been his strong point. That was not the kind of "standing" the men of the Gavan family strove for. Sitting still at school, when he had his studies to help him to be quiet, had been a strain on Tommy. But he was sincerely anxious to make a success as a business man, and he felt that Tim had not told all there was in this new and mysterious scheme of his. So he said to him, seriously:

"What makes him pay anybody to stand still for?"

"Why, yer see—Paper, sir? Baseball extra? New Yorks and Philadelphias?—yer see," Tim went on, as he slipped the cent into his pocket and hitched his pile of papers up under his arm, "he keeps yer standin' jest as if yer were goin' to do somethin', only yer never do it—see? And then he paints yer on a piece of cloth," he concluded.

All this only deepened the mystery for Tommy Gavan. What did a man want a picture of a newsboy for, any way,—especially a newsboy that he didn't know?

"What does he do with the pictures after he gets them?" he asked.

"Oh, I hear that he sells 'em for big money! I'm givin' it to yer straight," Tim added; for Tommy smiled incredulously. Every new explanation of Tim's seemed to require an explanation for itself. "What do yer care what he does with 'em, if ye're gettin' good money for an easy job?" Tim went on, a little impatiently. "I'm givin' it to yer all right. If yer go and stand for him, he'll give yer fifty cents an hour. Sometimes he wants yer to stand half a dozen times for one picture. *I've* stood for him. But he wants a smaller boy. I'm tellin' yer 'cause I'm yer friend. I can get plenty of

fellers that'll jump at such a snap," said Morrisson, rather hurt at Tommy's lack of enthusiasm and the distrustful attitude he showed toward him. He was old enough to know what he was talking about, and a "kid" ought to believe him.

"Of course, Tim, you know I'd like to make the money fast enough," replied Tommy, seeing that the dignity of the older boy was hurt. "But what'll I have to do?"

"I'll take yer to the man next Sunday and yer can see for yerself. I know the kind o' boy he wants, and I think ye're jest the ticket."

"All right!" said Tommy.

He talked it over with his mother that night. Mrs. Gavan was as much in the dark as her son; but she knew Tim Morrisson, and felt that Tommy's own good common-sense would help him. She thought that people who had their pictures painted by artists paid them for doing it, and she did not understand why *they* should get paid for it.

But Sunday morning they all went to the seven o'clock Mass; and after Mrs. Gavan had wet and brushed Tommy's hair very smoothly and put on his best collar and neck-tie, she sent him off to meet Tim Morrisson. Tommy's Sunday trousers had been made from a pair of his father's; and, as Mrs. Gavan had left room for Tommy to grow in them, they were not the closest fit in the world.

Morrisson took Tommy to a curious brick building on West Tenth Street. The two boys went up three flights of stairs and then into a large room, the like of which Tommy had never seen in his life. The greater part of one side seemed to be windows, and yet the glass in them was of a kind that let the light in but could not be seen through. There were a number of paintings on the wall and some drawings.

One of the pictures represented a group of newsboys and bootblacks crowding

around a candle-box, stood on end. On the box was a pretty fox terrier holding out his paw; while one of the newsboys, who was his master, held his forefinger raised threateningly at him so as to make him keep it up.

"That's *me!*" exclaimed Tim, nudging Tommy and speaking in a whisper as he indicated this boy. Tommy had already recognized him, as the likeness was a very good one.

"Yes, but you haven't got any dog," Tommy whispered back.

"'Course I ain't," answered Morrisson. "He picked up the dog to paint, just like he did me."

The artist was a medium-sized man, thick-set, and with heavy eyebrows, and a thick, bushy beard of a yellowish grey. He looked at Tommy a moment through his steel-bowed spectacles.

"You'll do, my boy, first rate," he said in a loud but kind voice, which Tommy liked. "Will you come and stand for me to paint you?"

"What for?" asked Tommy, seriously.

The artist laughed outright at this.

"I don't know myself yet," he replied, looking at the honest little chap with new interest. "For anybody who will pay me my price," he went on.

"I guess nobody'll care for *my* picture," Tommy added, modestly.

"I'll take my chance on that," the artist answered, still smiling. "You won't be out anything, anyhow. I'll pay you half a dollar an hour to pose. Will you come some day?"

"What's posing?"

"Simply standing still, as I put you, while I paint you."

Tommy expressed his willingness, and the day and hour were agreed upon.

"When you come," observed the artist, looking at Tommy's "best clothes" rather discouragingly, "wear your old things. The older they are, the better. You'll feel more comfortable, and I will be better

suited. And don't brush your hair. In fact, you needn't wash your face and hands. Can you remember all that?"

Tommy said he could. There was no danger that he would forget such funny directions. But he had serious doubts as to whether his mother would let him come in that way. He thought the man was very queer.

His mother was quite as surprised as Tommy had expected her to be, and felt that he had made some mistake. What could he mean? Want to paint a ragged, dirty-looking boy, instead of a neatly dressed and clean one?

"If he's going to put your name on it, it doesn't seem right," she remarked, in a distressed tone.

When Tommy returned home after his first experience in the "stoodier," as Tim Morrisson called the big room, he had such strange things to tell his mother and Mary Elizabeth that the whole business seemed more ridiculous than ever.

"He asked me if I could stand on my hands, and got me to do it for him to look at. Then he said that was the way I am to be taken, and that I was a very good subject."

"My gracious, Tommy!" exclaimed his mother. "It doesn't seem as if he was in his right mind. Wanting you to come in your dirty clothes, and not wash your face nor comb your hair; and, then, to ask you to walk on your hands! And to say you were a good subject, just as if he was a king! I hope he didn't keep you standing that way long, with the blood all rushing to your head?" she added, with motherly solicitude.

"Oh, no, mother!" answered Tommy. "He fixed that all right. He made me get up on a platform and lie down on my stomach, and then stick my feet up in the air."

"It isn't a high platform, is it?" asked Mrs. Gavan, with a new cause for alarm. The thought of a scaffolding was a most

terrifying one to her ever since Mr. Gavan had made her a widow by fall from one. Was it possible that her dear little boy was being led into danger under the pretext of having his picture taken? That would explain why the man was willing to give him such good wages.

Tommy laughed.

"Why, mother," he said, "it is a little bit of a platform, not a foot high. There ain't anything hard about the posing"—Tommy was a little proud of that professional word—"except the keeping just so for so long. But he makes it as easy for me as he can. After he had fixed my legs the way he wanted them to go, he tied them up to something with a piece of clothes-line, so that they would stay easy without my holding them up myself. He kept me that way about an hour, and then he untied me and told me to rest—after I'd been resting all the time!" ejaculated Tommy, with some disdain.

"Aren't your legs tired?" sighed Mrs. Gavan. She knew, poor woman! how her back ached over the wash-tub; and the mention of the clothes-line had set her mind at work in that direction.

Tommy assured her that it was an "awful easy job,"—all except keeping still so long. This did not have a bad effect on his mother's imagination, as she did not have so much rest that the thought of being in repose worried her. The bright half dollar was a good, strong argument for the boy's lying on the platform with his legs in the air in that foolish way. There was nothing silly about the half dollar.

"The man says I am a model," added Tommy, after he had quieted all her doubts and fears.

"That you are, for a small boy like you: taking hold and helping your mother and little sister like a real man. And why shouldn't I say it—/ who am your mother,—when Father Doyle said it? It's to the credit of this queer man that he

found that out so soon," exclaimed Mrs. Gavan, fervently.

"Oh, it isn't that kind he means! If you stand while somebody paints you, then you're a model."

Later on, in his professional career in the art world, Tommy had to lie on the platform and put his hands on the floor just as he put them when he walked on them. No boy can stand on his hands for more than a few minutes at a time, and so the artist had to get them in this way. He was certainly very considerate, for he put a cushion under Tommy's stomach for him to lie on.

In course of time the painting was done. Tommy's labors for it were over before those of the artist were; for there were fourteen newsboys and bootblacks in the picture. One of them was walking on his hands, and the rest of them were looking on and admiring him. The hero of the scene, this urchin walking so gracefully on his hands, was Tommy Gavan, done to the life. The artist kindly permitted him to bring his mother to see it. She was very proud to behold such a faithful portrait of her dear boy in so large a painting. She declared openly her regret that Tommy's father had not lived to see it, too.

Mrs. Gavan could not understand why the artist should want to paint newsboys and bootblacks—

"Just as you see them everyday in the street," she said to Tommy; "and not even as neat as they might be. He has the patch in your pants showing so that everybody has to see it; and he could have easily turned them another way, or let you wear those nice ones made out of your father's."

Mrs. Gavan is not the only person in the world who does not grasp all there is in a picture. Nor could she ever get it out of her head that Tommy was the artist's "model" because he was such a model boy in his conduct.

Tommy figured in a good many of these street scenes; though after some time, like Tim Morrisson, he got too big to figure as a boy. But the same artist did pictures of little girls dancing on the sidewalks, or looking at an organ-grinder, and the like. When he heard of Mary Elizabeth, he got her to come and pose. She turned out to be just as model a girl—or, I should say, a girl model—as her brother had been a boy model.

The only way Tommy Gavan got over being a model boy was by becoming a model man. Mrs. Gavan gets more rest nowadays than she used to, and the home is better stored with comforts than it was in times gone by. Tommy got over walking on his hands; but he is not through walking on his feet, and it is always in the direction of success.

Waits.

In London, and indeed all over England, boys called "waits" go about during the nights preceding Christmas, singing carols or playing wind-instruments, and expecting a gratuity from the residents of the houses which they visit.

At first the wait was a sort of court page, receiving his pay partly in money and partly in board. And he was a minstrel as well, a portion of whose duty was to guard the streets and cry the hour. There is a curious record which tells us about "a wayte that nightelye, from Mychelmas to Shreve Thorsdaye, pipethe the watche withen this courte fower tymes." He always ate "in the halle with mynstrielles," and was allowed every night "a loffe, a galone of alle, candles, and a bushel of coles." If he was sick he could have two "loffes," a "messe of great meate," and more "alle." The recorder, it seems, had no settled rule for spelling: sometimes speaking of "waights" as well as "waits." One of the duties of these

waits was to attend the knights elect as they watched all night in the chapel, receiving the clothing worn at that time as a recompense.

In Scotland there were, three centuries ago, waits who were wandering minstrels, roaming about from town to town, and clothed in blue coats at public expense. There are to this day a lot of old blind men known as waits, who go about every night in December playing on their violins the ancient Scottish melodies.

Waits have a sort of official recognition in London. They usually have a very pretty collection of carols, with which they make the air vocal. One of their favorites runs thus:

God rest ye, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

In rural England bands of children go about on Christmas Eve singing these carols in their sweet voices. It is a very charming sight to see these little people, two or three of them carrying lanterns, singing the touching hymns which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers sang before them.

Herding in the Air.

Between the Gironde and the Pyrenees there is a long stretch of arid land which skirts the Bay of Biscay. The soil is so sandy that nothing will grow except some thin grass, and the inhabitants have all they can do to get enough to eat. The herding of sheep and cattle is their only occupation; but this is a very difficult one to follow, on account of the great number of shallow lakes that dot the sand, and thus render walking practically impossible.

This is the reason why the people—men, women and children—all go about on stilts, and hardly know any other means of locomotion. Two of these stilts

are much like those upon which the boy readers of this article are often fond of walking; but the third is provided with a seat, which the herder mounts, never growing tired or restless.

Boys are taught to use stilts almost as soon as they can walk, and quickly learn to be very proficient in the strange accomplishment, going swiftly and in perfect safety over the barren sand and shallow lakes. Of course the herding of animals does not require much change of position; and, in order to pass the hours away, the shepherd boys must have some employment. So they knit the long woollen stockings which they wear; and they can knit quite as well as they can walk on stilts. At times they get sleepy, and then they neither watch nor knit, but settle themselves to take a little nap, like a bird in a tree, without falling off their airy perch.

At noon, luncheon is brought to the shepherd usually by his sister or mother; and this he eats without coming down to the ground. His dog is a great help to him, being so trained that he will go any distance, in any kind of weather, to bring home a sheep or cow that has strayed from the herd.

By the time the boy gets to be an old man he has almost forgotten how to use his feet as other people do, and thinks it a great hardship if he has to get on without the beloved two sticks which have been his constant companions so long. Put him on stilts, however, and he never grows weary.

These shepherd people are very gentle and very good; and if they have not the abilities of more worldly persons, it is pleasant to be able to say that they have few of their vices. There might be more unhappy lives than those spent upon stilts on the shore of the Bay of Biscay.

WHEN "I cry that I sin" is transposed, it is clear
My resource, "Christianity," soon will appear.

With Authors and Publishers.

—There are three new holiday books of which it will be quite sufficient to mention the names: "The Tales Tim Told Us," by Mrs. Mary E. Mannix; "Peasants in Exile" (For Daily Bread), by Sienkiewicz, translated by C. O'Connor Eccles; and "A Cruise Under the Crescent," by Charles Warren Stoddard. All three of these books are in holiday dress and are sold at popular prices.

—The Oliver Ditson Co. has published "The Banner of the Sea," by H. G. Ganss, words by Homer Greene. This is the famous song for which a prize was offered by *Truth*, of Scranton, Pa. The stirring and patriotic words are set to appropriate music, and the song is well adapted to cheer the heart and satisfy the ear of the musician. It has, as its name indicates, a decided nautical flavor.

—A new edition of a good book is always welcome, but doubly so when there has been a careful revision of contents, and one finds additional pages that enhance the value of the work. The third revised and enlarged edition of "Catholic Practice," by the Rev. A. L. Klauder, is filled with useful and reliable information, which can not be too widely spread. The author recognized a great need and knew how to supply it. His book may be described as a reliable and practical guide for the correct performance of the ordinary duties of the Christian life.

—The *Sacred Heart Review* quotes this paragraph from the *Boston Transcript*:

I was for a moment mystified the other morning to see in one of the papers, over a despatch from Washington of some length and conspicuousness, the heading, "Memory of E. A. Bronson," and to read below that arrangements have been made "to establish an endowment in the Catholic University in memory of Erastus A. Bronson." A little reading convinced me that the movement was one instituted in honor of Orestes A. Brownson. I wondered if a man who made so much stir in the world as Brownson did could be so utterly forgotten as to make this blunder possible in a great newspaper; but when I spoke in wonder of the error to a contiguous young person of college education I found that person unable to correct it. So soon, indeed, are we forgot when we are gone. Brownson died, I believe, only a little more than twenty years ago. If he is forgotten in Boston, there must be need of a memorial

somewhere to revive his memory. There have been few stronger personalities in American history than that of this philosopher, who came down from the Vermont hills—the kinsman of Webster and Whittier, with the mark of the same black-eyed and big-browed ancestor on his powerful face—to agitate and move his countrymen. His restless spirit, as so many others have done, sought calm in the mother Church. Did he find it there? If he did, he fared better than the Church did as the result of his conversion.

This last sentence, which is the merest fol-de-rol, will make Catholics smile, but we trust what goes before will make them think. We fear that even among those who share Brownson's faith there are "young people of college education" who could not correct the ignorant newspaper's blunder. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true.

—The *Catholic Almanac of Ontario* for 1899 is one of the best year-books we have seen. The compiler has taken pains to secure a great amount of useful information which is as reliable as it is varied. A notable feature of the almanac is the liturgical calendar, compiled by the Rev. J. M. Cruise. The illustrations, all well selected and carefully printed, constitute another excellence. We hope to see this almanac expanded next year so as to represent all the dioceses of Canada.

—Mr. John Muir, naturalist, explorer and author, is a born raconteur, as any one who has read his "Adventure with a Dog and a Glacier" will admit. But there is a beautiful self-unconsciousness about him which has charmed all his friends. The spirituality of the man is illustrated by a remark he made to a writer in the *Bookman*. "I don't like to relate adventures," he said. "You know that a man wandering among the wonderful works of God gets used to thinking of what He does, and then to tell of the insignificant things I have done—just fancy it!"

—A life of Charles Stewart Parnell has at last appeared, and the biographer, Mr. Barry O'Brien, has been fairly smothered under the compliments of the reviewers. One of the most interesting passages of the book is that which reports a conversation between Mr. O'Brien and Gladstone. The Grand Old

Man believed that "a temporary retirement from public life would have allayed the just resentment felt against the Irish leader's private wrong-doing," and that though the wages of Mr. Parnell's sin was political death, it might have been followed by a resurrection. Perhaps it might—in another country.

—There is no lack of excellent works of religious instruction, but one of the best we know of has just been published by the Benzigers. It is an "Illustrated Explanation of the Holy Sacraments," adapted from a popular German treatise written by the Rev. Dr. Rolfus, an author who has the gift of making difficult subjects plain, and simple explanations forceful. The illustrations are of the kind that illustrate, and are nicely printed. We hope this complete exposition of the sacraments and sacramentals of the Church may have a wide sale wherever our language is spoken.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Illustrated Explanation of the Holy Sacraments.
Rev. Dr. Rolfus. 75 cts.

Cardinal Lavigerie. 75 cts.

The History of the Popes. Dr. Ludwig Pastor.
Vol. V. \$3, net.

Ave Roma Immortalis. Two Vols. Francis Marion Crawford. \$6.

How to Pray. Abbé Grou, S. J. \$1.

Ancient and Modern Palestine. Brother Liévin de Hamme, O. F. M. Two Vols. \$3.50.

Her Majesty the King. James Jeffrey Roche. \$1.25.

Life of St. John of the Cross. David Lewis, M. A. \$1.50.

Studies in Church History. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Vol. V. \$2.50.

Manual of Catholic Theology. Vol. II. Wilhelm Scannell. \$4, net.

Ancient English Holy Week Ceremonial. Henry John Feasey. \$2.50.

The World's Unrest and Its Remedy. James Field Spalding. \$1.25.

St. Vincent de Paul. Emmanuel de Broglie. \$1.

Miss Erin. M. E. Francis. \$1.25.

The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. William Bullen Morris. 80 cts., net.

Let No Man Put Asunder. Josephine Marié. \$1.

Fantasies from Dreamland. E. Gilliat Smith. \$1.50.

The Arabian Nights. Andrew Lang. \$2.

The Data of Modern Ethics Examined. Rev. John J. Ming, S. J. \$2, net.

Songs from Prudentius. E. Gilliat Smith. \$1.75.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession. Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. \$1.

Motion: Its Origin and Conservation. Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. \$3.50, net.

The Woman that Was a Sinner. Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. 40 cts.

Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King. 60 cts.

The Groundwork of Science. St. George Mivart. \$1.75.

Epochs of Literature. Condé B. Pallen. 75 cts., net.

Foundations of Faith. Part I. Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J. \$1.60, net.

The Gospel of St. John. Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D. \$2, net.

Notes on St. Paul. Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$2, net.

Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. Rev. James Bellord. \$2.50.

The Religious Life and the Vows. Monseigneur Charles Gay. \$1.60, net.

Madge Hardlaun's Money. Mary Cross. 35 cts.

Striving after Perfection. Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J. \$1, net.

Stories on the Rosary. Part II. L. E. Dobrée. 50 cts.

Legal Formulary. Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L. \$2.50, net.

The Man. Rev. F. X. Wetzel. 40 cts.

The Christian Housewife. Rev. F. X. Wetzel. 40 cts.

Popular Instructions on Prayer. V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R. 35 cts.

New Testament Studies. Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D. 60 cts.

Clerical Studies. Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D. \$2.

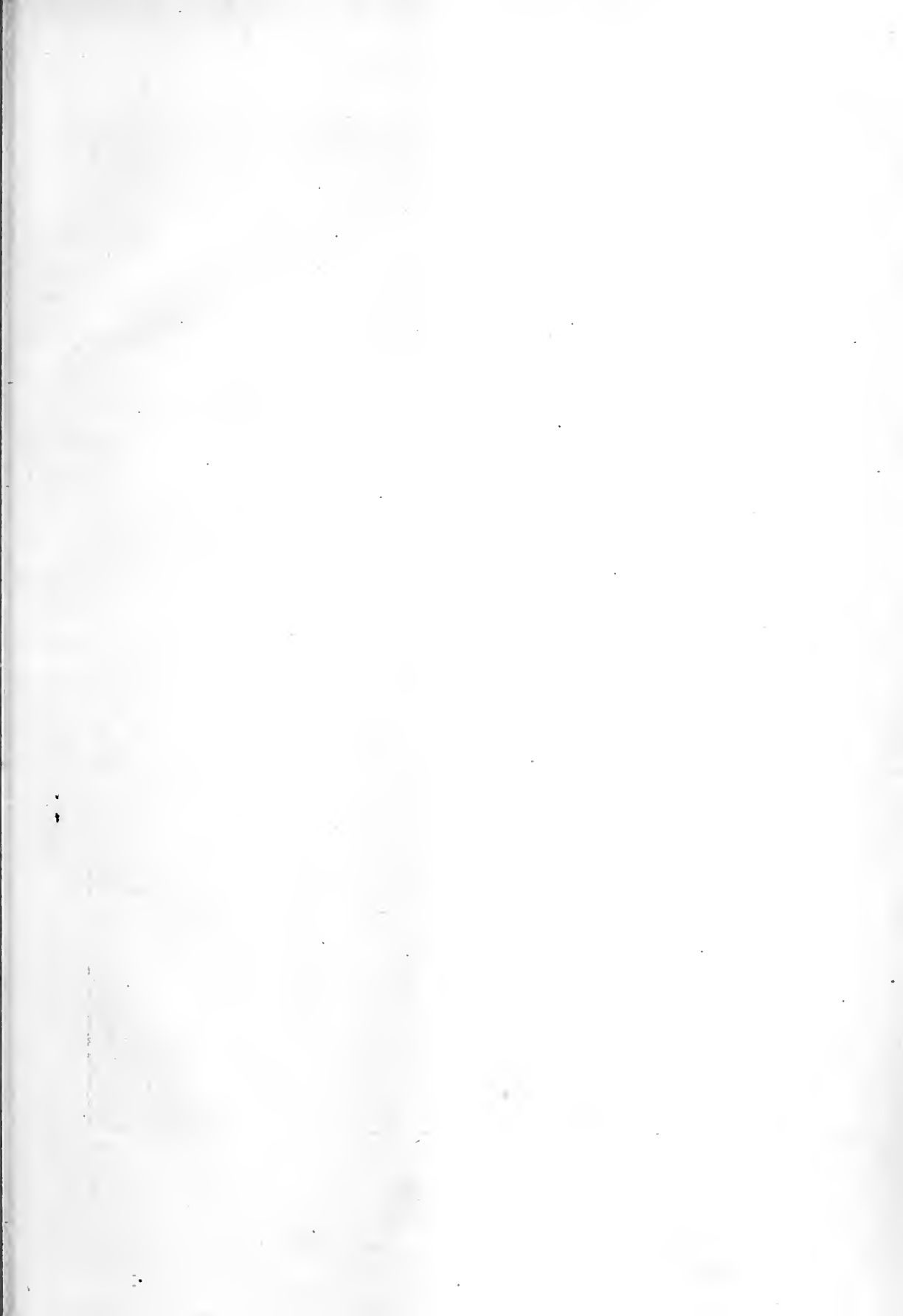
Jerome Savonarola. A Sketch. Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. \$1.

A City of Confusion: The Case of Dr. Briggs. Rev. Henry G. Ganss. 15 cts.

Saint Clotilda. Godefroi Kurth. \$1.

Meditation Leaflets. A Father of the Society of Jesus. 60 cts., net.

Outlines of New Testament History. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S. \$1.50.





GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Bethlehem.

BY EAMON HAYES.

ON the white hills ethereal music fell,
Seraphic prelude to a faint, sweet cry
That thrilled the slumbering earth, the
watchful sky,

And rent the pillars of insurgent hell.
Auspicious hour for weary Israel!

Yet lo! she viewed with dark, disdainful eye
Her Infant-King, and haughtily passed by
That snow-swept cave—His lowly citadel.

Hath pride enslaved us too? Seek we a crown
Of fleeting glory? Do our hearts recoil

In fierce rebellion at some earthly loss?
Or when the world hath stung us with its
frown,

With Christ to guide our feet and cheer
our toil,

Tread we the thorny pathway of the
Cross?

A Legend of the Desert.

BY FRANK SPEARMAN.

IN the desert there is no twilight.
The sun sets and the stars tremble
just an instant; then, with a burst,
they light the sky, and it is night.
From the south the hot wind still blows;
the sand glows yet with the fire of noon-
day. The heat, rolling upward, licks the
horizon with countless fiery tongues; but
the moon is rising; it is night.

A caravan, crouching under a cluster of
palms, lay torpid in the fading shadows
of the oasis. The camels panted in relief;
the servants, exhausted, already slept.

In the tent of the sheikh lay a little
boy tossing in a fever. Near him sat his
father, bent with many summers; weary
now with watching and spent with fear.
Long the aged sheikh had sat beside his
little son, hoping for the fever to pass.
Sometimes it goes with the sun. But the
sun was gone; through the rifts in the
tent the stars twinkled, and still the fever
burned purple in the wasted cheeks, and
anxiety weighed on the father's heart.

A servant, pausing at the door, spoke:

"Is it time, master, that we load the
camels?"

"We must tarry yet another day."

"Is the little master no better?"

The sheikh shook his head. The boy,
opening his eyes, looked up.

"Is it night, father?"

"Yes, my child."

"Will it be cooler, father?"

"Yes, my child."

"I'm so thirsty!"

"Drink of this cup: it will strengthen
you, dear heart!"

With an eager effort, and painfully, the
sick boy drank, and sunk back on his
pillow. The tent flaps were opened; the
night air, rolling down from the moun-
tains, cooled somewhat the dying fire of
the day and refreshed the little fellow.

He was the last of his father's race, this little sufferer; and the heart of the meanest bondman of the tribe beat heavy with foreboding.

"Papa," pleaded the sick boy, "tell me a little story."

And his father, speaking very low and very slowly, told him this:

"Many, many years ago, when I was a boy like you—"

"But were you ever so little as I am, papa dear?"

"Yes, my child."

"Did you have so long a beard then, papa? Were you a little sheikh?"

"Just a little boy, with red cheeks like yours. My father was sheikh. And I journeyed with the caravan of my father many suns, even as you. And I had my pet fawn camel like yours. And once a shepherd, tarrying among our tents, told my father how, in his youth, an angel of the Lord appeared in the night unto those who watched their flocks in his country, saying: 'This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.'

"Then told the shepherd to my father how a star, of a beauty exceeding, blazed that night in the west to guide the Wise Men from the far East unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; how, receding always, it stood at last still where the Child lay; and how, bringing gifts of frankincense and gold and myrrh, they gave thanks and worshiped the Babe. Then told the shepherd how the Infant was upon a time baptized with the name of Jesus; and how He grew up in the desert a little boy like you, until the day of His manifestation to Israel; and how, being grown to manhood, Jesus preached daily unto multitudes in Israel a New Testament, whereby all believing might be saved unto life everlasting.

"And hearing these things, my father

was troubled, and would not be content until he, too, and his people might hear the words of the Saviour. So it came to pass that your father's father journeyed with his people into the land of Israel and across the river Jordan; and there, among the hills of Judea, our camels tarried many suns. And the fame of the Saviour was blazed abroad, insomuch that great multitudes compassed Him about, and my father's people could but hardly draw near unto Him.

"And in those days, among the hills of Judea, He spoke daily. And my father's people followed Him over the land, walking; but I, being tender of foot, rode always after on my camel. And hearing, day upon day, His words, my father was sorely troubled in heart; likewise the hearts of his people were troubled; and in the night they sat long in meditation; and, smiting their breasts, they prayed a new prayer."

"What was it, papa?"

"That which the Saviour taught unto men: 'Our Father, who art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done—'"

"It is *my* prayer, papa."

"Yes, my child: it is the prayer of all His little ones. So it was my father became a follower of Christ; so it is that our tribe is Christian. And when the days were accomplished that our people should return again unto our caravans, we gathered, all of us, the young and the old, for the last time, that we might hear the Master speak. And after He had taught the multitude, my father's people drew near unto Jesus, that He might bless them and their children before they should depart into the desert.

"And behold, the people seeking speech of the Master were so many that His disciples would not suffer that we should come in near to Him; for the sons of the desert are dark of skin and halting of tongue, and of the poor, lowly. Yet did

our fathers beg that they might pass in unto Him, and would not be denied; until the Master, perceiving their distress, came forth and stood among us. And when they had told Him how that we sought His blessing, He rebuked His disciples, saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"And I, dear heart, stood first among these children on whom He smiled, opening His arms and bidding us come; and the Saviour's hand rested on my head. His peace came upon me, and He blessed me; saying to them that were gathered about: 'Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter therein.' And while all the people kneeled, He took us to His heart, my playfellows and me, and kissed us with the kiss of peace."

The wind, rising, blew cool from the west; and the white-haired man, kneeling beside his own little boy, gave thanks for the crowning blessing of his long life.

"And now He is in heaven, is He not, papa?"

"Yes, dear heart."

"Is it cool in heaven, papa?"

"In heaven it is always morning."

"Does the sand blow in heaven, papa?"

"The desert does not reach so far."

"Is there a river in heaven?"

"Has not David said: 'The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters?'"

"Say it once more, papa,—say it again. Will He make me to lie down in green pastures like David, and lead me beside the still waters, papa?"

Slowly his father chanted again the sweetest of the songs of David; and while he yet sung, lo! the little one slept.

But the sun rose again. Once more the sands blew on the shifting winds; the camels gasped; the palm leaves curled in the blaze of the noonday; and the fever,

rising, burned out the sick boy's life. When the stars shone again the father sat alone with his dead.

In the watches of the night, followed by his sorrowing people, his servants bore the last of his sons to a grave dug under a great palm; there they buried him.

Carefully they smoothed the hot sand above the desert grave, lest the prowling wolf should disturb it. And, returning to their tents, the tribesmen slept.

But for one there was no sleep. The stars lit the heavens, the moon hung heavy and red in the east, the night wind blew mildly over the desert; and the father, in the agony of his grief, went forth again to the grave of his beloved child, and, lamenting, would not be comforted. Prostrate upon the sands, he rent his robes; and, in his heaviness, cried aloud unto God because his son was not.

And behold, the wind fell and a calm lay upon all the desert. The moon was hid and the stars faded in the sky. A wondrous mist, sweeping downward from the most high heavens, hovered soon over the little grave. The stricken father felt upon his head the touch of a soothing hand, and heard in his ear a voice exceeding sweet:

"And hast thou, My servant, so soon forgotten My words? And wilt thou, also, like My disciples, hide thy face because I bid My babes to come?"

"My Lord and my God, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

"Suffer, then, My little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not. Have I not said, of such is My kingdom? Arise, and weep no more."

And rising, all trembling, the aged sheikh stood with hands clasped in adoration; but his eyes were cast down before the unspeakable glory of His presence, for no human eye might support it. And in the instant of his waiting he felt upon his brow the pressure of lips invisible: the peace which passeth understanding was come upon him.

His heart swelled in the fulness of gratitude; his eyes rose in thanksgiving; but the mist was gone. The moon shone white and clear; the stars glittered in their glory; the wind, rising, dried the tears on his withered cheeks. Walking slowly toward his tent, he heard in his heart a song, and the words were the words of David but the voice was the voice of his child:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."

And, listening, he wept no more.

The Fruit of the Vine.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE ranch-house stood in a ten-acre plot, every inch of which had been subjected to the most careful cultivation. It was surrounded on all sides by a beautiful garden, where the choicest flowers bloomed from January to December. Outside of this, sloping down toward the road, were rows and rows of orange and lemon trees. Just within the fence, their branches overhanging the road on the four sides of the enclosure, were stately olive-trees twenty years old. Behind the house was a large poultry-yard, where turkeys and chickens strutted about in well-fed content.

Mrs. Addison was very proud of her turkeys; there were none like them in La Vista. This was a fact acknowledged by all her neighbors. Then she was a hospitable woman, with a large family of boys, who never failed to do ample justice to the savory viands she delighted in setting before them. About the first of December she had selected the turkey which was to furnish the most toothsome dish at the Christmas dinner. And Willie, the youngest of her flock, had tied a red

ribbon on its leg in order to distinguish it from its brothers and sisters; although to Mrs. Addison the mark was quite unnecessary, as she knew the turkeys apart as well as she did her own children. But she always humored Willie when it was possible; and the poor predestined turkey walked about the yard unconscious that the gay scarlet badge it wore was the sign of its approaching doom.

One morning, when Mrs. Addison went out to feed the poultry, the predestined was missing. A tramp whom she had fed and permitted to sleep in the barn the previous night was also missing, and the family at once concluded that the turkey had taken an unwilling departure. The boys looked around for stray feathers, thinking that the man might have wrung the poor creature's neck before leaving; but there were no traces of violence in the vicinity. And, after deploring the loss of the fowl as well as the ingratitude of the "hobo" they had befriended, the family consoled themselves for their loss by choosing another of the flock for special fattening.

From the back porch of the ranch-house a hill descended in a terrace-like formation to a deep cañon, lined on either side of its banks with chaparral and manzanita bushes. In Southern California the dark red manzanita berries, with their glossy leaves, do duty for the Eastern Christmas holly; and, after the manner of boys, Ralph and Ferdinand Addison went forth one morning, about a week before Christmas, resolved to lay in a bountiful supply in advance of their neighbors.

Just as Mirandy, the old negro servant, was putting dinner on the table, they burst into the big kitchen, eager and excited.

"Mother!" cried Ralph, "we've brought a load of manzanita, and we found some mistletoe berries in the shadiest part of the cañon. And what do you think? There's some one living in that old ramshackle cabin with the roof half stove

in; for we saw a little girl standing in the doorway; and then there was an old man sitting on the porch, with a red handkerchief over his head."

"But that isn't all," added Ferdinand. "Ralph says it wasn't, but I know it was; for I saw it running along the edge of the cañon."

"What did you see?" inquired his mother, a little anxiously; hoping that it was nothing dangerous or uncanny that made the boy's eyes so big and bright.

"I'm sure it was *our* turkey. It had a red ribbon, just like the one Willie tied round Fatty's leg; and it was speckled just the same. I'm pretty sure it was our turkey, mother."

Mrs. Addison reflected. Could it be possible that some disreputable persons, perhaps connected with the ungrateful tramp, had taken refuge in the old cabin? If so, it behooved her to make sure; for if such were the case, neither her poultry-yard nor those of her neighbors would be safe from their maraudings.

"I shall go down there with Pete this very afternoon," she decided. "One can not afford to have such people in the vicinity. And if they are *not* thieves, they are probably very poor, and I may be able to give them a little assistance. There is certainly something strange about it. I did not think a human being could live in that tumbledown old place."

But one duty or another detained Mrs. Addison that day and the next; and it was only on the day before Christmas Eve that she found leisure to set out on her errand of discovery, perhaps charity.

"Come, Pete!" she said to the old black man, Mirandy's husband. "I want to investigate that story about the cabin; and I don't care to go there alone, until I know more of my new neighbors."

"Old Pete followed her with alacrity. When they reached the cabin they saw no signs of life about the place; but the first object they caught sight of was a

turkey tied to a tree by a long piece of twine, with a bit of ribbon, which had once been red, fastened about its leg. Mrs. Addison recognized it at once as her own; and Pete was about to seize it when she told him to wait until they had learned more about the inhabitants of the dwelling.

"It may have strayed here," she said; "and it would be very rude to take it before we had learned how these people came by it."

"Mebbe you're right, Missus," said Pete. "But how's we goin' to find out? I don't see no one about anywheres."

"Stay here," said his mistress, "and I will go to the house. It doesn't seem there's much to be afraid of."

Pete sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and Mrs. Addison continued her walk through the sage brush which grew up to the very porch. The door of the house was slightly ajar, and she heard a sound as of two persons in conversation. She knocked softly, but no one answered. Then she peeped through the narrow slit of the door. An old man was seated in a rickety chair, with an open book on his lap. At his feet, on the floor, was a child about ten years of age. Her face was painfully thin, making her soft, dark eyes appear unusually large.

"Now begin, grandfather," she said.

Mrs. Addison slipped softly to the floor of the porch; she felt that they were about to perform a devotional duty, and did not wish to disturb them. From her post outside she could see without being seen, and she said to herself:

"These people are not thieves, at any rate; but what poverty!"

There was scarcely an article of furniture in the room; the afternoon light came through great holes in the roof. The old man began:

"I am the true vine, and My Father is the husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He will take away;

and every one that beareth fruit He will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now you are clean by reason of the word which I have spoken to you. Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in Me. I am the vine, you the branches; he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing. If any one abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch and shall wither; and they shall gather him up and cast him into the fire, and he burneth. If you abide in Me and My words abide in you, you shall ask whatever you will and it shall be done to you. In this is My Father glorified, that you bring forth very much fruit, and become My disciples. As the Father hath loved Me, I also have loved you. Abide in My love. If you keep My commandments, you will abide in My love; as I also have kept My Father's commandments and do abide in His love. These things I have spoken to you, that My joy may be in you and your joy may be filled."

The old man paused and closed the book. While he was reading, the girl had remained immovable, looking up into his face.

"Grandfather, are we the fruit of the Vine?" she asked, when he had finished.

"Yes, little one, if we lead good lives."

"The Vine is Our Lord?"

"Yes; and we can not bear good fruit if we are not of that Vine."

"Grandfather, I am afraid I have done a little sin."

"What is it, my child?"

"I wanted to surprise you at first. But now I think maybe it was not right."

"Tell me about it, Ada."

"One day, early in the morning, a man asked for a drink and a piece of bread. I gave him both, and he said: 'You haven't got much for yourself, have you?'"

"And what did you answer, Ada?"

"I told him 'No.' Was that wrong?"

"No—perhaps not," replied the old man, after a moment's thought.

"Then he lifted up his coat, and there was a turkey under it. He said: 'I can't carry this as far as I am going. Take it for your Christmas dinner.' I took it, and he went away. When he had got down a ways in the brush, he called out: 'Tie it, so it won't get away!' So I tied it, and I fed it with scraps and gave it water."

"And you never told me? No doubt the turkey was stolen, my dear."

"One day two boys came along the cañon, looking for manzanita berries. They had a wagon. The turkey broke loose and was running along the edge of the cañon. The boys saw it, and one of them shooed it. Pretty soon they went away. I heard one of them say: 'That's our turkey.' Then I came in the house."

"And did you think it was his?"

"Not then; but yesterday I saw them again. They live at the big ranch near the top of the hill. Grandfather, maybe that man stole their turkey, and I ought to go and ask them about it."

"I have no doubt the turkey came from there, Ada. Now that you suspect it did, what do you think you ought to do?"

"Take it to them, grandfather?"

"Take it and ask them."

"Yes: that is how I have felt since yesterday. But I am so disappointed. And *we* did not steal it, grandfather; and we are *so* poor—and hungry."

The old man laid his hand on the head of the child.

"The Infant Jesus was as poor as we," he said. "Like us, He lay upon straw. There were holes in the roof of His first dwelling, the stable of Bethlehem. Shall we steal that we may eat?"

The woman at the door stifled a sob. The child rose to her feet.

"Grandfather," she said, "I will go this minute and ask about the turkey. I

can't carry it, it is so heavy and strong, and it might get away. But if it is theirs, I think the boys will come for it."

Mrs. Addison threw open the door.

"Pardon me!" she said, as the old man and the child looked at her in astonishment. "I came in search of that very turkey, but now it is yours. I have been standing outside for some time. At first I did not like to disturb you, and then I could not go away. Tell me how you came to be in such a plight."

"We ran away from the poorhouse," said the old man; "and we will starve" (with his sad eyes beseeching her) "rather than go back there again."

"Be good enough to tell me the whole story," said Mrs. Addison.

The story was soon told. With a small competence he had come to California and purchased a farm; it was soon lost through lack of water for irrigation and the failure of crops. So they had drifted down, down, until they came to the poorhouse. Happily, his wife and his daughter, the mother of the little girl, had died before that last bitter chapter.

"But now," said kind Mrs. Addison, with tearful eyes, "you shall suffer want no longer. On my ranch there is a comfortable two-roomed cabin that you may have and welcome. The little girl can help Mirandy in the house, and save me many a step. I have been wanting a girl to raise for some time. Will you come?"

The old man was unable to speak; the child burst into tears, but they were joyful tears.

"When?" she inquired at length, after Mrs. Addison had taken her upon her motherly lap and let her cry her fill.

"To-morrow morning," said the warm-hearted Christian woman. "You shall have a happy Christmas and all the turkey you can eat. Here, Pete!" she called to the old negro, who now stood wonderingly outside the door. "Untie that turkey and fetch it up to the house.

It is ours, and so will these good people be after to-morrow. Tell Aunt Mirandy to fix up a basket of food and have Ralph and Ferdie bring it down at once."

As he turned to obey her, she glanced around the room once more. There was not a piece of furniture in it except the rickety chair; no sign of fire or food.

"What have you been living on?" she asked, impulsively.

"Grandfather had two bits. We bought a bag of meal at the mill," replied the child; "and a woman gave us a heavy batch of bread. We've been eating that."

"How long?" asked Mrs. Addison.

"Nearly two weeks," was the answer.

"You shan't stay here another night," said Mrs. Addison. "I'll go myself and hurry up the boys. They can fetch the wagon. I couldn't sleep in my bed and think of you here like this. I'll be back before you know it."

After she had gone, the old man opened the book which still lay on his knee, and read once more:

"If you keep My commandments, you will abide in My love; as I also have kept My Father's commandments and do abide in His love. These things I have spoken to you, that My joy may be in you and your joy may be filled."

"Darling, *our* joy is full," he said,— "our joy is full. We have striven to do right, and God and His Holy Mother have taken compassion on our need and sent us a benefactor."

"Oh, she is good—she is good!" said the child, softly patting his white head with her thin little hand.

"She is good, indeed!" he answered. "And while there are such women left in the world, my Ada, there will be no lack of the fruit of the Vine."

Ah, baby hands, how small you are,
And yet the prints I see
Of where the nails shall mar the white,—
And all, sweet Babe, for me!

Ma'am Jolicoeur's Christmas.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

"IT is the Christmas weather in very truth," said good Ma'am Jolicoeur; "and everything goes well for the feast."

It was the evening of Christmas Eve. Complacently she looked round upon all that had been done, and upon the bright and orderly aspect of her large kitchen. It was almost the largest kitchen in the mountain village; for Octavie Morin, on her marriage with Onesime Jolicoeur, had become mistress of "the stone house." She had never ceased to be thankful for this elevation; and it was peculiarly associated in her mind with the Festival of the Nativity.

Her large double stove was polished till it shone again, and gave out a warmth which can be appreciated only in a Canadian winter. The floor, wherever it dared to show its wooden face between strips of very handsome rag carpet, was scrupulously white; while the tables and the dresser were an object-lesson in cleanliness. The windows were full of plants, obscuring somewhat the lustre of the spotless dimity curtains. The high, four-post bedstead in the corner was covered with a pretty patchwork quilt, composed largely of silk and velvet. Only in "the stone house" could so rich an article be found. The pictures of the Good Shepherd and the Blessed Mother, as also the windows and the walls, were freshly draped with evergreens, enlivened by holly and great clusters of scarlet ash-berries.

There was a savory smell of cooking; for Ma'am Jolicoeur had been busy for many days. Now she felt that her work was done, and she had only to don her state dress of brown silk for the Midnight Mass. This robe was never worn save on Christmas, New Year's or Easter. It

had a most [imposing aspect;] besides being very becoming to her full, blonde face, wherein the roses had deepened and the roundness had fallen into folds since she had been reckoned a village beauty. Her face had lost nothing of its good-humor; her white teeth showed when she laughed, and her dark eyes still looked serenely upon all around her. Yet good Ma'am Jolicoeur was a grandmother.

All the children were asleep; they were to be awakened in time for the start. Onesime slept too; but his wife preferred to watch, to put the last touch to everything. At last, sitting down in the great rocking-chair, she fell asleep.

When the big clock, standing like a sentinel in the corner, sounded eleven, its voice produced the same effect as the coming of the prince to the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Onesime awoke; his wife sprang from her chair, and one by one the children were heard tumbling out of their beds upstairs. Onesime, taking his great buffalo coat from the peg behind the door, and pulling his "tuke" well down over his ears, went out into the stable-yard, whence sounds of life were soon heard. Ma'am Jolicoeur, having finished her own toilet, busied herself tying on mufflers, buttoning coats, and forcing mittens onto hands that seemed to have become all thumbs. Her good-nature never for a moment wavered under the strain. She finally buttoned on her own raccoon coat and adjusted her fur cap with undisturbed tranquillity.

Then the whole party went forth and stood in the starlight. The snow under their feet was crisp and sparkling, and the smell of the maple wood burning in the stove was pleasantly strong. As their father's voice was heard calling from the stable-yard, one or two of the older boys ran thither. In a moment more there was a cracking of whips and a clanging of bells, and Onesime drove round the corner and out into the road, in a pretty,

two-seated red sleigh. He was followed by his oldest son, Hannibal, driving a country-cart, which was so low as almost to reach the ground, surrounded by tall railings, and having a plentiful heap of straw on its floor. Into this vehicle the other children were indiscriminately huddled. Their mother then took her seat in the sleigh beside her husband, and the party drove off.

The sound of their merry voices broke sharply upon the stillness. But as they passed one farm-house after another, more sleighs came forth, making a merry discord; and voices cried out, cordially: "A joyous Christmas to you, neighbors!" Only one house was dark and silent, and the merry voices were hushed as each sleigh passed by it. "It is the pervert's," was the unspoken thought. The existence of this house and its inmate was a source of grief to the whole village, each one taking it curiously to heart. There was a gaunt shadow, unperceived by any of them, at a window, and a haggard face looked out. It was that of a man who remembered, with a poignant pang, when he, too, had set out on the road to Midnight Mass, with the happy heart of youth in his breast. With a groan, he quickly turned aside, whilst the cheerful groups sped on.

The road lay over fences which in summer had stood as barriers, encircling pleasant meadows; and through hedges which had glowed with a very luxuriance of June roses. But the snow was firm, and the sleighs flew over it gaily.

"What a beautiful Feast of Christmas is this!" exclaimed Ma'am Jolicoeur, the joy of her heart overflowing in speech.

"Yes, the good God has sent us fine weather," assented her husband; and he smiled, as he quietly nudged her to call her attention to what the children were saying in the cart behind.

"Are we going to see the little Jesus?" a tiny treble of a voice was asking. And

it seemed to vibrate and to go upward to the eternal stars, that little human voice asking that momentous question, which angels had answered nineteen hundred years before:

"This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

"Yes!" cried another. "Monsieur le Curé has a beautiful Infant Jesus. It will be laid upon some straw, with the Holy Mother and St. Joseph near. I remember since last year."

"That is His *image*," put in an older child; "but Monsieur le Curé says that the dear Jesus will come into the hearts of all good people, the same as He came to Bethlehem."

After a moment's silence, in which they were pondering over what had been said, one little voice and then another sang that old French carol of childhood:

He is born, the Child Divine,—
He is born, the Saviour small!

It was a beautiful act of faith. Other children, as the snowy road stretched onward, took it up and sang it too; and in the hearts of their elders was repeated, with whole-hearted faith and devotion: "To us is born a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

What a sky there was above them! Full of pale, opalescent tints, quivering and shimmering in the starlight. And the trees were overhung with frost as for a fairy banquet; the mountain was covered with snow wreaths; and the stars were burning as only the stars of a Northern night can burn; whilst the air was full of exhilaration, setting the blood leaping with its wholesome influence, and giving a keen zest to the people's happiness. For they were keenly happy, these simple folks, leading for the most part blameless lives, lit by the lamp of faith and blest with clean consciences. To them the Incarnation of the God-Man was a solemn fact; they rejoiced in the commemoration of it, year by year, with a personal

joy which the great world knows not.

At last the winding, hilly paths had brought the church-goers downward to the banks of the frozen river; and the steeples on either shore—for the churches of two villages almost face each other there—rang out a joyous peal, and the sleighs drove on faster and faster. What a multitude of vehicles there were before the church door, and what a chorus of good-wishes and of cheerful laughter! It was a scene to make an old man young, and apparently it did so; for there were a dozen or more men and women in the throng who were fourscore or very close to it, and they were all hale and hearty, talking and laughing with the rest.

As one after the other the sleighs drew up, and another and another familiar face appeared, each was greeted with new acclamations. Year after year they had met there—the same good neighbors, the same faces. Only the faces changed as the years went by: the childish ones grew youthful; the youthful, mature; the mature, old; and the old, withered.

On Christmas Eve it was remembered with a pang that some one was missing,—some one “who had gone to the good God.” But this did not seem to break the charmed circle: the dead had still their place therein. The petty jealousies, the misunderstandings and bickerings of everyday life were all forgotten in the blessed calm of Christmas.

At the last sound of the bell the doors were flung open and the people crowded in. The church was loaded with evergreens. The altar shone with numberless tapers. Roses and other flowers, which had never grown on any bush, but which pleased the primitive taste of the devout worshipers, gave great spots of color amid the greenness.

Soon the people were seated; a peeping altar boy notified the celebrant that all was ready and that the church-wardens had taken their places. The sacristy door

flew open, the acolytes in cassock and surplice, followed by Monsieur le Curé in his gold vestments, filed in to the sound of a triumphal march from the organ.

The choir did its best, for the French Canadian is not excelled even by the German in musical taste. But its greatest success was in the old hymns, the echoes of which are not in the vaulted arches but in the people's hearts. The curtain of the Crib was drawn aside at the first joyful notes of the *Adeste Fideles*, and numberless voices in the congregation joined in the chorus.

Before the *Credo* the Curé turned, not to preach, but to wish them the season's happiness; and there were some who wept, so moved were they, looking upon his kindly face and thinking how often they had heard the wish from his lips. At the Offertory there were the song of the Shepherds and the hymn, dear to all French Canadian hearts, called “Echoes of Bethlehem”; for the mountains were then resounding from peak to peak with the echo of *Gloria! gloria!*

When the moment for Communion arrived, the congregation almost simultaneously arose. Ma'am Jolicoeur began to marshal her forces—four little ones who had made their First Communion, followed by her husband and herself. Pressing close beside them were Antoine from the saw-mill, with all his family; and the grist-miller, too; and three families of Auclairs and Prefontaines from the upper and lower villages; and the Delles Picard, and Ma'am Leduc, and the Lajoies. Even the barber, silent for once, was in the procession, streaming up the aisles to the Celestial Banquet. The choir sang a low and reverent hymn. The notes of joy were hushed for the moment; but when all were in their places again there was a sudden, glorious burst which shook the roof:—

Noël! Noël!

Behold, the Redeemer's here!

II.

Next morning Ma'am Jolicoeur slept an hour later than usual, but awoke in time to prepare the breakfast and to complete her other arrangements for the day. The bestowing of gifts, the assembling of families—all the social features of the holiday times were relegated to New Year's. Christmas was a day of deep religious observance. Some of the family returned to High Mass, while all were to assist at Vespers and Benediction in the afternoon. Still there had to be a good dinner, and Ma'am Jolicoeur expected some half-score of guests. These were the beggars of the neighborhood,—in the first place, those who made it a profession; and in the second, some poor folk who dwelt near by and to whom Christmas festivities at home were impossible. Ma'am Jolicoeur had her own reasons for making the day a most happy one for a number of people.

At noon the table was spread, gaily decked with evergreens and laden with good cheer. The Jolicoeur children were on chairs at the window or watching at the door for the arrival of the guests. They came punctually, seeming to have an appointment one with the other to appear at the same instant. They were warmly welcomed and seated at once at the table. André Sauviedit Larose, being the oldest, was placed near Onesime, at the head of the table. In Ma'am Jolicoeur's devout heart, his aged form and silver hair represented St. Joseph. Next a poor mother, with her tiny child, received special attention from both host and hostess, in honor of Jesus and Mary.

It was a jovial company. For the time being, the poorest forgot his poverty and the dismal to-morrow which awaited him, in the sunshine of Ma'am Jolicoeur's overflowing hospitality. And after the feast was over, Jean the fiddler played many of the old hymns on his violin; and Louis Trudel told his most fearsome

stories, which caused his listeners to gather in an awestruck group close to the fire,—especially when he spoke of the bad Baron's house, where evil lights were seen after nightfall.

At last the clock gave warning that the hour for Vespers was drawing near; and "the guests of the good God," as Ma'am Jolicoeur called them, arose with one accord to take leave, mingling with their parting words a very shower of blessings.

"The blessings of the poor are the richest of treasures," said good Ma'am Jolicoeur, as she watched her poor people depart. The children stole out to play in the snow. Onesime had to look after the cattle in the stable; and she was not sorry to have a few minutes' solitude before Vesper time.

As she looked out of the window at the mountain, swiftly darkening, she recalled with a thrill that one Christmastide long ago, which had forever associated her greatest of human joys with the mystery of Christmas. After Vespers, on that far-away afternoon, a party of young villagers had gone out of their way to see the house where once the bad Baron had lived. They were half-hoping and half-fearing to see the lights in the windows, which were supposed to illumine the revels of some hellish crew. And she had clung closely to Onesime's arm. He was only twenty-two then and very handsome. But the old house had remained dark and silent: no shadow from the past affrighted them; no light from another world gleamed thence. And she had said, with a little shuddering laugh, half of relief, half of disappointment: "This is Christmas Day, and evil spirits have no power." And Onesime had whispered: "They could have no power over thee, Octavie, thou art so good."

After that he had walked beside her silently till they had reached the door of her father's cottage, a poor enough one.

And then the others had passed on; but Onesime, waiting, said:

"I am going to ask for thee to be my Christmas present. I will not wait till the morrow: I will ask for thee on the feast. And thou wilt not say, 'No,' Octavie, if the parents are willing?"

These words of the brave Onesime had wakened into full life the trembling hope which had filled her heart and those of her parents when the wealthy young owner of "the stone house" had begun his Sunday visits.

Since that time Ma'am Jolicoeur had desired to make many people happy,—"first, because it is the feast of the good Jesus," she used to say; "and second, because it was the most happy day in my whole life."

On the way to Vespers Onesime said:

"You remember, is it not so, Octavie? And yet it is twenty-five years."

He turned and looked into her face affectionately, meditatively. She could only answer by a nod.

"You seem to grow more beautiful each year, my poor Octavie!" he added, tenderly. "How is it that you are always dearer to me?"

"I do not know," answered Octavie. "Perhaps the good God gave us that gift because we were promised to each other on Christmas."

"May all of ours be as happy!" said Onesime, thinking of the children.

"I pray that to the good God every day," returned his wife.

"And may they keep Christmas in the love of Christ and of His poor!" said Onesime, solemnly.

"Always! always!" echoed Octavie, most fervently.

In the very joy of his heart, Onesime began to sing, his voice ringing out in the winter dusk; for he had a fine voice and used to sing in the choir:—

Noël! Noël!

Behold, the Redeemer's here!

Exiles—Young and Old.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"O H, wonder! The fields so green,
With the sky an arch of blue;
An' a starry night, as if angels bright
Were smilin' an' peepin' through."

"White is the ground in dear Dunloe,
An' bitter the winds as they pass
Through the Gap from the sea—but it's
there I'd be,

On my way to the Christmas Mass."

"There's roses an' poppies here,
An' birds singin' all the day;
An' the sea so mild, like a little child
By its mother's knee at play."

"I'd rather the hush of the snow
An' the cold of the Christmastide
In Ireland. *Mavrone*, my heart is stone
Wid the ache I sthrive to hide!"

"There'll be lilies an' lilies piled
On the altar the morn's morn,
An' roses red dhroopin' over the shed
Where Christ our Lord is born."

"I'd give all the flowers in the world
To be back in my own loved land,
Treadin' the snow by a path I know,
Wid a holly sprig in my hand."

"Granny, 'tis jòy, joy, joy!"—
"*Mauria*, your heart is young!"—

"My thoughts all sing like birds a-wing."—
"*Alanna*, my songs are sung!"—

"Are ye longin' for storm an' snow,
An' the wind howlin' down the pass?"—

"I am—to be there, in the Christmas air,
On my way to the Midnight Mass."

ON the throne of His majesty and greatness, God commands our fear and our homage; but in His littleness, especially our love. Hear, ye heavens, and lend your ears, O earth! Stand in raptures of astonishment and praise, O you whole creation, but you chiefly, O man! The Son of the living God was born in Bethlehem of Juda. O short word of the Eternal Word abridged for us, but filled with heavenly sweetness!—*St. Bernard.*

Known at Last.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

II.—(Conclusion.)

"IT will take the mare two hours to do it," Michael Gillespie soliloquized aloud, as he rode along the track, with the tall, rank grass rising on each side to his horse's girths. "It is twelve o'clock now; at two Raystock will be at Moffats, and Raystock won't wait a quarter of an hour on any man."

He tightened the rein as he spoke, and the horse quickened its pace. Ten years before, when Michael Gillespie left Kilkerran, maddened with jealousy and full of anger against his young wife, he had no intention of emigrating; but the sudden death of his mother left him free to wander where he would, and a chance conversation with an Australian farmer had been the means of bringing him to the Southern continent. He had been lucky enough to find employment with a farmer of his own faith and nationality; and when his employer died, he rewarded Michael by a substantial legacy for seven years' faithful service. With this money and his own savings Michael had bought a small sheep farm, and it was to receive payment for a flock of sheep that he was journeying to meet Mr. Raystock at Moffats' public-house.

As Michael rode onward he saw around him the long, billowy-like waves of grass, green with the metallic greenness of early spring; and from the forest that lay near, on one side, he heard the chatter of the parrots and screams of the cockatoos. Overhead, the sky was blue and cloudless; but Michael was in spirit beneath the cloud-flecked skies of his own land, with its hills and valleys and boglands round him.

Suddenly his horse swerved to one side and then stood still. Right across

the track a man was lying, and in an instant Michael was kneeling by him. He placed his hand over the heart of the prostrate stranger, and bent his ear to listen to his breathing.

"He's alive, at any rate," he said, as he drew a flask from his pocket and forced a few drops of its contents between the man's pallid lips. The liquor had the desired effect, for after a second or two the stranger unclosed his eyes.

"Well, my man?" inquired Michael, cheerily; and the stranger passed his hand across his brows.

"I was sent after sheep, I think," he said, in a low voice; "and I lost my way and fell from the horse. Did he run off?"

"Very likely," Michael replied, offering him his flask again. Some color came back to the man's face after a draught of the brandy.

"I fear it is the end," he went on, after a second or two. "The doctors in the hospital in Melbourne said it would be sudden and soon."

"Can I do anything?" Michael asked, awkwardly raising the man to a more comfortable position.

"Yes. You will find a prayer-book and beads in my pocket. Send them to Melbourne to—but the name and the address are in the prayer-book."

"You are a Catholic?" Michael asked.

"A bad one—a *very* bad one; but tell her I tried—I did try—to do as she and the priest told me," the man gasped, as a spasm of pain seized him and he made an effort to place his hand on his heart.

"Yes," Michael assented. "But what is your name?"

"John Gillespie."

"That is very strange. My own name is Gillespie—Michael Gillespie."

The sick man looked up with a questioning gleam in his glazed and sunken eyes.

"Was your mother named Anna?"

Michael nodded.

"She belonged to Antrim?"

"I believe so. She and I lived near Carndaisy, in Tyrone, for a long time. Before her death we lived in Belfast," Michael answered, and wondered at the stranger's evident excitement.

"Then you are my brother!" the latter cried. "Oh, how strange! Anna Gillespie was my mother too!"

"*Your* mother!" Michael ejaculated. "No: I never heard her speak of another son being alive."

"Oh, no, she would not, because I was a black sheep! I was a convict. I was imprisoned for stealing from my master," was the reply, in labored tones.

Michael was silent; he was recalling many strange acts of his mother's.

"I saw the mill where you were employed," John Gillespie continued, in the same struggling tones; "and the cottage where you lived with your wife and our mother. But why are you not together now—you and Alice? What has happened?" he asked, suddenly.

"I can not tell you."

"She is good and brave and kind. She was kind to me even at the time she left me in Derry."

"When was that?" Michael Gillespie bent over his brother and waited for the answer eagerly.

"It was just after you were married. My mother would not trust me with my passage money for America, and so your wife went with me to Derry and saw me aboard the steamer at Moville. It was my mother that made her go. Did you never hear of this?"

"Never!" Michael answered, with a deep groan. "Never!"

"Ah! Maybe this is why you are parted," John Gillespie said, with quick intuition. "I know my mother told you I was dead, but I thought at the time that your wife would have spoken and explained everything."

"The last time I saw her she was in

a railway carriage with you at Carndaisy station. I was there by chance, and saw you both. I went straight home and told my mother to get ready to go with me at once. The man I was working for sold our little articles of furniture later, and sent the money to an address I gave him. After that we—my mother and I—settled in Belfast, but she died in a few months. She got a sudden stroke," Michael said hastily.

"And she never told you?"

"No. I understand now the look that was in her eyes in her last hours, and the violent but useless efforts she made to speak—to say something."

"I went to America," John Gillespie explained, with increasing difficulty; "but I did not stay long there. I succeeded in working my passage to Australia, and lived in Melbourne as I could; and now I am dying."

"Oh, no, no!" Michael protested, but without belief in his words. "Would you not like to see a priest?"

"There is no time. The nearest priest lives thirty miles away," John Gillespie answered; and Michael, noting the blue circles round the speaker's lips and eyes, sighed heavily. "And I hope, I humbly hope, I am not unprepared," the elder brother said. "I am not long out of the hospital. Father Danvers got me a situation out here. He thought I was better out of the town, and so I was."

Very little further conversation took place between the brothers. Michael soon sought and found the prayer-book and rosary that John had referred to. When the latter was placed in the dying man's fingers, Michael opened the book and began the prayers for the departing soul. Once he stopped to go to a stream that ran at no great distance for a drink of water to relieve his brother's thirst, and he remembered later that a bandicoot scuttled across his path and hid itself in the tangle of swaying grass and wild

flowers; and once he ceased the prayers to answer a question of John's. By the time he closed the book the end was near. The death agony was sharp and short; and, with words of sorrow for a misspent life on his quivering lips, John Gillespie passed away.

That same night his dead body was brought to Michael's station, and the priest from the nearest township was sent for to give it Christian burial. To Father Ryan Michael told his story and handed the prayer-book and rosary.

"I have met good Father Danvers of Melbourne, and I shall write to him if you wish," the priest said. "Are the book and beads to go to him?"

"I think not," Michael replied. "My mind is all confused; but I believe he, my brother, spoke of a woman. See if her name is written in the book."

The priest opened the little morocco-bound book, and said:

"Yes. Had you a sister? The name is Alice Gillespie; and she is a nurse, I should suppose, in a Melbourne hospital."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" and the voice of this strong man was broken.

Michael lost no time in journeying to the Victorian capital and seeking Nurse Gillespie. His fears lest his wife should refuse him her forgiveness were soon relieved, but Michael's own self-reproach did not easily pass away. He had to hear of Alice's visit to her closed and dismantled home on her return from seeing his brother embark for America; of her mystification, and of her subsequent trials before she resolved to sail to Australia. In Melbourne she had found service in the family of a doctor, who soon discovered her ability as a sick nurse. Through him she entered one of the public hospitals of the city, and it was there she met and recognized John Gillespie. At her earnest and urgent entreaties, he consented to see a priest; and when he was discharged from the

hospital, Father Danvers kept him under his own care till he found what he considered suitable and safe employment for him in a squatter's family.

Alice Gillespie at once relinquished her hospital work and accompanied her husband to his home, nor did she ever utter one word about his conduct or about his mother's. But Michael does not forget; and often, when they sit on the veranda of their Southern house as the Australian day is fast closing into night, he thinks of distant Kilkerran; and his thoughts are sad and bitter ones. And no doubt Alice guesses what they are; for she usually lays a gentle hand on her husband's arm and says:

"Nay, Michael, we are happy at last, thank God!"

At the Old Men's Home.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

HE sat where the pale rays of the December sun streamed softly in through the window. He had always loved the sun, and he loved it now. Music and sunshine are close kindred, and he was a musician—or had been. At present he was only the last arrival at the Old Men's Home. Drink and cold and despair have a way of driving the music out of a man,—at least the good music. It seemed strange to be called an old man, and yet it had been a long while since the silver began to show in his hair. And one can not always be young. He had been ill with a little attack of what the doctors called heart-failure, but which he knew was just heart-ache pure and simple. And the sunbeams, after leaving him, fell upon a row of white beds, each with its occupant; for this was the infirmary. The Sisters were very busy, their white caps rustling a little like the wings of doves, as they dealt out broth or medicine or kind words.

He was to-day a convalescent; while to-morrow, if his heart did not grow unruly again, he would be quite as well as ever. To-morrow? To-morrow would be Christmas, and already in the chapel he could hear the choir singing in the first Vespers of the Nativity. Christmas! Gracious Heaven! what could Christmas be to him? What could it bring him? What did he deserve? There was only one thing he wished—a pardon from the Higher Court. Man had refused it. Would not God be more merciful? Men did not understand, but God understood. "Though your sins be as scarlet,"—man did not say that.

Here nobody knew. The Sisters had asked no questions; the chaplain had shaken his hand, smiled, and passed on. He, the last inmate, had assumed a new name. They did not know that a great composer sat there in the cold December sunshine, in danger of a return of heart-failure. And neither did they know that a famous fugitive from justice, with whose name the country was ringing, sat there as well; for musician and sinner and old man were all one. No, they did not know. And perhaps when the heart-failure came again it would do its work so well that he could keep his secret.

His thoughts turned back along the track of the years, as those of the old and homeless have a way of doing when the days are short, and the listening and expectant world waits for the Holy Babe. He wondered if his wife had forgiven him, if his little one had lived. As to the wife, most likely she had forgotten. Twenty years is a long time, even to a good woman, and she was always good. But sometimes it is the good people who are slowest to pardon. And there was so much to pardon! He would try not to think of his wild life on this day, when the angels were waiting with their songs.

He might have been worse. It was pleasant to think of the lame boy whom

he had helped when he himself was so destitute; his hand had not been closed when want appealed, and his life had held many white spots of repentance. He wondered if God would note all this.

And the little one? He did not often dare to think of her, on account of the heart-ache that the doctors called heart-failure. But if those scarlet sins—

"To-morrow," said Sister Catherine, "you are to have a little surprise. I tell you so that you may get well in time."

He looked at her rather dully. *He* enjoy anything? She could not know how far behind him the shining face of Happiness had retreated. A surprise? Turkey, probably, with cranberry sauce and oysters.

The Sister passed along, with a smile so cheery that it almost seemed to warm the sunbeams; and his reverie went on.

The early morning of Our Lord's Nativity found him in the chapel. A noted singer was to be in the choir at the early Mass, and he fancied it was for the music that he went. But as the Mass progressed it was only of the pardon that he thought: the weak heart was softening; the sweet influences of the hallowed time were fast conquering the proud old fugitive with whose name the country rang.

In the afternoon he looked for the surprise with the confiding faith of a little child. Indeed, he was growing strangely childlike—this old man, who had found so sweet a shelter with those who only pitied and forbore to question.

The inmates were gathered in the infirmary, so that the sick might share in what was coming.

"My friends," said Sister Catherine, "Miss Clare will sing for you."

She entered from an adjoining room, a slender girl in a simple gown; and,—without prelude, began:

"Adeste fideles—"

The old musician trembled as her clear

voice rose and fell. She sang again, but he did not hear; again and again—he did not listen.

A sick man in a cot near by clapped his hands and said to the new inmate:

"Do you not like the singing?"

"*Adeste fideles!*" murmured the old musician; and the sick man thought him losing his wits.

The girl, her singing done, passed down the room, leaving some small gift and gentle word at each white bed. To the old musician she held out her hand.

"I hope I pleased you," she ventured.

"The *Adeste Fideles!*" was all he could say.

"Ah! you liked that? Sometimes it breaks my heart to sing it. The music has a history—"

Her lips quivered. He did not speak.

"I do not know why I say this to you, but I am very glad if I have made you happy. And you liked the music?"

"I wrote it," he answered, his faded eyes upon her face.

"There is some mistake," she said, kindly. "This is my father's music."

"Alice!" he responded, softly.

Yes, it was Alice, the famous singer, but his child.

He did not die of joy, but lived for a few days in the possession of the happiness of which his own misdoing had beggared him; then, beloved and repentant and pardoned, "*Adeste fideles!*" he said, and smiled, and went home.

To sanctify Christmas we ought to consecrate it to devotion, and principally to the exercises of adoration, praise, and love. This is the tribute we must offer to our new-born Saviour when we visit Him in spirit with the good Shepherds. With them we must enter the stable and contemplate this mystery with a lively faith, by which under the veils of an infant body we discover the majesty of our God.—*Alban Butler.*

A Thought in Season.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

MATERIALISM is one of the chief hindrances of the present day. Everywhere it is pushing aside all that is best in man and in the domain which, for want of a better word, we term the "world." If possible, it would blight the Christian year: it would do away with the expectant joy of Advent; it would make of the Lenten season but a time of rest after the winter's gayety; of Holy Week, a period in which to pay homage to the Passion music of Bach; of Easter, a time to replenish the toilet; and of Christmas, a harvest for the venders of knickknacks and bibelots. The holiest days of the year are profaned by a misdirected plethora of trumpery. The business enterprise of a merchant is measured by his holiday trade. To that he looks to wipe out past losses, and he is seldom disappointed.

It is difficult to say anything on this subject that is not trite from reiteration. We declare and know that expensive Christmas gifts are vulgar; that the religious part of the feast, which is the only true part, is often lost sight of; that it is especially the children and the poor who should have our thoughts at this time, when our Divine Lord came in poverty and humility as a little child.

All this we say and believe. And then we make a feast and invite those to whom a dinner is a weariness of spirit; and buy our friends expensive gewgaws and unwished-for superfluities, because we are under obligations. Obligations! Are we under no obligations to Him who left God's shining throne and was born and lived and died for us, who now forget Him?—to Him who bears with our infirmities and forgives our sins?

The "Christmas trade!" This phrase,

like the thing itself, was born of the Puritanism which profaned sanctuaries, tore down altars, demolished statues, and stabled its horses in consecrated temples. No edicts could exterminate the love for the holy season; no persecution efface from the faithful heart the joy which came when the days were at their shortest and the Nativity at hand. "So," said the image-breakers, "we can not destroy Christmas: let us utilize it." And the vanity of women, the erring judgment of men, have aided this perversion. Not that mirth and joy are wrong, or that gift-making within bounds is in the least reprehensible. It is only when these things crowd out the central Figure of the feast that they do evil work.

Fashion has much to answer for; but much will be condoned if it sets its heel, as it bids fair to do, upon the over-practical, ostentatious observances with which society has been wont to keep the Christmastide. Then, when the present vulgarity which makes of the Holy Birthday a time of traffic disappears, we may hope that the world's blind ones will bring their treasures to the lowly Manger, and that its deaf ones will hear the Angels' song.

Glorious Tidings from Foreign Missions.

AN eminent Italian Cardinal of the last generation once said that when he was a young man in the seminary the letters of priests and bishops in America, with their impressive accounts of dangers faced and hardships endured, were read aloud in the refectory for the purpose of inspiring the young levites with the priestly spirit and true missionary zeal. The thought was a happy one. If it is still true that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians, it is also true that the examples of Christian heroism which our missionaries in savage lands have shown

forth before an unbelieving and luxurious world are the strongest stimulant to the Christian life,—most potent to arouse dormant faith and to excite religious fervor.

For this reason we could wish that our missionary journals were more widely circulated. We are still in the early ages of the Church. The days of persecution are not yet ended even in highly civilized countries; and in pagan lands the heralds of the faith—having sundered the ties of home and friendship and kindred; having isolated themselves from refinements and comfort, and commonly from all but the barest necessities of life—are called upon to practise a degree of virtue that would have glorified even the golden age of the Church. The December number of the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, for example, has portraits of Fathers Richard Henlé, Matthew Bertholet, and Xavier Nies—young men under thirty-five, their strong, bright faces aglow with talent and virtue,—who were barbarously put to death in China during the past twelve-month in hatred of religion. On the page beside them is portrayed Brother Zachary, aged twenty-four, who went to the heart of Africa to nurse natives suffering from small-pox, hoping thus to win them to the faith, and fell a victim to his own charity.

A few pages farther on appears this item of news which has just reached Europe: "Brother Severinus, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, has been massacred by the ferocious Bonjos in Upper French Congo. The little Christian boy who accompanied him was killed and eaten." And again these brief telegrams from Bishop Chouvellon, Vicar-Apostolic of a district in China, which give but the gaunt, naked outlines of a story too horrible for the imagination to fill in:

- Sept. 29. Persecution devastating mission.
- Oct. 8. Stations [missionary centres] half destroyed.
- Oct. 24. Catholics plundered and killed; 10,000 fugitives.
- Oct. 25. Chanès massacred, with 13 Christians.

Only this; but what sufferings, what virtues, the simple lines suggest! Father Chanès, we may add, was a bright young priest who went to China fresh from the seminary ten years ago.

But most impressive of all is the sketch of a Chinese boy-martyr whose example ought to thrill and inspire Catholics, whether young or old. His name was Peter Tau, and he was only thirteen years of age. The pagans commanded him to tread upon the crucifix; and when he refused they beat him so violently with rattans that at every blow his blood spattered the walls of the judgment-hall. Even the pagans who looked on shuddered with horror. Astonished at the child's fortitude, they changed their tack and ordered him merely to bow before the mandarin in token of submission, promising him a reward in return. But neither seductions nor threats could shake the boy's constancy. He was again thrown upon the ground and brutally cudgelled by order of the mandarin. The tender victim quivered in every limb. He bit the earth to keep back a cry of pain, but to every command to renounce Christianity the little hero answered: "Kill me if you like, but I will never apostatize!" And so saying to the end, he died in his blood.

We can fancy even the American boy brought up on the daily newspaper and the frisky dime-novel reading such a narrative with wide-open eyes. Before such heroism even the glamour of the Rough Riders pales a little. But in all seriousness we ask: Can Catholic parents in America afford to do without such reading? Are faith and fervor so intense among us that we may scorn such a tonic? Our children, too, are urged by threats and promises—by sneers and disabilities, if not by the bastinado—to yield their faith or abate their religious practices. Too often they have proved cowards, as the periodic lament over "Catholic leakage" shows; too often they have given over

the corn and the wine of life to feed on the husks and the lees. In view of this it is little short of infamous that fathers and mothers should look complacently on their children absorbed in worldly and perhaps hurtful reading, to the neglect of all that inspires and edifies. We take it for granted that the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* and the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* are regularly and closely read in religious houses and in all our seminaries; but will not parents place them within reach of their own children, and make them at least as accessible as the *Daily Scandal*? If they do, we prophesy a more general and genuine interest in foreign missions than has hitherto been shown; and, as a natural consequence, a strengthening of faith and a quickening of fervor among the generation that is as well as among those that are to come.

Notes and Remarks.

Those of our readers who favor us with anti-Catholic literature—reports of sermons, articles clipped from newspapers, references to books, etc.,—and who look to us for a refutation of current calumnies against the Church, should take care to have the authors and abettors of such misrepresentations "see the other side" whenever possible. There are many honest men among the opponents of our holy religion who would gladly attend to anything said in its defence. It is much to let them know that there *is* something to be said. A recent article in this magazine called forth a letter from a Protestant minister, who declared that he would never again repeat a statement which we proved to be false, and asked to be enlightened upon other subjects. We beg our readers to remember, however, that THE AVE MARIA has limitations. It is impossible to notice all attacks on the Church, or to answer all the questions that are put to us. Adequate rejoinders and satisfactory explanations demand time and space, in many cases more than we have at our disposal.

Our attention is sometimes called to matters that are not worth heeding, and to furnish all sorts of information at short notice is not in the bounds of possibility. An immediate reply to every letter that we receive is also out of the question, though such letters may seem especially urgent to the writers of them. As an illustration of the impossibility of attending to all the demands that are made of us, we may state that a few words quoted in one of our notes this week required more than an hour's search.

The death of the venerable Father Cuddihy, of the diocese of Springfield, removes a picturesque figure of the Church in this country. Born on the Feast of St. Patrick, 1809, he was the oldest priest in the United States. His ordination took place in Rome on Christmas Day, 1831; and he had seen as many as five popes seated in the Chair of Peter. A native of Ireland and a friend of O'Connell, he was an ardent patriot; but also a zealous, devoted priest. He was a strict disciplinarian, uncompromising in his opposition to anything that he considered prejudicial to the interests of religion or dangerous to morals; but he was full of love for souls, and no one could doubt the disinterestedness of his zeal. Grateful prayers should be offered for good Father Cuddihy in the many scenes of his apostolic labors. May he rest in peace!

No doubt there are a great many good men among the Protestant ministers of this country. We are personally acquainted with not a few of them for whom we have a high regard. But there are others whose hearts, we fear, are—well, not as white as their chokers. The animus of these pious men ought to be plain to all who read or hear their discourses, especially when their subject is anything or anybody Catholic. Their latent hatred of the Church is sure to betray itself; their praise is always faint and their denunciation always fierce; their condemnations are generally sweeping, and their characterizations oftenest false. They seem to manifest a disposition to believe the worst of Catholics and to discredit or ignore any

report in their favor. Where is the charity of these men of God? We know of a writer for the press who is at present engaged in compiling a record of the crimes of which Protestant clergymen in this country have been convicted within the present decade. A fearsome, damaging record it is; but we venture to say that there is not a Catholic paper in the world that would publish it. And yet many Protestant ministers are always busy in spreading evil reports against their Catholic brethren. Many of the scandalous stories they are now telling their followers about our missionaries in the Philippine Islands are contradicted in official reports to the Government. Still do the prevaricating parsons rage; they express no pity for the poor friars "cudgelled to death," or for the nuns "subjected to brutal treatment" by the fierce insurgents. It is a question in our mind whether the savages in the Philippines are more savage than some so-called ministers of the Gospel in these United States.

Another man whom fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith has succeeded in focussing upon himself the fierce light of publicity that beats upon a throne—and a fool. Sir Berry Smith, whilom British Consul in Samoa, has perpetrated a book of reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson, in which he says:

Mr. Clarke, a friend of Stevenson's, himself a missionary in Samoa, told me that Stevenson regretted having written that pamphlet in defence of Damien more than anything else he had ever written. Had Stevenson lived, I believe he would have publicly recalled the pamphlet.

Now, the Rev. Mr. Clarke is a Protestant of very different stripe from Sir Berry Smith and the Rev. Dr. Hyde; and he wrote a public letter denying that either himself or Stevenson ever believed the calumnious report about Father Damien. He continues:

The statement that Stevenson regretted having written the pamphlet because of the injustice it inflicted upon the clergyman concerned, is simply a grotesque reversal of the facts. Stevenson's regret was caused by the knowledge that in publishing the pamphlet he had given a wide-world publicity to the scandal which had excited his righteous indignation. For this reason—for the sake of the dead man in whose defence he had written—Stevenson regretted afterward that he had written

the pamphlet. As to publicly recalling it, as Sir Berry Smith suggests, that, it is needless to say, is nonsense.

So Sir Gooseberry Smith turns out to be a plain, ordinary prevaricator, who doesn't even choose his subjects well; for though Stevenson is dead there still live those to whom his memory is dear. Mrs. Stevenson particularly desires Sir Gooseberry's statements to be contradicted authoritatively in Catholic journals; and Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, in communicating her request to the *Pilot*, adds that "the grandson of Mrs. Stevenson, Master Austin Strong, to whom Stevenson wrote the letters that were published in *Saint Nicholas* after the writer's death,—the only child of Isabel Strong, Stevenson's amanuensis,—is a convert to Catholicity and my godson; and his conversion and baptism were approved by every member of the Stevenson family, including Robert Louis Stevenson and his Scotch Presbyterian mother."

The Catholics of Germany have begun to show their appreciation of the Kaiser's friendliness in presenting them with the "Dormitio Virginis," or the ground on which stood the traditional home of the Blessed Virgin in Jerusalem. Plans have been prepared for a large and beautiful church, to be erected on the spot; and a considerable sum of money has been subscribed for this purpose. Excavations have been begun to discover whether the walls or even the foundations of the ancient house are still existing; if they are, the plans of the new church will be altered to conform as far as possible with them.

Judge Gibbons, of Chicago, stated in his court last week that from eight to fifteen cases of divorce are adjudicated by him every Saturday, fifty per cent of which are suits against husbands who have deserted their wives. Three thousand cases of divorce, he added, are granted annually in Chicago; and about half of these are brought by deserted wives against vagabond husbands. Tax-payers are required to maintain institutions for the support of children thus abandoned; and Judge Gibbons demands that a law

be passed "whereby a man who takes to himself a wife and brings into being children should be compelled to support them by working on the public streets under police control, if in no other way." The *Chicago Times-Herald* says that "there is a tonic in the Judge's vigorous comment"; that "the showing is an appalling one," and that "the thing is an abomination in the sight of God and man. It is putting contempt upon the very highest rights and responsibilities of humanity, and inviting to an utter disregard for the sanctity of all oaths."

Fine words, indeed; but what is going to be done to remedy the evil? It was Luther who first taught men to disregard "the sanctity of all oaths." The sectarian clergy in Chicago as a body are too cowardly to tell the people their duty in this matter, and the editors are too cowardly to tell the ministers their duty. There is only one remedy for this disease, and the Catholic Church is the only dispensary whence it can be obtained. You know this, gentlemen, as well as we; is it an honorable motive which restrains you from saying it?

It was President Cleveland who said, in reply to an attack made on him by a Methodist minister, that "the elements or factors of the most approved outfit for placing a false and barefaced accusation before the public appear to be: First, some one with baseness and motives sufficient to invent it; second, a minister with gullibility and love of notoriety, greedily willing to listen to it and gabble it; and third, a newspaper anxiously willing to publish it." None of these factors, it will be noticed, are lacking in the outfit for spreading calumnies against the Spanish missionaries in the Philippines. There are the unscrupulous inventors, the scandal-loving ministers, and the yellow journals galore. The infamous accusations of the Rev. John R. Hykes now appearing in newspapers all over the United States deserve special attention, because he was sent to Manila by the American Bible Society to ascertain whether our new possessions in the far East are a field for Bible work. Brother Hykes' report is what might be expected. According to him, the Spanish

friars are grossly immoral—despotic, avaricious, opposed to education, doing nothing to elevate the natives, but, on the contrary, doing all in their power to oppress and demoralize them. We have read the minister's long report with great attention.

In contradiction of this unqualified censure we might quote the Government Consular Reports. In the volume for July may be found this statement: "The Spanish priests, with scarcely an exception, do their duties faithfully and devotedly. Priests of native extraction do not quite come up to the high standard of their Spanish *confratres*." (Brother Hykes states the very contrary.) Howard W. Bray, a resident of the Philippines for many years, says that the friars there have done "noble work" for education. General Merritt asserts that the Jesuits have been "great benefactors" of the people of Manila. Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Siam, bears this testimony to the beneficent influence exerted by the clergy of the Philippines: "Numbering nearly 3,000, they include many men of great ability, noble character, and wide knowledge. The majority are faithful to their vows, and the few who backslide are of mixed blood or natives." If the Catholic clergy in the far East tried to keep the people in ignorance, as Brother Hykes asserts, we should like to ask him how it happens that there were colleges, observatories, and technical schools in Manila before a Bible Society was ever dreamed of anywhere. "Much credit," writes Sir Henry Ellis, "is due to the Spaniards for the establishment of schools throughout the colony, and their unremitting exertion to preserve and propagate Christianity by this best of all possible means—the diffusion of education." "Christianity has rarely been more advantageous to its followers than here among the Philippine Islanders," says W. R. Palgrave in the *Scientific American*.

We might quote other authorities, and all these at greater length, in refutation of Brother Hykes' calumnious assertions; but enough for the present. We shall revert to the subject again. Let us say now that we regard the Rev. Mr. John R. Hykes as the rarest specimen of ministerial mendacity that has ever come under our observation.

Notable New Books.

VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

By the Rev. B. Rohner, O. S. B. Adapted by the Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. Benziger Brothers.

We assure the general reader that he will find much of interest and edification in this volume; to devout clients of the Blessed Virgin it will be especially welcome. It is an appetizing book: we should think that any Catholic who sees the table of contents would wish to read the work from cover to cover. We can not do better, then, than to state what it contains. It is divided into four parts, the first of which treats of devotion to the Blessed Virgin in general; the second shows how she is honored in Church festivals; the third, how she is honored in Church devotions; and the fourth, how she is honored by the religious orders and confraternities. Father Brennan was wise in adapting this work instead of translating it literally; and he is to be thanked for adding chapters which render it particularly acceptable to American Catholics. In one of these he treats of "Devotion to Our Lady in North America"; in another, of the "Orders or Congregations Specially Devoted to Mary." Catholic readers are indebted to Father Brennan for a long list of good books, not the least important of which is "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin."

A CRUISE UNDER THE CRESCENT. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Rand, McNally & Co.

No living writer is better fitted by nature and art to interpret the East than Charles Warren Stoddard. The mystery, the glamour and the poetry of the Orient have allured the men of the West from the beginning. Painters and poets and travellers have successively essayed to analyze the subtle charm of it, and to express it in the speech of the Giaour; but all seem (in varying degrees of course) to be doing a translation from a foreign tongue. Mr. Stoddard alone speaks the language of the Oriental.

Most of the chapters which make up this precious volume have appeared in *THE AVE MARIA*, and for that very reason its readers will be eager to possess themselves of the

book. It is one of the differences between literature and mere books that literature haunts us forever, inviting us back to it again and again. Genius is its own elixir. It is eternally fresh and beautiful; and one is no more satisfied with reading a great book once than with hearing a great piece of music a single time.

The charm of this book is manifold. It has atmosphere, color, warmth, pathos, humor, criticism, reverence, and—Mr. Stoddard's wonderful witchery of words. It brings us to strange sights and far cities—to the cradle of the human race. It gives us the spirit and the meaning of the Land that is Holy alike to Christian and Mahommedan. It would be an ideal Christmas book—but, then, it would be an ideal book for any season.

Mr. Denslow's illustrations are legion and most sympathetic; the text was *not* written to illustrate them. And the publishers have printed the book on good, thick paper, in large, clear type; and bound it in most pleasing and appropriate style.

MANUAL OF CATHOLIC THEOLOGY. Vol. II.

By Joseph Wilhelm, D. D., Ph. D.; and Thomas B. Scannell, B. D. Kegan Paul & Co.; Benziger Brothers.

This is the second and last volume of a treatise on dogmatic theology based on Scheeben's "Dogmatik." It sets forth the doctrinal teachings of the Church in concise form, in good, plain English, and with enough fulness to satisfy all but the specialist in the *minutiae* of theology. It is so far constructive in method that it almost ignores the theological negatives, the heresies and schisms of bygone centuries; and much of that useless discussion which impedes the student of other text-books is thereby omitted, as it should be. The result is a work that parish priests will prefer to all others as a reference book, and that studious laymen may go to for the "bone rules" of Catholic theology.

The treatise on which this manual is based is a classic in the religious literature of Germany, and we shall not be surprised if we are told that the English adaptation of Scheeben has enjoyed like popularity in English-speaking countries. For those who are safely folded within the Church it offers

a bird's-eye view of the vast system of teaching into which they have grown unconsciously from childhood; to the truth-seeker from without it presents a simple statement of Catholic belief, with arguments briefly but effectively stated; the whole having the clearness and orderliness of a text-book of science. We commend it heartily.

MARIÆ COROLLA. By Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P. Benziger Brothers.

"I remember hearing the remark, while I was still an Anglican," says Father Edmund in the preface to this unusually attractive volume, "that converts to the faith of Rome are apt to become very fervent clients of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and even to go to excess in this devotion. As to going to excess, I deny that to be possible—within the lines of truth. But if converts *do* take such a hold on what has been to them a hidden treasure for years, it is because they wish to make up for lost time, and also to atone for hard and mischievous things said against this devotion in their ignorant past." Father Edmund, of course, has not been guilty of excess, but he has certainly drunk deeply of legitimate devotion to the Queen of Heaven; every poem in this volume proves that. His muse is none of the pagan nine, but she who first chanted the *Magnificat* and who has inspired some of the sweetest songs of the poets, whether sacred or secular.

We have so lately reviewed "Passion Flowers," by the same author, that any extended reference to the quality of Father Edmund's verse is unnecessary. It is enough to say that the flush of the afflatus is as strongly evident now as then, and that the author keeps remarkably close to high-water mark throughout "Mariæ Corolla."

THE CHASE OF AN HEIRESS. By Christian Reid. G. P. Putnam Sons.

Christian Reid's characteristic charm of description is perhaps the strongest feature in this idyl of the tropics. The setting of the story—the wild southern beauty of Santo Domingo—is rich in color, and fascinating in its picture of the sea-girt island, with its southern flowers, feathery palms, and background of mountains wreathed in mists of loveliness. As the title indicates, there is a

romance; indeed there are two, each in keeping with the characters concerned: our fair heroine of the North moving with the easy reserve of a cultured gentlewoman, and the warm-hearted daughter of the South acting according to the dictates of her impulsive nature. The book is especially timely, treating as it does of the South, and having all the interest of that region without the shadows that have fallen over it during the past few months.

CYRIL WESTWARD. BY H. P. Russell. Art and Book Co. Benziger Brothers.

This book was written to help Anglicans into the Church. Its author has himself gone the way which he points out to others; for Mr. Russell was but recently vicar of St. Stephen's (Anglican), Devonport. The usual difficulties that lie in the path of his former coreligionists are naturally well known to him, and these he has treated in these pleasantly written pages with great force and directness. Newman is invoked to disentangle knotty problems, and one gets a new appreciation of the services which the saintly Oratorian rendered to all who sit in the darkness of English sectarianism. The chief types of the Anglican clergy and laity are drawn with a frank but not unkindly hand; and, though the clergy of the Establishment cut rather a sorry figure in the book, the fault is understood to lie in the weakness of their position rather than in the men themselves. The laity make a better showing, though one or two of the conversions seem somewhat sudden. There is a very attractive Catholic priest in the story—if story it may be called, for the plot is slight to tenuity.

WESTCHESTER. By Henry Austin Adams. B. Herder.

This tale of the Revolution, with its delightful old-time atmosphere, is restful after the modern type of romances; and yet it is full of stirring adventure, strong love, hates unto death; and all pictured against a background deep with the shades of war and rumors of war. The scene is laid in Westchester, New York, at that eventful period of the history of our country when "ties of neighborhood, friendship and blood"

must needs be severed in the name of loyalty to England, or for the cause of independence in the Colonies. The characters are well wrought out,—the quaint philosophy of the hero and *raconteur*, Squire Broadbent, giving a touch of realism; while his daughter, with the noble traits of her father exercised in what to the Squire was treason, is clearly portrayed; though the tragedy of her life is sad indeed, yet not sadder than truth often is. Altogether, this is a story of uncommon interest and of no small power.

LASCA, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary F. Nixon. B. Herder.

The author of "With a Pessimist in Spain" has the touch that wins and holds the attention. Her short stories have a human interest, and her characters are flesh and blood. "Lasca" gives the title to the collection of a baker's dozen, all of which deal with Italian, Spanish or French phases of life; and the use of foreign terms, while perhaps natural to the persons portrayed, is, in some of the stories at least, somewhat out of keeping with the general tenor of their speech. The atmosphere is hardly calm and hazy enough for the Old-World setting of the stories. However, there is a healthy tone about them, and quite enough of romance to satisfy lovers of that quality in fiction. Readers of this magazine who have enjoyed Miss Nixon's work will be glad to have this volume.

A KLONDIKE PICNIC. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Benziger Brothers.

This record of a gala day on an island named Klondike, by the young adventurers of an agreeable family, is full of interest and alive with the charm that belongs to the doings of childhood. One forgets minor inconsistencies as the story progresses; and the "genuine letters from two gold-seekers in Alaska" lend an air of reality to the recital. The Aladdin-like appearance of everything in "the nick of time," even to poems of a past commencement, clippings about the Klondike region, etc., sets at defiance ordinary picnic traditions. But the glow of glad youthtide is over it all, and "A Klondike Picnic" is a wholesome, happy story.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Holy Night.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THEY turned away from the inn
(A star shone faint in the blue),
Out from the khan-yard's clatter and din
They wandered forth anew.

"Where shall I find thee rest?
The wind blows cold from the hill."
She folded her mantle over her breast:
"Wherever the dear Lord will!"

From the manger's straw He smiled
(Above the star shone bright),
As Mary watched o'er her little Child
In the peace of the Holy Night.

With happy voices singing,
The Shepherds came from afar;
The Wise Men gifts were bringing,
By the light of Bethlehem's Star.

Why Thomas Believes in Santa Claus.

BY L. W. REILLY.

THERE were five children in the family, and ever since Thanksgiving they had been wishing for Christmas to come. From the time in the first week of December when the stores had begun to make a display of holiday goods, they had been thinking and talking of the presents that they longed to receive. At long last, two days before the feast, as they were all gathered around the little sitting-room table, after supper, Margaret suddenly suggested:

"Let's all write letters to Santa Claus telling him what we want; and let's put them up the chimney!"

"That's what!" exclaimed Peter, who is very impulsive, like the Prince of the Apostles, and who is somewhat given to slang, like—well, like some one you know.

"Oh, yes, let's do it!" assented James and Anna,—the one running to get the pen and ink, and the other going over to father to ask permission to take some writing-paper.

"Oh," said Thomas, in a sneering tone, "I don't believe in Santa Claus, and 'twon't do any good to write to him!"

"Not believe in Santa Claus!" called out the father, who had overheard this remark. "Why, son, you're a doubting Thomas early in life. Better believe and be happy, and let others believe and be happy; for 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

In spite of the father's advice, Thomas clung to his doubts and refused to take part in the letter-writing. But the others wrote notes addressed to "Dear Santa Claus," telling him what they would like to have; and then their father put the sheets of paper into one envelope and shoved it into an opening in the chimney; while the mother beamed upon him for his good-nature toward the children.

The next night was Christmas Eve. After supper the little ones were so wakeful that only the fear of frightening Santa Claus away induced them to go to bed, even after nine o'clock. The two girls slept in the room next to that occupied by their parents, and the boys

slept in the apartment at the back of the house.

About ten minutes after Margaret and Anna retired, they were fast asleep. The three boys wanted to have a pillow fight, using their three beds as forts to be defended and captured. But their mother came upstairs and waited until she saw them safe under the covers, and cautioned them to be quiet and try to sleep.

Fifteen minutes later Thomas thought that he was awakened by a little creature that looked like a Brownie. The gnome did not speak to him, but somehow made known his wishes that the boy should get up and dress himself. Then he deftly put over the lad's head a black cap, which fell down on his shoulders and shut out everything from his sight. Next the Brownie grasped Thomas in his arms as if to lift him. Then they seemed to rush together through the air—up, up, up, through infinite space, with the speed of the wind in a tornado.

The next thing that the boy knew the cap was plucked from off his head, and he was standing before a throne in the middle of one side of an immense hall that was long and wide and high; that was lighted as bright as day by a million lamps; that was filled with fairies, elves, goblins, leprichans, Brownies, fays, sprites, and gnomes, of all sorts, sizes, looks, and degrees. They were sitting and standing, perching on pretty brackets on the walls, swinging from golden chains thrown over the rafters, and clustering on every imaginable coigne of vantage. On the throne was seated a beautiful fairy, more resplendent than the others, with a star of glory flashing in her amber hair.

As soon as Thomas had cast one frightened look around him and taken note of his strange surroundings, his knees shook with terror at the unearthly spectacle, and he expected that something terrible would happen to him. But no one seemed to be aware of his presence.

Then he noticed that an elf was reading out of a book as large as an unabridged dictionary,—it was one of a million similar volumes ranged along the sides of the hall.

"Next!" said the queen.

"Anna," read the elf: "a child of five. She is a regular cry-baby, a queen of grief, and she is selfish. But she has been petted, so that she is not altogether to blame; and she is still very young. Besides, she always runs errands willingly for her mother."

"I wonder if that could be *our* Anna?" thought Thomas.

"Let her have what she wants," ordered the queen.

Then the elf made a check-mark in the big book with a red pencil, while all the other fairies made the hall ring with their applause.

"Next!" said the queen.

"James," read the elf: "a boy of seven. He is greedy at table, won't use his napkin, hates to wash his face, and sometimes strikes his sisters. But he loves his mother, and yesterday he went to confession and promised to do better—"

"Let him have what he wants," ordered the queen, promptly,— "all except that whole mince-pie that he asked for: it would make him sick."

The elf made another check-mark after he had crossed out the pie. Then the hall once more re-echoed with hand-clappings and cheers.

"Next!" said the queen.

"Peter," read the elf: "a boy of nine. He hates to go to bed and hates to get up in the morning; he would rather play than learn his lessons; he uses slang; he is boisterous in the house, and will not hang up his hat and coat. But he serves Mass every morning, very early, without ever complaining of the cold; he is generous and truthful; his father is fond of him, and—"

"Let him have what he wants," ordered

the queen; "and give him a sled besides, because he is generous."

Another check-mark was made after the sled had been added to Peter's list.

"Next!" said the queen.

"Margaret," read the elf: "a girl of eleven. She is thinking only of what she can get, not of what she might give; she is vain of her clothes and conceited about the prettiness of her face; she is envious of other girls, to whose parents Providence has given more than to hers; she is very good only when she expects to get some reward, and she sometimes—not often—tells of the failings of others behind their back. But she will make her First Communion and be confirmed next year, and then no doubt she will be better. And even now she has a dozen good traits: she is docile to her mother, sews all the buttons on Anna's clothes, is sweet-tempered with her brothers, and steadily increases in her practice of the religion of little kindnesses. She—"

"That will do," said the queen. "She is pretty good, as girls go; and there is reason to expect that she will be better. Let her have all that she wants."

The elf once more used the big red pencil. The sprites laughed and chattered.

"Next!" said the queen.

"Thomas," read the elf: "a boy of thirteen. He—" here the elf paused and pointed with a long, thin arm and a sharp forefinger at the cowering youth.

Thomas had trembled as his name had been read out; but now he was in an agony of apprehension as the elf pointed at him, and all the other fays stared at him until he thought their eyes would start out of their sockets.

"He," the elf resumed presently, "does not believe in Santa Claus."

"Ha, ha! ho, ho!" roared the fairies, with tumultuous shouts of laughter that shook the rafters and made the globes on the lamps rattle and sway.

"And, not satisfied with this stupid

unbelief, he has even tried to destroy the happiness of younger children by telling them that there is no Santa Claus."

"The rogue! the rascal! the villain!" shouted and shrieked the multitude of sprites at the top of their voices; staring at the culprit as if they could kill him with a look, and all pointing their sharp forefingers at him menacingly.

With a cry of alarm, Thomas put his left arm over his eyes to shut out the horrid sight, and started to run toward the door on the side of the hall opposite the throne. But the gnome who had transported him from the earth held him by the right wrist. Meanwhile the uproar grew deafening, and all at once—Thomas awoke, to find himself in a cold sweat, his left hand grasping his right wrist, and all the bedclothes kicked off half-way onto the floor.

"My goodness," he chuckled, "how glad I am that it was all a dream!"

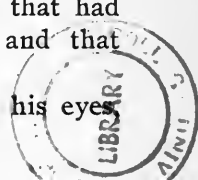
He shivered a little, hastily pulled up the coverings, and chuckled again at the remembrance of his painful adventure in fairy-land.

"I'll turn over and get to sleep as quick as I can," said he; "it must be very near midnight."

He lay awake for awhile; and just as he was getting snug and cosy and warm he suddenly heard a noise over near the mantelpiece. He thought that it was probably made by his father or mother. He had drawn the blanket over his head; but now he pulled it down softly, so that he could look out into the room. He peered cautiously toward the chimney, and there he saw—Santa Claus!

Yes, there, as large as life, short, stout, rubicund and jolly, with a heavy pack on his shoulder, stood dear St. Nicholas, with his back to the bed and his face toward the three long black stockings that had been borrowed from mother and that were hanging in a row.

Thomas could hardly believe his eyes



but there was no denial possible of what they saw for him. He was so frightened that he did not dare move nor make the slightest outcry; but his gaze was fascinated by the well-known figure of the Christmas saint.

In the twinkling of an eye Santa Claus took a lot of things out of his pack, filled the stockings, and placed some parcels beside them. Then he disappeared. How he went, where he went, and precisely when he went, Thomas could not tell. The boy had been watching him closely but furtively; and all of a sudden, after Santa Claus had unloaded his presents, he glided out of the range of Thomas' sight, where the bedclothes hid him for a moment, and then he instantly disappeared.

Thomas was lost in wonder; but he was still afraid to move, and presently he felt too drowsy to bother about it, and gave himself up to sleep.

In the morning, as soon as he awoke, Thomas remembered all that had taken place the previous night; and, even as he threw off the bed-coverings, he said to himself:

"I guess I must have been dreaming again when I saw Santa Claus."

But then he glanced at his stocking, and there was a hockey stick hanging out of it; a bundle, that proved to be a pair of fine steel club skates, was pinned to it; and below it on the floor was a set of Father Finn's story-books. These were very real, and were just what Thomas had been wanting, and just what he would have told Santa Claus to bring him if he had written a letter at the same time that the other children did.

At the breakfast table that Christmas morning Thomas was telling about the events of the night, and in conclusion he said:

"I do believe it was Santa Claus; for I saw him as plain as day, and I never told a soul what I wanted. I did begin to write him a letter yesterday morning,

which I put unfinished into my history when mother sent me to take that basket of groceries to poor Anthony's home. Maybe he knew from that what I wanted."

"Maybe he did," responded the mother, looking approvingly over at the father.

"I'm glad to see that you're a doubting Thomas no longer," remarked the father; "for you would be doing yourself an injury if you wilfully lost faith in dear old Santa Claus."

The Candle in the Window.

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS SMITH.

It had been snowing hard all day; but just before dark the snow and the wind suddenly ceased, leaving the air clear as crystal. At seven o'clock the Christmas Eve chimes pealed forth their gladsome message of peace and goodwill to every living soul—to the faithful and to the faithless. Everyone within a radius of two miles heard the bells proclaiming the birthnight of "the Prince of Peace." Far and near their voices resounded: "*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*"

Under the shadow of the church where the bells were ringing, an Austrian immigrant family, on the fifth floor of a tenement, were listening to the chimes.

Herr Spiehler, the father, roused somewhat from his apathy of despair by the message of the bells, walked to the window and looked out over the roofs of the buildings. He thought of the town of Schneeberg, in Austria, and his comrades, the stone-cutters. He experienced a feeling of regret for the ambitious motives which had tempted him to leave the Fatherland; and the disappointment at not finding work during the two months in America weighed heavily upon him.

The strokes of the chiming bells went through the mother's heart like sharp arrows, and she clasped her sleeping

infant closer to her breast, and wept. The grandmother, sitting by the fireless stove, stopped clicking her knitting-needles, and let her half-finished stocking fall into her lap; while her memory went back to her home across the Atlantic, where she had had plenty of yarn to knit stockings for her grandchildren; but now she had only a portion of a skein, which she kept knitting, and ravelling to knit again, until the yarn was thin in places as though the moths had worried it.

Four children were sleeping in the room; but the bells awoke them, and they sat upright, listening.

"O mother dear, hark! hark! 'Tis the Christmas bells!" Louisa, the oldest one, exclaimed joyfully.

"Hush, child! It's only the seven o'clock bells," the mother replied.

"Oh, no! they are the chimes; for they are playing *Adeste Fideles*," persisted the girl, going to the mother's side.

"Oh, the Christmas bells!" shouted Karl, following his sister.

"The dear, dear bells!" echoed Franz.

"The bells, the sweet bells!" re-echoed Maria, while she and Franz also ran to their mother.

"The bells are not ringing for us," the father told the children.

"Oh, yes, they are! Hark, father dear!" Louisa said.

Herr Spiehler listened, but he heard no message for himself in the gospel of the chimes—"Come, all ye faithful!" He had lost heart and his faith had grown cold.

"And the Christ-Child is going to come to-night?" Karl said, half inquiringly.

"No, no, my little ones! You must not look for Him. There is no Christ-Child in America," replied their mother, sorrowfully.

"You know He used to come every year in Schneeberg, and why won't He come here?" Louisa asked.

The mother did not answer; she arose

and walked to the window, where the father was still standing. So the four children turned to their grandmother.

"O grandmother! the Christ-Child is here in America, isn't He?" Karl asked.

"I once believed Him to be here, my sweet one; but now—"

"Don't say He isn't here!" Louisa interrupted.

"Oh, tell us, grandmother, that He'll surely come to-night!" Karl pleaded.

The grandmother arose from her chair and walked feebly across the room to a small stand, whereon stood a box. The children followed, and watched her open the box and take out a wax candle.

"This candle I brought from our dear Fatherland to light on Christmas Eve for the blessed Christ-Child in America," the grandmother said to the children.

"But you'll light it in vain," Herr Spiehler observed to his mother.

"My dear son, have faith. The Christ-Child will not forsake us in a strange land," the old lady replied.

"Oh, everything has failed us!" the father answered, still looking out of the window into the dark night.

"Light the candle. I know He will come!" Karl confidently exclaimed.

"We haven't fire nor food, mother. Why waste the candle?" said the father.

Louisa went to her father and laid her little hand gently on his arm, saying:

"Father dear, let us light the candle and put it in the window just to honor the blessed Christ-Child. The holy angels will see it and tell Him that we have not forgotten Him in the strange land."

The father did not answer, but the mother said:

"Yes, Louisa, light the candle. It will be all the Christmas we shall have."

The father handed Louisa a match. Karl, Franz, and Maria breathlessly watched their sister light the candle; then they ran with her to the window to see her place it on the sill.

That little taper, lighted by childish love and faith, flashed on the darkness of the night like a star. It travelled on—on over the roofs of the buildings to a garret window where an Austrian maid was heart-broken of homesickness. It was her first Christmas Eve in America, and her heart was longing for one word of love and sympathy from people of her kind. And when she saw the candle in the window of the tenement she knew that it was placed there for the Christ-Child. Some dear ones from the Fatherland must have done it. So she ran downstairs to her mistress.

"Frau Lee, Frau Lee," she exclaimed, "I have found friends near by! They are over in the alley. And I want to go to them, for they must be very poor to be living in that old building. I am afraid, too, the Christ-Child won't find them."

"Wait, Ida, and I'll go with you and take them a Christmas basket. We must get a turkey and—"

"Please, Frau Lee, give them a goose instead. I know they'll like it much better," Ida answered.

The mistress and the maid went to the market for a goose and a basket of groceries. Ida bought candy, oranges, and nuts for the children who had lighted the candle for the Christ-Child. Then they went with the delivery-boy to the tenement. When they knocked at the door, there was a scurrying of little feet within; and when the door opened, four childish voices called at once:

"It's the Christ-Child! It's the dear, dear Christ-Child!"

Ida rushed into the room and embraced the four children, and shook hands with the grandmother and Frau and Herr Spiehler. Then she introduced her mistress, Mrs. Lee.

Ida's home was at Guttenstein, but she knew all about Schneeberg; and while she was talking over the merry Christmas times in the Fatherland, Mrs. Lee was

ordering coal, kindling, and lights for the Spiehler family.

The four children stood looking on in amazement. At last Louisa whispered:

"Did the Christ-Child send you to us? And are you one of the angels?"

"Dear little one, *you're* the angel; for you lighted the candle and placed it in the window; and it shone right into my heart and took all my sorrow away. And, besides, you have made a merry Christmas for us all."

It was hard for Ida to tear herself away from the Austrian family; but she promised to call again the next day, and her kind mistress was glad to give her leave. So on Christmas Day she took dinner with the Spiehler family on the fifth floor of the tenement. And it was truly a merry time they had; for she told Herr Spiehler that Mr. Lee was a contractor and would give him work the following week.

The children were very happy over the prospect of going to school to learn English; and the grandmother was also happy, because Ida had promised her a supply of yarn.

Now the Austrian family are confident that the Christ-Child loves America as much as He loves the Fatherland; and every Christmas Eve hereafter a candle will shine in the window of Herr Spiehler's house in honor of the Christ-Child.

A Little Boy's Stockings.

⓪ LD Santa Claus was always good
To little Johnnie White,
And filled his stocking to the top
On every Christmas night.

But Johnnie was a boy, you see,
And always wanted more;
So how to cheat old Santa Claus
He planned for days before.

And then he hung two stockings up,
And fastened with two pins
A card which read: "Please fill these both,
'Cause this year I am twins."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The contents of "In Cloisters Dim" fit the title well, for the atmosphere of this dainty little book is deeply and sweetly religious. The technique of the poems is somewhat faulty, but Mr. Hahn's muse evidently prefers piety to esthetics. The booklet is attractively issued by Burkley Bros., Omaha, Neb.

—A little volume of handsome exterior, entitled "A Pioneer from Kentucky," is described in a sub-title as "an idyl of the Raton Range." It is not remarkable for dramatic force, which even an idyl might properly show, but the flavor is good. The author is Col. Henry Inman; and the publishers are Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas.

—The "Choral Sodality Hand-book," containing hymns, canticles and litanies, compiled and arranged by the Rev. James Anthony Walsh, must prove of special value to the directors of choirs, those in charge of societies, leagues, etc. The musical score is a novelty in hymn collections, and is appreciated most by those who have been inconvenienced by the necessity of a second book for the organist's use. Flynn and Mahony.

—Pastors will find many valuable hints in "The Columbian Guard," a brochure by the Rev. M. P. Heffernan. How best to deal with boys and young men is a problem that perplexes many a parish priest, and Father Heffernan wisely urges society organizations as the solution. In fifty pages he discusses the religious, social, military and educational features of boys' societies, presenting in orderly sequence the results of years of experience. The author is attached to St. Anthony's Church, Brooklyn.

—While the critics are still wrangling over the *animus* of Mrs. Ward's latest novel, the general public are showing plainly enough that the book makes for Catholic faith. The *Westminster Review* in discussing "Helbeck" tells Protestants that they must speedily pass into either Catholicism or agnosticism; and another writer in the same periodical is even more outspoken. "Either the Catholic

religion or pure reason—*aut Cæsar aut nullus*," is the gospel he proclaims. Of course neither of these writers is a Catholic; otherwise they would not be permitted to write so freely in the *Westminster Review*, which respects its traditions.

—Teachers will find a treasure-trove in "New Musical Drills," lately published by Fischer Brothers. These novel, amusing and effective action-songs, arranged by Richard Hardman, include fifteen numbers, each of which is adapted for school entertainments. Full directions are given for the movements.

—The death is announced of William Giles Dix, author and lecturer. He passed away at Peabody, Mass., on the 7th inst., in his seventy-fifth year. Mr. Dix graduated from Harvard College in the same class with Burlingame and Parkman. Twenty years ago he became a convert to the Church, and has since written mainly for religious periodicals. Our readers will recall his contributions to this magazine. May he rest in peace!

—The man of one book, it would seem, is no longer feared—not even respected. "He who having published one book," says a clever woman, "has not followed it at short intervals by a second and a third and a fourth, has fallen short of success; while the writer who does not exhibit himself on the lecture platform, who within two years after chipping the shell is not launched with a flutter on the Lecture Pond of success, is forever out of the swim."

—The Rev. Dr. Kolbe, of Capetown, South Africa, will make an admirable subject for a biographer some day, and we shall be able to furnish interesting *data*. The story of his life and his missionary labors in the Dark Continent, where his father, by the way, is still a Protestant missionary, deserves the best of Boswells. The *South African Magazine*, which Father Kolbe edits with marked ability, has a children's corner full of sweetness and light, into which many gray heads like to take a peep. A diminutive admirer of the good priest, it has been ascertained,

has set his heart on seeing a cardinal's hat in the clerical stocking at Christmas, against all ecclesiastical traditions. Dr. Kolbe, who is known to the children as Uncle Joe, thus tells of the enthusiastic young friend who is booming him for the cardinalate:

This presents no difficulty to Harry; he has written to the Pope to arrange that little matter, and has said five times round his Rosary-beads for this intention. He has a brother Willie, now a student in Rome; so he feels no difficulty in going to headquarters. This is his letter: "Dear Holy Father, will you kindly make Uncle Joe a cardinal. I told Willie to tell you that I send my love to you and I ask your blessing. Willie saw St. Sissealyear's [Cecilia's] tomb in Rome. Goodbye, dear Holy Father, I am your brother Harry." I do not know if this document was ever presented to Harry's venerable brother; if so, I hope I shall not come under censure for ecclesiastical ambition. I beg to assure the Most Eminent College of Cardinals that the whole proceeding is entirely *proprio motu* on Harry's part, and his idea that he can thus reserve me *in petto* is only part of his sublimely audacious assertion of brotherhood with the head of the Church.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Veneration of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan.* \$1.25.

A Cruise Under the Crescent. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50.

A Klondike Picnic. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* 85 cts.

Westchester. *Henry Austin Adams.* 75 cts.

Lasca, and Other Stories. *Mary F. Nixon.* 75 cts.

Marie Corolla. *Father Edmund, C. P.* \$1.25.

The Chase of an Heiress. *Christian Reid.* \$1.

The Choral Sodality Hand-book. *Rev. James A. Walsh.* 25 cts.

Manual of Catholic Theology. Vol. II. *Wilhelm-Scannell.* \$4, net.

Illustrated Explanation of the Holy Sacraments. *Rev. Dr. Rolfus.* 75 cts.

Cardinal Lavigerie. 75 cts.

The History of the Popes. *Dr. Ludwig Pastor.* Vol. V. \$3, net.

Ave Roma Immortalis. Two Vols. *Francis Marion Crawford.* \$6.

How to Pray. *Abbé Grou, S. J.* \$1.

Ancient and Modern Palestine. *Brother Liévin de Hamme, O. F. M.* Two Vols. \$3.50.

Her Majesty the King. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.25.

Life of St. John of the Cross. *David Lewis, M. A.* \$1.50.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. V. \$2.50.

Ancient English Holy Week Ceremonial. *Henry John Feasey.* \$2.50.

The World's Unrest and Its Remedy. *James Field Spalding.* \$1.25.

St. Vincent de Paul. *Emmanuel de Broglie.* \$1.

Miss Erin. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.25.

The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *William Bullen Morris.* 80 cts., net.

Let No Man Put Asunder. *Josephine Marié.* \$1.

Fantasies from Dreamland. *E. Gilliat Smith.* \$1.50.

The Arabian Nights. *Andrew Lang.* \$2.

The Data of Modern Ethics Examined. *Rev. John J. Ming, S. J.* \$2, net.

Songs from Prudentius. *E. Gilliat Smith.* \$1.75.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession. *Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J.* \$1.

Motion: Its Origin and Conservation. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$3.50, net.

The Woman that Was a Sinner. *Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 40 cts.

Kathleen's Motto; or, The Sea King. 60 cts.

The Groundwork of Science. *St. George Mivart.* \$1.75.

Epochs of Literature. *Condé B. Pallen.* 75 cts., net.

Foundations of Faith. Part I. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Gospel of St. John. *Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D.* \$2, net.

Notes on St. Paul. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$2, net.

Meditations on Christian Dogma. 2 vols. *Rev. James Bellord.* \$2.50.

The Religious Life and the Vows. *Monseigneur Charles Gay.* \$1.60, net.

Madge Hardlaun's Money. *Mary Cross.* 35 cts.

Striving after Perfection. *Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J.* \$1, net.

Stories on the Rosary. Part II. *L. E. Dobrée.* 50 cts.

Legal Formulary. *Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L.* \$2.50, net.

The Christian Housewife. *Rev. F. X. Wetzel.* 40 cts.

Popular Instructions on Prayer. *V. Rev. F. Girardey, C. S. S. R.* 35 cts.

New Testament Studies. *Rt. Rev. Monsig. Conaty, D. D.* 60 cts.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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This Mystery.

BY MICHAEL EARLS.

O YE who sail Potomac's even tide
To Vernon's shades, our Chieftain's
hallowed mound,

Or who at distant shrines high pæans sound
In Alfred's cult, old England's morning
pride,

Or seek Versailles, conceited as a bride,
With garish memories of kings strewn
round,

Or lay your spirit's cheek on Forum ground,
For here a mighty Cæsar lived and died:

To these and other stones, O ye who speed,
Since there, forsooth, a prince was passing
great,—

Ah, tell me doth your heart's adoring heed

The Child most Royal in a crib's estate?

No poor so poor, no king more king than He,
Say, are ye pilgrims to this mystery?

Christmastide Carols of the Olden Time.

IT is an old custom, fallen into almost entire disrepute, that of singing Christmas carols on the eve of the Nativity,—one due, probably, to the fact that the Holy Night was passed in vigil in the parish church, and while waiting for the Midnight Mass the time was spent between prayers and hymns suitable to the great occasion.

Traditional songs, handed down from

father to son, others which had been written, undergoing considerable change as they passed from generation to generation, as well as local improvisations, thus became incorporated with the other ceremonies of the most beautiful of all festivals. These carols were often composed by monks and clerics, many of them being of no mean order of merit.

The singing of Christmas carols is almost as ancient as the Church itself; although in process of time they became very much secularized, not seldom even partaking of a hilarious character. An amusing passage to be found in "Pasquill's Jests," printed in 1609, illustrates one phase of this secularization:

"There was sometime an old knight who, being disposed to make himself merry in a Christmas time, sent for many of his tenants and poore neighbors, with their wives, to dinner; when, having made meat to be set on the table, would suffer no man to drinke till he that was master over his wife should sing a carroll, to excuse all the company. Great nicenesse there was who should bee the musician. Yet, with much adoe, looking one upon another, after a dry hemme or two, a dreaming companion drew out as much as hee durst, toward an ill-fashioned ditty. When, having made an end, to the great comfort of the beholders, at last it came to the woman's table, where, likewise, commandment was given that

there should no drinke be touched till she that was master over her husband had sung a Christmas carroll; whereupon they fell all to such a singing that there was never heard such a catterwailing peece of musicke; whereat the knight laughed very heartely, that it did him halfe as much good as a corner of his Christmas pie."

There was certainly no custom more charming or more full of sweet and simple poetry than the singing of the Christmas carols before they lost their religious character, so fitly and beautifully do they help to celebrate the Nativity of our Saviour. The following verses, belonging to the sixteenth century, which are still sung by the children in some parts of England on Christmas morning, illustrate our meaning:

When Christ was born of sweet Marie,
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
Angels sang with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria!

Herdsmen beheld those angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said: "God's Son is born this night,
In excelsis gloria!"

This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find:
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

Then, Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy Face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,
In excelsis gloria!

The following is quaint and melodious.
It belongs to the fifteenth century:

"Oh, why this scene of joy and mirth,
Ye men of earth, ye men of earth?"—

"Mary to Jesus Christ gave birth
This Christmas Day in the morning."

"And is the Baby of fair worth,
And grand His birth, and grand His birth?"—
"He is the King of heaven and earth,
This Christmas Day in the morning."

"And does He wear a shining crown,
Ye shepherds brown, ye shepherds brown?"—
"Nay, though He came from heaven down
This Christmas Day in the morning."

"Within a stable poor He lies,
And softly cries, and softly cries,

Beneath sweet Mary's loving eyes,
This Christmas Day in the morning.

"Upon the hay she laid Him down,
In Bethlehem town, in Bethlehem town;
Close to an ox so sleek and brown,
This Christmas Day in the morning."

There is much more in the same strain.
One can readily understand how such a composition could have been extended indefinitely from time to time. These lines will not be new to all our readers:

God rest you, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r,
When we were gone astray.

In Bethlehem, in Jury,
The blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this holy morn;
The which His Mother Mary
Naught did take in scorn.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place;
And, with true love and brotherhood,
Each other now embrace,
Because the holy Christmastide
All others doth deface.

Here is another, without claim to literary merit of any kind, but simple and beautiful, as are all songs of the heart:

"Who knocks at the door?"—

"'Tis I—Joseph.

Open, open, I implore,

To me and my spouse Mary!"—

"'Tis midnight: get ye from my door!
I open not: call ye no more!"

"And who knocks at the door?"—

"'Tis I—Mary.

Open, open, I implore,

To me and my spouse Joseph!"—

"'Tis midnight: get ye from my door!
I open not: call ye no more!"

Half a roof, half a door;

A stall, a manger;

Dripping walls and earthen floor,

For Jesus and for Mary;

The hour of tribulation o'er,
And angels watching at the door.

Shepherds trooping from the moor

To Jesus and to Mary;

Wondrous starlight beaming o'er

The Babe in manger lying;

Open, open, evermore

To sons of men is heaven's door!

What could be more quaintly pretty than this?

Here comes Joseph that is so kind,
Where could we a gentler find,
Or one more pleasing to every mind,
This glad, glad morning?

Here comes Mary that is so fair,
Modest her eyes and discreet her air;
Joy, joy to her everywhere,
This glad, glad morning!

Here comes Jesus, that is so sweet
From crown of head to tips of feet;
To welcome Him the dear lambs bleat,
This glad, glad morning!

Here come we to see them pass,
Man and matron, and lad and lass;
Health to all, in a kindly glass,
This happy Christmas morning!

We could present many other specimens of ancient Christmas carols, quaint as well as beautiful. We shall content ourselves, however, with one more, entitled "Noël," perhaps the most popular of the carols which were formerly in vogue:

"Shepherdess, whence come you,
Whence come you, say?"—

"I come from yonder stable,
Where Christ is born to-day,
Between the ox and the ass,
Lying in the hay."

"Shepherdess, is He fine,
Is He pure and white?"—

"Finer than the young moon
Giving her light;
Nothing in all the world
Is so fair and bright."

"Shepherdess, is there naught,
Naught more to see?"—

"Saint Joseph, who looks on Him
Adoringly;
And sweet Mary, who holds the Child
Upon her knee."

"Shepherdess, is there naught,
Naught more to tell?"—

"Four little white angels
That sing with good-will:
Crying to the King of kings,
Noël, Noël!"

It is recorded that in 1553 a terrible plague visited the town of Goldsberg, which carried off 2500 persons, leaving not more than twenty-five women alive in the place. When the plague abated, fear still held the inhabitants; until one of

the survivors, bolder than the rest, went forth on Christmas Eve and sang a carol, according to ancient custom. She was gradually joined by others, and together they chanted a song of thanksgiving. The custom survives to this day; and large numbers assemble in the public square in the Christmas dawn, to perpetuate the memory of the "great deliverance."

As an illustration of modern Christmas carols, Adam's "Holy Night" may be classed among the finest. The following translation gives but an inadequate idea of the beauty of the original words. The music is both melodious and inspiring, full of the majesty and devotion appropriate to the solemn occasion. Some of our readers may not be familiar with it. We give it as a *finale* to this short and necessarily imperfect sketch of a beautiful custom which flourished in Catholic times and countries:

CHRISTMAS SONG.

O Holy Night! the stars are brightly shining:
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and sorrow pining,
Till He appeared on this crime-laden earth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices;
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees,—O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night divine, O night, O night divine!

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the Wise Men from the Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend:
He knows our need, to our weakness no stranger.
Behold your King, before the Lowly bend!
Behold your King, your King! Before Him bend!
Fall on your knees, etc.

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and His Gospel is peace;
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother,
And in His name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we;
Let all within us praise His holy Name;
Christ is the Lord! then ever, ever praise we;
His power and glory evermore proclaim!
His power and glory evermore proclaim!
Fall on your knees, etc.

The Daughter of the Cavalier.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

ON the line of low hills whose wooded summit made a near western horizon for Glen Mary, there stands, or used to stand, a long, two-story old frame house, rapidly falling to decay. No point on that landscape, rich in associations and familiar from early childhood, held for me such fascination as that dilapidated structure, which even in ruin wore on its face the eradicable signs of its former greatness and prosperity. When the lurid winter sunsets burned themselves into the grayish sky, making rolling chariots of glory of the snow-clouds drifting above the trees, the old house, with its battered doors and broken windows, its one shutter swung back and forth on the angry wind, always appealed to me as of something human; while on the summer evenings, as I watched the broad crescent moon drop slowly down into the west, and, disappearing below the black roof, pour out its weird light through the shattered panes and open portals, there was borne in upon me a sense of deep desolation.

From the smooth white turnpike, the shaded clay road wound up the hill, crossing it at a short distance from the house's many-pillared veranda, to which, from the stile-block at the lane, a brick-paved walk led. On stile and walk lay the accumulated leaves of many autumns, unrustled ever save by the blacksnake or the timid rabbit. Few of the colored portion of the community frequented the clay road after sundown, for it was current among them the place was the abode of a "hant"; though when Jim would repeat, in the kitchen, the strange stories which, in the negro imagination, clustered around the place, we noticed Aunt Dina would grow crosser than

usual; but ever after, when we were tucked away in our little beds, she would steal in and whisper, in trembling tones: "Pray fur ole Miss, lil'l chillun,—pray fur ole Miss; fur I herd her 'ky ky' on de win' las' night." And as we obeyed, half paralyzed with fear, we vaguely wondered who was "ole Miss," and what had she done that she needed prayers, who had been dead so many, many years.

And yet amid the desolation of the old place, avoided by even the sheep and cattle roaming over the common pasture, and where never a bird was known to build its nest, was a great bed of blue larkspur. Long ago the rose that had clambered over the veranda; its sister, the musk, which had listened to innumerable lovers' vows on long dead June nights; the mignonette, culled by tapering fingers; the forget-me-not, over which friends had sighed,—all had given place to the noxious weeds; but the brave larkspur fought its good fight, held its own and disputed place with all intruders.

"That bit of flower life there is like the hope of immortality," I said one day to the Historian, as we rested on our way home from a long walk. And then, in his soft Southern voice, he told me the story that had thrown its romance and tragedy over the former home of the Kellers, whom the Civil War first ruined and then scattered, leaving their ancient acres the possession of the stranger.

When the close of the war of 1812 again proved the superiority of American arms, among the soldiers of fortune left without occupation was Maurice Barry. A member of the celebrated "Hunters of Kentucky," he had, even among them, won a name for bravery and undaunted fortitude, which drew forth the most enthusiastic encomiums from his Colonel and made him the idol of the company. The spirit of adventure which had drawn him to the New World, thence to the frontier, and made him throw his fortunes

into a struggle that seemed well-nigh a hopeless one, sent him on the weary homeward march from New Orleans,—tramping alone and unprovisioned, out into the heart of the wooded wilderness, where now lie the great and fertile farms of Bourbon and Nicholas Counties. All day he had followed the bank of the Hinckston, his ear alert for the Indian's cautious tread, his eye on the lookout for the foe's well-covered tracks; and, as he passed, saw the wonderful resources of the district, and pictured in imagination its destiny under the progress of civilization.

As the day declined, he left the river-bank and struck into the interior; for a trapper had that morning told him of a settler's dwelling where he would find safe shelter for the night; and certain indications—as the remains of a broken fishing-rod, the imprint of a dog's feet on the moist soil,—assured him he was nearing the abode of the white man. A little farther on he struck the path leading from the river; and, following it, soon found himself in an open, cultivated field. On the low hill rising above the valley stood a log-house, and then the heart of the wanderer grew light. The gun he had held all day in position for ready defence he now lifted to his strong, young shoulder; and, pushing back his broad, cocked hat, he began to lilt a song as he climbed the hill. But it died on his lips when his eyes fell upon a girl standing at a short distance from the house, one hand lifted to shield her eyes, which were turned toward the west. He was struck with the unusual grace and stateliness of the figure, the more plainly marked by the coarse, narrow skirt and untrimmed bodice; and as he neared her, and her hand dropped to her side, the fair, aristocratic face, the fine curl of the lip and delicate curve of the nostril, showed that she was of a superior class. He removed his hat, and, bowing low, proffered his request for a night's lodging.

"My father will be glad to see you," she said quietly, leading the way toward the door.

On a rude bed in the corner of the room lay the father, watched by a tall young negro, who rose quickly and disappeared on seeing the stranger. A glance at the pale face against the pillow showed where the girl had gotten her proud features; nor did it need the rich, liquid tones, rippling over its *i*'s and *r*'s, to proclaim the ancestry of his host.

"Welcome, soldier, to the home of the Cavalier! It is little I have to offer you."

"Our guest is tired, father," said the girl, who was standing at the foot of the bed. "Perchance he, too, has lived on the frontier, and knows he may not expect here the elegance and refinement of Virginia. He is a soldier and has endured most severe hardships; coming from the rigor of a campaign, he may not disdain the hospitality we have to offer."

The eyes unclosed and smiled at her, then moved toward their guest.

"Your daughter, Cavalier, has uttered what I would say," remarked the stranger.

"Then lay aside your gun and knapsack; and while my slave prepares our supper, tell me of the war. Soldier," the Cavalier went on, as his daughter left to give the young slave his master's orders, "your name and accent proclaim you to be an Irishman; but tell me, are you a Catholic?"

"I am," replied the soldier, "by the grace of God."

An expression he could not fathom passed over his listener's face.

"God sent you, then," the sick man said; "but you bear my death-warrant. You start? Know, soldier, that I am a Tarleton, faithful alike to Church and country. One of the glorious traditions of our house is that never yet has a loyal Tarleton died without the ministrations of a priest. Three years ago, my fortune having been wrecked and my home laid

waste by a cruel enemy, I left Virginia to hide, in the wilds of the frontier, my sorrow and poverty. I received my grant of this wide track of land; and, with the assistance of my one slave, wrought in the wild country the changes you have seen. But the hands, friend, which could handle your gun yonder in defence of the honor of my country or my house, or dispense the hospitalities of a gentleman's board, failed me when they came to labor with a slave's. For my child's sake I kept on; but even a great resolve can not support a dying man. Last week I gave up. I felt I was dying; but I recalled the tradition of our family, and thought I should rally back into a semblance of health. I see otherwise now. There must be a priest somewhere in Kentucky; you have been sent to bring him to me, that I may die as befits a Tarleton."

"I shall start this very night!" cried the soldier. "You shall have a priest."

The next morning but one, at sunrise, two men rode over the hill, their horses flecked with foam. Maurice Barry had fulfilled his brotherly mission; and the Cavalier died like his ancestors, sustained by the holy rites of the Church.

Three days later, when the first Christian grave had been made in that land, the daughter of the Cavalier came to Maurice Barry, where he stood wondering how he could tear himself away from the woman he had grown to love with a devotion that chained his thoughts and very soul; and, laying her white hand on his arm, she said:

"My father left a commission with me for you—a reward for your noble action."

"There is only one reward I would have," he said; "only one I will accept."

"I must obey my father's command," she answered, without looking at him. "You are to blindfold your eyes with this handkerchief, and then follow where I shall lead you."

"Is it your wish that I do this?"

"It is," she said; and then he obeyed.

She led him half-way down the hill, which had been cleared of all undergrowth; and, drawing him several times around a circle to bewilder him, unclasped her fingers from his, saying:

"You will now go forward, in whichever direction you wish, with your right arm extended; when your hand comes in contact with a tree or any other object, pause there until I come to you."

For a moment he waited, then went ahead, turned back, and walked deliberately up the hill. And as the girl watched his progress, direct as the line of fate, her face whitened and a shudder ran along her frame. On he went, past the house, sometimes stumbling, but ever with his right arm extended as she had bidden him, until it struck against the great bole of an ash-tree. Then she sank to the ground and buried her face on her knees, while a loud sob escaped her pale lips. In the next instant she arose, and, setting her mouth into a determined line, followed his steps until she stood by his side. With fingers that did not tremble she removed the bandage from his eyes. There was now a smile on her face,—the smile the proud wear when they hand over what is dearest to them to the one fate declares the victor.

"My father's title to this great track of land which he purchased is clear," she began. "It was all his, to be disposed of entirely, or in part, as he wished. His will gave it all to me; but the night before he died, with my full consent, he added a codicil in your favor. This prescribes the act you have just performed, and declares that one square mile west of the tree or object you first touch shall become your property, with all contained thereon."

Bewildered, he turned his eyes from her toward the west, and saw that within his possession lay the rude cabin, by the door of which was standing the young black slave, still as an ebony statue, save that

the eyes were on him with an expression in their depth that seemed to flash a warning. The sunlight fell on the black face and erect figure; and even in that moment of surprise Maurice knew not whether the feeling that struck across his heart was admiration for that specimen of negro strength and comeliness, or fear of what lurked below the still exterior. He thought there was the shadow of scorn on the woman's face as his glance came back from his new dominion to her; and he noticed she had stepped several paces away, east of the line which, had it been drawn, marked the confines of his property. He crossed to her side, the great love of his heart illumining the grayish-blue eyes, that had not yet lost their happy, boyish expression. She smiled, too, that proud smile of hers.

"It is all yours," she said.

"Do you think I would accept it?" he cried, for the first time divining her thoughts.

"Such is the will of my father," she made answer. "Henceforth and forever the cultivated land, the home, and—the slave of the Cavalier are yours."

He bent on one knee, and, taking the slim fingers in his tender clasp, said:

"The wealth, the home, the slave of the Cavalier I do not want, unless with them may come the heart and hand of his daughter."

She gave a slight, swift movement, as if to shake off his touch, the while a sudden pallor overspread her face; then she glanced around, at the immensity of green beneath and of blue above; a quiver ran over her figure as she raised her slim fingers to his lips, and Maurice Barry pressed on them the first kiss.

As he rose from his kneeling posture, irresistibly his glance was drawn from the face of the girl to the slave, who, he noted, had changed his position: now his strong, black arms were folded across his breast; his head was held sternly

erect; and the immovableness thus suggested chilled the soul of the accepted lover. But the priest who had come from Lexington to prepare the Cavalier for death, soon afterward married the young couple; and in the little log-house they began their new life. Prosperity rushed in upon them. They purchased other slaves, stocked their great fields, cultivated the rich soil, and laid their fortune on a broad, solid foundation. A little later other enterprising men from Virginia and elsewhere took up their abode in the vicinity; and then was organized the community which to-day represents a fair portion of the culture and influence of the State.

Their rude cabin had given place to a more stately structure,—the devoted husband making the long journey to Virginia to see the old home his wife still loved so well, that her new one might be an exact reproduction of it. And, as the lover was still alive, he brought back with him roots of the blue larkspur that grew by the garden gate. These he planted on the spot where they had stood that past day when the daughter of the Cavalier, with her father's gift, had bestowed her hand on the unknown soldier. But as he was pressing the black soil firmly around the roots, he looked up to see the Cavalier's slave before him. Kind to all his slaves, he was especially so to this one; though he could never accustom himself to the terrible solemnity of those eyes, or to the immovableness which the set face and erect figure suggested.

"Do you remember the blue flowers that grew at the old garden gate at home, Samuel?" he asked, pausing in his work. "I brought some of them back with me, and they will grow here to gladden your mistress' eyes with thoughts of her loved Virginia when she looks from her sitting-room window."

The features of the slave did not relax

in the least, though something seemed to glisten in his eyes.

"They're unlucky, Marster," he said; but Maurice Barry only smiled at the negro's superstition.

When the house was finished and richly furnished, the larkspurs were in full bloom; and the happy husband, as he took his wife over their new home, led her to the sitting-room window and pointed out to her the flower-friends of other days, waiting to give her greeting. A quiver (he thought of happiness) ran over her face, made the fairer by the passing of time; while an exclamation (he imagined of joy) suddenly broke from her lips. But Mrs. Barry never sat by that window nor gathered the blue flowers to adorn her rooms.

Far removed from church, Maurice Barry yet found means to practise his religion; and twice a year, regularly, his carriage was sent to Lexington for the priest, who would celebrate Mass on the plantation. Previous to these occasions, slaves were dispatched throughout the country to the remotest Catholic families to bid them to attend the services; and, ever faithful despite the hardships entailed, the people gathered into the planter's house, where the man of a thousand acres and the man of none knelt together to listen to the word of the Holy One who came for the salvation of the lowly and the great.

It was one such an occasion, at Christmastide. Several of the more distant Catholic planters had driven over with their families to spend the night with their hospitable friend, and meet the priest from Lexington, who, this time, had come commissioned by the bishop to confer with them on the expediency of erecting a church in the adjoining village. The brief winter day had closed stormily. A light frosting of snow lay on the brown grass and bare trees, and the sky was veiled by heavy, dun clouds. With that

peculiarity of a winter day, the sun before setting, as if with a giant's arm, dashed apart the wall of clouds hiding the west, and poured his angry, fiery light through the magnificent cleft. More than once Maurice Barry had turned his eyes from the faces of the guests gathered around his hearthstone to watch the terrible spectacle that sunset presented.

"There is something awe-inspiring in such a sky," he said to the priest. "It makes me think of the second coming of Our Lord."

At the words, all looked in silence toward the western window; and as they gazed, they heard the knocker of the great front door sound down the stillness of the long hall.

"Who may the unexpected guest be?" asked Maurice Barry of his wife.

They heard Samuel unbar the door, and the mingled exclamation which followed, as visitor and slave saw and recognized each other; then they heard them come down the hall, whose polished surface gave back with sharp distinctness the heavy tread of the negro, the quick, measured step of a tall man, and the martial music of silver spurs. They came to the sitting-room, the door of which Samuel, whose face in death could not have been more set and immovable, threw open, as he announced:

"Mister Keller!"

As that step had neared the door, instinctively all present had risen to their feet; and Maurice Barry had turned his back to the western window, through which that fearful stream of angry light was pouring. As the door opened and the name rang from the slave's lips, Mrs. Barry uttered a piercing cry, and then fell at the feet of Maurice like one dead.

"Genie!" cried the strange man, joy and surprise fighting for mastery in his voice, as he started toward the prostrate figure; but Samuel's firm grasp fell on his arm.

"Hands off, you slave!" cried the stranger, angrily. "How dare you?"

"Because of him, my Marster!" said the slave, pointing toward Maurice Barry, bending over the form of the woman; and then, like one smitten by a deadly blow, the man drew back. Tender hands bore Mrs. Barry from the room; then, by unspoken consent, all withdrew, leaving her husband and the priest alone with the stranger and the slave. Across the space of carpeted floor the host and his visitor stared at each other for a full minute in dead silence; then Maurice Barry said:

"Who are you?"

"I am Eugenia Tarleton's husband," answered he.

"You lie!" hissed Maurice Barry.

The stranger sprang forward, his arm uplifted; but the priest stepped before him, laying a strong hand on his. The other paused abashed.

"I did not perceive you were a priest, Father," he said, apologetically. "Yet you know the gentleman must withdraw those words."

"Not till you make good the truth of yours," answered the priest, calmly.

A hot flush mounted to the brow of the stranger; but, drawing his figure to its full height, and folding his arms across his breast, he began his story, the while the angry light burned itself out in the western sky.

"Thirteen years ago Eugenia Tarleton and I were married by Father Daviss, in the little country church not far from her own plantation. I was the son of a German gentleman. Wishing to escape the years of army service, for which I had no inclination, I came to America; but against the will of my poor father, who had mapped out for me a military career. My impoverished condition did not, however, prevent me from winning the love of Cavalier Tarleton's daughter, nor his consent to our union. But I had a fierce rival, who, to avenge his rejected

suit, worked, and effected, the financial ruin of the Cavalier. The war followed, and I volunteered my services to the American Navy. They were accepted, and I was assigned to duty on the *Argus*. You know her fate? Captured on her return from France by the British, after a desperate and bloody struggle, the survivors of her crew were taken to England. In the records furnished the American government my name was among the dead; but the truth, being known in England, was carried to my father in Germany. My release was secured; and as, unfortunately, I had not become a citizen of the United States, I was forced into the service of my country, and was sent to one of the colonies. On arriving there, I saw the possibilities of soon regaining the fortune the noble Cavalier had lost through me; and wrote my wife of my determination, when my time of service in the army should be over, of remaining in that place until I was rich. No answer came to that letter. I wrote again and again; but only silence. So I worked and prospered; and when I saw myself the possessor of wealth sufficient to place my wife and her father again in affluence, I sailed for America.

"But what did I find when I came to Virginia?" he cried, in tragic tones. "That my wife and her father, thinking me dead, had forsaken the old plantation and gone to the frontier. No more was known of them; but one of the slaves, whom his master had freed before the calamity overtook them and who still lingered around the old home, told me that years before a man had visited the place and gathered roots of the larkspur which grew by the garden gate—the gate over which we were wont to lean in our lover days" (here there was a ripple of music in his voice),—"and had said they were to plant in the new home the Cavalier's daughter now owned in far-off Kentucky. I have travelled the greater

part of Kentucky seeking her; I should have travelled every foot of it or found her. Here"—drawing a packet from his pocket—"is proof of the truth of what I have spoken. If more is desired, ask Eugenia; ask this slave, who drove us to the church the day we were married. Now," he concluded, turning his eyes from the priest to Maurice Barry, "I ask you to withdraw your words, as you are a gentleman."

In the last few minutes, as that voice went on, all the health and fulness of perfect manhood seemed to have been stricken out of the face of Maurice Barry; the boyish light had died in the grayish-blue eyes, and the very voice appeared to have taken on the quaver of old age, as he turned from the man before him to the slave at the door, whose gaze was fastened on him with an intensity that was pitiful, and asked:

"Samuel, is this the truth?"

"Before God, Marster, it is the truth!" said the slave, solemnly.

"I withdraw my words," said Maurice Barry; and for the first time in all his life he hung his proud head.

"And who—" began the stranger; but the priest interposed, softly answering the unfinished question:

"He is the master of this plantation, and for nine years has thought himself the husband of the Cavalier's daughter."

And then the listener fell back a few paces, muttering:

"Merciful God! I never dreamed of such a thing!"

A long, long silence followed. Then Maurice raised his head, and, looking at the priest, cried despairingly:

"It is terrible, Father! What course is there left me?"

The priest's voice was steady, albeit his lip trembled, as he said:

"There is but one for you, my poor friend!" And he pointed toward the door.

Maurice Barry's eyes followed the

direction the white hand indicated; and as he saw the slave standing there like an ebony statue, he suddenly remembered the day Eugenia Tarleton had given her unspoken consent to his proposal of marriage. After another pause he said:

"I shall follow it; but before I go, hear you all my words. Eugenia Tarleton is innocent of any wrong. When she became my wife, she believed she was a free woman; and if she told me, who was a stranger to her then, naught of her former life, it was because she held her sorrow too sacred for even my ears. Tell her," he said, looking from one to the other of the three faces, "in leaving this home that has been mine and hers, I blessed her with all my heart; that I thanked her for those precious nine years of sweet companionship; for the love she awakened in my heart, and which shall live there forever and keep it holy. Tell her I bade her be happy, and to believe that in the knowledge of her happiness I shall find mine. Now, Father, give me your blessing, and then I go to become again the wanderer I was when first you knew me."

For a full minute the priest lifted his hands and streaming eyes toward heaven, then he made the Sign of the Cross over the bowed head, and clasped the hand of his friend in a wordless farewell. Maurice Barry rose, bowed in passing to the man who henceforth was to fill his place, and went out into the wide hall, followed by Samuel.

"Bring me word how your mistress is," he said. "Fetch my great coat and purse, and the pistols you will find in my bureau drawer."

"My mistress is sleeping now," said the slave on his return. Then he helped him on with his great coat, handed him his purse and pistols. "And here, Marster, are your gloves," he added.

Then both of them went toward the wide front door.

"Good-bye, my faithful Samuel!" said the master, extending his ungloved hand.

The negro clasped it between his rough black ones, bent on his knee, kissed it passionately, while two hot tears fell on it, seeming to burn their way into the very bone. Then he rose, unbarred the door, and Maurice Barry stepped across its threshold, into the mysterious twilight, while the winds were sobbing a farewell through the leafless trees.

What else? One Christmas Eve, some thirty years after, at just such a close of another winter day, save that the sun had gone down peacefully, leaving behind it a soft and tender flush, Samuel, bent with the weight of his seventy years, drew back the bolt in answer to a more feeble pull on the knocker.

"Marster!" he cried, as his eyes fell on the still erect figure of Maurice Barry.

"Ay, my faithful Samuel!" he replied, wringing the old black hand.

The Christmas company, the four children and their parents, looked up expectantly as they heard the slow fall of steps coming down the long hall; then the sitting-room door swung open and the slave announced:

"Mr. Barry!"

A tall, distinguished-looking gentleman advanced from the group around the wide hearthstone, and bade the stranger a most cordial welcome; for the name was unknown to the ears on which it had fallen.

"A friend of the Cavalier Tarleton," began Maurice Barry; but the gentleman hastily interrupted him, with:

"My house is indeed honored, sir, to receive a friend of my grandfather." And he graciously led the old man forward and introduced him to his wife and guests.

When all had withdrawn, Maurice Barry turned to his host and asked:

"Your father, Mr. Keller, is—dead?"

"I never saw my father," said the

younger man. "Ten days before my birth, while returning, during a fierce storm, from one of the wild rides old Samuel has told me it was his custom to take, as he was passing under the ash-tree that then stood in the side yard, the tree was struck by lightning, and, falling, crushed him to the earth. He lived just long enough to receive the last sacraments."

The fire was the only light in the room, so the speaker failed to catch the expression of horror that crossed his listener's face.

"And your mother?" Maurice Barry then asked, in a low voice.

"My mother," said the young man sadly, "died last year."

And Maurice Barry's head fell on his breast. He had missed almost a lifetime of happiness. A silence followed. A stick of wood stretched between the great brass dog-irons, having burned in the centre, fell with a crackling sound on the bed of live coals beneath; then again silence reigned, as the two men sat looking into the fire. Suddenly the older one said:

"I have travelled far to-day and am weary. Will you call Samuel and ask him to conduct me to my old room?"

Mr. Keller had been somewhat puzzled by the conduct and questioning of his guest; and, though he knew of no room that had ever been this stranger's, he called the slave and delivered the message as it was spoken. Again, together, the master and slave left the room; but they now turned not toward the hall door, but to the apartment where, on that past night, the Cavalier's daughter had lain, sleeping off the effects of the opiate kind hands had administered. As he stood once more among its familiar appointments, the hand of Peace seemed to smooth away from his face the deep furrows pain had written there. Then his eyes came back to the slave, whose ebony features told also of the sorrow both had known; and

the question the heart of the white man fain had asked, the black man's lips answered, as he said, in tender tones:

"Marster, she named her baby Maurice."

Then a light ineffable shone in the grayish-blue eyes, which closed that night in a sleep which never again was broken.

As Maurice Keller was hurriedly called the next morning by the intelligence his strange guest was dead, he stopped, horrified, on finding the corpse in the room that had been his mother's.

"What did you mean by bringing him here?" he demanded angrily of Samuel.

"You told me to take him to his old bedroom," answered the slave, calmly; "and I did so."

On a sheet of paper which they found on the table they read the old man's last testament, which bequeathed to Maurice Keller and his heirs the six hundred and forty acres of land which had been willed by the noble Cavalier Tarleton to Maurice Barry; asking that his remains should be buried beneath the bed of larkspur which grew opposite the sitting-room window. This mystified Maurice Keller at first; but he finally came to the conclusion his one-night guest was insane, and was on the point of denying the last request, until Samuel, lifting himself from his place of grief beside the dead, told the story that had ended when that great heart had ceased to beat. When next the larkspur bloomed, its blue spikes defended Maurice Barry's grave.

The voice of the Historian died away; and then I remembered that once, when a child, on complaining to Dina, who was Samuel's daughter, that our larkspur was not as fine and beautiful as that which grew in the side yard of the old Keller house, she had answered sadly:

"Nor is anybody else's, honey; fur nowadays dey jus' bury de saints in de graveya'ds 'long wif de sinnahs."

And now I understood.

In Mary's Arms.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

HE comes not to awe me—
To thrill me with fear:
He seeks but to draw me,
To woo me, to win me:
This frail heart within me,
He holds it so dear!

He comes not in splendor,
Though Fountain of light.
In guise the most tender
He hastens to meet me—
In babe-form to greet me
This calm Christmas night.

II.

The arms of Thy Mother,
How sweetly they hold Thee,
Divine Baby-Brother!
Ah, let me dare say it—
For fond looks betray it—
Mine too would enfold Thee!

But nay! Let *Her* press Thee
To that sinless breast:
Mine would but distress Thee!
So oft has it griev'd Thee,
And wrong'd and deceiv'd Thee,
'Twould trouble Thy rest.

III.

My Queen, I adore Him
Enthroned on *thy* Heart:
And meekly implore Him
That I in *its* pleading,
Its pure interceding,
May ever have part.

Through thee, Blesséd Mother,
He comes to be mine—
My Saviour, my Brother.
Through thee, while I take Him,
Return will I make Him,
My life-love in thine!

FEAST OF THE EXPECTATION,
1898.

THEY who do not give till they die
show that they would not then, if they
could retain longer.—*Bishop Hall.*

A Couple of Christmas Gifts.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

THE fire burned brightly in the cosy sitting-room where sat two young persons—a man and woman—at either side of a large table, covered with gilt paper, fancy ornaments, gilded nuts, and all the paraphernalia which go to make up the adornments of the usual Sunday-school Christmas-tree. The lady was very busy, cutting various colored papers into smaller pieces; while the young man seemed to be snipping them at random.

"Mr. Farrell!" she exclaimed at last, as he went on with his destructive work. "You are ruining my paper, and I have none to spare. Put down the scissors and fold your arms, if you can not do any better than that."

The young man obeyed, assuming a meek expression of countenance, which caused his *vis-à-vis* to burst into a merry laugh. Her mirth proved contagious: in a moment he was laughing also.

"I am a bungler at such work as this, Mrs. Vedder," he remarked. "I'll just sit and watch you."

"Do," was the reply. "I am sure I shall get on much better without you."

She had a pretty German accent; but, without it, the soft, blonde hair and pink and white complexion would have proclaimed her nationality. But as long as Farrell did not open his mouth to speak, and the observer had not heard him addressed by name, he would have had some difficulty in deciding whether he was French, Italian or Spanish. His skin was of a clear, light olive; his hair and mustache very black; but the large blue eyes, with their long, thick lashes, were unmistakably Irish.

The door leading to an inner apartment opened, and a big, handsome young

fellow, with decidedly German features, entered the room.

"Hope I have not kept you waiting long, Farrell?" he said. "But there was that draught of the Newton Bridge to alter; and, then, I knew you were in good company. Eh, Fanny?"

His wife looked up with a charming smile, and answered:

"I will leave that to Mr. Farrell."

"She has been scolding me," observed Farrell, smiling at his friend. "She will not let me continue my occupation of cutting out paper dolls, or something of the kind. You see, I've lost a job," he went on, again leaning back with folded arms in the big, comfortable chair which he had drawn up to the table when he first volunteered his assistance.

"I may have to ask you to wait half an hour longer," said Vedder. "Merton and Simmes want to see me for a few minutes on a little business. I know you won't care to go up."

"No: I'd rather stay here," was the rejoinder. "But don't be long, Vedder, or we shall not catch the noon train."

After giving assurance that he would hurry as quickly as possible, Vedder took his departure. For some time after he had gone the pair sat in silence. Suddenly Mrs. Vedder looked up from her work; Farrell's face bore an expression of deep thought, not unmixed with melancholy.

"This day week will be Christmas," he remarked, as he caught her glance.

"Yes," she said, pleasantly. "Since my marriage I have always looked forward to it with joy."

"And before?" he queried.

She sighed.

"Before? Oh, for several years I could not bear to think of Christmas! I was not unhappy. But without a home one feels lonely at such a time."

"You speak truly," he said. "These last couple of years spent with Fred and yourself have been different; but—

previous to that time the thought of Christmas actually gave me the blues."

"You ought to marry," she observed, regarding him with a sweet, grave smile. "I am in earnest,—you ought to marry, Mr. Farrell."

"Marry! I? Never!" was the prompt reply. "My case is hopeless. I am a confirmed old bachelor."

"Not more than thirty-five?" she said. "Just the right age."

"I am thirty-four. But I gave up all thoughts of marriage about ten years ago. Fate is against me," he added, with an amusing attempt at a sigh.

"I hope you were not disappointed in love?" she ventured, not wishing to appear as if forcing his confidence, and yet sincerely interested in his answer.

"I was—then," he said, simply.

"In the old country, I suppose?" she went on, with less hesitation, now that the ice was broken.

"Where else?" he replied. "I was not in America then."

"Why did she not love you?" said the lady, in a tone of such reproach against the unknown party that Farrell could not restrain a smile.

"She did,—at least I believed she did," he answered. Then, leaning forward, with his arms on the table, he continued: "I'll tell you about it, if you would like to hear."

"By all means," said his listener,—“if it does not pain you to do so.”

"It was this way," he began. "Her father was the minister of the parish. I went to him for Latin and Greek for several years. She was about seven years younger than I,—such a dainty little creature! She had no brother, and I no sister. I taught her to ride, and lots of other things. I went away for a time to learn engineering. When I came back she had grown to be a very beautiful girl. I loved her with all my heart. Pretty soon I found that she had not forgotten

me either. But my mother would not hear to my marrying a Protestant; and her father—you may imagine the feelings of a Presbyterian minister at the possibility of his daughter linking her fate with a Catholic. That is all there is to tell. We agreed to give each other up,—if possible, never to think of each other again. I never saw her after that meeting. My mother died a little later, and I came to America.

"And what of the girl?" asked Mrs. Vedder, after a pause.

"I do not know: I've never heard," he answered, sadly. "It was a complete renunciation then,—complete, that is, as far as one can renounce a real affection; regret and memory can not be drowned altogether, you know. I confess it went very hard with me for a time."

"And now?"

"Well, I've never thought of any one else. I never shall. My life has always been a busy one; I haven't much time for 'mooning.' But at Christmas one can scarcely help it, you know."

"I can understand your feelings; and there is no need to assure you that I appreciate your confidence, and regret that it should have turned out so badly. Still, I persist in saying that you ought to marry. It is because you shun the society of ladies that you feel as you do. Now, I have a friend—"

Farrell rose to his feet, with brows slightly knit.

"Oh, none of that, Mrs. Vedder,—none of that!" he protested, almost sternly. "I don't know another woman who has so many friends as you have, and I know of none for whose opinion I have more regard; but—"

"I'm sure you would suit each other," she went on, undismayed. "I have often thought of it. She has been travelling abroad with a family since I have been married, but now she has returned. I had a letter from her this morning. She is

coming to spend Christmas and the holidays with me—”

Farrell made a wry face as he hastily interrupted her.

“Ah, now, Mrs. Vedder! That keeps me from eating my Christmas dinner with you. I could never face the young lady like a man, with such a consciousness hanging over me.”

“What consciousness, please?”

“That of feeling we had been brought together for a purpose. Indeed I thought better of you, Mrs. Vedder. In any case, I hope *she* does not know it; for if she is anything like myself, it will keep her away from you.”

“Now, Mr. Farrell, do be reasonable!” laughed pretty Mrs. Vedder; but her face was not without a shade of anxiety. She knew him to be somewhat erratic, and feared she had been too precipitate. She hastened to add: “She knows nothing—absolutely nothing. I give you my word of honor. I have invited her for the holidays, because she is my best friend and is alone in the world. But I promise to let the other matter drop here and now, if *you* will promise not to do anything so rash or disagreeable as what you have threatened.”

“Alone in the world!” echoed Farrell, falling into a meditative mood. “Poor creature! Ah, I know how to pity her! I’ll recall my vow,—I assure you there was one made *sotto voce*. You’ll see me at the Christmas dinner, as by former arrangement; and we’ll cry ‘Quits.’ Is it a bargain?”

“I don’t know what you mean by crying ‘Quits,’” answered Mrs. Vedder. “But I will promise not to raise a finger or even wink an eyelash in your behalf. Will that do?”

“Finely! I should be a monster otherwise. But, joking aside, Mrs. Vedder,—and the terrible danger averted—I am very glad, both for your sake and hers, that your friend is to spend the holidays with

you. I presume you are from the same place in the old country?”

“Why, no!” returned Mrs. Vedder, as though slightly surprised. “Did I not tell you? No—perhaps not; but I meant to. However, it does not matter.” And her face became suddenly illumined.

“No, certainly it does not,” said Farrell, without the least idea or even conjecture of her meaning. Just now he was intent upon being as amiable as possible, feeling a qualm of conscience for his previous slight brusqueness of behavior.

The entrance of Mr. Vedder terminated the conversation. The two friends went off to fulfil a business engagement, and the young wife busied herself in finishing the articles which were to be her contribution to the annual Sunday-school Christmas-tree at St. Catherine’s Church, of which she and her husband were members. She and her “Fritz” had been betrothed in Germany; when he came to seek his fortune in the New World, she soon followed him, as there was neither father nor mother to leave behind. After three years of waiting—spent by her as teacher of German in a fashionable school, and by him in various locations until he found the most promising opening,—they were married; and life since then had been both happy and prosperous.

Vedder and his friend Farrell had been chums almost since the first moment of meeting. They were both civil engineers; they had much in common, though as different in type and character as in nationality. The marriage of Vedder had made no difference in their friendship. And it was a very sociable and congenial trio which gathered around the pleasant hearthstone, over which the kind and womanly little Fanny presided.

II.

“O Fritz, I am afraid Farrell has done it on purpose!”

“No indeed, Fanny. He received the telegram last evening,—I saw it. And he

begged me to make his excuses to you. You would not have him miss a chance of earning four or five hundred dollars, because of our poor little Christmas dinner, would you?"

"You know I would not. But something happened last week that has made me feel uncertain of him all the time."

"May I not know it?"

"Of course. And afterward you may tell me what you think."

They were seated at the breakfast table the morning of Christmas Eve, and Vedder had just informed his wife that his friend had suddenly been summoned to a neighboring city on business, which would occupy him two or three days. She had declared the business could have waited, but her husband was not of the same opinion.

When she had related the circumstances already detailed, Vedder admitted that Farrell might possibly have welcomed the summons as an excuse for not meeting his wife's friend; but he maintained, all the same, that it was a very unimportant factor.

Fanny thought otherwise. She was greatly disappointed, even going so far as to say that she would not be surprised if he should find it convenient to remain away until the holidays were over. To this her husband did not agree.

"They will have ample time to become acquainted, grow to be friends, quarrel, and make up again, before Miss de Vere returns to her school," he said, quizzingly, as he began to put on his overcoat. "But I'm afraid it will not be a match, Fanny. Farrell is not a marrying man."

"Ordinarily, one would say no," replied his wife; "but, under the circumstances, I thought, perhaps—"

"Seriously, though he's the best fellow in the world, and quite cosmopolitan in many ways, I do not believe he would ever think of falling in love with—well, a foreign girl."

"What do you call a foreign girl? Is not that an odd expression?"

"I'm not perfect in my English yet," he answered, with a bow; "but some day I may be, under your tuition. What I meant was that he is such an Irishman, Fanny. Don't you see it?"

"Yes," said Fanny, "I *do* see it; and that is precisely why—"

"Why—what? I don't understand?"

"Eleanor de Vere is an Irish girl," said Fanny, triumphantly.

"An Irish girl! I thought you told me she was French teacher at Madame Delano's?"

"And so I did. She spent four years in Paris with an aunt, and speaks French beautifully. She is also a good Catholic, and that would be another bond."

"And does Farrell know all this?"

"No; I would have told him if he hadn't become so alarmed. And later I concluded it was well I had not done so. It would have been so much better that he should find it out himself."

"So it will."

"They may not meet at all now," said Fanny, despondently.

"Oh, yes, they will! He'll be back. 'Pon my word, Fanny, I do believe there is something in it."

But Fanny shook her head. She was determined to doubt.

"Cheer up, my girl!—cheer up!" said her husband. "All will turn out well. I am sure of it."

After he had gone, his wife went to the window. The sky was of that leaden hue which betokens snow. The prospect of "a white Christmas" restored her cheerfulness, and she was soon singing merrily as she made the final preparations for the expected guest.

At six o'clock that morning Farrell had started on his journey, regretting that he had been obliged to disappoint his friends; but, so far as regarded himself, entirely unconcerned. The train had not

been out an hour when the snow began to fall heavily; at eight the cars dragged along the ties; at nine their motion was scarcely perceptible, and at ten they came to a dead stop.

"No travel on the P. & B. short line to-day!" shouted a portly official, as the dismayed travellers crowded out on the platform. "All snowed up. Passengers must return to C——."

The P. & B. was a branch line, to which Farrell had expected to be transferred at this station. There was no alternative but to return; and he repaired with the other travellers to the waiting-room. There the prospect was not inviting. The benches around the walls were lined with women and children, some of the latter fretful and most annoying. The flames roared in the red-hot stove; the atmosphere was stifling.

Farrell lit a cigar and returned to the platform, where he began to walk up and down to keep himself warm. The snow still was falling heavily, but it gradually ceased; and just as the return train was announced, a faint strip of azure sky pierced the horizon. His spirits rose; he stepped aside to pick up his satchel, when the door of the waiting-room was thrown open and a stream of humanity poured forth, pushing and elbowing in eagerness to secure seats in the cars.

Last of all came a lady, tall and slender, and apparently young, though her face was entirely concealed under a thick veil. She wore a dark blue costume, which fitted her exquisitely. She carried her head beautifully, Farrell thought; and her walk was perfection. As she passed him with a light, quick step, something in the turn of her head sent a pang to Farrell's heart,—a pang of memory and regret; the keener, perhaps, that it was unavailing. For a brief moment he saw himself upon an Irish heath; behind him, the purple mountains darkening in the fast falling twilight of a winter's

day; before him, in the distance, bathed in the red glow of sunset, a glimpse of the sea. Beside him walked a girl in a close-fitting gown of dark blue serge; her chestnut hair falling in two great braids to her waist; her frank blue eyes looking sadly into his as they neared the end of their last walk together on that memorable evening years before.

It was but for a moment: the vision passed; and with one long stride he mounted the platform of the car. The girl in blue was occupying half of the only vacant seat, near the door. As he entered she was engaged in removing the heavy veil from her face. As she did so their eyes met. Farrell started, the girl smiled. Ten years! No—it might have been ten days, so little had she changed, he thought; and the additional charm of womanliness the years had given thrilled him strangely.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed, clasping her extended hand, as he took the vacant seat beside her. "O Eleanor!"

III.

About six o'clock that evening a busy little woman was putting the finishing touches to an attractive dinner-table, which was already as charming as dainty hands could make it. When all was done she fluttered to the window, drew back the curtain, poising her head to listen to the sound of approaching wheels.

"They are coming!" she exclaimed, as a carriage turned the corner and stopped at the door.

The next moment, in a flood of bright light from the hall, she saw a lady and gentleman descend from the vehicle, followed immediately by her husband. With an exclamation of surprise and delight, she found herself in the arms of a tall, slender girl, who was covering her face with kisses. Released from the embrace of her friend, she turned first to Farrell and then to her husband.

"But where did you meet?" she cried.

"And you, Fritz,—how did you find him? I thought he had gone to N——."

"Come in to the fire," said Vedder; "and Farrell will tell you all about it."

"No: let Eleanor tell it," interposed his friend, making way for the ladies to pass. "I was never good at a story."

"O Eleanor!" echoed Fanny, looking helplessly from one to the other; then a light dawned upon her suddenly, and she seized Farrell's hand, crying:

"Is she *your* Eleanor? Tell me can it be really true?"

"Yes, it is true,—thank God, it is true!" said Farrell, his voice trembling with emotion.

"And to think that you might have missed her—that you might never have met each other!"

"Say, rather, it is the most remarkable interposition of Providence that was ever heard of," said her husband. "The most wonderful of coincidences that Miss de Vere should be our friend and Farrell's—ahem! ahem!"

Then Mrs. Vedder asked:

"But how is it Eleanor is a Catholic, and the one you told me of was the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, and it was that which separated you?"

"When I went to the *Sacré Cœur* at Paris; to learn French, I became a Catholic," said Miss de Vere. "Dear Fanny! I never thought it worth while to worry you with my little troubles."

"Fanny, these people are starving," said Vedder. "And the story will wait."

But it was told when they gathered about the hospitable table; for Fanny could not wait.

When dinner was over, and each one's health had been drunk in old California claret, Vedder's face grew radiant.

"Hear ye, good folks!" he cried; "and hearken at once, lest I forget what I am about to say. It is something very brilliant which has just occurred to me."

Farrell and Mrs. Vedder exchanged

amused glances, and the latter whispered to Miss de Vere:

"Fritz *never* says anything witty. That is why we laugh."

"I was about to remark," placidly continued her husband, "that on this occasion I have positively evolved something undoubtedly clever. It is this: that whenever in the future I shall wish to distinguish the happy pair now before me from other pairs equally happy, I shall invariably feel like characterizing them—in my own mind at least—as 'a couple of Christmas gifts.' Do you see the pun? Or is it too dense, or is it a pun at all?"

Needless to say that Vedder's sally was fully appreciated; and enjoyed as heartily when he brought it forth anew on the next Christmas Eve, when he and his charming wife dined for the first time with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Farrell in their new home in Pendleton Square.

The Old and the New.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

OLD YEAR lies a-dying,
Winds about him blowing;
Though to linger he is fain,
Soon he must be going.
Hark! the solemn requiem bell!
Old Year, Old Year, fare you well!
A sob, a sigh, a parting cry—
Now the life-bonds sever:
Close his eyes and fold his hands,
He is gone forever!

New Year steps in blithely,
Eyes with gladness shining;
See above his forehead fair
Holly berries twining.
Hear the clang of merry bells,
Now the echoing anthem swells:
Welcome, boy, with eyes of joy,
Gay and bright and clever;
Rosy lips and laughing eyes,
May you smile forever!

The Beautiful Home Life of the Mexicans.

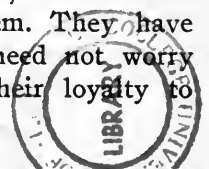
THERE is a tradition that an American preacher once started for Rome to convert the Holy Father from the error of his ways, and returned from the Eternal City a staunch Catholic. Making due allowance for the strength of inherited prejudices, we do not hesitate to say that if the sectarian missionaries that set out to "evangelize" Mexico do not have the same experience, it is mainly because they have not the sincerity of the honest bigot that undertook to deliver the Pope from the evils of popery. One reads the letters which a Protestant correspondent has been sending regularly for years to the *Boston Herald*; one remembers that his observation was not casual or local, but systematic and general; one reflects that this keen journalist from Boston has seen American society at its fairest, and that this son of the Puritans can have no possible bias toward Catholics; and then—one wonders what the preachers have to give the Mexicans in place of the singularly beautiful home life they now enjoy. The domines groan in spirit over what they consider the benighted condition of our Southern neighbors; they believe they need conversion to a purer gospel and a higher civilization. What has American Protestantism to offer as argument and inducement?

It strikes the unprejudiced observer that Mexican manners and morals are signally rich in those more precious fruits of civilization in which we are poorest. One need not be blind to the great merits of the American character—if, indeed, the past year has left us any distinctively American character—to recognize this. "Oh, it is a fine thing to grow old in Mexico!" says Mr. Guernsey. Fathers and mothers are never made to feel that they are mercifully permitted to live with their children. The authority of

the ancients is patriarchal, and children and grandchildren delight in respecting it. The best seats are kept for them; the young people rise when they enter the room; the best servings at the table are theirs; the children, big or little, greet them with an affectionate kiss upon the hand; their right to rule is never questioned by so much as a glance; and when they die they are tenderly mourned.

It is good, too, to be young in Mexico. Child-murder is practically unknown. They have a proverb down there that "every child comes into the world and a basket of bread with it." Children are welcomed "up to any number," and the basket of bread seems not to fail. When the children grow into their middle teens they still remain children. "Brothers are openly fond of their sisters, and little boys are proud to be seen in public with baby sisters." Servants are treated like human beings. You meet a gentleman in mourning and find that he has lost an old servant,—"A good old soul, and he has been with our family forty-two years." Their little ways are reasonably indulged, and when they become superannuated they are comfortably pensioned.

And there are no "new women" in Mexico. Mr. Hobson's most amazing performance is no longer the sinking of a coal-hulk in the harbor of Santiago. The hundreds of hysterical women in Chicago and Kansas City who shamed American womanhood by publicly kissing him after his speeches, have succeeded in making him who was a hero yesterday an object of contempt to-day. Such a scene could never be enacted among the women of Mexico, so often described as romantic and emotional. They shun publicity, and would shudder at such boldness. "They find nothing hopeless in their domesticity," says Mr. Guernsey; there are no sex problems among them. They have their privileges, and so need not worry about their "rights." Their loyalty to



their husbands excites the unbounded admiration of the American observer. And their devotion is not unreturned. In Mexico, men are not too busy nor too indifferent to show affection for wives and to share in their lives. We shall let Mr. Guernsey speak here:

Your lawyer who has most important business of yours in his hand, who has his ante-rooms filled with clients every day, who is as busy as a cabinet minister, will disappear at a critical moment and be gone a day. You ask where he is, and his clerks reply: "Why, it is his wife's saint's day, and he is celebrating it with his family." His prospective fee may be \$10,000, but he does not care a fig. His wife's yearly *fête* is more to him than all the dollars piled up in the National Bank of Mexico. . . . Among Mexican men of my acquaintance, men of culture and position, their worship of their wives is a matter to be marvelled at. They literally live for their wives and children.

Now, if the missionary societies of this country want to be honest with themselves, let them ask what American Protestantism has to offer to Mexico in place of this sweet and beautiful home life. Can it teach Mexican children reverence for authority and respect for age? With its estrangement of rich and poor, can it at all improve the relationship between Mexican masters and servants? With its divorce courts, its infanticide, its abominations for regulating the size of families, can it impart a higher ideal of marriage and its responsibilities? Let the missionaries import their plows and wagons and sleeping-cars and machinery into Mexico, if they will; but, in the name of Christianity, let there be no attempt to import the manners or the morals of Protestant America.

Death.

WHY shouldst be unwelcome, Death,
or we

Shrink from thy coming, with averted eyes,
Since 'tis thy hand alone which holds the
key

To the unbroken rest of Paradise?

M. E. M.

Notes and Remarks.

If Sir William Crookes, the inventor of the Crookes tube employed in X-ray experiments is not, like Roentgen, a devout Catholic, he is at least a firm believer in a personal God. In his recent address before the British Association he remarked: "Upon one interest I have not yet touched—to me the weightiest and most far-reaching of them all. Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a Force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. I have nothing to retract. I adhere to my already published statements." Huxley held that the only attitude a scientist could assume toward the Deity was the agnostic one. He neither affirmed nor denied the existence of God, his answer to all questions on this subject being, "I don't know." It is true that others greater than Huxley have been of another mind; but their quiet, scholarly voices have not yet reached the man in the street or in the newspaper office, or the college youth still floundering in his green and salad days. It is a sad circumstance that error is seemingly more contagious than truth, as vice is more contagious than virtue. Roentgen and Crookes together will hardly be able to invent a ray that can pierce the dense crust of agnosticism in which so many half-educated men are encased.

In a letter which breathes a beautiful apostolic spirit, Cardinal Gibbons has petitioned the Congress of the United States to reopen the question of Indian Education. With admirable tact, moderation and wisdom, he goes over the history of the question since its entry into the domain of politics,—a story painfully familiar to American Catholics. There is no need to repeat it here, but two points brought out by his Eminence deserve to be especially pondered by our lawgivers. So zealous was the Church in laboring for the civilization and Christianization of the Indian under President Grant's "Peace Policy," that "in one

year it expended more than the Government itself expended during that year, and more than was expended by all the other religious denominations together, in the erection of Indian school buildings." The other point is that, not content with diminishing the annual Government appropriation to the vanishing-point, Uncle Sam's officials have assumed to decide what particular schools the Indian children may attend and what schools they may not attend. This is so plainly a usurpation of the natural right of the parent, and opens the door to so much unjust discrimination, that we are amazed to find it could ever have been contemplated, much less have become an accomplished fact. It is almost identical, thus stated, with one of the most infamous of the Irish penal laws,—a circumstance which alone is enough to damn it.

Cardinal Gibbons requests that the whole system of Indian teaching, comprising both Government and Catholic schools, be investigated—not by a Government department solicitous to conceal defects, but by a committee appointed by Congress,—“in order that what is at fault in their management may be denounced and what is excellent therein may be shown by a public report.” This petition will soon be introduced into Congress, and the Catholic press and public will follow its fortunes with interest.

The appearance of the seventh edition of Dom Gasquet's masterly work on “Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries” leads the London *Tablet* to remark:

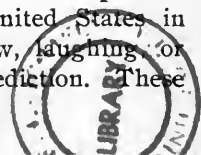
Slowly perhaps, but surely, it is beginning to be understood that the promoters of the Reformation were not the clean-handed benefactors they have been so persistently misrepresented. The people of England were not only robbed of their ancient faith, but they were despoiled of innumerable valuable institutions and properties. Under the pretext of purifying the Church, having first blackened the characters of those whose possessions they coveted, the raiders proceeded to turn the monks adrift and then grab their lands. This dissolution of the monasteries is now recognized to be one of the most shameful episodes of our history, the truth about which, as set forth by Dom Gasquet, can not be too widely known. The true facts of the case had been overlooked and obscured, and, we must say it, perverted to such an extent that scarcely any one

doubted that the traditional tale of the suppression was, at any rate, substantially accurate. Without questioning that there was such a substratum of truth, and without any intention of holding a brief for the monastic orders, Dom Gasquet set himself “to probe the matter to the bottom as a matter of history.” The result of a close personal study of the original documents in the Record Office and elsewhere he marshalled and set forth in so luminous, candid and convincing a manner that his book when it first appeared ten years ago was everywhere hailed as a most important contribution to English historical literature, and as a learned and successful vindication of the monks whose character had been so vilely aspersed.

It is a significant circumstance that while Dom Gasquet's work was eyed askance as a new revelation by historical scholars ten years ago, his most ultra statements have since settled down into sober history, and are gladly accepted by the learned. Mr. J. Gairdner, England's great non-Catholic historian, is hardly less severe on Henry and his henchmen than is the learned Benedictine, Father Gasquet.

Bismarck seems to have understood that the making of a religion is not a purely academic matter, and that it takes the people to constitute a church. “Somebody,” says the *New Zealand Tablet*, “once told the crusty Chancellor that ‘another university professor’ had gone over to the Old Catholic schism. ‘I would rather have a single peasant,’ growled Bismarck. But the peasant came not.” If ever human learning rocked the cradle of an infant creed, that creed was Old Catholicism; but there are single parishes in the United States to-day numerically larger than the whole denomination which Döllinger founded forty years ago.

Some one has remarked, with much sententiousness, that there is no possibility of accounting for tastes, the standards being so unfixed and so varied. We are at a loss, therefore, to account for the taste of those who made it possible for the American Mutoscope Company to secure 17,000 photographs of the Holy Father, by means of which he is to be exhibited to his spiritual children throughout the United States in the act of wiping his brow, laughing or giving the Apostolic Benediction. These



biograph views will be exhibited everywhere for the sake of edification—and a consideration. There will be more profit to the proprietors than edification to the spectators, we venture to assert. It has ever been a regretted act to cheapen dignity, to make exalted things common, or to render spiritual rulers too familiar. Reverence for the person and office of the Vicar of Christ should have had more weight with any one in a position to influence the Pope than regard for the wishes and interests of the Mutoscope Company. There ought to be some things that no amount of money and no extent of influence could effect. Edwin Booth gave as a reason for not appearing unnecessarily in public places, that if he were frequently seen off the stage, people would soon care little about seeing him on it. He was not a proud man, but he had a keen sense of what was fitting and dignified.

It is said that these moving pictures of Leo XIII. bring him much nearer to the American people than he ever was before. So they do in a way, but a way that will seem undesirable to many people. Not every Catholic, we think, will consider that the dignity of his Holiness is enhanced by such an exhibition. If it were possible to project the astral body, we feel certain that not a few persons could be found who regard this novel entertainment as revolting to the sense of what is proper and repellent to the sense of what is desirable.

American women who go in for theosophy, Buddhism, and other Oriental cults, ought to visit India to be educated in the true spirit—the very atmosphere—of these religions. We fancy few of them would take kindly to this lesson quoted by the *Pilot* from a prize book which circulates in girls' schools in the Bombay Presidency:

If the husband of a virtuous woman be ugly, of good or bad disposition, diseased, fiendish, irascible, a drunkard, old, stupid, dumb, blind, deaf, hot-tempered, poor, extremely covetous, a slanderer, cowardly, perfidious and immoral, nevertheless she ought to worship him as a god, with mind, speech and person. The wife who gives an angry answer to her husband will become a village pariah dog; she will also become a female jackal and live in an uninhabited desert. The woman who eats

sweetmeats without sharing them with her husband will become a hen-owl, living in a hollow tree. The woman who walks alone without her husband will become a filth-eating village sow. The woman who speaks disrespectfully to her husband will be dumb in the next incarnation. The woman who hates her husband's relatives will become, from birth to birth, a muskrat, living in filth.

There is one excuse that can be made for many persons who adopt new fashions in religion. As a rule, they do not know what they are doing.

The Anglican bishop of Hereford, England, is about to be married, and is evidently not bashful about proclaiming the banns. He has addressed the following letter to the clergy of his diocese:

I desire to inform you by direct personal communication that I hope to be married in the early part of next year [1899] to one who has long been a family friend, Miss Symonds, daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Symonds, the well-known Doctor at Oxford. Two and a half years ago, when my dear wife was taken from me, I owed so much to the tender sympathy of the clergy—sympathy never to be forgotten by me—that I should not like any one of these my friends and fellow-laborers to hear first from some outside source of the step I contemplate.

The *Tablet* wickedly suggests that this is a new sort of pastoral from a bishop. It is; and we have a real sympathy for the celebrate clergy of the Anglican body, to whom it will not be pleasant reading. This much, however, may be said for the bishop: he seems to be making up for his indifference to valid Orders by a double devotion to Matrimony.

It is gratifying to observe that the chief significance of Tissot's admirable "Life of Jesus," which is undoubtedly a religious one, has been recognized by many Americans. The value of his work from an artistic point of view had already been determined by the art critics of Paris and London. Its influence for Christianity, it is to be hoped, will be as far-reaching and permanent as the work of Millet.

The decoration of many Protestant churches at Christmas is proof that the vulgar and superficial notions on the subject of idolatry that used to prevail were only

the result of ignorance or prejudice. It is a great pity that all meeting-houses are not supplied with crucifixes and statues, in order that those who attend them might be taught at least through their eyes the sublime lessons of Christianity. Writing of the great rood, with images of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, that used to stand in a pre-Reformation church at Thame, England, Dr. Frederick George Lee remarks:

By it the love of God-made-Man was set before the eyes of the simplest and least-instructed with far greater force and power than by any combination of words—brief or elaborate—in the most touching or descriptive sermon. Representations of events recorded in Scripture—drawn rudely, it may have been, but effectively; often full of incident, and conceived and carried out in a truly religious spirit, and telling their story well and forcibly,—were depicted on the walls. Statues of those saints whose names, in accordance with prediction and pledge, were to be held in everlasting remembrance, stood in tabernacles rich with carved crockets and bright with color and gilding. Here, then, as in every other church throughout the land, open day by day, the people were taught through their eyes as well as through their ears; and were thus taught both wisely and efficiently.

The fact that General Garcia, the Cuban leader, who died while visiting Washington, received the last Sacraments and was buried from St. Patrick's Church, has caused some comment among the gossips. It appears, however, that Garcia was neither an infidel nor a Freemason. In justice to the dead commander, we quote this statement from the *Church News*:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 14, 1898.

In reference to the newspaper statement that the late General Calixto Garcia was a Freemason, it seems proper to state that in a conversation held with the undersigned in the spring of 1893, General Garcia said that in his early years he had joined the body aforesaid, together with a number of young Cuban patriots, some of them devout Catholics. He said that he had not kept up his association with the Freemasons for years, and he intended to have nothing to do with them for the future.

CLARENCE E. WOODMAN, C. S. P.

The sectarians who promoted the war in the forlorn hope that the emancipation of the Cubans would mean their Protestantization ought to begin to see that they were mistaken. Hasty observers may say that there is "not much religion" among the

Hispano-Americans; but what there is of it is Catholic, and, if we may judge by the past, never can be anything else.

Thus the work of the "Blessed Reformation" goes bravely on; and with what further results? It has unchurched some fifty millions of the people of our land. The failure is denied only where an effort is made to point out its cause. Then the sectarian sets his figures to lying; and, in the face of the popular indifference and hostility, and of the vice and drunkenness and crime that flood the land, will show us that, upon the whole, the denominations are "doing very well"; ignoring the fact that, while "believers" have been made by the hundred through their propaganda, unbelievers and scoffers have been made by tens of thousands.—*The Rev. Dr. de Costa (Protestant Episcopal) in his pulpit, New York, Dec. 12.*

This is one of the ways in which the sectarians make unbelievers:

Ingersoll has been telling the truth. He has been doing a good work in demolishing the monstrous superstition and ignorant creed before which Christianity bowed half a century ago. He is merely saying in an off-hand and seductive manner to the unlettered masses what every Christian scholar listens to respectfully from the lips of a Huxley, a Tyndall or a Darwin. Everything that Ingersoll has said about creed, superstition and bigotry is true, and has been said long before. Nor does he one whit exaggerate the facts. It is Ingersoll's misfortune that he has lived too long in the public eye. Twenty-five years ago he was one hundred years ahead of the church. To-day the advance-guard for the new religion is fifty years ahead of Ingersoll.—*The Rev. Dr. Frank (Independent Protestant) in his pulpit, New York, Dec. 12.*

At this season, when sympathy is more easily stirred and purse-strings are more readily opened, we venture to appeal to our generous readers in behalf of the poor Maoris, the aborigines of New Zealand, who, though not deprived of good shepherds, are exposed to the incursions of ravening wolves. These unfortunate people had hardly been awakened from the sleep of barbarism when, by some mischance, the heroic priests who were laboring among them were withdrawn to other missions, and they were abandoned to their ancestral superstitions and savage propensities. At this time they were frequently visited by the emissaries of various sects, whose conflicting creeds increased the enmity of their own fanatics,

which threatened to destroy every vestige of Christianity existing among them. But there were some noble old chiefs and zealous catechists who adhered strictly to the faith that had first been taught to them, and who, by extraordinary exertions, spread it among the people and transmitted it to the present generation. The descendants of that heroic little band number about 4,000.

The self-sacrificing missionaries who now labor among the Maoris, and who follow them on their toilsome journeys through dense forests and over bleak deserts, are making efforts to establish mission-stations, where they may settle down, and where the unconverted tribes may meet to hear the glad tidings of Redemption. The missionaries appeal for help to found these stations and to renew the churches that formerly existed. Their own uncivilized flocks are not in a position to carry out the injunction of Scripture, that "those who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel"; and it is hoped that the faithful of more favored lands will co-operate in this work for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Why doesn't THE AVE MARIA ever publish a Christmas number with extra things?—*J. A. M.*

We always publish a Christmas number, and we try to give "extra things" all the year round.

I am curious to know why you never answer the criticisms that some papers publish about you. Seems to me it would be easy.—*A Friend, Leetonia, Ohio.*

It would be easy. But THE AVE MARIA is published for the benefit of its readers, not on the editor's account, or for the gratification of its esteemed contemporaries. And we think that a conscientious editor should cultivate indifference to blame as well as praise. The more one attends to principles, the less one thinks about personalities. We publish only what we consider of general interest and of real importance to our readers.

The London *Daily News* has the courage to say what unprejudiced observers long ago noticed: "While Protestants and Roman Catholics squabble in the northeast of

Ireland, where the Catholics are in a minority, they are generally on the best of terms in the south, where the Catholics are in a majority." It is worthy of remark that this generous toleration of Protestant persons is coupled with a most wholesome and hearty distaste for Protestant principles. No nation exceeds the Irish in hatred of heresy.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. B. M. Müller, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati; the Rev. William Halligan and the Rev. Daniel P. Driscoll, Diocese of Providence; the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Walsh, Archdiocese of St. Louis; and the Rev. Peter Trimpel, C. SS. R., who lately departed this life.

Sister M. Loreto, of the Institute of the B. V. M.; Sister Mary Young, Order of St. Ursula; Sister Loreto, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sisters Perpetua Agnes, and Cecilia Rose, Sisters of Charity; Sisters M. Agnes and M. Nativity, Religious of the Community of St. Joseph.—all of whom lately passed to their reward.

Mr. Joseph Drach, of Lowell, Mass., whose good life closed peacefully on the 12th inst.

Mrs. George H. Noble, whose happy death took place on the 9th inst., at Winona, Minn.

Mrs. Robert Grace, of Watervliet, N. Y., who passed away on the 13th inst.

Mrs. C. Stuart, of Chapman, Kansas; Mr. John P. Newman, New Boston, Ohio; Mrs. John Ford and Mr. John J. Fannon, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Manley and Miss Mary Manley, Huntington, W. Va.; Miss M. Leonard, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Edward J. O'Neill, South Boston, Mass.; Mr. James Canon, Irontown, Ohio; Major M. J. O'Connor, U. S. V., Santiago, Cuba; Miss Katherine Gavin, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. Julia McElroy, Revere, Mass.; Mr. Albert W. Fragley, Mrs. P. F. Mohan, and Miss K. Kehoe, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. James Cody and Mr. Edward O'Callahan, Wallingford, Conn.; Rose Nolan, Dundalk, Ireland; Mr. William J. Kenney, Graceville, Minn.; Miss Eliza G. Magee, New Ross, Ireland; Mr. Patrick Kenrick, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mr. Michael Moran and Mr. Patrick Costello, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Charles D. Kennedy, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Michael Ryan and Mr. C. Hartenbach, Chillicothe, Ohio; Mr. John J. Byrnes, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. C. D. Kennedy, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. John Enright, Bordentown, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Hanley, Providence, R. I.; Miss Regina Topper, Camden, N. J.; Mr. James Lynch, Wilmington, Del.; and Mr. J. H. Gorman, Schenectady, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

On the Threshold.

BY E. BECK.

THE myriad stars are bright and cold
 Within the frosty sky,
 The chill winds pass o'er vale and wold,
 The midnight hour is nigh,
 When bells shall ring afar and near,
 With cadence full and true,
 A farewell to the passing year,
 A welcome to the new.

And while the bells swing to and fro
 In belfry and in tower,
 When stars like brightest diamonds glow,
 May thoughts of selfish power,
 And evil thoughts of wrong and ill
 That make God's angels sigh,
 And in the soul God's graces kill,—
 All with the Old Year die!

And while the bells sweet music make
 Above the sleeping earth,
 May kind thoughts in our bosoms wake,
 And good resolves have birth!
 And may the thoughts at midnight born
 Still vigorous be and young
 When on another New Year's morn
 This New Year's dirge is rung!

A Change of Fortune.

A POOR woman lay dying in a miserable attic room. By her side knelt a boy of ten years, scantily clad, with the pinch of hunger on his pale cheeks. His eyes were swollen from weeping, and he passionately clasped in his own the white trembling fingers of his dying mother.

"Francis," she said, drawing him to her; "come here—come closer to me. Lay your head on the pillow beside me. I have something to say to you."

The child did as she bade him, and vainly endeavored to check his sobs.

"Do not cry any more, my boy," said his mother. "Our Lord and His Blessed Mother will take care of you. There is nothing truer than God's promise. He will not forsake the just man. And you must endeavor to grow up a just man. I know you will have many privations; but, whatever they may be, trust in God."

"Yes, mother, I will always try to do it," said the child.

At this moment a woman entered the room, with a glass of milk in her hand. Gently lifting the head of the sick woman from the pillow, she placed the glass to her lips. She drank about half of the liquid, when her eyes fell upon the face of her boy.

"He is a good child," said the neighbor. "Make your mind easy about him, Mrs. Kyle. God will take care of him. And while we have a loaf of bread I will share it with him."

Francis gave her a grateful look, but the thought of his approaching bereavement was too much for his childish soul to endure. Once more he broke forth into violent weeping.

The woman took him by the hand.

"Come, dear!" she said, kindly. "You only worry your poor mother; and you love her too well to do that, I'm sure. Come down and have a cup of coffee and a bit of toast."

"Oh, I don't like to leave my mother alone!" sobbed the boy.

"I will stay here until you come back. Now go, like a good boy."

After kissing his mother's pale cheek, the boy moved slowly away, keeping his eyes fixed upon the bed as long as he was in the room. When he returned it could readily be seen that his warm breakfast had strengthened and revived him. Mrs. Doheny went back to her family, and Francis again took up his station by the bedside of his mother.

"Mrs. Doheny is a good woman," she said. "When I am gone she will take care of you; and she thinks you can go to work in the factory pretty soon. Never miss Mass on Sundays, my darling; and study your catechism as you did with me. My poor boy, I have nothing to leave you but my blessing, and the promise that your father and I will watch over you and wait for you in heaven, if we be there; and if not, God will surely allow us the same privilege even from the darkness of purgatory."

"O my mother!" exclaimed the little fellow, "you will not see purgatory; and father is in heaven long ago."

"Do not be too sure," said his mother. "Do not let your love for us blind you to the fact that we were both poor sinners, my darling child. Pray for us till the day of your death."

"Yes, mother, I will," replied the boy. "I promise you. And won't you ask God that I may come to you soon?"

"Yes, yes! If it were His holy will," said the dying woman, "I should be glad to take you with me. And now I have one request to make of you, Francis."

"What is it, mother dear?" inquired the boy, anxiously.

"Every year since your father's death I have had a Mass said for the repose of his soul. He died on the last day of the year. It will be easy to remember the date. When his anniversary comes round

again, I also shall need your prayers. Try to do the same for us both."

"Mother, I will," said the boy, "even if I should starve. I will never neglect to have the Mass offered."

"God bless and protect my boy!" said the mother, and they wept together.

She died the next day.

When the funeral was over, and the poor furniture sold, Francis found himself the possessor of five dollars. Four of these he gave to Mrs. Doheny, and with the other had a Requiem Mass said in the parish church. For nine months he worked in the factory with two of Mrs. Doheny's boys; lodging and boarding with that good woman, who fed and clothed him as best she could for the sum of two dollars and a half a week—all his earnings.

Then suddenly the factory closed, and Francis and his young companions were left without employment. They began to sell newspapers. It was an overcrowded occupation, but they managed to earn a little every day. When the end of the year came round again, Francis had put aside a dollar for the Mass, with Mrs. Doheny's approbation. That was a hard winter. The men were out on a strike; Mrs. Doheny's husband died, and in the spring she followed him. Her family were scattered among relatives, for the poor are always good to the poor. But Francis Kyle found himself without a home.

From that time forward he lived as best he could: sometimes having a nickel to pay for his night's lodging in some miserable place; but more often sleeping in vacant buildings, or under a pile of lumber, or in an empty box on the sidewalk in the business part of the city. He did not often go to Mass now: his clothes were too ragged, he thought. But he always said a little prayer morning and evening.

Scarcely could he earn enough to eat, not to speak of clothing or shelter. The

end of the year had come again before he remembered his yearly custom. Alas! he had neither money nor anything on which to realize or borrow it. For some time he walked the streets in despair, thinking only of the morrow. As he passed disconsolately in front of a small church in the poorest quarter of the town, a priest came out from the vestibule to speak to a workman who was making some repairs. He looked kind, and the boy felt a sudden impulse to approach him. The priest anticipated him.

"What is it, my boy?" he inquired. "Do you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, Father," said the child, timidly. "I'm in a lot of trouble."

"Perhaps I can help you," replied the priest, encouragingly.

"If *you* can't, nobody can, I'm afraid," said the boy.

Then he told his story, feeling with every word he spoke that the gentle-faced man before him was an attentive and kindly listener.

"I never thought of such a thing until I saw you, Father; but if you would say that Mass for me, I'd be sure to pay you for it just as soon as ever I could rake and scrape the money together."

The soft brown eyes of the young priest looked kindly into the imploring eyes of the lad, as he laid one hand gently upon the ragged coat sleeve.

"My boy," he said, "I will say that Mass for you to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, and I shall expect you to take breakfast with me afterward. But you know, my child, Masses are never *paid for*, in the literal sense. Offerings are made by those who wish to have them said, for one or another reason; but I do not believe there is a priest in the world who would not be glad to say a Mass, as I shall do, for a good little fellow like you, without any thought of an offering."

It was with a joyful heart that Francis ran off a moment later to sell the rest of

his newspapers. He was early on hand the next morning, slipping into the last pew, where he piously assisted at the Mass of Requiem. When it was over he waited on the steps, as the priest had requested him to do; quite unobservant of a fine-looking old gentleman who came from the church at the same time, and who stood leaning on his cane watching him, as he sat, elbows on knees, gazing a little sadly straight before him. He was thinking of his dead father and mother, and of the kind young priest who had that morning offered the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of their souls. The boy did not look up until Father Boylan, having finished his thanksgiving, came out through the side passage-way and spoke to him. The old gentleman then stepped forward.

"This is my father, Francis," said the priest. "He lives in the country, and is looking for a boy to take home with him. How would you like to live on a large farm; to grow up there to be a strong, healthy, well-fed man and a good citizen; to have a chance of going to school and learning your catechism, as your good mother would have wished you to do?"

The boy looked first at the priest and then at the old gentleman. They had the same soft brown eyes, but here the resemblance ceased. Both were smiling. Francis smiled also.

"My wife would be a second mother to you," observed the old gentleman, still smiling. "He is her living image," he continued, pointing to the priest.

"Then she must be very good indeed," said the boy, with a quick, bright glance of gratitude at his benefactor. Something stirred in his childish breast to which it had long been a stranger,—something which told him he would no longer be a waif and a street-boy, cast forlorn on the mercies of an unfeeling world. His pale cheeks glowed with a pink flush; his eyes looked eagerly up into those of the

old gentleman, regarding him so steadily. "I think I'd like it very much, sir," he added, with emotion.

"We'll consider it settled, then," replied Mr. Boylan, extending his hand. "You will never again know want or suffering, with the help of God."

"And now," said the priest, "let us go in to breakfast. I think we have all begun the New Year well."

St. John the Evangelist's Pet.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

Among the charming legends touching the relations between the saints and animals, the first of which we have any record in the Christian era is that of St. John the Evangelist. It seems appropriate and fitting that this should be the case; for the Beloved Disciple, whose gentleness was his distinctive characteristic, might well be appointed as the first Christian protector of God's inferior creatures.

Returning one day from an apostolical journey, St. John encountered on his way a wounded partridge. The poor little bird, half dead with cold, was painfully dragging along a broken wing, and it seemed to implore the Apostle's pity. Some men would have passed it by with indifference. Others, still more heartless, would have rejoiced at the opportunity of finishing the bird and sending it to the kitchen. St. John, however, was neither cruel nor indifferent. Touched with compassion, he gently took up the maimed bird, held it to his breast, warmed it, and carried it home, where he dressed its wounds and provided it with food.

In a few days the partridge was not only completely cured, but thoroughly tamed as well. It manifested a great and natural affection for its preserver; and, on his side, St. John learned to like his little companion very much. Whenever

he returned from a journey, the bird flew out to meet him, alighting upon his shoulder and lavishing upon him caresses, which the Evangelist returned with interest. It was with this pet that the Apostle took his recreation after hard work or lengthy prayers; feeding it with his own hand, and watching its flights around his room. When the partridge died, the saint mourned its loss, and for a long time grieved because he no longer enjoyed the presence of his pretty and loving little companion.

While tradition has not preserved for us any other souvenir of St. John's relations with animals, it is reasonable to suppose, since he had this pet of which he was so fond, that he was equally good and kind to all other animals. One likes to picture him, long centuries before the time of St. Francis of Assisi, taming, caressing, and gathering around him little creatures of the brute creation; putting in practice the words of his Divine Master, whom he had heard declare that God Himself provides for the birds of the air.

In any case, whether St. John had or hadn't more than one pet, the story of his little partridge may teach us a lesson. Instead of imitating those cruel or supercilious people who look upon affection for the animal creation as false sentimentality, and who afflict poor animals with the harshest treatment, let us learn from the example of the great Evangelist that we may unite charity toward our neighbor with a certain regard for the inferior animals, who are also creatures of God. Nobody will be likely to accuse St. John of having been wanting in charity to his neighbor, since he was pre-eminently the Apostle of Love. Yet he had his pet partridge; and long ages before the establishment of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, he taught the world that kindness is due not merely to one's fellows but to all God's creatures.

A Wonderful Tree.

The story of the miraculous thorn-tree of Glastonbury Abbey has often been told, but it will bear repeating,—being, like the tree itself, perennial. The legend runs that Joseph of Arimathea, with his companions, halted not far from the town, and sat down to rest. The hill where they stopped is to this day known as the Weary-All-Hill; and into its side St. Joseph drove his staff, a dry hawthorn stick, which immediately began to bloom as if the time were May; and the stick continued to bloom every Christmas Day from that time on.

A gentleman who visited the locality in 1722 gives a quaint account of its condition and misfortunes in the days of Queen Elizabeth. At that time it had a double trunk; and, says Mr. Eyston, “a cross-grained Puritan, taking offence at it, hewed down the larger of the two trunks. He would most probably have cut down the other body had he not been severely punished by cutting his leg; and one of the chips flying up to his head, put out one of his eyes. Though the trunk cut off was separated quite from the root, excepting a little of the bark, which stuck to the rest of the body and lay above the ground for thirty years together, it still continued to flourish as the other part of it did which was left standing; and after this again, when it was taken quite away and cast into a ditch, it flourished and budded as it used to before.”

The trunk that remained was as large around as the body of a man. In spite of its mutilation by relic-hunters, it grew and flowered wondrously. It blossomed twice every year,—the winter blossoms appearing at Christmas; sooner if the weather was severe.

A flat stone marks the spot where once stood the holy Glastonbury Thorn.

A Queen in Exile.

The Empress of Austria was not the only member of her family who had learned the luxury of doing good. Her sister, the exiled Queen of Naples, is equally fond of going about ministering to the wants of the most destitute, consoling the afflicted and helping the weak. The ex-Queen lives in Paris in the strictest retirement, going out only upon missions of charity. Her name is never seen in connection with any public function; but she has what to her is a far greater pleasure—the consciousness that she is a benefactor not only to the native poor of the city where her lot is cast, but to unfortunate Neapolitans also in exile, from whom she daily receives a large packet of letters, detailing their troubles and asking for help. These missives are examined by the Queen herself.

The Paris winters make great havoc among the natives of Southern Italy, and consumption is a universal scourge in their quarter. But the charitable Queen finds a keen enjoyment in mitigating the pains of these half-starved sufferers, and goes about from one sick bed to another, giving material help and gracious and sympathetic words. She has a number of *protégés* whom she makes her own in a special sense. Most of them are children; and should they fall ill, if possible she sends them back to their sunny home.

One day, not long ago, her Majesty said to a friend who tells the story: “There is a poor boy who is going to die: there is no hope; but he shall die at home. He shall see the sun and feel the warm air of Naples once more, God willing.”—“And as she said it,” the informant adds, “her face shone like an angel’s.”

It is sometimes the saddest thing in the world to be a queen; but a queen such as this must be a happy one, although she is discrowned and in exile.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Admirers of "My Direction"—all who read this booklet admire it—will welcome a new and improved edition of these "thoughts on some words of our Blessed Lord." It is printed from larger type and is more attractively published than former editions. The author of "Golden Sands" has written nothing better than this little book, thousands of copies of which have already been circulated among Catholic readers.

—We welcome a second series of Father Joseph Rickaby's "Oxford Conferences,"—those delivered at the University during the Lent Term, 1898. The method of these conferences was most happily chosen, both for interest and lucidity; and serious readers will find treated in them such weighty questions as Proselytism, the Subjective Method, Pope Conscience, Undogmatic Morality, and Dogma and Discipline,—discussed in a way that comes very near being entertaining. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

—Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly has made a holiday book of eight of her poems: Prince Ragnal, A Christmas Carol, At Dame Noël's, A Murillo, The Stable of Bethlehem, The Three Masses on Christmas Day, The God-Man, and Bethlehem's Queen. The first poem, from which the volume takes its title, is narrative verse,—Miss Donnelly's strong point. The God-Man is a good, strong quatrain. The little book is tastefully bound and the pages have ornamental borders. H. L. Kilner & Co.

—Mr. Maurice Francis Egan in the rôle of Santa Claus has long been a favorite of the children; this year he will be twice as popular as formerly, for he has two new story-books for the young folk: "The Leopard of Lancianus" and "In a Brazilian Forest." The latter especially is a book which will make boys forget tops and hobby-horses and skates and sleds; and as for the girls—there will be no end of grief for abandoned dolls until these books have been read to the end. The children will be the gainers, however; for they will have enjoyed the healthy excitement of some of the best stories to be

had in English; and their moral natures will be braced by contact with the strong, natural piety and goodness of the boys and girls that Mr. Egan writes about. Those who are undecided about holiday books for the young will make no mistake if they select these two volumes.

—"Aquaviva" is the title of a volume from St. Andrew's Press, Barnet, England. It is not of overmastering force, but it has cleverness and an amount of power which would yield notable results if rigidly disciplined. The discipline need not mean dullness, however; and this story would be the better for an additional climax or two.

—Messrs. Flynn & Mahony publish an unpretentious but most excellent little book, intended primarily for Catholics, in explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is calculated to give them a better understanding of the great central act of divine worship; and will show Protestants who read it the reasonableness and sublime significance of those ceremonies and prayers, the solemnity and beauty of which so few non-Catholics have any conception of. The book has been carefully revised and much improved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Howley. We hope to see many editions of it; and we wish that its scope were enlarged so as to include the proofs of the Real Presence and the identification of the Sacrifice of the Mass with the Sacrifice of Calvary.

—There is truth in these lines from the *Weekly Register*, as all who are familiar with controversial works and "hand-books of philosophy" will readily perceive:

The fact is that polemics seem to have become with such persons a purely mimetic art or mechanical industry, in which with no little energy somebody undertakes so many syllogisms an hour, in the same way as he might turn out so many yards of material in a factory. It is not from any want of honesty, sincerity, or zeal, but from a contempt of modern ideas grown in such persons inveterate, that their writings seem to want seriousness. Methods once a support have become an encumbrance; and those who still pursue the methods inevitably seem to think more of the game than what is to be won by it. There is no doubt that they mean what they

say; but what they say has very little immediate significance. We have read a book—a text-book,—produced in the manner just described, which, in the course of a few hundred pages, refutes Descartes, Hume, Locke, Hobbes, Kant, Comte, Reid, Berkeley, Hegel, Lamennais, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Mivart, and many others, with a complacency of spirit which seems never to have admitted a doubt of the feasibility of so stupendous an undertaking. Meanwhile, the arguments employed in the refutation of this mixed assembly of philosophers and scientific men display a military brevity so imperious and so naïve as to make the least attractive subjects entertaining. As one might expect in the authors of so portentous and fantastic a philosophical medley—nothing can rival the condescension with which they speak of “such amateurs as Pascal or Kant”; or such “sensitive, emotional minds as Newman’s”; of “that madman, Comte,” or “that dreamer, Hegel.” Moreover, literature and art they treat with such scant respect that one would think they were the playthings of the human race, and not the chief modes and highest expression of its spirit.

“W. J. Williams,” the name which appears under the strong essay from which we quote, is the pseudonym, we feel sure, of a well-known clerical publicist.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Leopard of Lancianus. In a Brazilian Forest. *Maurice F. Egan.* 50 cts., each.

Prince Ragnal and Other Verses. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* 50 cts.

Oxford Conferences. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* 40 cts., net.

Veneration of the Blessed Virgin. *Rohner-Brennan.* \$1.25.

A Cruise Under the Crescent. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* \$1.50.

A Klondike Picnic. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* 85 cts.

Westchester. *Henry Austin Adams.* 75 cts.

Lasca, and Other Stories. *Mary F. Nixon.* 75 cts.

Mariæ Corolla. *Father Edmund, C. P.* \$1.25.

The Chase of an Heiress. *Christian Reid.* \$1.

The Choral Sodality Hand-book. *Rev. James A. Watsh.* 25 cts.

Manual of Catholic Theology. Vol. II. *Wilhelm-Scannell.* \$4, net.

Illustrated Explanation of the Holy Sacraments. *Rev. Dr. Rolfus.* 75 cts.

Cardinal Lavigerie. 75 cts.

The History of the Popes. *Dr. Ludwig Pastor.* Vol. V. \$3, net.

Ave Roma Immortalis. Two Vols. *Francis Marion Crawford.* \$6.

How to Pray. *Abbé Grou, S. J.* \$1.

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Andante semplice.

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Voice.

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mf dolce. *p e legato.*

1. Drop down, ye skies, the heav'nly morning glows!

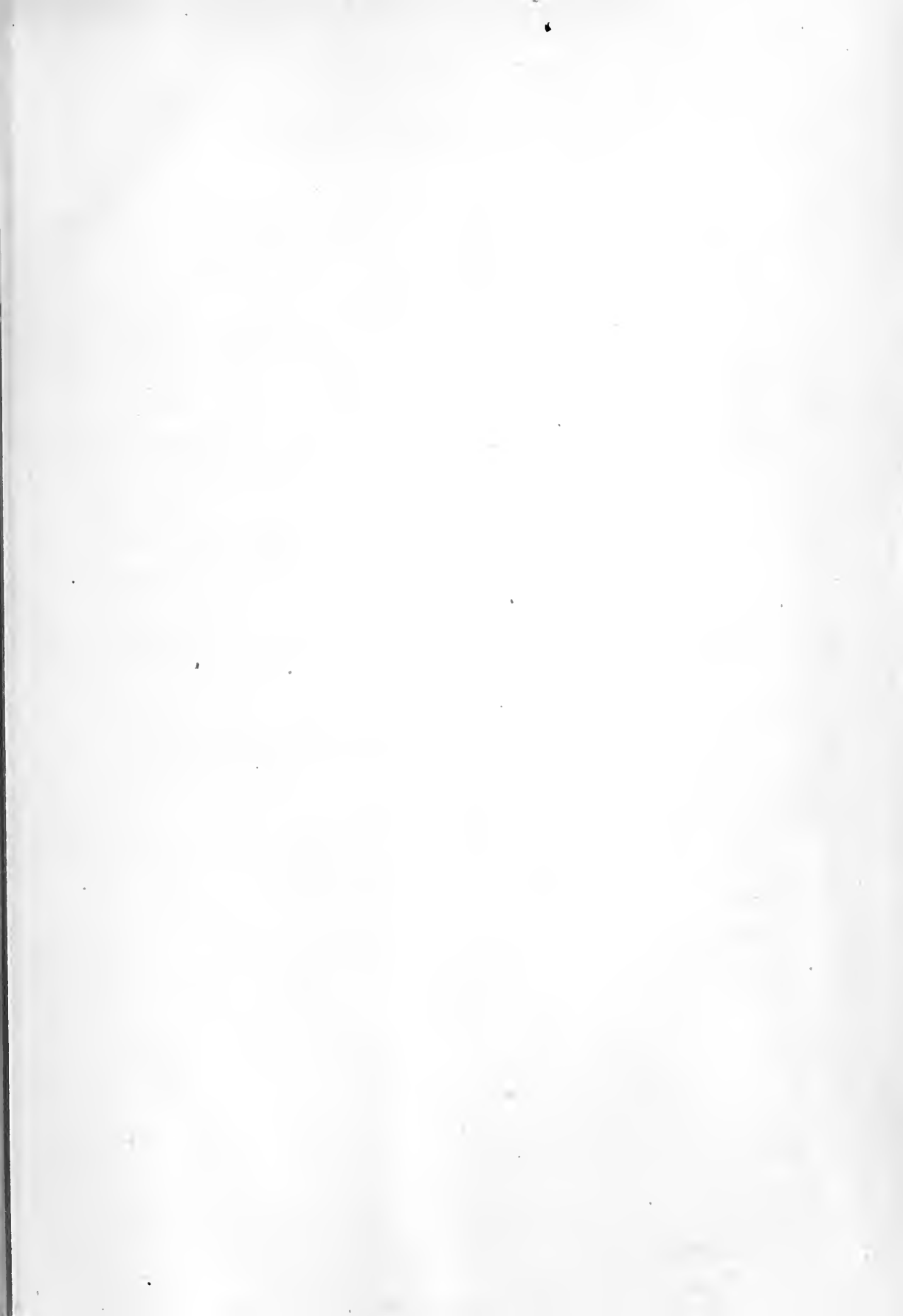
De-serts, re-joice, and blossom as the rose! Forth in His might the Son of Glo-ry goes,

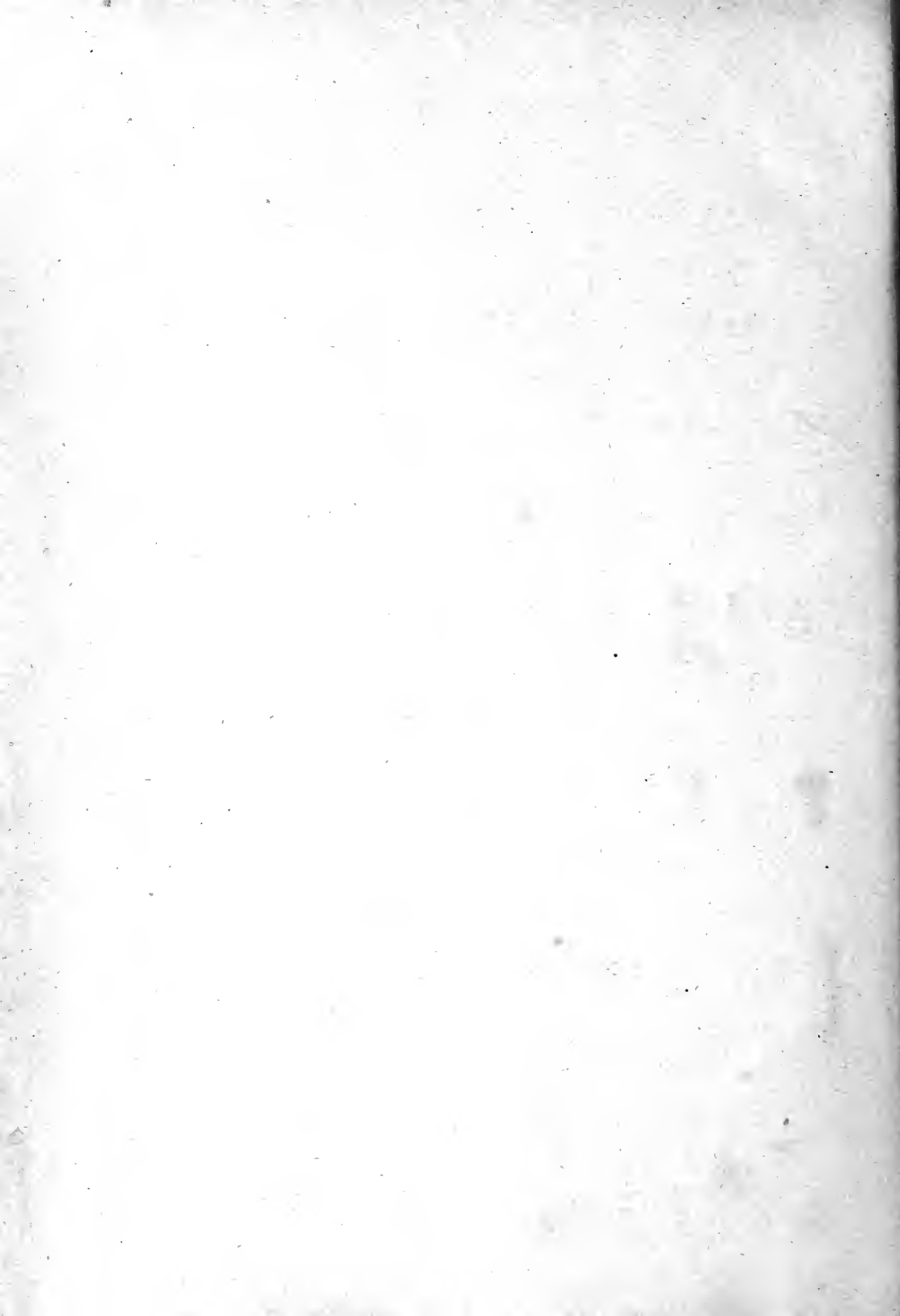
De Vir-gi-ne Ma-ri - a, De Vir-gi - ne Ma - ri - a!

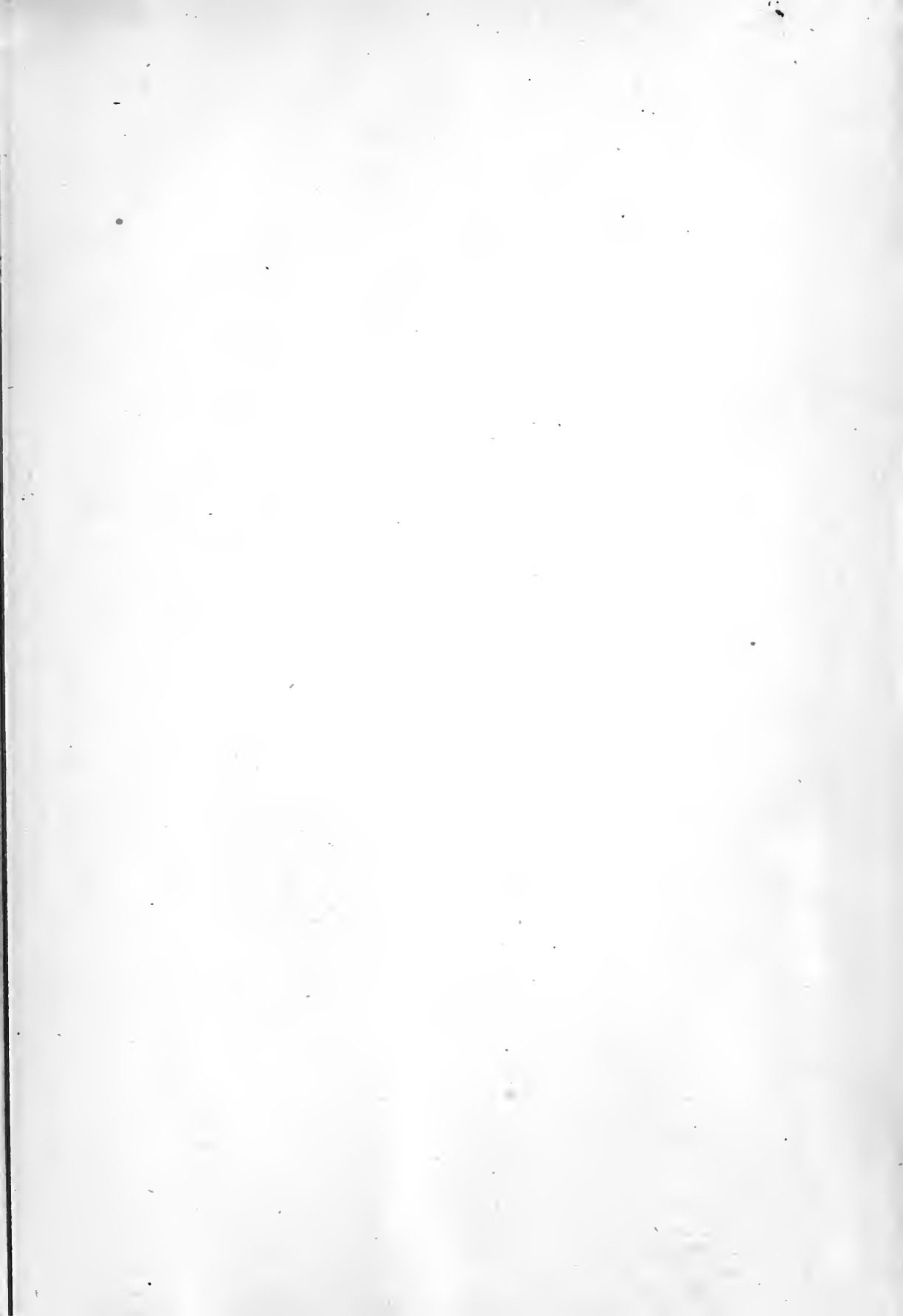
p *f*

Sve.

2. God by a Babe's mouth strength divine ordains;
God by a Babe's hand looses mortal chains;
Earth on this night the Light of light regains,
De Virgine Maria.
3. Our hungry hearts His goodness hath made glad,
Our naked souls His righteousness hath clad;
Yea, all we sought, in Him at last we had,
De Virgine Maria.
4. Word of the Father, from Thy kingly throne
Come down once more and make us all Thine own,
Who erst of old as very man wast known,
De Virgine Maria.
5. Succor the fainting, feed the souls forlorn,
Freshen the weary with Thy dew of morn,
Christ our Redeemer, who for us wast born,
De Virgine Maria!









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Ave Maria.

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